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A PORTRAIT STUDY.

Engraved by W. BISCOMBE GARDNER, from a Drawing by E. F. BREWTHALL, R.W.S.

The English Illustrated Magazine.

OCTOBER, 1887.

TO A SEAMEW.

WHEN I had wings, my brother,
Such wings were mine as thine :
Such life my heart remembers
In all as wild Septembers
As this when life seems other,
Though sweet, than once was mine ;
When I had wings, my brother,
Such wings were mine as thine.

Such life as thrills and quickens
The silence of thy flight,
Or fills thy note's elation
With lordlier exultation
Than man's, whose faint heart sickens
With hopes and fears that blight
Such life as thrills and quickens
The silence of thy flight.

Thy cry from windward clanging
Makes all the cliffs rejoice ;
Though storm clothe seas with sorrow,
Thy call salutes the morrow ;
While shades of pain seem hanging
Round earth's most rapturous voice,
Thy cry from windward clanging
Makes all the cliffs rejoice.

TO A SEAMEW.

We, sons and sires of seamen,
 Whose home is all the sea,
 What place man may, we claim it;
 But thine—whose thought may name it?
 Free birds live higher than freemen,
 And gladlier ye than we—
 We, sons and sires of seamen,
 Whose home is all the sea.

For you the storm sounds only
 More notes of more delight
 Than earth's in sunniest weather:
 When heaven and sea together
 Join strengths against the lonely
 Lost bark borne down by night,
 For you the storm sounds only
 More notes of more delight.

With wider wing, and louder
 Long clarion-call of joy,
 Thy tribe salutes the terror
 Of darkness, wild as error,
 But sure as truth, and prouder
 Than waves with man for toy;
 With wider wing, and louder
 Long clarion-call of joy.

The wave's wing spreads and flutters,
 The wave's heart swells and breaks;
 One moment's passion thrills it,
 One pulse of power fulfils it
 And ends the pride it utters
 When, loud with life that quakes,
 The wave's wing spreads and flutters,
 The wave's heart swells and breaks.

But thine and thou, my brother,
Keep heart and wing more high
Than aught may scare or sunder;
The waves whose throats are thunder
Fall hurtling each on other,
And triumph as they die;
But thine and thou, my brother,
Keep heart and wing more high.

More high than wrath or anguish,
More strong than pride or fear,
The sense or soul half hidden
In thee, for us forbidden,
Bids thee nor change nor languish,
But live thy life as here,
More high than wrath or anguish,
More strong than pride or fear.

We are fallen, even we, whose passion
On earth is nearest thine;
Who sing, and cease from flying;
Who live, and dream of dying:
Grey time, in time's grey fashion,
Bids wingless creatures pine:
We are fallen, even we, whose passion
On earth is nearest thine.

The lark knows no such rapture,
Such joy no nightingale,
As sways the songless measure
Wherein thy wings take pleasure:
Thy love may no man capture,
Thy pride may no man quail;
The lark knows no such rapture,
Such joy no nightingale.

TO A SEAMEW.

And we, whom dreams embolden,
 We can but creep and sing
 And watch through heaven's waste hollow
 The flight no sight may follow
 To the utter bourne beholden
 Of none that lack thy wing:
 And we, whom dreams embolden,
 We can but creep and sing.

Our dreams have wings that falter;
 Our hearts bear hopes that die;
 For thee no dream could better
 A life no fears may fetter,
 A pride no care can alter,
 That wots not whence or why
 Our dreams have wings that falter,
 Our hearts bear hopes that die.

With joy more fierce and sweeter
 Than joys we deem divine
 Their lives, by time untarnished,
 Are girt about and garnished,
 Who match the wave's full metre
 And drink the wind's wild wine
 With joy more fierce and sweeter
 Than joys we deem divine.

Ah, well were I for ever,
 Wouldst thou change lives with me,
 And take my song's wild honey,
 And give me back thy sunny
 Wide eyes that weary never,
 And wings that search the sea;
 Ah, well were I for ever,
 Wouldst thou change lives with me.

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.



Changing horses.

From a Drawing by HUGH THOMSON.

COACHING DAYS AND COACHING WAYS.

I.—“THE BATH ROAD.”

In treating of the Great Roads of England, I have to confess myself at starting embarrassed with the wealth, with the diffusiveness of my subject. Like Mr. Matthew Arnold's *Truth*, it may be approached from so many different sides; and in this lies its difficulty. For while, on the one hand, to write the history of the Great Roads from the days when they were mere uncertain tracks over desolate heaths, on which nothing was easier in life than to lose your way between York and Doncaster, or to spend a night on Salisbury Plain in an attempt to reach Salisbury—up to the time when the Telegraph Coach left London at half past five in the morning, and arrived at Exeter at half-past ten the same night—while, on the one hand, to do this thoroughly, would be to write the social history of England for three centuries, on

the other hand, to deal solely with the roads from the time when they became coaching roads indeed, when the six-inside lumbering vehicle gave way about the year 1823 to the light four-inside fast coach, when the distance between London and Shrewsbury, 154 miles, between London and Exeter, 171 miles, and between London and Manchester, 187 miles, was done in a day—to deal solely with the Augustan age of coaching, in short, would be to deal solely with what accomplished hands have dealt with already.

I propose, then, between these extremes to steer a middle and inconstant course; and by inconstant I mean that I shall disregard all “unities”—I shall, that is to say, bind myself neither to time, place, nor consistency of attitude to my subject. I shall now look at it, for instance, in the company of

Mr. Stanley Harris, Lord William Lennox, Captain Malet, Mr. James Hissey, and other Knights of the Ribbons (whose experienced enthusiasm shines so pleasantly in such works as *Old Coaching Days*, *Coaching and Anecdotes of the Road*, *A Drive through England*, &c., &c.), purely from the coachman's point of view; and then I shall look at it from the point of view of Miss Burney and Mr. Samuel Pepys. With kindred assistance I shall try to get some glimpses of the social life which passed to and fro between London and the provinces from the time when men began to travel, up to the time when they began to arrive at places, but to travel no more. I shall show our

the great waters, starting from the posting houses, alighting at the inns—those inns for which England was once famous, with their broad corridors, their snug bars, their four-posted beds hung with silk, their sheets smelling of lavender, their choice cookery, their claret equal to the best that could be drunk in London. Here too I shall hope now and again to make the violet of a legend blow among the chops and steaks, and besides mere chance travellers to call up some ghostly and romantic figures who lived near the road when in the flesh, whose residence by it seems to make them of it, and must have caused them many a time to post up and down it on business or pleasure bent, before grim Fate sent them posting to Hades.

Any time between the years 1667 and 1670 the issue of some such announcement as the following made Londoners stare :—

"FLYING MACHINE."

All those desirous to pass from London to Bath, or any other Place on their Road, let them repair to the Bell Savage on Ludgate Hill in London and the White Lion at Bath, at both which places they may be received in a Stage Coach every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday which performs the whole journey in Three Days (if God permit) and sets forth at five in the Morning.

Passengers to pay One Pound five Shillings each, who are allowed to carry fourteen Pounds Weight—for all above to pay three halfpence per Pound.

Bill-posting was in its infancy in the days of the Restoration, but the above effort drew a crowd to the Bell Savage even at five o'clock in the morning. This crowd eyed the Flying Machine, drawn up in the inn yard ready for its flight, with a wild surmise. With a kindred expression they also eyed the six intrepid passengers who had been received into it, and their fourteen pounds of luggage to each man piled on the roof—that roof on which no passenger dared venture himself for fear of his neck. And the six inside intrepid passengers turned upon the on-lookers twelve eyes estranged and sad. They were practised travellers all of them, but even for practised travelling this was a new departure. They had booked for Bath; with a proper regard for the proviso in the advertisement they had committed themselves to Providence; but they did not very well know whither they were going. They knew, however, that they were going five-and-thirty



From a Drawing by HERBERT RAILTON.

ancestors of all ages in all kinds of costumes—trunk hose, doublet and ruffles, sacks and sarcinets, periwigs and full-bottomed coats, beavers and top-boots, busy at those nothings which make travelled life—eating, drinking, flirting, quarrelling, delivering up their purses, grumbling over their bills—a motley crowd of kings, queens, statesmen, highwaymen, generals, poets, wits, fine ladies, conspirators, and coachmen. With the assistance of my able illustrators, I shall picture these worthies in all sorts of positions—on the road and off it, snowed up, in peril from



From a Drawing by HUGH THOMSON.

miles a day instead of twenty, over roads called so out of courtesy, and the thought, now that they were seated, gave them melancholy pause. They felt probably as the passengers by the first railway train felt a century and a half later. They cursed the curiosity which pines for a new experience, and wished themselves on the fixed earth again. And as they did so the huzzas of

the crowd and a supernatural jolting told them they were off it.

The streets of that London in which woodcocks were killed in Regent Street, in which bears danced and bulls were baited in Lincoln's Inn Fields, in which the dead cats and dogs of Westminster were shot into St. James's Square, were not mediums for making coach-riding a bed of roses—in point of fact

they were in as dangerous a condition as they could well be. Long before the Flying Machine had cleared the metropolis—the metropolis which knew Chelsea as a quiet country village with a thousand inhabitants, Marylebone as a space where cattle fed and sportsmen wandered—the six inside passengers had been twice nearly upset and shaken out of their seven senses; and it had scarcely begun its creeping passage over Hounslow Heath when it was stopped abruptly, and the six inside passengers had their six purses taken away. When their eyesight, temporarily obscured by agitation, returned to them, they recognised the French page of the Duke of Richmond as the author



From a Drawing by HERBERT RAILTON.

of this graceful feat, and having spoken strange words to the guard for having neglected the

fleeting opportunity presented to him for the discharge of his blunderbuss (which was rather wild of them, the said blunderbuss being a mere vehicle for the release of coach guards who were weary of their lives, and perfectly well known as such), they jolted forwards on their way to Bath pale and purseless.

The French page of the Duke of Richmond will recompense us for their departure. Claude Duval was about this time in the zenith of his fame; indeed in 1670 his brilliant career was cut short with the suddenness in character with such shooting stars, and at the usual time and place. To

speak plainly, having sacrificed unduly to the Rosy God of Mr. Swiveller at "The Hole in the Wall," in Chandos Street, the gallant Claude was surprised in that elegiac retreat, arrested without expense of blood or treasure—"and well it was for the bailiff and his men that he was drunk"—committed to Newgate, arraigned, convicted, and condemned, and on Friday, January 21, executed at Tyburn in the 27th year of his age. "A sad instance of the irresistible influence of the stars and the fatality of the climacterical years; for Venus and Mars were in conjunction at the hero's birth, certain pressagers of good fortune, but of short continuance."

He was, I think, the greatest of the highwaymen; and lately I have read the records of most of them; have admired the reckless buoyancy of their enterprising lives; have thought how colourless the history of the roads would be without their brilliant presences. I have become acquainted,

amongst others, with the dashing Augustin

King, educated at Cambridge, hung at Colchester; with the great William Nevison, whose name still haunts the hamlets of the Northern moors, hung at York; with the magnanimous Bliss, hung at Salisbury; with the Brothers Weston, the Peaces of the last century, who frequented the best society at Winchelsea, and robbed in the surrounding country, hung at Tyburn—a cultured pair, whose lives were pleasant, and in death they were not divided; but I declare that none of them—no, not Turpin himself, the Turpin whose ride to York has been labelled by Macaulay a myth—seem to me to attain to that high standard of elegant rascality displayed by this importation from France. For Claude, alas! was not a native product. No, to our sorrow we say it, he was born at Domfront, in Normandy, a place very famous for the excellency of the air and the production of mercurial wits. His father, moreover, was a miller, and his mother a tailor's daughter. Early in life the boy was troubled with the stirrings of young ambition. He was wanted by the local police, but was out when they called. He had gone to Paris, where he did odd jobs for Englishmen and got his hand in, and in this improving exercise he continued till the Restoration brought him over to England to be a spectator of the Jubilee. He now entered the service of the Duke of Richmond, gamed, made love, drank (a vice for which his indulgent biographer cannot pardon him, though for our part we admire this graceful participation in a national pastime), soon fell into want of money, took to padding to pay

his debts, quickly became so accomplished in his business that in a proclamation for the taking several notorious highwaymen he had the honour to be named first. How brilliant a rise to eminence ! What a record for a short public life ! The most picturesque episode in it is well known, but not perhaps in the appropriate language of the time. The style fits the subject too well to be passed over.

The following is an extract, then, from the "*Memoirs of Monsieur Du Vall*, containing the History of His Life and Death : whereunto are annexed his last speech and Epitaph ; intended as a Severe Reflection on the too great fondness of English Ladies towards French Footmen, which at that time of day was too common a complaint :"—

"He with his Squadron overtakes a Coach which they had set over Night, having Intelligence of a Booty of four hundred Pounds in it. In the coach was a Knight, his Lady, and only one Serving-maid, who, perceiving five Horsemen making up to them presently imagined that they were beset ; and they were confirmed in this Apprehension by seeing them whisper to one another and ride backwards and forwards. The Lady, to show that she was not afraid, takes a flageolet out of her pocket and plays. Du Vall takes the Hint, plays also, and excellently well, upon a Flageolet of his own, and in this Posture he rides up to the Coach-side. 'Sir,' says he to the Person in the Coach, 'your Lady plays excellently, and I doubt not but that she dances as well : Will you please to walk out of the Coach and let me have the Honour to dance one Currant with her upon the Heath ?' 'Sir,' said the Person in the Coach, 'I dare not deny anything to one of your Quality and good Mind. You seem a Gentleman, and your Request is very reasonable.' Which said, the Lacquey opens the Boot, out comes the knight, Du Vall leaps lightly off his horse, and hands the Lady out of the Coach. They danced, and here it was that Du Vall performed Marvels ; the best Masters in London, except those that are French, not being able to show such footing as he did in his great French Riding Boots. The Dancing being over (there being no violins, Du Vall sung the Currant himself), he waits on the Lady to her Coach. As the knight was going in, says Du Vall to him. 'Sir, you have forgot to pay the Musick.' 'No, I have not,' replies the knight ; and putting his Hand under the Seat of the Coach, pulls out a hundred Pounds in a Bag and delivers it to him, which Du Vall took with a very good grace, and courteously answered,

'Sir, you are liberal, and shall have no cause to repent your being so ; this Liberality of yours shall excuse you the other Three Hundred Pounds,' and giving the Word that if he met with any more of the Crew he might pass undisturbed, he civilly takes his leave of him. He manifested his agility of body by lightly dismounting off his horse, and with Ease and Freedom getting up again when he took his Leave ; his excellent Deportment by his incomparable Dancing and his graceful manner of taking the hundred Pounds."

That so gifted and elegant a ruffian as this should, in an age of gaiety and fine manners, when morality was never considered, have met his fate by having a cart pulled away from under him, is, to my thinking, a melancholy reflection on the ingratitude of mankind. Why, this was a man after Charles II.'s own heart, and not unlike him, except that he was better looking ! To do the King justice, however, I think he would have spared the highwayman if he had had his way. It was the judge who presided at the trial who hung the accomplished Claude, as it was the judge who with so flagrant a disregard for right feeling interrupted the solemn *post-mortem* celebrations, when the defunct hero lay in state in the "Tangiers Tavern," St. Giles, in a room covered with black cloth, his hearse blazing with escutcheons, eight wax tapers burning, and as many tall gentlemen with black cloaks in attendance. "Mum was the word, as if for fear of disturbing the sleeping lion ; and the night was stormy and rainy, as if the heavens had sympathised with the ladies, echoed over their sighs, wept over again their tears."

I read that as they were undressing him "in order to his lying in state," one of his friends—one of the tall gentlemen in black cloaks, that is to say—in an abstraction natural no doubt to so solemn an occasion, and with a gesture full of a melancholy meaning, put his hand in the defunct hero's pocket and produced,—not his purse but his Dying Confession. I much regret that I cannot reproduce this elegant effort here. It is written in a blithe spirit of Christian resignation not unmixed with a Stoic's contempt for the pleasures of the life he was leaving. It contains a surprising summary of Duval's good fortunes. But the concluding lines in which he so to speak rounds his philosophy are so truly conceived in the spirit of the Restoration, so faithfully reflect the polished manners of the times, they are quite unfit for publication.

Duval was buried in the middle aisle of Convent Garden Church. The fair sex formed the larger part of the crowd which attended. Flambeaux blazed, and the hero was laid under a plain white marble stone, "whereon were curiously engraved the

not have to go far to catch it up in spite of our digression. It has been off the Road as well as we have, has got into one of those ruts or rather trenches, which filled foreigners with strange oaths—and there it sticks fast—the six horses with flanks dis-



A. Brecklow —

Taking on the Mists

From a Drawing by HUGH THOMSON.

Du Vall arms," and under them written in black this epitaph.

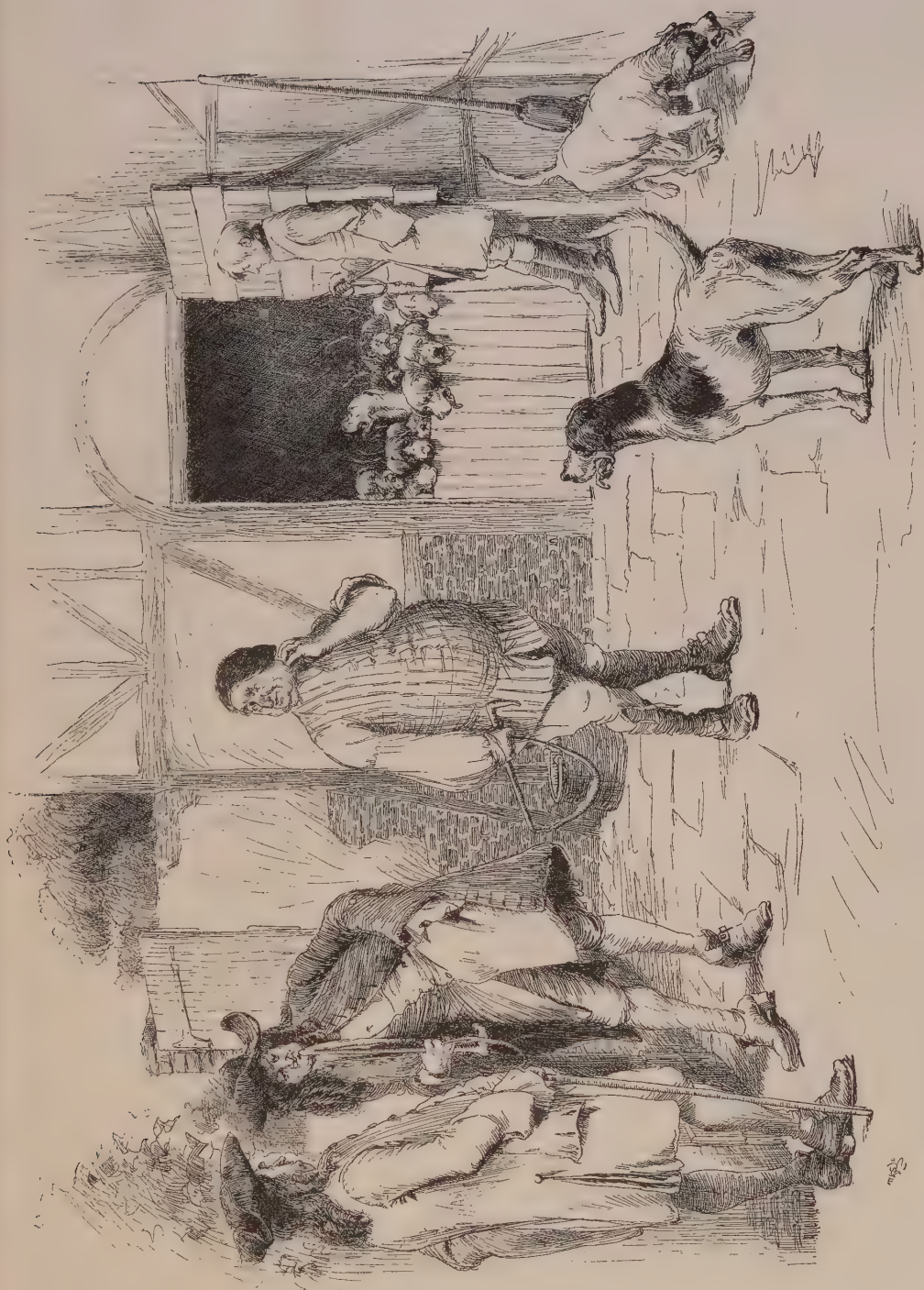
"DU VALL'S EPITAPH.

"Here lies Du Vall: Reader if Male thou art
Look to thy Purse: if Female to thy Heart.
Much Havoc has he made of both; for all
Men he made stand and Women he made fall.
The second Conqueror of the Norman Race
Knights to his arms did yield and Ladies to his
Face.

Old Tyburn's glory, England's illustrious Thief,
Du Vall the Ladies joy: Du Vall the Ladies
Grief."

What is an inscription in Westminster Abbey to this surprising offering at the tomb of genius? "The Second Conqueror of the Norman Race,"—can anything be more magnificent? "Du Vall the Ladies Grief." This sorrow is heavenly. Let us take our leave of this great man and follow the Flying Machine that he has lightened. We shall

tended, the coachman scarlet in the face with thonging them, the guard armed with a stick in aid of his amiable exertions, all powerless to move it. The state of the roads at this time in early spring and winter must have been something awful. So late as 1797, Middleton, in his survey of Middlesex, speaking of the Oxford road at Uxbridge, observes that during the whole of the winter there was but one passable track on it, and that was less than six feet wide and was eight inches deep in fluid sludge. To be in character, on a sliding scale, all the rest of the road was from a foot to eighteen inches deep in adhesive mud, which was better. Earlier roads, more adhesive mud. Small wonder then that in 1668 the Bath Flying Machine sticks fast and needs four cart horses, pressed into the service after much bawling, to pull it on to firm land again. Meanwhile it has blocked the road for an hour to all but the fortunate people who can afford to ride post. Amongst these envied ones of the earth is his Grace the Duke of



DOCTOR SWIFT AND BOLINGBROKE VISITING THE KENNELS.

From a Drawing by HUGH THOMSON.

Buckingham, who rides furiously by scattering the mud far and wide on each side of him—his rich dress disordered and travel-stained, his horse covered with foam—his attendants spurring to keep up with his headlong pace and cursing the Bath Coach as they ride by it. His Grace is making for Cliefden,

“The bower of wanton Shrewsbury and of Love,”

which lady's husband he has just run through the right breast and shoulder at Barne Elms; her ladyship, who now rides by the Duke's side in a page's dress, having shed the light of her graceful presence on the amiable formality; in her office of page holding her lover's horse as he exchanged thrusts with her better half. Delightful society! So picturesquely free from care and scruple!—who would not have lived in those days? The travellers in the Flying Machines of Charles the Second's day must have seen much of that brilliant, sparkling, outrageous society fly by them. That seems to me to have been the chief advantage of the Flying Machines. Everybody flew by them—at least everybody who was worth seeing.

This Hounslow Heath, which the Flying Machine has now left behind it—the creaky, mud-covered old caravan is drawn up now outside the Inn, at Cranford, the horses are in the stable feeding, the guard and coachman in the snug bar lying about their heroic resistance to six highwaymen—it seems to have been the province of coachmen at all periods to lie—, (compare “Tom,” said I, “I think you can whistle louder, hit a horse harder, and tell a bigger lie than any one I ever knew,”—words spoken to a great coachman on the Northern Road, Tom Hennessey by name, to which, with Spartan frankness he replied, “You're right, sir,”)—but this is a digression—the Hounslow Heath, I say, which the Flying Machine has left behind it, holds a prominent place at all periods in the “Annals of the Roads.” To us it is chiefly remarkable for its Powder Mills, which explode once or twice a year, but besides highwaymen in Charles the Second's time (in the spontaneous production of which it, in all ages, held a high place in national esteem), it had in James the Second's time a camp of thirteen thousand men placed there to overawe the London which was ripe for the rebellion, and which had an exactly opposite effect, a visit to Hounslow Camp becoming a favourite holiday amusement for Londoners; and later on

in the great Era of Coaching, when it was the first stage out of London for all coaches going westward, there used to be kept here for the purposes of posting and coaching two thousand five hundred horses, which perhaps gives as good an idea of the scale of an undertaking as anything can.

It has its lists of accidents too. It was not a good place even in the best days of the road to cross in a fog. A Mr. C. Ward was an eye-witness of a calamity, one which happened in 1840 when some thick weather prevailed. He was bound for Bagshot and had to be escorted out of London by torches, “seven or eight Mails following one after the other, the guard of the foremost lighting the one following and so on till the last.” He took three hours to do the nine miles, and on his way back to London, the same weather prevailing, he found the old Exeter Mail in a ditch. The leaders had come in contact with a haycart, which not unnaturally caused them to turn suddenly round. They foolishly did not stop here or all would have been well. No! They broke the pole, blundered down a steep embankment, and brought up in the bottom of a deep ditch filled with mud and water. The wheelers were drowned and the Mail Coach pitched on the stump of a willow tree that hung gracefully over the scene. Meanwhile where were the outside passengers? They were thrown into the meadow beyond in company with the coachman. The two inside passengers, however remained where they were, wherever that was, and were extricated with some difficulty. Fortunately no one was injured, which, considering the somewhat mixed condition of men, beasts, and things, was fortunate, and lends some colour to the fine distinction drawn between railway and coaching accidents by a devotee of the roads: “You got upset in a coach or chaise,” he cries, “and there you were. You get upset in a railway and where are you?”

The same authority discourses more of fogs on Hounslow Heath as follows:

“There were eight Mails,” he writes (they ought to be sung, these old coaching yarns, grey legends of a life that has faded, and out of which much meaning has gone, turned into Border Poetry by some horsey Scott, so that they should possess some form at least to future generations who may be grappling in the central blue),—“there were eight Mails,” he writes, “that passed through Hounslow. The Bristol, Bath, Gloucester, and Stroud took the right hand road from Hounslow; the Exeter, Yeovil, Poole, and ‘Quicksilver,’ Devonport (which was the

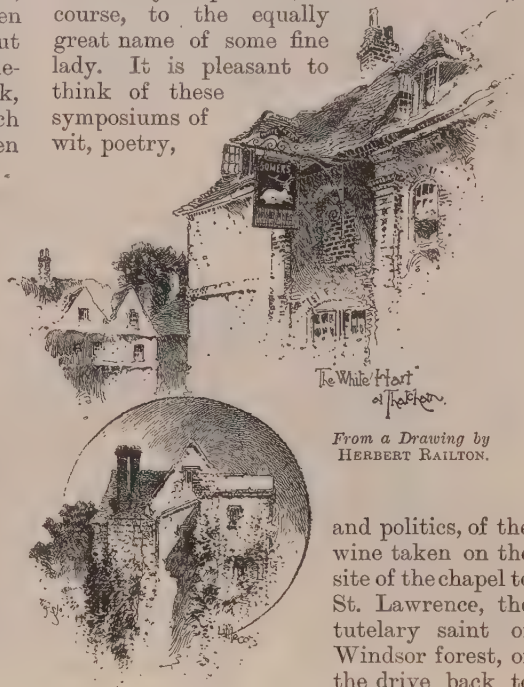
one I was driving), went the straight road towards Staines. We always saluted each other when passing with 'Good-night, Bill,' 'Dick,' or 'Harry,' as the case might be. I was once passing a Mail, mine being the fastest, and gave the wonted salute. A coachman named Downs was driving the Stroud Mail. He instantly recognised my voice, and said, 'Charley, what are you doing on my road?' It was he, however, who had made the mistake; he had taken the Staines instead of the Slough Road out of Hounslow. We both pulled up immediately. He had to turn round and go back, which was a feat attended with much difficulty in such a fog. Had it not been for our usual salute he would not have discovered his mistake before reaching Staines."

After leaving Cranford Bridge—where I shall leave the Flying Machine and its passengers, it is much too slow for me considering the ground I have to get over—and with the help of the "York House" fast day coach, or "The Bristol Mail," or "The Beaufort Hunt," I shall be at Bath before they "inn" for the night at Reading. After leaving Cranford Bridge with its White Hart Inn, the memory of which is in the nostrils of old Stage Coachmen as a sweet smelling savour, the Bath Road runs through flat pastoral country (indeed, this side of Reading there is hardly a rise), past Sipson Green, where at "The Magpies" post horses could be procured, past Longford where they couldn't, till it enters Buckinghamshire just before reaching Colnbrook.

And in entering Buckinghamshire we are in Classic Ground. Every yard of the way burns with memories—not of broken poles, of runaway teams, of chains snapped and coaches running on wheelers, and like data of purely horsey history; the Bath Road is not rich in this kind of recollection, being a flat, comfortable road almost as far as Newbury, and as a consequence not as remarkable as many others for phenomenal pace, great catastrophes, and cunning coachmen; but the memories which haunt it about Colnbrook no less belong, it seems to me, to its history, memories of great names famous in art, fashion, poetry, scandal, politics, which have posted down it, coached down it, sauntered by its side, lived within touch almost of its ceaseless hurried pulse.

For on the right of Colnbrook is Ritchings—where Lord Bathurst, the pleasant kindly Mæcenas of the last century, loved to enter-

tain the literary celebrities of his time. Round his table Addison, Steele, Pope, Prior, and Swift constantly gathered. An old bench in the grounds used to be covered with the autographs of these immortals—post-prandial mementos of a pleasant jaunt from town. Here the great Congreve, fresh from some recent stage triumph, wrote his great name in juxtaposition, of course, to the equally great name of some fine lady. It is pleasant to think of these symposiums of wit, poetry,



The White Hart
of the Inn.

From a Drawing by
HERBERT RAILTON.

and politics, of the wine taken on the site of the chapel to St. Lawrence, the tutelary saint of Windsor forest, of the drive back to London in the cool of the evening, of

the laughter which echoed to some forgotten good thing, which made the sixteen miles back to London seem six, and this part of the Bath Road classic.

My Lord Bathurst, after having enjoyed the society of Addison, Steele, Swift, Pope, and Prior, came at the end of his long and cultured life to know Sterne, and in doing so touched hands with the wits of two generations. The most original of English authors however, and the most misunderstood, did not grace Ritchings with his quaint presence, at least not as Lord Bathurst's guest, the place having passed from his lordship's hands in 1739 into those of the Earl of Hertford. This nobleman's wife continued the literary traditions of the place. She was the Eusebia of Dr. Watts and the Cleora of Mrs. Rowe. Minor poets piped about her feet and listened with the enthusiasm which authors in company of their kind can feign so well to

her poems. For Eusebia not only wrote poetry, but recited it too; and this is the Deuce, as every one knows, and as Thomson found it. The author of *The Seasons*, dedicated his poem of *Spring* to her; and, no doubt, according to his delightful custom, wandered round her garden in his dressing-gown, and bit off the sunny side of her peaches; but when Eusebia cried, "Lend me your ears," and produced a manuscript, the sleepy poet plied his pinions and betook himself to a less intellectual feast; in point of fact, he went off and caroused with Eusebia's husband; and, of course, Eusebia was annoyed.

"Lycidas," the "Comus," the "Sonnet to the Nightingale," and probably the "Allegro" and "Penseroso." Hence it was that he wrote to his friend Diodati, "You ask me of what I am thinking. As God shall help me, of immortality; but how shall I attain it? My wings are fledging, and I meditate a flight." I like to think that the travellers on the Bath Road between 1634 and 1637 may have often passed and noticed the romantic figure of the young poet, his fine face aflame with genius, his comely head bent to catch the music of the spheres. The ladies in the Bath Machine or the Post-Chaise of Charles the First's time would, I am sure,



From a Drawing by HUGH THOMSON.

This dual tenancy of Ritchings has connected the Bath Road with some famous literary characters already—with, indeed, the lions of two periods and their jackals; but its passage through Colnbrook connects it with a greater memory still. It was here—or, to speak more accurately, in the neighbouring village of Horton—that young Milton lived, from the time he was twenty-four to the time he was thirty. It was here, in the quiet Buckinghamshire hamlet, and before the shadow of political convulsion informed his genius with a sterner bent, that he gave to the world those rich fancies of a yet courtly Muse, which some hold still to be her most precious bequest. At Horton he wrote

have noticed him; would have awakened their sleeping husbands, heavy with the dinner at Cranford, and pointed him out to them; would have looked back at him, admired him, wondered who he was.

But let us get back to our horses and coachmen; for the history of the Bath Road is not all a literary history, though, of all the great roads of England, I have found it the most literary road. At one end of it must be remembered was Bath, and to "the Bath"—as it was till quite lately called—jaded authors and other literary wild fowl, rushed to rouse sedentary livers. The Bath Road, as I say, however, has its coachmen as well as its poets, and they must be chroni-

cles in their courses. Down this part of the road, then, where we are resting, the following great men—who are now, let us hope, driving in august procession by the Styx—exercised their superlative craft,—Isaac Walton—not he of fishing fame, but the Mæneas of whips, the Braham of the Bath Road—who could pick a fly off his leader's right eyelid with all the friendly dexterity discovered by Mr. Vincent Crummles; Jack Adams, the civil and obliging pastor, who taught the young Etonians how to drive—(how schoolboys must have enjoyed coaches, by the way; how the slow rate of travelling must have drawn out the delicious luxury of departure from the seat of learning; how postponed the horrid moment of arrival; with what pride the first driving lesson must have been taken on so conspicuous a box; with what unerring aim peas must have been launched at equestrians on restive horses from how great a point of vantage!)—then, to proceed with the catalogue of the coachmen, there was the gallant Jack Everett, who upset his coach near Marlborough, broke one of his own legs, and one also belonging to a female passenger, but who, disdaining an ignominious flight, allowed himself to be conveyed to the nearest surgeon in the same barrow with his victim, who was neither fair, fat, nor under fifty; who, moreover, after uttering the ever memorable exclaim, "I have often kissed a young woman, and why shouldn't I kiss an old one?" suited the tender action to the candid word; neither did shrieks issue from the barrow. Lastly of those who I have space left me to mention, Jack Stacey must not be forgotten; one of four brothers who worked on the Western roads—known, all of them, for equal skill, courage, punctuality, and hats with brims destitute of all curl; but Jack notorious above them all for having, for the first time on record, driven a Mail out of Piccadilly with more than four passengers inside. The deed, hateful alike to men and Mail inspectors, is thus pleasantly told by Mr. Stanley Harris, in his erudite and amusing work, *The Coaching Age*:

"One night the Bath Mail was full inside all the way down, when a gentleman who was a regular customer wanted to return home to Marlborough, and there was no means of his getting there. Stacey held a council with the book-keeper, observing that it wouldn't do to leave the gentleman behind as he was a regular customer, but how they were to get out of the dilemma neither of them was able to explain. Ultimately it was, I believe, solved by the gentleman him-

self getting in just as the mail was starting. A squeeze it must have been if they were small men; but on this point I have no information. Arrived at "The Bear," at Maidenhead, where they changed, Stacey went to the coach door and said, "There's time for you to get a cup of coffee here, gentlemen, if you just like to get out." No one moved, fearful that if once out he might not be able to get in again. In this way they travelled down to Newbury, fifty-six miles from London, and the end of Stacey's journey. They had then, however, seventeen miles to



From a Drawing by HERBERT RAILTON.

go on to Marlborough, the extra passenger's destination, and he got out without any expression of regret either on the part of himself or his fellow passengers at the parting."

Here is a picture of a fearful possibility in a coach. Degenerate travellers of to-day, we know what glances of flame are exchanged, even in an hour's journey, between the ten occupants of a first class special and the accursed eleventh who projects himself into their midst at the very moment when the



From a Drawing by HERBERT RAILTON.

train is moving from the platform. But here was an agony prolonged for seventy-four miles, and suffered in a sinister silence. Why that silence when experience would lead one to expect curses? I should much like to know the secret history of that ride. How did the fifth passenger so impress his presence on his victims that they said no word when the coachman asked them whether they would like some coffee? Did he administer some narcotic on entering the coach, or—those were fighting days—was it by knocking them “out of time” that he “sent them to sleep?”

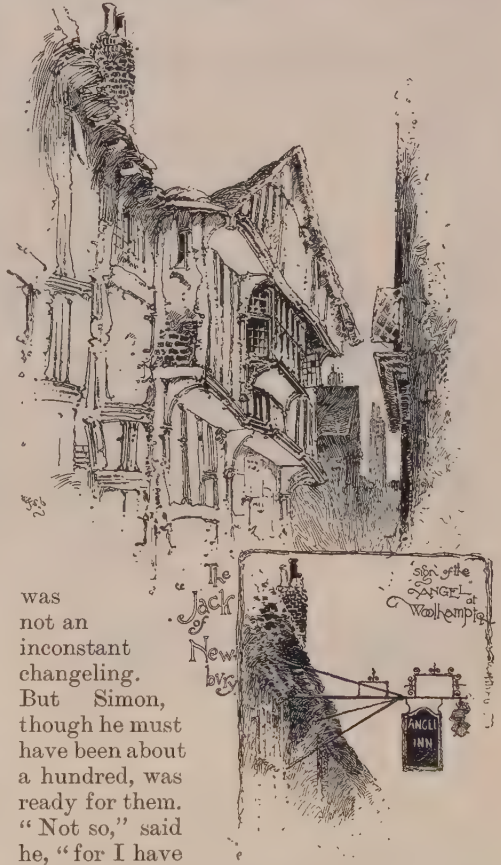
The issue is lapped in mystery, but much of the Bath Road lies beyond Colnbrook, where I have been pausing, and it is time to get along it. The fast coaches out of London soon covered the twenty-two miles to Reading, and there is no need for me to dawdle by the way. The purely coaching record is a

blank. There was, however, a fine inn at Slough, where there is now a draughty railway station; and at Salt Hill, six furlongs on, “The Windmill” was noted for its dinners. Here was also one of those unlimited establishments for the supply of posting horses, to be found years ago on all the great thoroughfares out of London. After crossing over Maidenhead Bridge the road enters Berkshire, and immediately afterwards the town of Maidenhead itself. An industrious curate, once resident in the town, has filled a large volume with its history; but there is nothing in it; and were it not that Royalty here first sets its foot on the road, we might hurry on to Maidenhead thicket, where we should have our purses taken. Such lot, at least, would in all likelihood have been ours, had we travelled in the good old days, and properly provided. The place had such a bad reputation so far

back as Elizabeth's time, that the Vicar of Hurley, who did duty at Maidenhead, drew an extra salary as amends for having to pass it.

In July, 1647, Charles the First was allowed, after several years separation, to see his children, and children and father met at Maidenhead, at the "Greyhound Inn." The meeting must have been a pathetic one, but the town was strewn with flowers and decked with green boughs. The united family, so soon to be so terribly divided, dined together, we read, and afterwards drove to Caversham. It must have been a pleasant journey that down the Reading Road, and would make, I think, a pretty picture; the king, with a sad smile on his fine face, pale from imprisonment, the children laughing and talking gaily, innocent of what the Fates were preparing unseen, the stern guard of Ironsides, not unmoved at the sight, riding grimly behind. I wonder what Charles and his children talked about on that historic journey. Not of past troubles, I suspect. Care had been too constant a companion of late years to be chosen as a topic. I daresay that the king, who knew his folk-lore and his Berkshire too—and who was a capital story teller, if we are to believe Mr. Wills—simply discussed the places of interest on the road, and acted as *cicerone* to his children. It would be a natural event at so critical a meeting, just as it was natural that Heine, after careful consideration of what he should say to Goethe when he met him, found when the crisis came that he could only talk about plums; and Charles, if he did discuss scenery had a subject. Half a mile south of Maidenhead, he might have pointed out the spire of Bray Church, and told his children the story of the immortal Vicar. Perhaps at his children's request, he sang them a song, or perchance a ballad, according to prescription, though I am not quite sure whether one was extant at the time—probably it wasn't. At any rate, the vicar alone would make a subject for an afternoon drive. There are few characters in English history that I admire more than the soft-hearted Simon Aleyn. This genial churchman had seen some martyrs burnt; he thought the game was not worth the candle, and at the same time discovered in himself no particular *penchant* for martyrdom. The result was that he was a papist in Henry the Eighth's time, a protestant in Edward the Sixth's, a papist in Mary's, and in Elizabeth's a protestant again. I cannot sufficiently admire the genial adroitness of this bending to circumstance, or weary of considering what seas of precious blood might

have been saved to England if Simon Aleyn's contemporaries could have added a leaven of his circumspection to the fury of their faith. But I do not think that his contemporaries thought very highly of poor Simon—though, from all I can read, he made as good a vicar as many of them, and a better one than most. No! they "lay low" for him in the cruellest manner, and asked him at the end of his life, whether, if he was not a turncoat, he



was not an inconstant changeling. But Simon, though he must have been about a hundred, was ready for them. "Not so," said he, "for I have always kept my principle." Upon this the wicked desired him to "go to," when he "went to" in the following fashion. "My principle," he said, "is this: to live and die the Vicar of Bray." Then his questioners "went to," and the good Simon died according to his principles in 1588.

His genial presence must have passed up and down the London Road many times during his life, for the purpose of taking fresh oaths under varying conditions, signing

recantations and executing more important commissions, and his jolly ghost should haunt it still if ghosts were not like stage coaches—so hideously out of fashion; and Simon would be in good company, too, if he would walk, for the Bath Road *is* haunted, and by two of his contemporaries.

I shall have occasion later on to remark on the curious way in which Henry the Eighth's name has attached itself to certain counties, with which, if we are to credit historians, for want of other pastime, he had no earthly connection in life. It is not sur-



From a Drawing by HERBERT RAILTON.

prising, however, that between Windsor and Reading, the much married and much white-washed king should be the hero of every tale. And it is of a ghost story of which he is particularly the moving spirit—a story which I shall tell here because it connects another royalty with the Bath Road.

In the days, then, when people used to sit round ingle benches and frighten each other with horrid tales to make an excuse for taking strong waters, travellers by night on the Bath Road used often to have a fright on this side of Reading. They met or rather were confronted with, confronted is the proper

word, two figures, with their faces set towards London. The usual preliminaries in the way of hair standing on end, eyes shooting out of sockets, horses trembling violently and then running away having been adjusted, the traveller looked at the apparitions and found one was a fat King in Lincoln green and the other a pale abbot extremely emaciated, having his hand pressed meaningly on the place where his supper ought to have been and clearly was not—under which presentment the two figures past on towards London, the king beckoning the churchman. So far so good. But what occurred when the apparitions in a marvellously short space of time were seen returning Reading-wards? Why, a change had come over the spirit of the dream and the order of the procession. The churchman rode first, and his complexion, so far as a ghost's can, had recovered all its roses—his face moreover had filled out and his priestly hands folded before him embraced a portly person. Behind him rode the fat king tossing a purse of gold and shaking his royal sides with paroxysms of ghostly inaudible laughter! The whole thing was a mystery.

Its key can be found in Fuller. It seems that Henry the Eighth one day lost his way out hunting, and as he had started the chase at Windsor, and found himself outside the Abbott of Reading's house at dinner-time, he must be allowed to have got some distance from his bearings. Clearly, however, the next thing was to dine, and this he did at the Abbott's table, the bat-eyed Churchman having taken him for one of the Royal Guard. A sirloin was produced and the king "laid on," much marked of the Abbott who had as much appetite as a peahen. When the roast had almost disappeared before the Royal onslaught, the Churchman could contain himself no longer.

"Well fare thy Heart," he exclaimed to the supposed man at arms, "for here in a cup of sack I remember thy master. I would give a hundred pounds on condition that I could feed as lustily on beef as you do. Alas! my weak and squeezie stomach will hardly digest the wing of a small rabbit or chicken." How cruel a case of dyspepsia in the Middle Ages! I recommend it to the notice of the faculty, as a proof that there is nothing new under the sun, not even in this "New disease that is stealing upon us all." Meanwhile the king pledged his host and departed. Some weeks after, the Abbott was committed to the Tower and fed for a short space on bread and water—a novel treatment for loss of appetite which threw the pious

patient into the most horrid dejection, "yet not so empty was his body of food as his mind was filled with fears as to how he had incurred the king's displeasure." At the very climax of this emptiness a sirloin of beef was set before him, when the good Abbott verified the proverb that two hungry meals make a glutton. He in point of fact rivalled the king's performance at Reading, and just as he was wiping his mouth, out jumped the king from a closet. "My Lord," quoth the king, "deposit presently your hundred pounds of gold, or else no going

This I believe to be the right interpretation of the vision of the two horsemen on the Reading road; which I hope will not be considered a digression from my subject, because the travellers are somewhat pale and insubstantial, and ride by us on ghostly old horses instead of in a spick and span fast day coach. Everything is a subject in my eyes provided that it has travelled on the road, and if Henry the Eighth and his patient travelled on it some time since, they have at all events brought me to Reading, which is thirty-eight miles seven furlongs



From a Drawing by HERBERT RAILTON.

hence all the days of your life. I have been your physician to cure you of your squeeze stomach, and here as I deserve I demand my fee for the same." Too replete for repartee the Abbott "down with his dust," and presently returned to Reading as somewhat lighter in purse so much more merry in heart than when he came thence. I hope that when Henry the Eighth suppressed the monasteries he remembered that the good Abbott had got a renewed digestion, and left him something to buy beef with;—but it is probable that he didn't.

from Hyde Park Corner, and a third of the way to Bath.

Reading has a history like many other provincial towns which nobody has read of. That is to say the usual number of Parliaments have been held there at which no particular measures were passed. Queen Elizabeth visited it six times, but seems to have omitted to shoot a stag during her stays, there was a siege or two undertaken in the Civil Wars, and a Benedictine Abbey turned into a palace—the Abbey of the unfortunate Abbott. What is more to the purpose however, is

that here the Flying Machines of the early days of coaching inned, as they called it, after the first of their three days' journey to Bath, and the coaches of the palmy days changed horses. The Great Western Hotel now reigns of course instead of the Bear, the Crown, and the George; but it was at the latter signs that the passengers in the Flying Machine rested their jolted limbs on the sheets smelling of lavender that we have read of, and their more hurried descendants had just time to drink the great drink of a tumbler of fresh milk, one fair lump of sugar, two table spoonfuls of rum and just a thought of nutmeg grating on the top of all, a trifle that could be tossed off in a minute and so far as I can read was perpetu-

whimsical, confronted Benjamin Child, Esq., Barrister-at-law—masked, rapier in hand and under the pale moonlight. The lady had refused numberless offers of marriage made in due form. Due forms however were her aversion, and so seem men to have been, till one fine day, when

“Being at a noble wedding
In the famous town of Reading,
A young gentleman she saw
Who belonged to the law.”

In fact Benjamin Child, Esq. To him the lady sends a challenge unbeknownst, as Mrs. Gamp would say, to fight a mortal duel in Calcott Park. Nor did she trouble to assign any cause why Child—if such lot were to be



From a Drawing by HERBERT RAILTON.

ally so being tossed off, before the guard applied “the yard of tin,” to his lips and the four fresh horses whirled them off to Newbury.

I have said that the Bath Road has appealed to me as being more particularly the literary road than any of the other five great thoroughfares out of London. The next thirteen miles out of Reading go to bear out this view. They teem with literary and romantic recollections. Two miles out of Reading and on the right of the road is Calcott House, once the seat of the Berkshire Lady. In the pleasant park which lies in front of the square, formal-looking old house, the beautiful Miss Kendrick, the rich, the

his—should be skewered like a chicken. This sounds like Dumas, but the barrister thought it meant business, and repaired to the place named sword in hand. He found the fair Miss Kendrick, masked, and still unbeknownst, awaiting him,

“‘So now take your chance,’ says she,
‘Either fight or marry me.’
Said he, ‘Madam, pray what mean ye?
In my life I ne’er have seen ye.’”

In fact he proposed point blank that she should unmask, not perhaps caring to take a pig in a poke. The lady, however, remained firm and *incognito*, when the intrepid Child, fortified perhaps by a view of Calcott House,

which formed a grateful background to the scene, told the lady that he preferred to wed her than to try her skill. Upon which in the twinkling of an eye he found himself

"Clothed in rich attire
Not inferior to a Squire"—

in fact Master of Calcott. Fortunate man; romantic times, say I. They were only so far back as 1712.

The memory of Pope has already given splendour to the Bath road; two miles beyond Calcott, it is graced by the memory of his most delightful heroine. At Ufton Nervet lived Arabella Fermor, the Belinda of "The Rape of the Lock." Arabella must have passed down the road many a time on her way from Ufton to Hampton Court,

"Where mighty Anna, whom three realms obey,
Doth sometimes counsel take and sometimes
tea,"

perhaps in the society of her celebrator; for Pope himself was frequently a visitor at Ufton, many of his most delightful letters are dated from there, letters in which he gives charming sketches of English country life in the last century, and paints the old house for us, with its haunted staircase, secret chambers, formal gardens, and the raised terrace behind it where Arabella must often have walked. Bucklebury, in the immediate neighbourhood, is associated with even greater names. This was the country seat of Bolingbroke the magnificent. Here the great statesman who was half Horace and half the elder Pitt, forgot the distractions of political intrigue in the smiles of Burgundy, and the calm pleasures of country life. Bucklebury was his Sabine farm. Here he played the fancy farmer and gathered round him the finest intellects of the day. Swift was a constant visitor, and in a very delightful letter to Stella, he has drawn Mr. Secretary for us as the perfect country gentleman, smoking his tobacco with one or two neighbours, inquiring after the wheat in such a field, visiting his hounds and calling them all by their names, he and his wife showing Swift up to his bed room just in the country fashion. "His house," writes the author of Gulliver, "is just in the midst of 3,000*l.* a year, he had by his lady, who is descended from Jack of Newbury of whom books and ballads are written; and there is an old picture of him in the room."

At Woolhampton a little over ten miles from Reading still stands all that is left of the Angel, a celebrated old posting inn, with a most curious sign, and three miles five

furlongs further on is Thatcham. Here the passengers by the "New Company's elegant light four inside post coaches," which in the palmy days of coaching did the hundred and five miles from Bath to London in twelve hours and a half, used to dine at the King's Head. Here prodigies in the way of taking in provisions were performed in half-an-hour. The attack on the table must have been tremendous, and the tables were well fortified for the attack. These were the days, be it remembered when English cookery was English cookery, unpolluted as yet with

"Art, with poisonous honey stolen from France."

The distinguished author of *Tancred* and the Treaty of Berlin has described the half-hour for dinner at such an inn as "The King's Head" with much spirit.

"The coach stops here half an hour, gentlemen: dinner quite ready."

"'Tis a delightful sound. And what a dinner! What a profusion of substantial delicacies! What mighty and iris-tinted rounds of beef! What vast and marble-veined ribs! What gelatinous veal pies! What colossal hams! Those are evidently prize cheeses! And how invigorating is the perfume of those various and variegated pickles! Then the bustle emulating the plenty; the ringing of bells, the clash of thoroughfare, the summoning of ubiquitous waiters, and the all-pervading feeling of omnipotence from the guests, who order what they please to the landlord, who can produce and execute everything they can desire. 'Tis a wondrous sight!"

Three miles further on and we are at Newbury, or rather at Speenhamland, a kind of suburb of inns and posting houses which connected it with the Bath Road, and at Newbury, and indeed right on to Hungerford, we are on historic ground. It is out of my province to describe in detail the rise and fall of the fortunes of the fight during those two tremendous days September 16th, 1643, and October 27th, 1644, when the best blood of England was poured out like water on Speen Hill, and the cause of Charles the First was upheld by an uncertain triumph; nor have I space to do more than make passing mention of the famous personages in the world of history, romance and letters, whose memories throng the road as far as Hungerford, and indeed beyond it, "thick as leaves on Vallambrosa." I see Charles the First dressing in the bow window of the drawing room of Shaw House on the morning of the battle, and the divinity that hedges a king



From a Drawing by HERBERT RAILTON

turning aside the rebel bullet; and the gallant Carnarvon measuring the gateway with his sword to see how Essex horns could pass through when they should lead him in as prisoner, (Carnarvon's dead body came into

Newbury the same evening stretched across a horse); and Sunderland dying sword in hand at twenty three; and Falkland the blameless, who foresaw much misery to his country, riding into the battle in the belief



From a Drawing by HERBERT RAILTON.

that he would be out of that misery before night ; I see the travellers on the Bath Road smacking their lips over the Pelican dinners, and losing their colour over the Pelican bill, each equally notorious at that great house.

“The famous inn at Speenhamland
That stands below the hill,
May well be called the Pelican
From its enormous bill,”

as Quin sang of it. On the 16th of June, 1668, Mr. Samuel Pepys came to “Newberry,” as he spells it, and there dined “and musick : a song of the old courtier of Queene Elizabeth’s and how he was changed upon the coming in of the King did please me mightily, and I did cause W. Hewer to write it out. Then comes the reckoning (forced to change gold) 8s. 7d. servants, and poor 1s. 6d. So out and lost our way ; but come into it again.” I do

not see Chaucer writing the *Canterbury Tales* under the oak named after him in Donnington Park, because, in spite of the tradition that says he did so, the Park did not come into the family’s possession till eighteen years after the poet’s death, but I can see Burke, and Johnson, and Goldsmith, and Reynolds posting along the road towards Sandford, where they are going to stay with Mrs. Montagu, and I can see Evelyn eating “troutes” at Hungerford, and William of Orange receiving the commissioners of King James. This important episode in the Rebellion is graphically described by Macaulay :

“On the morning of Saturday, 8th of December, 1688, the King’s commissioners reached Hungerford. The Prince’s body-guard was drawn up to receive them with military respect. Bentinck welcomed them

and proposed to conduct them immediately to his master. They expressed a hope that the Prince would favour them with a private audience; but they were informed that he had resolved to hear them and answer them in public. They were ushered into his bed chamber where they found him surrounded by a crowd of noblemen and gentlemen. Halifax, whose rank, age and abilities entitled him to precedence, was spokesman. Halifax having explained the basis on which he and his colleagues were prepared to treat, put into William's hand a letter from the King and retired. William opened the letter and seemed unusually moved. It was the first letter which he had received from his father-in-law since they had become avowed enemies. He requested the Lords and Gentlemen whom he had convoked on this occasion to consult together unrestrained

by his presence as to the answer which ought to be returned. To himself, however, he reserved the power of deciding in the last resort after hearing their opinion. He then left them and retired to Littlecote Hall, a manor house, situated about two miles off, and renowned down to our own times not more on account of its venerable architecture and furniture than on account of a horrible and mysterious crime which was perpetrated there in the days of the Tudors."

The dreadful atrocity to which Macaulay here refers and the sinister rumours which connect it with the name of Wild Darrell, the then owner of Littlecote, have stamped themselves too luridly on the popular mind to be passed over lightly. I shall deal with the legend of Littlecote at some length; for it is the most romantic episode of the road.

W. OUTRAM TRISTRAM.





THE STORY OF JAEI.

By the AUTHOR of "MEHALAH," "JOHN HERRING," ETC.

I.

GULL-FLEET.



HE river Colne, once upon a time, was seized with the desire of being a second Nile. We are speaking of course of that præhistoric age in which imagination runs riot, and sets down all its fancies

as facts. The Nile brings down mud which it deposits over the surface of Egypt, and fertilises it. Mud! thought the Colne, I can do a neat thing in mud. I can beat the Nile in the amount of slimy material I can bring on my waters and cast down where my waters reach. But it was not in mud that the Nile was to be equalled and excelled. A delta! thought the Colne. I can delticulate—a præhistoric verb and passable—into any number of mouths. Then the Colne proceeded near its embouchure to ramify in various directions, like a fan. But the attempt proved a failure, and in the end the Colne was forced to find her way to the sea through a single channel out of the many abortive ones she had run, leaving these latter some longer, some shorter, all smothering themselves in mud, and annually contracting. The Colne in the world of rivers is an instance of great pretence and poor execution, and has its counterpart in the world of men.

Crafty millers have cast their eyes on these channels, and have run dams across their extremities with sluices in them, and when the tide flows into the creeks and flushes them full, it pours up through the sluice gate and brims the basin beyond; but when the water tries to return with the ebb, No, no, says the miller, you come as you will, you go as I choose! The trap is shut, and the water is caught and allowed to run away as the

millers orders, and is made to turn a wheel and grind corn before it goes.

That water, as it trickles down the empty channel blushing brown with humiliation, finds that channel which erewhile was an arm of green and glittering water, deteriorated into a gulf of ill-savoured ooze, alive with gulls chattering, leaping, fluttering, arguing, gobbling.

At the mouth of the Colne, and yet not on it, nor on the sea, but lost and entangled among the creeks that end in mud-smother, lies the port of Brightlingsea. The name it takes from its first settler, Brit-helm, the Dane with the bright helmet, by which he was known, who ran his boat across an arm of sea, and squatted on what was then an island. It was Brithelm's Isle; but now it is no more an island. One long creek runs past it for several miles eastward to St. Osyth's Priory, and almost reaches the ocean, perhaps at one day it may have done so. Another, in an opposite direction, cuts across the land to the Maldon river, and actually reaches the great bay of the Blackwater, so that in its mid channel the tides meet, and strike each other in their wavelets angrily. And again, another above Brightlingsea runs behind the little port and tries to reach the sea, and did reach it in historic times, but is now stopped by a causeway and a miller's dam. That road marks the spot where Brithelm's boat crossed in ancient days. In later times a causeway was carried over on piles driven into the ooze, and then the sea began to choke itself at the extremity, and to deposit banks of mud behind the causeway, which finally became dry land, and so Brithelm's Isle ceased to be an isle.

Nowadays, it is along this road that the Brightlingsea people have to go when they drive or walk to the market town of Colchester, and a very long *détour* it obliges them to make. When a railway was run by

a private company up the river, it was carried across the mouth of this creek three miles down over a timber bridge, but as boats were accustomed to enter the channel and run up to the quay by the mill, the bridge was fashioned so as to open and allow a small craft to pass through. Then, to make sure that the bridge was complete for the train to pass across it, a guard or pointsman was stationed in a wooden hut near the end of the bridge, whose duty it was to let the boats through, and also to close the bridge again for the passage of the train.

Conceive of an express rushing along the bridge whilst a schooner was in the act of passing, and consider to which would the encounter be most unpleasant. The object in life set before the pilot of the bridge over Gull-Fleet was to prevent such encounters.

That railway from Brightlingsea up the Colne went no further than the next village, Wyvenhoe, where it touched the G. E. R., but was there ever, among coy railways such a coquette as this little affair? It sidled up to the burly, stately G. E. R. and said, "Take me on," and "Let us love one another," and then, when the G. E. R. grunted, and puffed, and said, "I don't particularly like you. I don't—to be plain—see much good in you," then this little pouting Mignon went into sulks, and turned her back on the G. E. R. and said, "You nasty, ugly monster, I hate you! I can have my own puff-puffs! I will have my own dear little cosy station, and my own servants—officials in my own livery." So the little coquette set up her private establishment, and got to spending money lavishly, and, it was whispered, but the whisper may have been wicked scandal—got dipped. So then she set up a little scream from the whistles of one of her little engines, and drew a long puff, and cast two piteous little lines of rail towards the G. E. R., and said not in words, but by gestures, "I have been naughty, take me on, on your own terms." Then the G. E. R. grandly put out his hand to her and took her. Now, at the time when our story moves its course, this little absurd, coy little railway was not married to G. E. R., but was only coughing to draw attention to her, and making signals that meant, if they meant anything, "Come to my help, dear duck of a G. E. R." But G. E. R. was looking another way, to Walton, and had shut his ears and would not hear the appeals. And the little B. and W. R. was unhappy, and a little careless about the times it kept, and the charges it made, and did capricious things which old and well-conducted railways would never think of

doing. But B. and W. R. was in a sulky mood, and didn't care what it did, didn't care what folks said, didn't care to do its duty, and seemed to have lost all moral discrimination between right and wrong.

But there was one point on which the B. and W. R. did not fail, and that was in the maintenance of the pilot at Gull-Fleet Bridge. It let the paint come off its wood-work, and the waiting rooms be without fire, and diminished its staff to a sort of maid-of-all-work, who sold tickets, station-mastered, stoked and poked, and acted as guard—but it never gave notice to quit to the pilot, Shamgar Tapp.

On the marsh in the sun on a blazing summer day, lay the daughter of the said Shamgar Tapp, a tall handsome girl—tall when standing up, handsome always—playing with a tame gull.

The marsh was now dry and hard. It is a tract of turf with veins and arteries ramifying through it, that flush with water at high tide, the reflux of the Colne river, rolled back by the invading sea. But the turf itself is not overflowed except at neap tides. Now it was baked to the consistency of brick, and the thrift that grew over it was in flower, from white to pink in satiny shades that flickered and shifted with every breath of air over the water. The girl's name was Jael, and she came by it in this way: When Mrs. Tapp presented her husband with a daughter, "The finest and biggest she-baby as ever was or ought to be," said her intimate friend, Mrs. Bagg, who nursed her, Mrs. Tapp thought she had done enough for Shamgar and the world, and shrank from the rearing of the finest and biggest she-baby into a big and masculine girl, so she gave her husband and baby and nurse the slip, and left them to make the best of life without her.

"And now," said Shamgar, "what the dooce am I to do with this wopping baby? I wish it had pleased the Lord to leave Clementina" (that was his wife) "and take the baby." He looked at the creature then smacking its lips. "What in the world shall I do with it? If it were oyster-spat I'd know what to do with it. I'd put it on a light gravelly bottom, and see it didn't get choked with mud, and may be, now and again, feed it with barley-meal. But a real live rampaging and roaring female baby, and so big too! What ever shall I do? And as to naming it. It don't look a Clementina, there is black hair on its thing of a head; and my Clementina had fair hair, a sort of a parsnip, and pale eyes, and this thing has

eyes that look about to be as dark as mine. It don't seem to me to have any elements of a name ending in *ina* about it. I know what I'll do. I'll go to Scripture. I'll see in the Book of Judges whether Shamgar the son of Anath, the which slew of the Philistines six hundred men with an ox-goad. What was I saying? oh!—whether my Scriptural ancestor, or whatever he was, had a daughter, and if he had, what was her name?"

Then he pulled down his Bible, not a book much read, as might be seen by the cleanness of the edges and the dustiness of the cover.

"I can't see that he had," mused Shamgar, studying the book, with his dark, bushy brows contracted. "In the days of Shamgar, the son of Anath, in the days of Jael, the highways were unoccupied. What was the relation in which they stood to one another is not particularised; but as Jael became the wife of Heber, and struck a tent-peg through the temples of Sisera long after Shamgar was gone to glory, I guess she was his daughter. Therefore, and so because—you darned blustering, howling babe—Jael shall you be. Amen."

Seventeen years had passed, and Jael, from being a big babe, had grown into a big girl—strong, finely built, who strode about the marshes, leaped the tidal runs, shouted to the gulls and skuas and the kittiwakes that flew about the flats, and had a face a nutty brown, and black, thick hair, cut short like a boy's, and lips red as "butter-haves." Do you know what butter-haves are? They are the rose hips in the hedges. That is their Essex name.

An idle girl was Jael, brought up to no particular work. She did, indeed, in a fashion, manage her father's house, but that house was very small, and his demands not great. The major portion of her day was spent racing over the marshes, playing with the gull, sometimes bathing in the "fleet," where there was a "hard" or gravelly bed, sometimes rowing, and when at home sometimes quarrelling with her father.

He was a headstrong man, and she was a headstrong girl. He a man full of passion and will; and she—one could see it in the swelling dark veins, in the sharp-cut, contracting nostrils, in the flashing eyes—a very little was needed, a few years, maybe only a few months, a hard opposition to her will, a great wrong, and the girl would flare and rage as her father flared and raged.

If one could have stood over her now, like the sun, and looked down into her face, one would not have been surprised at the sun looking so long and ardently at it. The

brow was broad and low, but the curling, glossy dark hair over it made it look lower than it really was. The dark eyebrows were arched, and the lashes long. Under them were splendid, eager, brown eyes, set within these long lashes. The lower part of the face was oval. Those red, merry lips were, when smiling, accompanied by deep, satellite dimples in the gold-brown cheeks.

As she lay on the marsh turf, with her knees up, she held her hands above her face, not to screen the sun from it, but to serve as a perch for the gull, and a protection to her eyes from his beak.

"Again," she said, "come, Jack, again! You missed last time," and she put a piece of bread between her lips and threw the bird into the air.

It fluttered about her, using its wings without confidence, for a couple of pinfeathers had been clipped in one, and yet not enough to prevent it from rising and taking a short flight. The white bird hovered, lurched, wheeled over her, casting shadows across her face, and then made a sudden drop and drive at her lips. Instantly, she struck and sent the bird back into the air, and, as the gull screamed with mortification, she laughed joyously. As she laughed the bit of bread fell out of her mouth.

"Here!" she called, "Jack, here is another. Come, boy, don't be beaten. Try again. What! Skulking? No, no, Jack! Once more. Ha-hah, old fellow! Supposing some other, and bigger Jacks, some day make a dash at my lips! Sha'n't I only beat them away? Ay, old bird, with a much rougher stroke than I give you. Psha! I've hit away some of your breast feathers, and they are falling about me like snow! Ah—" she made a stroke with both hands now, and started up—"you mean, cowardly creature! That was a peck at my eyes! Jack, you might have blinded me! Jack, that was not fair! You do not understand fun. You lose your temper. I had not put the bread between my lips, and was unprepared for you, and down you dive at my eyes. Spite, old bird! Wicked bird! Spite, that! You shall not do that again."

She sprang to her feet.

"Now—you rascal, you!" she exclaimed, threatening the gull, which had settled at her feet on the ground. "I shall not forget and forgive that. I hate meanness. I hate cowardice, and it was cowardly of you to strike at my eyes when I was not expecting you. Come, Jack, hop on my hand, and now, fair play. I will put the bread in my lips, and you shall peck and try to take it—

without flying, and I without striking. I will hold my other hand behind my back. No! Tired of playing? Very well. I bear no malice; let us kiss and be chums." She had put her right hand behind her, and had raised the left, on the wrist of which sat the gull, expanding and closing its wings, balancing itself as she changed her position. All at once Jael's right hand was caught, a hand was thrust under her chin, her face was turned up, and a kiss pressed on her lips.

Then a laugh, and she was let go. "Pecked and got my ripe fruit, and made friends," was shouted in her ear. She turned, flaming with anger and shame to the roots of her hair, and saw before her a young man in a blue jersey, and dark blue breeches, and a straw hat on his head.

II.

A PAIR OF JAYS.

THAT was the beginning of their acquaintance, or friendship, or love affair. I say *or*, not *and*, because it was not acquaintanceship and friendship and love in one, or in rapid development from one to the other. The tie between them was elastic, sometimes very close, sometimes very loose; sometimes it was real love, and sometimes only cold, nodding acquaintance. The reason for this variation of relation was to be sought in Jael, not in Jeremiah Mustard.

Jael was impulsive, hot, and capricious. Sometimes she quarrelled with Jeremiah, as—it must be confessed—she quarrelled with her father, and as—but that was allowable—she quarrelled with her gull.

It is a curious fact that man—and woman also—is never contented with what he has, but always wishes for what he has not; grumbles at what is, and desires what is not; and pants with unutterable longing for what cannot be. The artist who paints exquisitely sulks over his pictures and craves to be a musician, and curses his folly when he was a boy in not practising his fingers on the piano; and the sailor wants to be a soldier, and the soldier longs for a deck and the blue sea; and the girl's ideal of happiness is to be a wife, and the wife sighs to be an unencumbered maiden again; and the first fiddle in the great orchestra of life envies the cornopean, and the cornopean longs for the double bass, and the man who saws on that elephantine instrument is conscious how absurd he looks poking his head from behind the great

stem, and sighs "I want to be a fluter!" and the conductor is disgusted at swaying the *bâton*, and would like to sit in the audience; and in the audience those in the reserved seats say that the only situation for hearing the music properly is back in the shilling or sixpenny places, and those in the rear growl because they are where the draught creeps round their feet and ears, and their benches are uncushioned, and—because they are not in the *fauteuils* reserved for the wealthy.

So was it with Shamgar Tapp. He was condemned by his profession as pilot over Gull-Fleet to be always at his post—to have indeed a very light task, but a monotonous and trying one—and his soul was full of ambition to see the world, to visit Asia, Africa, and America. Why should every young cub at Brightlingsea be able to follow his desires and go in a sailing craft somewhere, and see something beyond the flat coast of Essex, and sea, purer, bluer than the estuary of the Colne?

"I've heard tell," said Mr. Shamgar Tapp, "that there be black people—niggers. Why am I never to set my eyes on a nigger? Why has Providence so ordained that I can never go sailing to Africa, and see niggers? Or—if that be too much—why doesn't niggers come here and show themselves off to me? There was a parcel of 'em came to Colchester and performed on the banjo and knucklebones there, but I couldn't go. I must stay here, and mind the bridge—always so. Everything in this world goes contrary. The parson, he came here t'other day, and said we couldn't expect to have everything in this world. No, I dare say not—but shall I see niggers in the world to come? I doubt but such as go there will have left their black skins behind them, and there'll be a pretty state of things for me—never seen a nigger in all my life, and never a chance of seeing any for all eternity. It isn't," argued Shamgar, "the nigger himself I care for so much; it is that I want to satisfy my mind about him. From all I can see, the sun burns us brown, just the same as roasting coffee or doing a chop; it don't make smut of us. Well, I believe—and till I see and satisfy myself with my own eyes, I will believe—that the real nigger is a sort of a deep red brown—a very dark chestnut; but as for being black—real black—get along!"

Tapp was working the crank turning the bridge, which had been opened to allow of a boat laden with straw to pass out with the falling tide.

"What are reason and the faculty of

observation given to a man for, if they are to lead him to knock his nose against stone walls, or lose his way in a marsh? Doesn't reason, and the light of nature, and daily observation show that the sun browns the skin, and doesn't blacken? The sun black a man's skin as a shoe-boy blacks a boot!—get along!”

The bridge was closed, the lines united.

“Life is made up of contrarinesses,” said Tapp; “else why should I have been left a widower with that rollicking she-baby—that Jael to bring up. Lord! what a bother I had with her, and spoon-feeding and teething, and now—she'll be running after all the boys. That's the way with gals. Then there's her money, that is, her mother's money; it was thirty-eight pounds, but I've made it up to forty; the which is potted and put away. I'll go and see it is all right.”

He took his spade and went into the marsh; at one spot known only to himself he removed the turf. “Right it is,” said Tapp. “Forty pounds all in gold. I'm not a fool to trust that to banks and speculators, and sink in railways, and put into funds that goes up and down, up and down, like a ship's deck, and may go down, down some day altogether. Not I. There is the pot—an old preserved ginger pot, and forty sovereigns in it—Jael's own money. I'll give it her when she marries, and I've seen the back of her.”

“Look there!” said Jael, touching the arm of Jeremiah—they were together, sitting under a thorn-tree on the land above the marsh. “Father's looking at my treasure. I never told you of that. My mother had some money, and father keeps it for me.”

“How much?”

“Oh, I do not know—forty or fifty pounds.”

“That's a great lot.”

“Is it? I have no use for it now; but I may some day, if we get married. Father hides the pot about in different places, so that no one may discover where it is; but I always know. He's not afraid of telling me. But if he didn't tell me, I should know. I could watch him.”

“Fifty pounds! Why you might buy a boat with that.”

“I dare say I might, but father won't let me have the money till I marry; then I shall have it, and then you may do what you like with it.”

“Fifty pounds!” again repeated Jeremiah. “Why, if I had that I could buy a share in the *Cordelia* along with Tom May. He was saying yesterday in the ‘Anchor’ he

wanted a mate. We'd go after chalk to Kent—there's a lot required for the new seawall, and we'd catch sprats when we couldn't go after oysters. I'd make a pint of money in no time. That's the worst of it; if you want to reap money, you must sow money. There's the trouble with me. I've nothing, and so I can never get anything. I see lots of chances before me, but I can't take hold of them, because, like the man without arms, I can't grip. It's all money does it. You'd soon see; if I had a little to start with, what a lot I'd make. I've brains. I can see through a milestone, but I can't make a start without something to start on. Fifty pounds would just do it. Pot your money! What an idea! Invest it. Lend it to me, and I will turn it over and over, and every time it turns it will grow. Go and ask your father to lend me the money.”

“It is of no use. He is suspicious of all speculations.”

“Then take it.”

“What—my money?”

“Yes, your money.”

“But father would not let me.”

“It is your money, not his.”

Jael shook her head. “Father will not part with the money till I marry; so he who wants the money must take me along with it.”

“How old are you, Jael?”

“I'm just on eighteen.”

“And I am twenty-one; just of age, and come into my property.”

“What is your property, Jerry?”

“Nothing—nothing at all. There is the aggravation. I have brains. I was the best boy in the school; always head of the class; but I can do nothing, begin nothing, gain nothing, because I've nothing to begin with. If you were a mathematician, Jael, you'd know that you may try to multiply naught till you're black in the face, and naught is the product. You must have a cipher of some value, and tack naughts to that before you can make tens, and hundreds, and thousands, and millions. But without a cipher to begin with, with naught but a naught, all the adding of naughts makes naught but naught. That's my situation. I could do wonders if I had something to begin upon.”

“There's nothing for it, then,” said Jael, with her face grave, “but for you to go to father and ask him to give us to you.”

“Us? What do you mean?”

“Me, and the pot, and the sovereigns, and the gull.”

“I'll risk it,” said Jeremiah; “but I don't want the gull no more than I do the pot.”

"Who takes me takes the gull, and he who takes the money must have the ginger pot also to hold it in."

"What do you say, Jael? Shall I risk it?"

"Yes," she said. "Why not? We are both as strong as ever we are likely to be, and able to keep house together."

Afar off stood Shamgar. He had caught sight of the two.

"Ah," said he, "there they are—that pair of chattering, good-for-nothing, mischievous jays—Jael and Jerry—J. and J. Looking on, were they, whilst I was digging up the pot. I shouldn't be surprised if Jael were to tell that fellow all about it. I must hide it elsewhere. I don't trust him or any one knowing where the girl's money is hid. It would be as bad as putting it in a bank, or speculating with it. I wonder what they're a-talking about? A pair of darned chattering, good-for-nothing, pecking, mischievous jays. Up to wickedness of some sort, I'll be bound. Whatever did my wife, Clementina, mean by leaving of me with that girl to bring up. I wish she'd come back from the world of spirits, just for a moment—I wish she would—and, by Gorr! I'd pull her nose."

III.

A JAEI-ORESS.

JAEI went on the railway bridge, climbed to the rail and sat on it, swinging her feet, and looking round at her father's cottage. Jerry had risked it—he had gone in to see old Tapp, and ask for the ginger pot, and Jael, and the gull, and the sovereigns. The tide was rushing away below, through the tarred posts of the bridge, swirling and sweeping along with it strands of sea-tangle.

"Hah!" exclaimed Jael, "there goes a shepherd's purse!" as she saw a black seaweed pouch drive by. "If Jerry gets the money we shall want purses into which to put it."

In the broad estuary of the Colne was the little vessel that had recently passed through the swing bridge; its sail was spread, and it was speeding out with the rapidly ebbing tide. Down Mersea Fleet, the channel opposite, another boat was coming, also with wings spread, also straw laden; both were on their way to town with their loads, to supply some of the many mews of the metropolis.

"See!" exclaimed Jael, "there's yonder boat coming this way, and the boat that has gone through the bridge is going from just

the opposite direction, and they will both sail out together with the tide and wind into the blue deep sea, and take their course together—just like Jerry and me. Why!" she suddenly exclaimed, "what is the meaning of that? Here comes Jerry, jumping and running as if father had touched him with the red-hot poker. Jerry! what is it? Stay!—where are you going? What has father said?"

The young man, looking hot, angry, and agitated, came up. "It is no use," he swore. "Confound it! What an ass I was to go, and what a fool you were to advise me. I shall enlist; it is of no use staying here. Good-bye, Jael—when I'm gone, you will think of me."

Not another word of farewell—he was off, over the bridge, running, and, having reached the further side, leaped the light rail that divided the line from the marsh, and went across it, in the direction of his own home. Jael had descended from the rail on which she had been sitting; she stood with her hands behind her, holding it, looking after young Mustard, her feet planted together on one of the sleepers of the line.

The colour rose and dyed her brown cheek a rich apricot, and then went. What was the meaning of Jerry running away?

Then she heard her father calling her, but was too preoccupied by her thoughts to attend and answer. She was roused by his hand roughly grasping her shoulder.

"Come! come in, you girl; come in at once," and he dragged her by sheer force to his cottage. When there, he shut the door.

"It has come to this," said he; "you send lovers to me with the impertinence to ask for you—and such lovers too."

Jael folded her arms.

"Only one, father."

"And isn't that one enough? A boy of twenty, or one-and-twenty, without a trade, a good-for-naught! And pray how long has this been going on?"

"What, father?"

"What! What! This love-making, without axing of my leave, and just picking up the worst fish in the whole net."

"Jerry and I have been friends many months. I love him, and am going to marry him, and then we're going shares with Tom May in the *Cordelia*."

"Oh, indeed! All is settled, is it?"

"Yes, father."

"It takes three to settle such a matter as that. Do you suppose I'm going to give you to that whipper-snapper?—a lad who never did enough honest work to earn his bread, a lad without a father—"

"Well, and I am without a mother."

"That's a different matter altogether. He's a good-for-nothing chap, and I won't have it."

"Every one is against him," said Jael; "every one has something hard, and unkind, and unjust to say of him; but you know he was head boy in the school."

"Oh, yes, and that spoiled him for hard work. Look at his hands, they are soft as a girl's. I tell you he don't like work. He likes to be in the 'Anchor,' smoking and drinking, and—" with concentrated wrath—"it's the likes of he as can go all round the globe and see niggers, and rub them and see if it be burnt cork or not, and I am forced to stay at home. Talk of slaves, do you?—get along."

"I thought, father," said Jael, "that if I married Jeremiah he'd be useful to you. He might attend to the bridge, and pilot the trains over, and allow you sometimes to get away."

"Indeed! bring him into my little cabin, would you? Let him take some of my work! I'd see him hanged first, for I never could trust that chap. He'd let engine and train run into the Fleet. If that happened, on whom would the blame lie but on me? I won't hear of it. That's flat, flat as turbot."

"But, father, I love him, and I care for no one else, and I want him. Besides, we have arranged about the *Cordelia*. If he is not to have me, I think I should let him have some of the money out of the pot, to start him in life, to make up to him for the disappointment."

"Do you!" roared old Tapp. "Lord! what did Clementina mean with leaving me saddled with such an incumbrance. Hold your tongue, you make me mad. I shall strike you if you say more. Jeremiah!—all Brightlingsea knows he is an idle fellow, with no good in him, never sticks regularly to one trade. He's drove an engine; he's been at sea—— What do you mean, trying to interrupt me. I know what I'll do—I'll go to Fingrinhoe after Mrs. Bagg. She shall be a mother to you; she shall comb your hair; she shall put you in traces and set blinkers over your eyes, that you look straight afore you at the road where your best interests lie, and don't be peering all about you at the boys. I'll pull on my best coat—let's see, there won't be a train till 5.35—and I'll go to Fingrinhoe and propose to Mrs. Bagg, and come and be a mother to you."

"Father, you do not mean it!" Jael's veins swelled.

"Ay, I do; I'll go at once. Get your

room ready, she shall share it with you, and see how she likes the situation, and the whipping and the driving of such a colt as you. I'll have you broken in, I will."

"Father, if you do that I shall run away."

"Will you? Where will you run to? See here, Jael. Did you ever know boys play at dobb-nuts? Two does it; each has a chestnut with a string through it, and one strikes at the other nut, and if he splits it he conquers. I take it your head and mine are set against each other, and we'll see which cracks first, which proves hardest. Dobb-nuts it is! I pity your skull, I do, for my head is hard, uncommon hard."

Mr. Shamgar Tapp put on his best coat, and went down to the water's edge, where he got into a boat; and at once took off his coat again and laid it in the bows. Then he began to row.

"Drat the girl!" he said. "What do I know of the management of girls, that Providence should have given me one, and left me to manage her? Providence might just as well have dropped an elephant down my chimney, and told me to rear that, and given me no instructions what victuals to give it, or what diseases it was troubled with, and when and how it might become dangerous. But there—I won't think of that Jael any more. I'll change the subject. When I think of her taking up with that loafer, Jeremiah Mustard, it makes my blood boil. Talking of boiling too," he pulled long strokes, "talking of boiling, don't I know by experience that a black kettle takes half the time to bring to the boil as does a polished tin one? Don't it, so to speak, suck in the heat? Very well. What is the human reason and experience given to a man for if he ain't to apply his experience and exercise his reason. Don't tell me that African niggers are by nature black. Why, bless me! if a nigger were by nature black, and was to sit down on the burning desert he'd begin to boil at once, and the steam come out of his nose. He'd take in the heat and suffer from it twice as fast as if he were white. It's with niggers as with kettles. I don't believe, I won't believe, that there is one law of nature for kettles, and another for human beings—get along."

Presently his boat touched the land, and he drew it up the slope from the shore to Fingrinhoe, where was the cottage now occupied by the widow Bagg. Mr. Tapp came in.

"Do, Mrs. Bagg, 'do?'" He took a seat. "How do you feel yourself?"

Mrs. Bagg was a fine woman of about

forty-five, fresh for her age, with an aquiline nose, fine dark eyes, her hair, parted on one side, was drawn over to the other; a tidy woman, who kept her cottage scrupulously clean, and her person scrupulously neat. Folks said she had a temper, but tidy women, and good housewives generally have tempers, there is energy, go, in them; they have no patience with slovenly people, and work half done.

"Mrs. Bagg," said Tapp, "I've come to call you to task. Why didn't you smother it?"

"Smother what?"

"The baby—my Jael. It is nigh on eighteen years ago you were in my house, and was almost a mother to that creature. You never considered my wishes, you never had a spark of human feeling and neighbourly consideration for me. You might as well have gone and sown tares in my field, or thrown a firebrand in at my window, or let loose a hyena in my kitchen. It was your duty to have smothered it."

"But, Master Tapp, I did not think—"

"No. In course you did not think. Women never do think. If you'd have thought you'd have known how inconvenient it would have been to me with a she-baby yowling for its meat, and I called away to open the bridge, or to leave it alone, after it could toddle, with the lamp on the table burning, and the fire in the grate blazing, and me off closing the bridge over the Fleet. No, you never thought, not you."

"But, Master Tapp, surely—"

"You never asked me my opinion. You treated me as if I were a cipher in the house, as if that baby was everything, and I must have no will of my own, no wishes concerning it, no chance for myself. I did not think you was that unfeeling and ungenerous—but so you acted, and it has left me as tangled as twine."

"I couldn't do it, you know, Master Tapp."

"In course you couldn't," he said sarcastically; "just you come over and see the consequence. There's that girl grown up, and tearing over the marshes after the young men. What am I to do? What can I do? She is that daring and audacious, that she defies me. You should have smothered her when she was born. You'd have done it if you'd had any Christian and womanly feelings in your bosom, Mrs. Bagg."

That lady was so disconcerted at the sudden and unexpected attack that she was incapable of defending herself. She looked about her, and for lack of something else to

say, asked, "Will you have a cup of tea, Master Tapp?"

"I don't mind if I do," he replied. "It'll soothe the inflammation I feel within me. Ah! Mistress Bagg, did you ever reckon on changing your name?"

"Well, master," answered the widow, "I can't say I have never thought on it, because the men press it so on me. The offers I've had since my dear man died would dress a potato field; but I put them from me—I waited for better offers."

"Now, see this," said Shamgar, "I change my shirt once a week, so there's washing to do. And I wear a hole in the foot of my worsted socks once a week, so there's darning to do. And I like my victuals hot and reg'lar, so there's cooking to do—a chop or a steak on Sundays, and a bit of pudding and gravy on Tuesday. Then with these sewing-machines come in all one's coats and trousers and waistcoats go to pieces at the seams."

"I know they do," said Mrs. Bagg.

"How do you know?" asked Shamgar. "Have you been overhauling my chest of drawers?"

"I was speaking promiscuous," explained the widow, "of work done by sewing machines. You see they don't knot the ends of the thread."

"I don't know nor care how it comes about, but I know my garments are ever giving way at the seams and letting in air—and it's a windy place is Gull-Fleet Bridge. So there's tailoring to be done. And then, and above all, there's that Jael, that girl, to be kept under, and held in tight, and taught her duties, and made to stay at home, and held from the boys, and so," said Mr. Tapp, "there's also Jaeloring to be done."

"There must be," agreed Mrs. Bagg.

"Now, if she goes off, I'll want some one to manage for me, and if she don't go off, still I want some one. So if you please, you can come and try it, and I'll see what you're like, and there's no saying—more wonderful things have happened—but you may come in the end to changing your name. That depends, you see, mistress, on how you get on with the washing, and the mending, and the cooking, and the tailoring, and the Jaeloring."

"I don't mind, I'm no ways particular," said Mrs. Bagg. "I'll come and try it."

"Very well," said Mr. Tapp. "Then I'll wait here whilst you put your few things together, and I'll row you back. That girl wants looking after continually and regularly as Gull-Fleet Bridge."

(To be continued.)



CROWCOMBE.

From a Drawing by J. W. NORTH.

SUMMER IN SOMERSET.



THE brown Barle river running over red rocks aslant its course is pushed aside, and races round curving slopes. The first shoot of the rapid is smooth and polished like a gem by the lapidary's art, rounded and smooth as a fragment of torso, and this convex undulation maintains a solid outline. Then the following scoop under is furrowed as if ploughed across, and the ridge of each furrow, where the particles move a little less swiftly than in the hollow of the groove, falls backwards as foam blown from a wave. At the foot of the furrowed decline the current rises over a rock in a broad white sheet—white because as it is dashed to pieces the air mingles with it. After this furious haste the stream does but just overtake those bubbles which have been carried along on another division of the water flowing steadily but straight. Sometimes there are two streams like this between the same banks, sometimes three or even more, each running at a different rate, and each gliding above a floor differently inclined. The surface of each of these streams slopes in a separate direction, and though under the same light they reflect it at varying angles. The river is animated and alive, rushing here, gliding there, foaming yonder; its separate and yet component parallels striving together, and talking loudly in incomplete sentences. Those rivers that move through midland meads present a broad, calm surface, at the

same level from side to side; they flow without sound, and if you stood behind a thick hedge you would not know that a river was near. They dream along the meads, toying with their forget-me-nots, too idle even to make love to their flowers vigorously. The brown Barle enjoys his life, and splashes in the sunshine like boys bathing—like them he is sunburnt and brown. He throws the wanton spray over the ferns that bow and bend as the cool breeze his current brings sways them in the shade. He laughs and talks, and sings louder than the wind in his woods.

Here is a pool by the bank under an ash—a deep green pool inclosed by massive rocks, which the stream has to brim over. The water is green—or is it the ferns, and the moss, and the oaks, and the pale ash reflected? This rock has a purple tint, dotted with moss spots almost black; the green water laps at the purple stone, and there is one place where a thin line of scarlet is visible, though I do not know what causes it. Another stone the spray does not touch has been dried to a bright white by the sun. Enclosed, the green water slowly swirls round till it finds crevices, and slips through. A few paces farther up there is a red rapid—reddened stones, and reddened growths beneath the water, a light that lets the red hues overcome the others—a wild rush of crowded waters rotating as they go, shrill voices calling. This next bend upwards dazzles the eyes, for every inclined surface and striving parallel, every swirl, and bubble,

and eddy and rush around a rock chances to reflect the sunlight. Not one long pathway of quiet sheen, such as stretches across a rippled lake, each wavelet throwing back its ray in just proportion, but a hundred separate mirrors vibrating, each inclined at a different angle, each casting a tremulous flash into the face. The eyelids involuntarily droop to shield the gaze from a hundred arrows; they are too strong—nothing can be distinguished but a woven surface of brilliance, a mesh of light, under which the water runs, itself invisible. I will go back to the deep green pool, and walking now with the sun behind, how the river has changed!

Soft, cool shadows reach over it, which I did not see before; green surfaces are calm under trees; the rocks are less hard; the stream runs more gently, and the oaks come down nearer; the delicious sound of the rushing water almost quenches my thirst. My eyes have less work to do to meet the changing features of the current which now seems smooth as my glance accompanies its movement. The sky, which was not noticed before, now appears reaching in rich azure across the deep hollow, from the oaks on one side to the oaks on the other. These woods, which cover the steep and rocky walls of the gorge from river to summit, are filled with the June colour of oak. It is not green, nor russet, nor yellow; I think it may be called a glow of yellow under green. It is warmer than green; the glow is not on the outer leaves, but comes up beneath from the depth of the branches. The rush of the river soothes the mind, the broad descending surfaces of yellow-green oak carry the glance downwards from the blue over to the stream in the hollow. Rush! rush!—it is the river, like a mighty wind in the wood. A pheasant crows, and once and again falls the tap, tap of woodmen's axes—scarce heard, for they are high above. They strip the young oaks of their bark as far as they can while the saplings stand, then fell them, and as they all lie down hill there are parallel streaks of buff (where the sap has dried) drawn between the yellow-green masses of living leaf. The pathway winds in among the trees at the base of the rocky hill; light green whortleberries fill every interstice, bearing tiny red globes of flower—flower-lamps—open at the top. Wood-sorrel lifts its delicate veined petals; the leaf is rounded like the shadow of a bubble on a stone under clear water. I like to stay by the wood-sorrel a little while—it is so chastely beautiful; like the purest verse, it speaks to the inmost heart.

Staying, I hear unconsciously—listen! Rush! rush! like a mighty wind in the wood.

It draws me on to the deep green pool enclosed about by rocks—a pool to stand near and think into. The purple rock, dotted with black moss; the white rock; the thin scarlet line; the green water; the overhanging tree; the verdant moss upon the bank; the lady fern—are there still. But I see also now a little pink somewhere in the water, much brown too, and shades I know no name for. The water is not green, but holds in solution three separate sets of colours. The *confervæ* on the stones, the growths beneath at the bottom waving a little as the water swirls like minute seaweeds—these are brown and green and somewhat reddish too. Under water the red rock is toned and paler, but has deep black cavities. Next, the surface, continually changing as it rotates, throws back a different light, and, thirdly, the oaks' yellow-green high up, the pale ash, the tender ferns drooping over low down confer their tints on the stream. So from the floor of the pool, from the surface, and from the adjacent bank, three sets of colours mingle. Washed together by the slow swirl, they produce a shade—the brown of the Barle—lost in darkness where the bank overhangs.

Following the current downwards at last the river for a while flows in quietness, broad and smooth. A trout leaps for a fly with his tail curved in the air, full a foot out of water. Trout watch behind sunken stones, and shoot to and fro as insects droop in their flight and appear about to fall. So clear is the water and so brightly illuminated that the fish are not easily seen—for vision depends on contrast—but in a minute I find a way to discover them by their shadows. The black shadow of a trout is distinct upon the bottom of the river, and guides the eye to the spot, then looking higher in the transparent water there is the fish. It was curious to see these black shadows darting to and fro as if themselves animated and without bodies, for if the trout darted before being observed the light concealed him in motion. Some of the trout came up from under Torre-steps, a singular structure which here connects the shores of the stream. Every one has seen a row of stepping stones across a shallow brook; now pile other stones on each of these, forming buttresses, and lay flat stones like unhewn planks from buttress to buttress, and you have the plan of this primitive bridge. It has a megalithic appearance, as if associated with the age of rude stone monuments. They say its origin is doubtful; there can be no doubt of the loveli-



ON THE BARLE.

From a Drawing by J. W. NORTH.

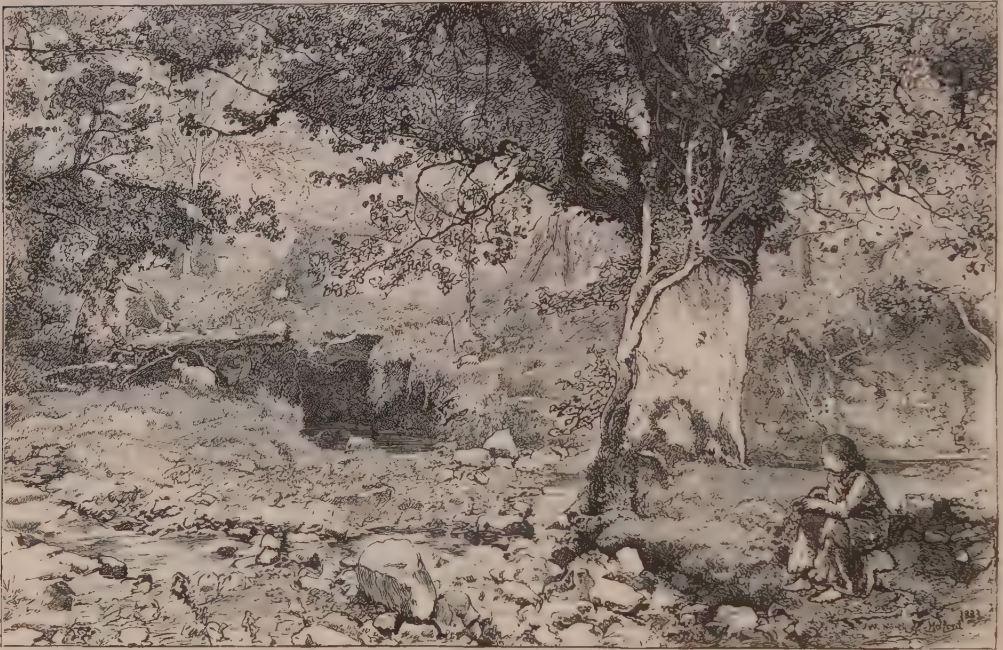
ness of the spot. The Barle comes with his natural rush and fierceness under the unhewn stone planking, then deepens, and there overhanging a black pool—for the shadow was so deep as to be black—grew a large bunch of marsh marigolds in fullest flower, the broad golden cups almost resting on the black water.

The bridge is not intended for wheels, and though it is as firm as the rock, foot passengers have to look at their steps, as the great planks, flecked with lichen at the edges, are not all level. The horned sheep and lambs go over it—where do they not go? Like goats they wander everywhere.

In a cottage some way up the hill we ate clotted cream and whortleberry jam. Through the open door came the ceaseless rush! rush! like a wind in the wood. The floor was of concrete, lime, and sand, on the open hearth, —pronounced “airth”—sods of turf cut from the moor, and oak branches were smouldering under the chimney crook. Turf smoke from the piled-up fires of winter had darkened the beams of the ceiling, but from that rude room there was a view of the river, and the hill, and the oaks in full June colour, which the rich would envy. Sometimes in early morning the wild red deer are

scanty foliage left the nests exposed, they were still occupied by late broods. Rooks’ nests are not so often seen in ashes as in elms.

By a mossy bank a little girl—a miniature Audrey—stout, rosy, and ragged, stood with a yellow straw hat aslant on her yellow hair, eating the leaves from a spray of beech in her hand. Audrey looked at us, eating the beech leaves steadily, but would not answer, not even, “Where’s your father to?” For in Somerset the “to” is put last, and must never be omitted; thus, instead of saying “I bought this at Taunton,” it is correct to



IN HOLFORD GLEN.

From a Drawing by J. W. NORTH.

seen feeding on the slope opposite. As we drove away in reckless Somerset style, along precipices above the river, with nothing but a fringe of fern for parapet, the oak woods on the hills under us were shading down into evening coolness of tint, the yellow less warm, the green more to the surface. Upon the branches of the trees moss grows, forming a level green top to the round bough like a narrow cushion along it, with frayed edges drooping over each side. Though moss is common on branches, it does not often make a raised cushion, thick, as if green velvet pile were laid for the birds to run on. There were rooks’ nests in some tall ash trees; the

say “I bought this to Taunton.” There are models under glass cases in places of entertainment with a notice to say that if a penny be inserted the machine will go. Audrey the Little would not speak, but when a penny was put in her hand she began to move, and made off for home with the treasure. The road turned and turned, but which ever way the Barle was always under us, and the red rock rose high at the side. This rock fractures aslant if worked, vast flakes come out, and the cleavage is so natural that until closely approached a quarry appears a cliff. Stone got out in squares, or cut down straight leaves an artificial wall;



EXFORD FROM THE BRIDGE.
From a Drawing by J. W. NORTH.

these rocks cannot be made to look artificial, and if painted, a quarry would be certainly quite indistinguishable from a natural precipice. Entering a little town (Dulverton) the road is jammed tight between cottages; so narrow is the lane that foot passengers huddle up in doorways to avoid the touch of the wheels, and the windows of the houses are protected by iron bars like cages lest the splashboards should crack the glass. Nowhere in closest-built London is there such a lane—one would imagine land to be dear indeed. The farm labourers, filing homewards after their day's work, each carry poles of oak or faggots on their shoulders for their hearths, generally oak branches; it is their perquisite. The oak somehow takes root among the interstices of the stones of this rocky land. Past the houses the rush! rush! of the brown Barle rises again in the still evening air.

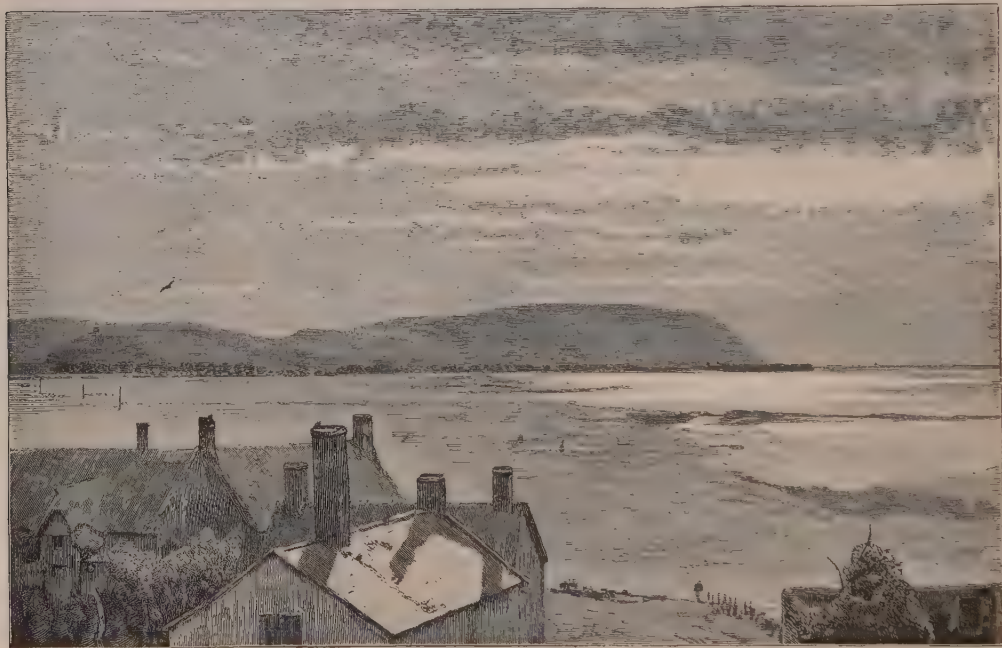
From the Devon border I drifted, like a leaf detached from a tree, across to a deep coombe in the Quantock hills. The vast hollow is made for repose and lotus-eating, its very shape, like a hammock, indicates idleness. There the days go over noiselessly and without effort, like white summer clouds.

Ridges each side rise high and heroically steep—it would be proper to set out and climb them, but not to-day, not now; some time presently. To the left massive Will's Neck stands out in black shadow defined and distinct, like a fragment of Night in the bright light of the day. The wild red deer lie there, but the mountain is afar; a sigh is all I can give to it, for the Somerset sun is warm and the lotus sweet. Yonder, if the misty heat moves on, the dim line of Dunkery winds along the sky, not unlike the curved back of a crouching hare. The weight of the mountains is too great—what is the use of attempting to move? It is enough to look at them. The day goes over like a white cloud; as the sun declines it is pleasant to go into the orchard—the vineyard of Somerset—and then perhaps westward may be seen a light in the sky by the horizon as if thrown up from an immense mirror under. The mirror is the Severn sea, itself invisible at this depth, but casting a white glow up against the vapour in the air. By it you may recognise the nearness of the sea. The thumb-nail ridges of the Quantocks begin to grow harder, they carry the eye along on soft curves like those of the South Downs in

Sussex, but suddenly end in a flourish and point as if cut out with the thumb-nail. Draw your thumb-nail firmly along soft wood, and it will, by its natural slip, form such a curve. Blackbird and thrush commence to sing as the heavy heat decreases ; the bloom on the apple trees is loose now, and the blackbird as he springs from the bough shakes down flakes of blossom.

Towards even a wind moves among the lengthening shadows, and my footsteps involuntarily seek the glen, where a streamlet trickles down over red flat stones which resound musically as the water strikes them.

where the spring rises, and where the sundew grows. Sometimes climbing steep and rocky walls—scarce sprinkled with grass—we pause every other minute to look down on the great valley which reaches across to Dunkery. The horned sheep, which are practically wild, like wild creatures have worn out holes for themselves to lie in beside the hill. If resolution is strong, we move through the dark heather (soon to be purple), startling the heath-poults, or black game, till at last the Channel opens, and the far-distant Flat and Steep Holms lie, as it looks, afloat on the dim sea. This is labour enough ;



MINEHEAD HILL FROM BLUE ANCHOR.

From a Drawing by J. W. NORTH.

Ferns are growing so thickly in the hedge that soon it will seem composed of their fronds ; the first June rose hangs above their green tips. A water-ousel with white breast rises and flies on ; again disturbed, he makes a circle, and returns to the stream behind. On the moist earth there is the print of a hare's pad ; here is a foxglove out in flower ; and now as the incline rises heather thickens on the slope. Sometimes we wander beside the streamlet which goes a mile into the coombe—the shadow is deep and cool in the vast groove of the hill, the shadow accumulates there, and is pressed by its own weight—up slowly as far as the “sog,” or peaty place

stern indeed must be the mind that could work at summer's noon in Somerset, when the apple vineyards slumber ; when the tall foxgloves stand in the heavy heat, and the soft air warms the deepest day-shadow so that nothing is cool to the touch but the ferns. Is there anything so good as to do nothing ?

Fame travels slowly up these breathless hills, and pauses overcome in the heated hollow lanes. A famous wit of European reputation, when living, resided in Somerset. A traveller one day chancing to pass through the very next parish inquired of a local man if somebody called Sydney Smith did not

once live in that neighbourhood. "Yes," was the reply, "I've heard all about Sydney Smith; I can tell you. He was a highwayman and was hung on that hill there." He would have shown the very stump of the gallows-tree as proof positive, like Jack Cade's bricks, alive in the chimney to this day.

There really was a highwayman, however, whose adventures are said to have suggested one of the characters in the romance of *Lorna Doone*. This desperate fellow had of course his houses of call, where he could get refreshment safely, on the moors. One bitter winter's day the robber sat down to a hearty dinner in an inn at Exford. Placing his pistols before him, he made himself comfortable, and ate and drank his fill. By and by, an old woman entered, and humbly took a seat in a corner far from the

common. A well-to-do farmer who used to attend Bristol market, and dispose there of large quantities of stock and produce, dared not bring home the money himself lest he should be robbed. He entrusted the cash to his drover; the farmer rode along the roads, the drover made short cuts on foot, and arrived safely with the money. This went on for years, in which time the honest fellow—a mere labourer—carried some thousands of pounds for his master, faithfully delivering every shilling. He had, however, a little failing—a dangerous one in those days, when the gallows was the punishment for sheep-stealing. He was known to be a sheep-stealer, and actually after bringing home a hundred pounds would go and put his neck in danger the very same night by taking a sheep. This went on for some time, people shut their eyes, but at last patience was



THE FIRST JUNE ROSE.
From a Drawing by J. W. NORTH.

fire. In time the highwayman observed the wretched, shivering creature, and of his princely generosity told her to come and sit by the hearth. The old woman gladly obeyed, and crouched beside him. Presently, as he sat absorbed in his meal, his arms were suddenly pinioned from behind. The old woman had him tight so that he could not use his weapons, while at a call constables, who had been posted about, rushed in and secured him. The old woman was in fact a man in disguise. A relation of the thief-taker still lives and tells the tale. The highwayman's mare, mentioned in the novel, had been trained to come at his call, and was so ungovernable that they shot her.

Such tracts of open country, moors, and unenclosed hills, were the haunts of highwaymen till a late period, and memories of the gallows, and of escapes from them, are

exhausted, and efforts were made to catch him in the act, without success.

One night he came home in the usual manner from market, delivered the cash, and went to his cottage. Next day a little girl was sent on an innocent errand to the cottage, with orders while she was there to look sharply round and observe if there were any ashes on the floor. She came back with the news that there was a heap of wood ashes. Immediately a posse set out and the drover was arrested. The use of the ashes by sheep stealers was to suck up and remove stains of blood, which were certain to be left in cutting up the animal. Sufficient proof was found in the cottage to condemn the honest thief to be hung; great exertions were, however, made in his behalf; and principally it is supposed, on account of his character for carrying large sums of

money untouched, he was saved. There is a story of the smugglers—once notorious folk on these hills—teaching their horses to understand the usual words of command backwards. If they were driving pack-horses along at night with a load of brandy landed from a lugger, and were met by the revenue men, who ordered them to stop that the packs might be searched, the smugglers, like good and loyal subjects, called “Whoa! whoa!” Instantly the horses set off at a tearing gallop for they understood “Whoa,” as “Gee-up.”

By a farmer’s door I found a tall branch of oak lying against the porch. The bark was dry, and the leaves were shrivelled, but the bough had been originally taken green from the tree. These boughs are discovered against the door on the morning of the 29th of May, and are in memory of the escape of King Charles from his enemies by hiding in an oak. The village ringers leave them, and then go to the church and ring a peal, for which they expect cider or small coin from each loyal person honoured with an oak-branch. Another custom, infinitely more ancient, is that of singing to the apple-trees in early spring, so that the orchards may be induced to bear a good crop. The singers come round and visit each orchard; they have a rhyme specially for the purpose, part of the refrain of which is that a cup of good cider cannot do any one harm, a hint which brings out a canful. In strange contrast to these genial customs, which accord so well with flowery fields, I heard an instance of the coldest indifference. An old couple lived for many years in a cottage; at last the wife died, and the husband, while the body was in the house, had his meals on the coffin as a table.

A hundred years since, before steam, the corn was threshed out by the flail—a slow, and consequently expensive process. Many efforts were made to thresh quicker. Among others, wooden machines were put up in some of the villages, something resembling a water-wheel placed horizontally. This was moved by horses walking round and round, and drove machinery in the barn by belt or shafting. The labourers, greatly incensed—for they regarded threshing by the flail as their right—tried to burn them, but the structures were guarded and still exist. Under the modern conditions of farming they are still found useful to cut chaff, crack corn, and so on. The ancient sickle is yet in use for reaping in Somerset; the reapers sharpen it by drawing the edge through an apple, when the acid bites and cleans the steel. While we

were sauntering through a village one morning, out rushed the boys from school, and instantly their tongues began to wag of those things on which their hearts were set. “I know a jay’s nest,” said one; “I know an owl’s nest,” cried a second; a third hastened to claim knowledge of a pigeon’s nest. It will be long before education drives the natural love of the woods out of the children’s hearts. Of old time a village school used to be held in an ancient building, the lower part of which was occupied as almshouses. Underneath the ancient folk lived as best they might, while the young folk learned and gave their class responses, or romped on the floor overhead. The upper part of the building belonged to one owner; the lower part to another landlord. It came about that the roof decayed, and the upper owner suggested to the lower owner that they should agree in bearing the cost of repairs. Upon which the owner of the basement remarked that he contemplated *pulling his part down*.

In these hamlets along the foot of the hills ancient stone crosses are often found. One of them has retained its top perfect, and really is a cross, not a shaft only. This is, I think, rare. Sometimes in the village street, the slender column grey against the green trees, sometimes in the churchyard, these crosses come on the mind like a sudden enigma. It requires an effort to grasp their meaning, so long have the ideas passed away which led to their erection. They almost startle modern thought. How many years since the peasant women knelt at their steps! On the base of one which has a sculptured shaft the wall-rue fern was growing. A young starling was perched on the yew by it—he could but just fly, and fluttered across to the sill of the church window. Young birds called pettishly for food from the bushes. Upon the banks hart’s-tongue was coming up fresh and green, and the early orchis was in flower. Fern and flower and fledglings had come again as they have come every year since the oldest of these ancient shafts were erected, for life is older, life is greyer, than the weather-beaten mouldings. But life too is fresh and young; the stern thought in the stone becomes more cold and grim as the centuries pass away. In the crevices at the foot of another cross wall-flowers blossomed, and plants of evening primrose, not yet in flower, were growing. Under a great yew lay the last decaying beam of the stocks, a little yew tree grew on the top of the church tower, its highest branch just above the parapet. A thrush

perhaps planted it—thrushes are fond of the viscous yew berries. Through green fields, in which the grass was rising high and sweet, a footpath took me by a solitary mill with an undershot wheel. The sheds about here are often supported on round columns of stone. Beyond the mill is a pleasant meadow, quiet, still, and sunlit; buttercup, sorrel, and daisy flowered among the grasses down to the streamlet where comfrey, with white and pink-lined bells, stood at the water's edge. A renowned painter, Walker, who died early, used to work in this meadow; the original scene from which he took his picture of *The Plough* is not far distant. The painter is gone; the grasses and the flowers are renewed with the summer. As I stood by the brook a water-rat came swimming, drawing a large dock-leaf in his mouth; seeing me, he dived, and took the leaf with him under water.

Everywhere wild strawberries were flowering on the banks—wild strawberries have been found ripe in January here—everywhere ferns were thickening and extending, fox-gloves opening their bells. Another deep coombe led me into the mountainous Quantocks, far below the heather, deep beside another trickling stream. In this land the sound of running water is perpetual, the red flat stones are resonant, and the speed of the stream draws forth music like quick fingers on the keys; the sound of running water and the pleading voice of the willow-wren are always heard in summer. Among the oaks growing on the steep hill-side the willow-wrens repeated their sweet prayer; the water as it ran now rose, and now fell, there was a louder note as a little stone was carried over a fall. The shadow came slowly out from the oak-grown side of the coombe, it reached to the margin of the brook. Under the oaks there appears nothing but red stones, as if the trees were rooted in them; under the boughs probably the grass does not cover the rock as it does on the opposite side. There mountain ashes flowered in loose order on the green slope. Redstarts perched on them, darting out to seize passing insects. Still deeper in the coombe the oaks stood on either side of the stream; it was the beginning of woods which reach for miles, in which occasionally the wild red deer wander, and drink at the clear waters. By now the shadow of the western hill-top had crossed the brooklet, and the still coombe became yet more silent. There was an alder, ivy-grown, beside the stream—a tree with those lines which take an artist's fancy. Under the roots of alders the water-ousel

often creeps by day, and the tall heron stalks past at night. Receding up the eastern slope of the coombe the sunlight left the dark alders' foliage in the deep shadow of the hollow. I went up the slope till I could see the sun, and waited; in a few minutes the shadow reached me, and it was sunset; I went still higher, and presently the sun set again. A cool wind was drawing up the coombe, it was dusky in the recesses of the oaks, and the water of the stream had become dark when we emerged from the great hollow, and yet without the summer's evening had but just commenced, and the banks were still heated by the sun.

In contrast to the hills and moors which are so open and wild, the broad vales beneath are closely shut in with hedges. The fields are all of moderate size, unlike the great pastures elsewhere, so that the constant succession of hedges, one after the other, for ten, twenty, or more miles, encloses the country as it were five-fold. Most of the fields are square, or at all events right-angled, unlike the irregular outline and corners of fields in other counties. The number of meadows make it appear as if the land was chiefly grass, though there is really a fair proportion of arable. Over every green hedge there seems a grassy mead; in every hedge trees are numerous, and their thick June foliage, green too gives a sense of green colour everywhere. But this is relieved with red—the soil is red, and where the plough has been the red furrows stand out so brightly as to seem lifted a little from the level. These red squares when on the side of rising ground show for many miles. The stones are red that lie about, the road dust has a reddish tint, so have the walls of the cottages and mills. Where the banks of the hedges can be seen (or where rabbits have thrown out the earth), they are red, and the water in the ditches and streamlets looks red—it is in fact clear, and the colour is that of the sand and stones. The footpath winds a red band through the grass of the meads, and if it passes under a cliff the rock too rises aslant in red lines. Along the cropped hedges red campions flower so thickly as to take the place of green leaves, and by every gateway red fox-gloves grow. Red trifolium is a favourite crop, it is not much redder than the land which bears it. The hues of the red ploughed squares, seen through the trees, vary as the sun dries or the rain moistens the colour. Then, again, the ferns as the summer advances bring forward their green to the aid of the leaves and grass, so that red and green constantly strive together.



WATER MILL, STOGUMBER.
From a Drawing by J. W. NORTH.

There is a fly-rod in every house, almost every felt hat has gut and flies wound round it, and every one talks trout. Every one too complained that the rivers were so low it was difficult to angle. This circumstance, however, rendered the hues of the rocky banks more distinct. Sitting down to dinner by chance with two farmers, one began to tell me how he had beguiled three trout the previous evening ; and the other described how, as he was walking in a field of his by the river, he had seen an otter. These creatures, which are becoming sadly scarce, if not indeed extinct in many counties, are still fairly numerous in the waters here. I hope they will long remain so, for although they certainly do destroy great numbers of fish, yet it must be remembered that in this country our list of wild animals has been gradually decreasing for centuries, and especially wild animals that show sport. The otter, I fear, is going ; I hope the sportsmen of Somerset will see that it remains in their county, at all events, when it has become a tradition elsewhere. Otter hounds frequently visit the rivers, and first-rate sport is obtained. In these villages, two hundred miles from London, and often far from the rail, some of the conditions resemble those in the United States where, instead of shops, " stores " supply every article from one counter. So here you buy everything in one shop ; it is really a " store " in the American sense. A house which seems amid fields is called " The Dragon ; " you would suppose it

an inn, but it is a shop, and has been so ever since the olden times when every trader put out a sign. The sign has gone, but the name remains.

Somewhere in a wood there is a stone, supposed to be a tomb-stone of the prophetess Mother Shipton, and bearing an undecipherable inscription. One of her rhymes is well remembered in the neighbourhood :

When Watchet is all washed down
Williton shall be a sea-port town.

This is founded on the gradual encroach-

if you let your eye travel, say to the right, as you would follow the flight of a bird, you find that one side of the current of insects flies up that way, and the other side returns. They go to and fro in regular order, exactly like the fashionable folk in Rotten Row, but the two ranks pass so quickly that looked at both together the vision cannot separate them, they are faster than the impression on the retina.

At Selworthy a footpath leads up through a wood on Selworthy hill, and as it ascends, always at the side of the slope, gradually opens out what is perhaps the finest view of



FARM UNDER THE QUANTOCKS.
From a Drawing by J. W. NORTH.

ment of the sea, which is a fact, but it will be some time yet before masts are seen at Williton.

At Dunster there is a curious mill which has two wheels, overshot, one in front of the other, and both driven by the same sluice. It was very hot as we stood by the wheels ; the mill dust came forth and sprinkled the foliage so that the leaves seemed scarce able to breathe ; it drifted almost to the stream hard by, where trout were watching under a cloud of midges dancing over the ripples. They look as if entangled in an inextricable maze, but

Dunkery Beacon, the Dunkery range, and that edge of Exmoor on to the shore of the sea. Across a deep vale the Exmoor mountains rise and reach on either hand, immense breadths of dark heather, deep coombes filled with black shadow, and rounded masses that look dry and heated. To the right is the gleaming sea, and the distant sound of the surge comes up to the wood. The headland and its three curves boldly project into the sunlit waters ; from its foot many a gallant stag hard pressed by the hounds has swum out into the track of passing vessels.

Selworthy woods were still in the afternoon heat; except for the occasional rustle of a rabbit or of a pheasant, there was no evidence of life; the sound of the sea was faint and soon lost among the ferns. Slowly, very slowly, great Dunkery grew less hard of aspect, shadows drew along at the base, while again the declining sun from time to time sent his beams into valleys till now dark. The thatched house at Holnicote by the foot of Selworthy much interested me; it is one of the last of thatched houses inhabited by a gentleman and landed proprietor. Sir Thomas Acland who resides here is a very large owner. Thatch prevails on his estates; thatched cottages, thatched farmhouses, and his thatched mansion. In

the coolness of the evening the birds began to sing and squirrels played across the lawn in front of Holnicote House. Humbees hummed in the grass and visited the flowers of the holly bushes. Thrushes sang, and chaffinches, and, sweetest of all, if simplest in notes, the greenfinches talked and courted in the trees. Two cuckoos called in different directions, wood-pigeons raised their voices in Selworthy wood, and rooks went over cawing in their deliberate way. In the level meadow from among the tall grasses and white-flowering wild parsley a landrail called "crake, crake," ceaselessly. There was a sense of rest and quiet, and with it a joyousness of bird life, such as should be about an English homestead.

RICHARD JEFFERIES.



FARM ARCHITECTURE.

From a Drawing by J. W. NORTH.

A NATIONAL HYMN FOR THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.¹

I.

HAIL, Freedom ! Thy bright crest
And gleaming shield, thrice blest,
Mirror the glories of a world thine own !
Hail, heavenborn Peace ! Our sight
Led by thy gentle light,
Shows us thy paths with deathless flowers
strown :

Peace, daughter of a strife sublime,
Abide with us till strife be lost in endless
time !

Chorus.

Thy sun is risen, and shall not set
Upon thy day divine !
Ages of unborn ages yet,
America, are thine !

II.

Her one hand seals with gold
The portals of night's fold,
Her other the broad gates of dawn unbars ;
O'er silent wastes of snows,
Crowning her lofty brows,
Gleams high her diadem of northern stars ;
While, clothed in garlands of warm flowers,
Round Freedom's feet the south her wealth
of beauty showers.

Chorus : Thy sun is risen, &c.

III.

Sweet is the toil of peace,
Sweet the year's rich increase
To loyal men who live by freedom's laws ;
And in war's fierce alarms
God gives stout hearts and arms
To freemen sworn to save a rightful cause.
Fear none, trust God, maintain the right,
And triumph in unbroken union's peerless
might !

Chorus : Thy sun is risen, &c.

IV.

Welded in war's fierce flame,
Forged on the hearth of fame,
The sacred Constitution was ordained ;
Tried in the fire of time,

Tempered by woes sublime,
An age has passed and left it yet unstained.
God grant its glories still may shine
While ages fade forgotten in time's slow
decline !

Chorus : Thy sun is risen, &c.

V.

Honour the few who shared
Freedom's first fight, and dared
To face war's desperate tide at the full flood ;
Who fell on hard-won ground,
And into Freedom's wound
Poured the sweet balsam of their brave
hearts' blood.
They fell, but o'er their glorious grave
Floats free the banner of the cause they died
to save.

Chorus : Thy sun is risen, &c.

VI.

In radiance heavenly fair
Floats on the peaceful air
That flag, that never stooped from victory's
pride.
Those stars that softly gleam,
Those stripes that o'er us stream,
In war's grand agony were sanctified
A holy standard, pure and free,
To light the home of peace or blaze in victory.

Chorus : Thy sun is risen, &c.

VII.

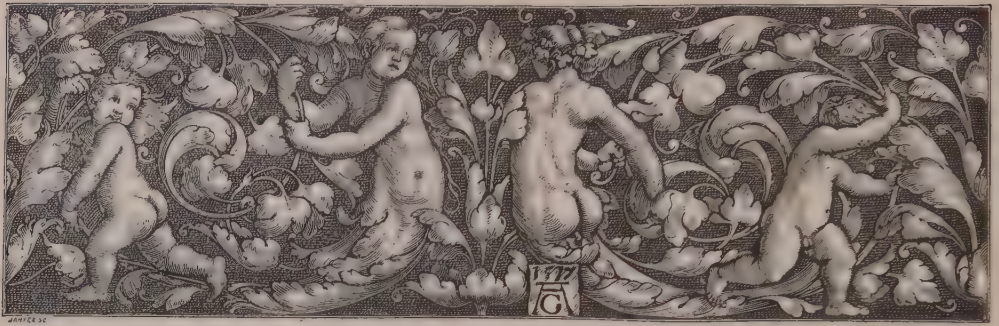
Father, whose mighty power
Shields us through life's short hour,
To Thee we pray. Bless us and keep us free,
All that is past forgive,
Teach us henceforth to live
That through our country we may honour
Thee ;
And, when this mortal life shall cease,
Take Thou at last our souls to Thine eternal
peace.

Chorus : Thy sun is risen, &c.

F. MARION CRAWFORD.

This hymn was written for the centenary of the signing of the Constitution of the United States, celebrated at Philadelphia on the 15th, 16th, and 17th of September, 1887.

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THE MEDIATION OF RALPH HARDELOT.

BY PROF. W. MINTO, AUTHOR OF "CRACK OF DOOM."

CHAPTER I.

THE STATE OF ENGLAND IN 1380.



T was in the reign of Richard II., one of the most disturbed reigns in English history.

The times were dark, and were growing darker, clouds gathering and lowering on every hand, and, worse than that, ominous

tremors beginning to make themselves felt in the very floor and foundation of society itself. The darkness was all the more appalling that it had been preceded by a period of unparalleled triumph and splendour. Under Edward III., in the middle part of his long reign, England had been the first nation in Europe, and the king's court had been on a corresponding scale of magnificence. He had realised the kingdom of the fabulous Arthur. The Kings of Scotland and France were prisoners together in his capital; his dominion stretched literally from the Orkneys to the Pyrenees; the chivalry of Europe gathered to his feasts and tournaments, and Christian potentates in the east looked to him, as the first prince in Christendom, for aid against the Saracens. But a few short years, though they witnessed no falling off in the magnificence of the court and the nobles, had seen a woful decline in political power. The expansion had gone too far; the English rule had been spread over a wider surface than its essential strength warranted, into a film so thin that the parts could not maintain their cohesion. In reaching over into Spain, the Black Prince had loosened his hold on Aquitaine, and fortress after fortress, here a little

and there a little, Edward's inheritances and conquests in France, had been lost. When the great contending parties paused for a short breathing space during the last three years of Edward's reign, there was left to the English crown of all its continental possessions only a few strong towns on the northern and western coasts. The war was renewed, but the record was still of disappointment and disaster. Ill luck combined with bad management against the success of the English arms. The great captains of the prosperous time were gone; John of Gaunt—an inveterate bungler in matters of war—was a sorry substitute for the Black Prince; and Knolles, Calverley, Harlstone, and Trivet, though valiant men of their hands, did not, taken all together, make up for the loss of Sir John Chandos, the greatest general of the age, the real hero of Poitiers, and Auray, and Najarra, who had been slain in a miserable skirmish. Luck generally goes against men when they play badly, and it seemed as if the very winds and waves had entered into the conspiracy to bring England as low in her humiliation as she had lately been high in her glory. Relieving expeditions, calculated to arrive in the nick of time without a day to spare, were shipwrecked by storms, or detained in port, or beaten back by contrary winds. Indignities that twenty years before were never in the dreams of the gloomiest prophets of evil, had become hard matters of fact, stern and urgent. Scotch cruisers chased the smacks of Filey and Scarborough from their fishing grounds, and French fleets ravaged the southern coasts, menaced the mouth of the Thames, and actually, in the autumn of 1380, the time when our story opens, had the audacity to sail up the great river, and burn and plunder as far as Gravesend. The defence of London itself had become a subject of

serious consideration, a deplorable reverse from the time when the most pressing concern for the English government was the maintenance of the border fortresses of Gascony.

Meantime, as in all periods of great national reverse, discontent with the management of affairs was loud throughout the kingdom. Charges of incapacity, extravagance, dishonesty, were freely made. That larger sums should be required for the exchequer than had ever been heard of in Edward's most prosperous days, and that yet there should be nothing to show but fresh miscarriages and disasters, was monstrous and bitterly unintelligible. It went hard with the great officers of state, and the minor collectors of revenue. They were accused of intercepting for their own use the money that had been raised for the defence of the realm. Frequent changes were tried, while affairs still went from bad to worse. The knights and burgesses, summoned to Parliament again and again to hear the same tale of urgent dangers followed by requests for larger and larger supplies, grew restive, and with all the care that could be used in their selection, could not be kept from open complaint and remonstrance against "the outrageous cost of wars that the country could in no manner sustain."

And beneath the grumbling middle classes, far down among the lower strata of society, a fiercer and more dangerous dissatisfaction and unrest began to spread and take hold. Grievances of longer standing even than the outrageous cost and the outrageous failure of the wars with France began to be more acutely felt as the pressure above increased the pinch upon the masses below. The exasperation was especially keen among that large class of peasant population which still remained in various forms and degrees of serfdom, subject to indefinite exactions from their lords and masters. The hardships and irritations of their position, which for a generation had, under various influences, grown more and more intolerable, were aggravated by the general distress, and their discontent now became so intense that it was ready, at the slightest disturbing touch, to burst in destructive tempest.

Our story concerns the fortunes of a heroic spirit, who, like many others, saw the mischief that was brewing, but, unlike most, felt called upon to labour with all his might to avert the impending strife. The particulars of his strange devotion and dauntless endeavour to reconcile domestic enemies we have

gathered from old and neglected chronicles, and here present to the reader in the hope that they may seem to him as they have seemed to us—not unworthy of preservation.

CHAPTER II.

THE TROUBLES OF THE LORD HIGH CHANCELLOR, AND HIS INGENUOUS SCHEME FOR GETTING OUT OF THE WORST—HE WAITS FOR A FAVOURABLE MOMENT.

The most heavily burdened man in the kingdom—very much over-burdened as the event proved—was Simon Sudbury, Archbishop of Canterbury and Lord High Chancellor. He was head of the church and at the same time head of the secular administration; and both branches of constituted authority were objects of bitter hatred and clamorous criticism.

As primate he had his troubles—recalcitrant monks to browbeat, a pestilent heresy to suppress, difficulties between the pope and the clergy to adjust, difficulties between the pope and the government, jealousies between the higher clergy and the baronage; but grave as some of these troubles were, they were light compared with the desperate cares of the chancellorship, at that time the highest of the great offices of state, as measured by the weight and number of its responsibilities.

There was not in those days the same subdivision of duties that exists now among the king's ministers, and the responsibility of ways and means to replenish the empty treasury fell upon the Lord High Chancellor. This base necessity was the problem of problems for the government.

To find employment for the restless English chivalry, and to give the youngest of the king's uncles, Thomas of Woodstock, Earl of Buckingham, a taste of the glorious game of war, a splendid expedition had been sent across into France early in the summer. But the glorious game is costly: the expenses were not yet paid, nor was there any money in the treasury wherewithal to pay them. The crown jewels were in pawn.

Further, Buckingham's expedition did not promise to be a success. The French would not fight, at least in pitched battle. This was the pusillanimous policy of Charles the Sage, which had rendered so many grand and gallant expeditions abortive—to keep within walled towns and fortresses, to remove to safe shelters all that could conveniently be

removed, to leave the rest to the mercy of the invaders, and to keep the track of devastation as narrow as possible by hanging on their flanks and cutting off adventurous excursion parties of plunder. No barbarity of fire and sword perpetrated on the defenceless country had availed as yet to tempt the Sage King out of this cold-blooded policy of endurance. Nothing had been achieved by the expedition to put Parliament in better humour to pay the outrageous cost of the war.

Other debts were urgent, notably the wages of the few English garrisons remaining in France—Calais, and Cherbourg, and Brest, and Bayonne—which were a year and a quarter in arrear. They were so hemmed in that they could not, as in happier times, make up for the want of pay by pillaging the country.

The noble institution of national credit, whereby such bills might have been left to posterity, was as yet undeveloped. The ministers of Richard II. had no such resource. The pawning of the crown jewels shows how very rudimentary were their methods of finance.

The government had no choice but to go once more to Parliament. Their last reception had not been encouraging, but there was no alternative. And the money had to be raised at once by taxation from a people who had protested last time that they really could pay no more.

It was a desperate case, but the chancellor, trained in the exchequer of the pope, experienced in diplomacy, patient, cautious and conciliatory, though near his wits' end, did not absolutely despair.

One of his predecessors, three years before, had conceived, or at least proposed, a new kind of impost, a poll-tax, a tax of so much a head on every person in the kingdom over the age of fourteen years. It had been complained of, but it had been fairly well paid, better than any form of subsidy that had been tried since.

The chancellor would try another poll-tax and modify the obnoxious features of the first. The first had been uniform, fourpence a head from poor and rich alike, and the poor had naturally complained of such equality. He would avoid this grievance: the rich should aid the poor; an average of three groats should be raised, but the poorest should be asked for no more than one groat, while the richest paid as much as sixty. Besides, the age should be raised to fifteen.

What could be more reasonable? It was the duty of everybody in such a national crisis to contribute to the national defence.

The plan was to cost the unfortunate chancellor his head; but no mere man could have thought of anything that looked fairer or more promising.

Besides, he was to give Parliament a choice between this and one of the older imposts. Further, he put off the evil day of submitting his budget, and waited for a supremely favourable moment when he might summon the Commons and launch it prosperously.

The favourable moment for which he waited was the death of the King of France. Charles the Sage, to whose crafty policy the deplorable reverses of recent years were attributed, had suffered long from a mysterious illness. Like the illness of the Black Prince, it was suspected to be the effect of poison, and one of the incidents of it was an issue in the arm, through which it was believed the venom of the poison discharged itself. George of Prague, the physician whose skill had partially cured him and kept him alive, had warned the King that when this issue dried up, he had only fifteen days left in which to arrange his affairs and provide for the welfare of his soul.

Sudbury had taken measures to get the earliest possible information of the appearance of this fatal symptom. He knew well, from the temper shown by the Commons when last they were asked for a subsidy, that there was little chance of getting anything from them unless something occurred to brighten the prospects of the English cause in France. It was the policy of Charles that had undone them; his death would give them new hopes, and could hardly fail to put the Commons in a generous mood.

At last the favourable moment arrived. In the autumn of 1380, early in September, just after the insult offered by a French fleet to the Thames, the joyful news reached him that the fatal symptom had appeared, and that the King of France was on his deathbed.

CHAPTER III.

THE CHANCELLOR RECEIVES GOOD NEWS, AND SENDS OUT A CONFIDENTIAL AGENT.

The bearer of the good tidings presented himself at Lambeth, where the archbishop lay, more than an hour before midday. He had ridden post over-night from Dover to Gravesend, and thence sailed up the river with a favourable tide; his luck and speed had been such that travelling night and day he had reached

London on the second morning from his start.

They kept early hours in those times : the archbishop, after a close morning's work, had already dined and was preparing to proceed to the chancery at Westminster. It was his custom to sit there at eleven.

The messenger was not held long in waiting for an audience. As soon as the archbishop-chancellor was informed of his arrival from Paris, he dismissed his secretaries, ordered him to be shown up, and received him most graciously.

"Good morrow, good fellow," he said in a stately fashion, raising him with the hand which the messenger had knelt to kiss, "what news from Paris? You have made good speed from there, I doubt not?"

The messenger answered the second question first, and then hesitated, glancing meaningly at the usher who had shown him into the chancellor's presence and who remained by the door.

"You may speak," said the chancellor. "Master Hardelot, my young cousin, is of my council."

Thus authorised, he at once delivered his message. "I am charged, sir," he said, "to deliver to you this ring, and to say that that has happened which you wot of."

The chancellor's face did not betray the joy he felt at hearing what he had waited for so long. He asked no further questions. "You have done the king an excellent service," he said, in the voice of well pleased greatness. "It will be my care to see that you are fitly recompensed. You must be fatigued. Reginald, cause the cooks to provide at once some meat for this gentleman, and see that a well-lighted chamber is made ready for him. Come to me when you have rested and we will talk farther of what you have heard and seen in Paris."

The messenger protested with all humility and respect and thanks for his grace's comfortable words about present refreshment and prospective reward, that he was ready at once to answer to the best of his power; but the chancellor, who had heard as much as he wanted, insisted on his taking needful repose after his long and trying journey.

When he was gone, the chancellor's face expanded. The usher, on returning from the execution of his hospitable orders, found him pacing the room with a look of prosperous calculation, a thoughtful fire in his eyes, a smile playing round his wide, firm mouth.

Reginald Hardelot, a comely young man of six-and-twenty, was a relative and protégé, and one of his most confidential

servants, the regulator of admission to his privacy. The chancellor had found him discreet, and no man was deeper in his confidence.

"I shall want you this afternoon to ride some distance for me," he said. "Hold yourself in readiness to start an hour after noon. Have two yeomen ready to accompany you. Meantime, find out whether the Duke of Lancaster is at the Savoy. If he is there, tell him what we know, and appoint an interview for me."

We need hardly explain to our readers that John of Gaunt, the Duke of Lancaster, the eldest uncle of the boy-king, Richard, was the most powerful subject of the crown, and suspected of aiming at being something more than a subject. His palace at the Savoy was the grandest house in England. The Chancellor Sudbury was his nominee, and desired to keep well with him. Nobody knew what might happen in those distracted times.

Important as the news was, much as depended on it, the chancellor did not omit his customary sitting at Westminster. Not even his most confidential servant must see him hesitate; and, as he sat and heard, and meted out justice, he could make up his mind finally on other matters. His plans were all ready: he had only to revise them, and get everything clear in his head for action.

Half an hour after noon, he was back at Lambeth, and found the alert Reginald waiting for him with another item of news which amused him in the midst of graver cares.

John of Gaunt was not at the Savoy Palace: he had gone out of town a few days before, ostensibly to hunt, from Havering in Hainault Forest. He had been hunting, but after nobler game than roe or deer—an heiress for his eldest son, Henry Bolingbroke.

It was cleverly managed. The two daughters of the deceased Earl of Hereford were reputed to be the two wealthiest heiresses in England. The king's youngest uncle, the Earl of Buckingham, who has already been mentioned as being in France at the head of an expedition, had married the elder, and had formed a little plot for getting the whole of the vast estates into his hands. The younger sister, Mary Bohun, was of a gentle, retiring disposition, with a taste for music and letters; and if she could have been persuaded to take the veil and embrace the life religious, the Hereford estates would have fallen undivided to the elder sister and her husband. With this view the politic Buckingham had surrounded her with spiritual advisers who discoursed to her of the quiet delights of the cloister, and tried to disgust

her with the married state and the distractions of the life worldly. She lived with her married sister at Pleshy, with gentle, persuasive nuns from Dartford as her companions; and they had almost succeeded in weaning her from the world, when John of Gaunt came to the rescue. The whole of the Hereford estates would make his brother Buckingham, already his most formidable rival, altogether too dangerous; half of them would make an excellent dowry for the wife of his son Henry. Accordingly, taking advantage of his brother's absence in France, he enlisted the services of the lady's aunt, who paid a visit to Pleshy, and invited the promising proselyte home with her for a short stay. John of Gaunt's visit to Havering and Hainault Forest was meant to cover the movement. Once out of the hands of her spiritual advisers, Mary Bohun was speedily wooed and won by the young Henry Bolingbroke, at that time one of the handsomest and most distinguished knights in Europe.

It was the gossip of this manœuvre that Reginald Hardelet brought to his master. It proved as things happened, at least as important an occurrence as the death of the French King, for Mary Bohun's wealth helped Bolingbroke to the throne, and though she did not herself live to be queen, she bore her husband four fair sons, the eldest of whom was "Prince Hal," Henry V., the hero of Agincourt.

But this, by the way, the chancellor could not see so far ahead: but he was fully sensible of the advantage gained over Buckingham, and with an amused smile and an occasional approving nod, encouraged Reginald to tell all he had heard about the intrigue.

Then he proceeded to give the young man instructions for his journey. He was to go first to Hedingham, and explain his master's views to the councillors in attendance on the King there: from Hedingham he was to ride on to Cavendish, the country residence of the chief justiciar, whose advice the chancellor wished to have on a plan for packing the Parliament with members likely to favour his financial scheme.

It was one of the chancellor's principles to alternate comparative trifles with the consideration of grave affairs. It gave him a certain sense of mastery, a feeling as if the weighty affairs were well within his grasp, when he could put them on one side, and, leaving them there disposed of, deftly take up and handle concerns of less consequence.

When he had given Reginald his instructions, and satisfied himself that they were

fully comprehended, he mused for a little and said with a benevolent air:—

"You can pass Sudbury on your way to Cavendish, can you not?"

"Yes, sir," said Reginald; "it is almost as short from Hedingham as the other road."

The chancellor was a native of Sudbury, took his name from the place, and had founded a college of secular priests there on the site of his father's house: Reginald supposed that he had some message to send to the college, and as he paused for a moment asked whether it was not so.

"No," said the chancellor, "it is your brother Ralph that I wish you to see."

Reginald gave a look of inquiry.

"I hear that he has been preaching Wycliffism there."

The chancellor was so confident and self-satisfied that even this heresy, which had given him so much trouble, he could mention with a smiling countenance. Ralph Hardelet's lapse into the heresy struck him at the moment as a boyish freak.

Reginald's face on the other hand expressed keen annoyance.

"Ralph has been behaving of late like a fool," he said. "I cannot understand him. He seems to me to have gone mad."

"I think you mentioned before," said the chancellor, showing his sense of the humour of the fact by the working of his lips and the wrinkles over his lean jaws—"I think you mentioned before that a young woman had something to do with it."

"Yes, sir," stammered Reginald, reddening in a way that his master could not understand and did not trouble to inquire into.

"You might contrive to see him as you pass Sudbury," said the chancellor. "I hear he is there doing the best in his power to unsettle all who are foolish enough to listen to him. I trust he will not prove another John Ball."

With this he dismissed the young man on his embassy. We will leave the chancellor and his great affairs for a space, and follow the course of the young man.

CHAPTER IV.

THE JOURNEY OF THE CHANCELLOR'S EMISSARY —AN OMINOUS ADVENTURE.

Reginald did not consider it necessary to mention to his master that Clara Roos, the young woman who had had something to do with

his brother's perversion, had been at Pleshy among the conspirators employed to persuade the heiress to forsake the world and enter a convent. She had been brought there as an awful example of the dangers of matrimony. Of her qualifications to illustrate this, we shall say more presently. She was a somewhat perverse person, and had taken a pleasure in crossing the purpose she was intended to forward. She had been taken to Pleshy to impress on Mary Bohun that married life was insupportable, and that peace was to be found only in the convent; this was not the impression she produced on the mind of the heiress.

Reginald's first important destination in his journey was Castle Hedingham, where the boy king Richard was spending a few days with his favourite, De Vere; but the Chancellor had decided that he should take Pleshy on his way, and communicate his good news to the Countess of Buckingham. It should be very welcome to her, as improving the prospects of her lord's expedition in France. The emissary was glad of his master's decision, because he thought there was a chance of his finding Clara Roos still at Pleshy.

He rode along in his brilliant costume of white and red, with his two yeomen behind him, in high content with himself and the world at large; and, as he rode, he hummed one of the ballads of Eustache Deschamps, a popular poet of the time.

"Le droit jour d'une Penthecouste
En ce gracieux moys de May,
Celle ou j'ay m'esperance toute
En un jolis vergier trouvoy
Cueillant roses : puis lui priay—
Baisiez moy. Si dit, Voulentiers."

He was disappointed at Pleshy. Clara had gone. But as he rode on to Castle Hedingham, he continued to hum his *balade*. It was so delightful to be out in the fresh air on a good horse on a fine September afternoon.

At Hedingham he saw the king's guardians, told his news, and explained the chancellor's plans. They could not be expected to accept out of hand the plans of another statesman; they were a little doubtful about the poll-tax, seeing how the people had grumbled over the last. Reginald adroitly and respectfully explained wherein the proposed tax was an improvement on the last, inasmuch as the rich were to pay in proportion to their wealth, and thus help the poor to make up the average. Besides, what else was to be done? The Commons had distinctly declined

to give more in the way of extraordinary dues on imports or exports. The Chancellor's plan was not perfect; it was suggested simply as the best of many bads.

"It ends thus, I suppose," said Burley, at length; "Jack will grumble, but Jack will pay."

"At least he will grumble," said De la Pole. "But we have no choice. The king must have money somehow. It is the chancellor's responsibility, not ours."

His business at Hedingham satisfactorily despatched, Reginald rode on next morning for Cavendish, taking Sudbury by the way.

Here he had less pleasant business before him, but still he continued to hum—

"Celle ou j'ay m'esperance toute
En un jolis vergier trouvoy."

Men sometimes sing because they are merry, and sometimes because they are sad. It is the glorious prerogative of verse to express and add to the joy that is, and to superinduce joy or a semblance of it when the heart is troubled. You cannot draw any safe inference from outward gaiety: it may be overflowing happiness or valorous endeavour to keep the heart up under pain and worry. "He whistled and he sang," says the old ballad, meaning that there could be no more conclusive sign of lightness of heart. But we cannot always put that interpretation on whistling and singing. There is no art to read the heart's condition in the whistle. The accent of sincerity does not help you; the music of defiance is quite as sincere as the music of exuberant joy. The man who whistles through a churchyard at night may whistle as merrily as a blackbird, and yet be extremely uncomfortable. You can only say that the man who keeps singing has not given way to despair.

Reginald Hardelet cracked his whip, touched his horse's flanks with the spur, shook his reins and made the bells jingle, looked up at the soft white clouds and blue sky, held back his short cloak to flap and flutter in the fresh wind, and hummed every now and then a line of the song that was running in his head. A more perfect picture of a gallant and gay, light-hearted youngster you could not have seen from Berwick to Calais.

And yet he was far from easy at the prospect of an interview with his eccentric brother. Why had he flown off at a tangent from the regular lines of worldly advancement, when his fortunes were in so fair a train? What depth of dangerous folly might

he not have reached now that he had donned the rough garb of the prophet? The heresy had been growing on him for some time. Reginald had done his best to check it, but he was deaf to reason. Why could he not let the world alone? Reginald had no patience with those amend-alls. What did it matter to him whether the clergy did their duty or not? If the rich and powerful did oppress the poor, was that his fault or his concern? There must always be rich and poor, and the poor could never be as comfortable as the rich.

How preposterous in any man to dream of changing the course of nature! It is a law of nature that there should be rich and poor as there are weak and strong. Nature herself is not rich enough to make everybody rich or everybody strong. She has not material for it. It is surely better that some should be rich and some strong than that all should be on a dead level of weakness and poverty. There are hills and valleys, fruitful uplands and stagnant marshes, eagles and worms. It is the same everywhere we look, variety everywhere.

So unreasonable, so provoking. Sell off silks and furs and tapestry—strip houses and churches as bare as a shepherd's bothy—no spectacles, no dances—sing psalms when we are merry, croak about in perpetual fear of judgment! What a life! Whew!

"Le droit jour d'une Penthecouste
En ce gracieux mois de May."

He must be mad—stark, staring mad. And all for a paltry damsel, too! Pretty enough—for Reginald could not help admitting this as she passed through his mind—but not the only pretty woman in England. With a good dower, too—this also he reflected on with a certain glow of pleasure—but there were others with the same attraction. He must be crazy to turn round like a child and kick at social order because he could not have the very thing that he wanted.

But his craze might damage others as well as himself. Reginald had not hitherto troubled himself much about the future. He had trusted all that to his powerful cousin and patron. Nothing more serious had troubled him than a surreptitious gaming debt—they gambled a good deal in great households—or the payment of a silver brooch or other ornament. But of late he had begun to realise the meaning of his favourite Deschamps' many ballads about the insecurity of fortune and the miseries of depend-

ence. An irrepressibly heretic brother would not improve his position.

What if his powerful patron, like other great men, should fall? He was so high now that he was very unstable, and must soon begin to totter. The rocking-stone is not a common type of statesman, especially in autocratic governments. When a statesman begins to rock, the swing generally increases till he topples over. What could Reginald do then?

But this was much too serious a subject to be dwelt on. Reginald jingled his bridle bells and increased the pace of his horse.

"Le droit jour d'une Penthecouste
En ce gracieux mois de May."

"My dear brother Amendall," he said to himself, rising in his saddle and cracking his whip, "if you are a fool to think of amending the world, I am a fool to think of amending you."

Tired of his own thoughts, Reginald fell back on the companionship of his two yeomen; and as they rode down the steep hill towards Sudbury at an enforced slow pace, amused them with the tale of John of Gaunt's clever abduction of the heiress of the Earl of Hereford.

But when he had finished the story he was again plunged in thought. John of Gaunt set him thinking once more of his own fortunes. Aspiring Lancaster had himself married, as his second wife, the eldest daughter of Pedro the Cruel, had lately assumed the title of King of Castile, in virtue of his wife's right, and had been engineering for some time to get an expedition sent to Spain to enforce his title. If the expedition should come off, it would open up a grand field for adventure. Glory and gain would be there for those who had skill and courage to win them. Was there any chance? The Commons would never provide the sinews for such an enterprise in their present mood, but a success in France might produce a change.

He was musing on this, considering how he might obtain a post in such an expedition, and, overleaping all obstacles in his active imagination, was already building his castle in Spain, and providing himself with a fair helpmate for his greatness, when suddenly his dreams were violently interrupted.

They had descended the Ballingdon Hills, and were within two hundred yards of the bridge over the Stour, Sudbury, with its three steeples rising on the opposite bank, when a startling cry ahead of them arrested their

attention. A man came galloping over the bridge on a shaggy pony, gesticulating wildly, and pointing back over his shoulder. "Help! help!" he shouted. "They are murdering my master. Help! For Heaven's sake, help! They are murdering my master."

The man had lost his hat, his hood was flying behind him, his face was livid, and his features were distorted with terror. He continued to repeat his cries mechanically till he drew up almost under the feet of Reginald's horse.

"I can hear you well enough, my good man," said Reginald. "Who, pray, is your master?"

He looked coolly and keenly at the man's contorted features. They were of a Jewish cast.

The fugitive, meantime, in the midst of his confusion and terror, had run his quick eyes over Reginald's clothes, and marked the signs of the king's livery, the white and red of the costume, the white hart embroidered on the red ground of the short cloak, the same badge in the red velvet cap. The observation seemed to make him more frightened than before.

"Who, pray, is your master?" asked Reginald again, after their rapid mutual scrutiny.

"What does that matter?" cried the man, with a gesture of impatience and despair. "Go to his help, or he is a dead man."

"Why don't you help him yourself, my good friend? You were running away, it seemed, as fast as your horse's legs would carry you."

"What could I do against so many? There are scores of them—swarms. Fair, kind sir," he continued, extending his clasped hands, "I beseech you go to his rescue, or he will infallibly be murdered. I beseech you, kind sir, of your charity. And you, and you," he added, turning to the yeomen.

"It will only be a Jew the fewer," said Reginald, with cool brutality. "It is not for me to interfere with his majesty's lies in their Christian sport of Jew-baiting."

Anger flashed through the man's abject looks of terror. "It is not Jew-baiting," he said in a sulky tone. "You mistake. We are Christians. But if you will not help, I must look for somebody else." And he kicked his horse violently in the ribs, and started off again at full speed.

"Stay, you cur!" gasped Reginald, taken by surprise at this unexpected move. "Stop him!" he cried to his yeomen.

The man, making no response to his call,

except by giving another wild kick at his horse, Reginald and his men drew their daggers, gave chase, and soon overtook him. When he saw the daggers he pulled up and begged for mercy.

"I have nothing, good sir, kind sir. I am but a poor servant."

"I don't want to rob you, you fool," said Reginald. "But tell me what has happened. If it is not Jew-baiting, what is it? Has your master fallen among thieves?"

"Worse than that, sir. The women of the village have risen on him. I left him in the clutches of the cursed shrews. They will kill him if he gets no help!"

"The women of the village!" cried Reginald in amazement. "For what cause? What has he done?"

The man's eyes rested involuntarily on the king's badge. He threw up his hands, and screwed his face into an expression of intense impatience, but said nothing.

"What has he done?" demanded Reginald again.

"Listen!" said the man, putting his hand to his ear, and turning it in the direction of Sudbury.

A sound of shrill tumult came from the distance.

"Why don't you answer me?" demanded Reginald. "I say, what has he done?"

The clamour in the distance increased.

"They will kill him," said the man, his teeth chattering with white fear. He looked furtively round, as if he would fain make off again.

"Bring the rascal along," said Reginald to his yeomen. "This must be looked into. They have been after some villainy."

The man repeated his impatient gesture, more angrily than before. "What can we expect," he cried, "if the very king's livery is so—" miserably stupid he would have added, but he did not dare to utter the words aloud, and moved his lips and fingers in mute pantomime.

"Moderate your impatience, my good friend," said Reginald, lifting his eyebrows, "or I will beat you into better manners. What have you and your master been doing? Come, answer me at once!"

"We were only counting the poll," answered the man sulkily.

"What do you mean by that?" said Reginald sharply. "Come, ride back with us and explain."

The man listened again to the distant tumult which rose and fell, but seemed to be coming nearer, and looked as if he would rather go the other way.

"Give him a touch with your daggers," said Reginald, "he does not seem to understand Christian speech."

The threat was sufficient. The man sullenly submitted, and began to move with them in the direction of Sudbury.

"Now," said Reginald, "what do you mean by counting the poll? And what have dogs like you to do with the poll of the population of Sudbury?"

Chaucer's perfect gentle knight was "of his port as meek as is a maid," but meekness in dealing with the lower orders—especially suspected Jews—was not characteristic of the younger gentry, and we cannot profess that Reginald Hardelot was superior to the spirit of his time. The man whom he had addressed as a dog answered in a sullen tone, but with more meekness than in the excitement of his fear he had hitherto shown. He found himself between two fires, and the second threatened to be as hot as the first.

"My master, sir," he said, "intended to lend money on the poll-tax, and you will allow that it was only fair that he should first know how many are liable to pay."

"In order that he might the more safely cheat the chancellor," cried Reginald.

"My master is an honest man," said the faithful servant.

"Doubtless," said Reginald.

It may be explained that it was part of the chancellor's plan—such was the urgent need of the exchequer—to raise money immediately the tax was sanctioned by borrowing on it from financiers who advanced the money at once. But the tax was not yet sanctioned, and the chancellor's confidential servant was very much astonished to find that the scheme had got wind. Somebody in the chancellor's office must have betrayed the secret. Reginald resolved to find out who the traitor was, but thought he would best accomplish this object by coming back to the point suddenly in the midst of other matters.

"You say your master is an honest man," he said. "Then what was it that caused the wicked women of Sudbury to rise upon him? Was it this same honesty?"

"It was nothing else, sir," answered the man.

"How was that?"

"We found, sir, a girl of twenty—twenty if she was a day—whose mother pretended that she was under fifteen. Now, my master's honesty would not that the king's exchequer should suffer such a barefaced cheat."

Fifteen was the age above which every person in the realm was liable to the poll-tax

in the chancellor's scheme. It had been fourteen in the last poll-tax; this was one of the chancellor's mitigating improvements. The very figure had leaked out.

"And how did your honest master propose to protect the king's revenue?" asked Reginald. "He seems to be paying dear for his loyalty," he added, pausing for a moment to listen to the shrill tumult that still continued to come from beyond the bridge. "Come, let us quicken our pace. I am in the chancellor's service, and know something about taxes."

The man became much more obsequious in manner, and, riding his pony dexterously alongside Reginald's horse, addressed him volubly in a wheedling tone:

"My master did nothing outrageous, my good lord, so help me—all the saints."

"Say the God of Abraham at once, my good man. Your face betrays you for one of the accursed race."

The man crossed himself nimbly, and protested with exaggerated earnestness: "Then my face, my just and good young lord, is a liar. I swear to you I am a good Christian, a faithful son of Holy Church. I swear it—"

"What did your master do?" broke in Reginald abruptly.

"We went into a house with the roll of the last poll-tax—"

"Who gave you that?" interrupted Reginald.

"Master Docket, the mayor's clerk. We went into a house with this roll, and there we found a woman and her daughter. 'What would you, sir?' said she, with a curtesy. 'Giles and Susan Blickley,' says my master, reading from the roll, 'two. Where's Giles?' 'Out in the fields, sir,' says she, 'trying to earn a crust in these hard times.' 'And who is this?' said he, pointing to the girl. 'My daughter, sir,' says she. 'How old is she?' says he. Then the old shrew's face changed, and 'What is that to you?' says she. 'And who are you to come peering and prying into honest folks' houses? If so be that you are the taxour, we have had enough of you already. The lass is just thirteen, last Lady Day.' 'Thirteen!' cries my master laughing; 'she's a well-grown filly for thirteen.' 'Yes, Master Inquisitive,' says the shrew, 'I thank our Lady, she is well grown for her age.' 'Come, my pretty lass,' says my master, 'I must have a nearer sight of you. Here, 'Peter,' he says to me, 'hold this roll.' With that the lass screamed, and her mother screamed, and ran out of the house screaming, and the girl

struggled and got away, and ran out after her mother, screaming and crying 'Murder!' My master and I laughed; but when we came to the door, it was no laughing matter, for the shrews had swarmed out of their houses, and they set upon us, and my master spoke them fair, but they would not hear him, and as he would have got him on his horse, one seized him by the leg and pulled him to the ground. But, praise be to Saint Edmund, here he comes! He is clear of them at last!"

The tax-farmer appeared on the top of the bridge, spurring his pony to such a pace that its fore feet as it was approaching seemed to be on a level with its nose. His chin seemed to rest on the top of its head; his face was all bespattered with blood and filth; his gown was flying in dirty tatters about him. He had evidently been having a bad time.

While the attention of Reginald and his yeomen was arrested by this apparition, the servant suddenly wheeled his pony round and made off.

"Stay!" cried Reginald, cutting at him with his whip as he fled. "You are away without your hire."

The man made off at the full speed of his pony, howling, swearing, praying for mercy, crying out that the king should hear of it.

Reginald said nothing, but galloped after him for a hundred yards or so, laying on heartily with his whip.

When the master saw how his man was being served, without slacking the speed of his pony, he diverged to the right, and tore across the common, choosing the narrowest track through furze and bracken.

The yeomen halloed and made a feint of chasing him, but soon returned, and cantered after Reginald over the bridge into the town of Sudbury.

CHAPTER V.

IN THE WHITE HART AT SUDBURY REGINALD MEETS TWO OLD ACQUAINTANCES AND TWO STRANGERS.

The housewives of Sudbury were very jubilant over the discomfiture of the tax-farmer. As Reginald and his yeomen rode through Friars Street towards the market-place, there was every sign of unusual excitement. They gossiped at the doors in groups, and here and there from the projecting second stories, they

spoke one to another across the narrow street through open lattices. Their shrill talk was interspersed with shriller laughter. There was no trace of anger; the affair was evidently regarded by the victors as an excellent rough jest, the particulars of which were retailed with relish by such as had had the good fortune to witness the affray. The temper of the population became fiercer afterwards.

At the White Hart Reginald found the landlord leaning against the gate-post of the passage leading into the court-yard, chaffing a voluble termagant who was narrating to him her share in the chastisement of the tax-farmer. Mine host's countenance fell at the sight of the king's livery—for the king's servants were apt to be more exacting than remunerative in the matter of horses; but it recovered its natural rubicund breadth on his recognising Reginald Hardelot, who had been at school in Sudbury as a boy, and often came there on the chancellor's business.

"Here's a rare stranger, gentles," cried the host, bustling respectfully before him into the common room of the hostelry. "Master Reginald Hardelot. I warrant he has backed many a good horse since he rode my colts in the meadow—without leave sometimes, eh? Come, Master Reginald, come, sir, you will find some here that you know of old. We have changed our sign with the new reign, but we keep our old customers. Here is Master Roger Chowley,—you remember Master Chowley, of the College—and here is Master Docket, you were at school with him at the Priory. He is a great man in Sudbury now, is Master Docket; reeve to the College and clerk to the Burgh."

"Such a favourite, too, with everybody," struck in Master Chowley in a bantering tone; "a very jewel of a reeve, and the most trusted town clerk in the kingdom. We could not get on without our Docket. The poor tenants would miss him so. If you want to take our Docket from us, you must not let the good folks of Sudbury know." And he laughed and wheezed loudly at his own humour.

"Will you keep your long tongue quiet?" snapped Docket viciously. "Will you let Master Docket alone? Give you good day, Master Hardelot," he added in a respectful tone. "I warrant you are not too proud to forget old friends."

Reginald remembered him well as the bully of the Priory School, a good five years his senior. He had stolen apples for Docket,

and parted with cherry-stones and other cherished possessions to him in bodily fear.

The sight of this precious pair of boon companions, boozing together in the hostelry at mid-day, suggested to him how the secret of the poll-tax might have leaked out. Chowley was one of the lay canons of the archbishop-chancellor's college—a former servant thus provided for; and still kept up communication with the chancellor's household. It was a letter from him that had given information about Reginald's brother's Wycliffism; and it was likely enough that his friend in the household had been able to give him a hint of the chancellor's financial plans, a hint which Docket was just the man to turn to account.

This suspicion, combined with old and well-founded dislike, made Reginald somewhat cool and distant in his manner to the boon companions, while he chatted familiarly with mine host about the exploit of the Sudbury housewives.

But Chowley was not a man easily disconcerted or kept at arm's length. He was accustomed to be cock of the company at the White Hart, discoursing to all and sundry over his frequent pots of malt liquor in a harsh, rasping voice, which claimed and enforced authority. He was an elaborate talker and prided himself on his continuity of flow. None of his familiars would have dared in his presence to start a new topic till Chowley had exhausted the old one. If they ever did by inadvertence venture, his steady, strident, overbearing voice was soon heard maintaining the continuity of the conversation as if it had never suffered interruption.

Docket, his tap-room ally and constant butt, overpowered and kept in order by Chowley's tongue, his butt not out of good nature, but because he was not sufficiently quick of fence to protect himself, was considerably different in appearance. Abundance of adipose tissue, maintained by continual soaking of ale, they had in common; but while the canon looked puffy and bloated, Docket's face, with all its generous expanse, looked firm and fresh. The canon's eyes, suffused with alcoholic glitter and turbid with dyspepsia, stood out of his head like boiled gooseberries when he was excited: Docket never looked excited, and his large, bluish-grey eyes were his most remarkable feature. A large, full, stolid eye was Will Docket's, set in a clear-complexioned, broad face. If a stranger had caught that eye staring at him, he would have interpreted the stare as meaning nothing but placid curiosity, and would have paid no further attention to it. If he

had paid attention, it would have been all the same; Docket would have continued to stare immovably, like a ruminating ox, and his steady gaze would have betrayed no secret. There seemed to be no intelligence behind that inexpressive look; it seemed to indicate only the peaceful, healthful operation of organic processes in the system of Docket, consequent upon the introduction of large quantities of ale. And yet Docket was what would be described in modern days as a very wide-awake young man. Chowley knew well, and often remarked that when Docket emptied his face of all expression, and looked absorbed in vegetable functions, he was slowly cogitating some plan which, like all Docket's plans, had his own private advantage in view.

Before Reginald came in, the eye—Docket had two, but the gaze was so concentrated and steady that you were conscious only of one—had been directed in this apparently unmeaning—but really very significant—manner on two strangers to Sudbury, who occupied a settle on the opposite side of the room. It was near the time of the great autumn fair of Stourbridge, near Cambridge, and the strangers, who had arrived at the White Hart that morning, were understood to be bound for the famous mediæval market. They had told the inquisitive host that they had travelled from Harwich, choosing the road by Sudbury as the safest in those troubled times. They seemed Flemish by their dress.

They sat with Chowley and Docket on the higher level of the floor at one end of the long room, the fireplace—fireless at this season—between the two couples, small windows in the end on each side of the fireplace throwing marked tracks of light into the room. Their men sat with other undistinguished customers on the lower level of the body of the room, lighted by a long, shallow window on the courtyard side. The furniture was simple—two tables, each with a settle on the higher level, and a long table flanked by settles running lengthwise down the principal floor. The main room in a mediæval hostelry had to serve three purposes; it had to be a dormitory on occasion, as well as a tap-room and a *salle-à-manger*. We find a difficulty now in conceiving how furniture could be constructed to serve as bed, or seat, or table, with equal readiness, as occasion demanded. But the ingenuity of our forefathers was equal to the problem. The settles had long and straight backs; you had only to lay one on its back with the top end to the wall, and you had an excellent

framework for a bed. The tables, which, when used as tables, were mounted on trestles, had only to be inverted and laid on the floor, when their under side was seen to be a box into which rushes, or bracken, or sacks, or mattresses might be laid to form as soft and comfortable a couch as the most luxurious sleeper could desire. There might be room for improvement in the way of cleanliness and ventilation, but the arrangement had all the beauty of economy and simplicity.

We are not concerned, however, with the furniture of the middle ages, but with the ways and fortunes of one or two mediæval individuals. When, then, Reginald Hardelot was shown into the public room and marshalled to a place on the higher level, Docket had been regarding the mercantile-looking strangers with meditative, but apparently meaningless, placidity, while Chowley, having finished a game at "tables," or draughts, with his friend as they came in, had been discoursing to the same strangers in continuous flow, with the whole lower floor for an audience. His text had been the outbreak against the tax-farmer, from which he had enlarged on the unsettling tendencies of the time, denouncing, in particular, the monstrous heresies, political and religious, of Wycliff, and the dangerous opening given to raw, crude, presumptuous, self-conceited dolts, by his new institution of poor priests.

One of the strangers, a grey-haired little man, with keen, sunken eyes and a hooked nose, who had given the name of Simon d'Ypres, seemed to be of an inquisitive turn, and plied the orator now and then with questions. He had wished to learn more about the new order of priests that Wycliff had established.

"A new order?" the canon had cried. "They are not an order. That is where the seeds of mischief lie. There is no order or rank among them. They owe obedience to nobody—pope, nor bishop, nor abbot—only to what the vain fools call their inner light, guiding them in the interpretation of Holy Writ. A new order? A new disorder would be a fitter name for them!"

"But who appoints them to preach? Who fixes the limit and sphere of their duties?"

"They have no fixed sphere; that is one of their pernicious tenets. The blasphemous knaves say that they are moved of the Holy Spirit in their choice of place and season for preaching, and that this is a higher mandate than the ordination of bishops; but practically it means that they begin when they like, leave off when they like, and go where they like—a subversion of all order and authority in matters religious, which only a crazy academic doctor, whom the Church has not rewarded according to his own opinion of his deserts, could have conceived."

"And do they preach what they like?"

"Practically any raw absurdity that hits their ignorant fantasy. In theory they preach the gospel as delivered in Holy Writ, without deference to the interpretation of the church. Their subtle founder pampers their self-conceit by making them believe that the light comes from within themselves, through the special operation of the Holy Spirit. In truth, they give out only what he puts in. They are sponges, which imagine they give forth water generated by a spring within themselves, when they but return the foul slops sucked up from the heretic's overflowing drivell."

(To be continued.)





ET CÆTERA.



It is perhaps no more safe to call a year happy till it expires than to say the same of a man before his death. But you need hardly wait so long to entitle yourself to describe either of them as "remarkable." For of course the man who has passed many years of extraordinary prosperity will not diminish but rather increase his claim to notice by sustaining a series of crushing calamities in his old age; and a year which has, for three-fourths of it run a singularly prosperous course, would be even more assured of distinction among its fellows, if (*quod absit!*), it were to have a disastrous close. Moreover there are happy circumstances connected with this present year of grace, which the gods themselves, who are as poor hands as mere mortals at undoing the past, would find it impossible to get over. "Fate cannot harm us; we have dined to-day." We have rejoiced in 1887, and the rejoicings have "gone off"—as such festivities cannot always be induced to do—with a success which even the most Christian of croakers has found it difficult to bear with resignation. Looking back upon the Jubilee—and I candidly confess that the mellow haze of distance lends a certain charm to it which was wanting at a nearer view,—looking back, I say, upon the Jubilee one cannot but pronounce it, with every desire to spare the feelings of those whose I-told-you-so has remained unuttered, a singularly successful celebration. But even had it been otherwise, the year 1887 would still be entitled to give itself airs over '86, '85, and so on through the very undistinguished lot of predecessors—with an exception here and there, as at '51, '37 (of course) '32, '18, and so forth—down to 1810. Another point of eminence from which it is now too late to displace 1887 is that whereon it stands in respect of the astonishing splendour of its summer. This highly respected, but in these islands much too secluded and retiring season, has this year

really gone far to justify the pretensions put forward on its behalf by poets. The poetic spring of course we have long since given up all hopes of, but summer was actually *i-cumen in*, by early June and it stayed with us till pretty nearly the end of August. Some meteorologists have said—but what will the meteorologist not say?—that there have been dryer summers within the last fifteen years; appealing for proof thereof to absurd statistics about inches of rainfall. I hardly know which is the more unsatisfying of the two, the scientific person who points to the rain-gauge to prove to you that you have been comparatively less baked by the sun than you were in the year so-and-so; or the too unscientific person who supports the same proposition by the crushing argument that, "That was the year when I had the hay-fever," or that "Don't you remember we took an eleven down to Dingley Dell, and they kept us out all day." Of the two I prefer, and have myself occasionally acted on, the latter principle of thermometric and hygrometric computation; and on the strength of many recollections of personal temperature during the year about to be mentioned, I will boldly challenge the public (professed meteorologists to be barred the use of figures) to recall another summer at once so long, so hot, and so dry as that just concluded, in any year since the year 1868.

THESE æstival glories, however, will soon be forgotten; and probably before 1890 one will again have listened a dozen times to the man who "cannot recollect a fine summer in England since he was a boy." But the Jubilee he will not be able to ignore in that way, even if the anniversary-keeping mania with which we were threatened some time ago should have become acute, and centenaries, and bi-centenaries, and tercentenaries should have made such celebrations a little too common. The eighth of last February was the tercentenary of the execution of Mary Stuart; and though it has not been kept with any special solemnities, either here

or in Scotland, the memory of the event would indeed be perpetuated if the Church of Rome should accede to the suggestion of a French Ultramontane journal, and proceed to the canonization of the unfortunate Queen. It was inevitable that this proposal should excite a certain amount of adverse criticism from Protestants, though a good many of those who have exclaimed against it on the sole ground of the imperfections of Mary's character, appear to forget that in so doing they are by implication undertaking the very serious responsibility of guaranteeing the innocence, from the point of view of secular ethics, of all the existing occupants of a place in the Roman Calendar. The Consistory which pronounces the beatific decree has a right to insist on its own standard of what constitutes a title to sainthood; and the only really effective retort which could be made to it by an English Protestant would be, if the Anglican rules permitted, to canonize Elizabeth. But anyhow we shall be able to respond next year, for 1888 is the tercentenary of the defeat of the Spanish Armada. It is also the bicentenary of the English Revolution, and the following year is the centenary of the First Act of that highly sensational French adaptation from our great historical drama, which reached its tragic Fifth in 1793. Perhaps it would be as well that some, if not all, of these double, quadruple, or sextuple jubilees should be left uncelebrated. To "play at" the landing of Dutch William in the south-west of England would probably lead to riot and bloodshed in the north-east corner of Ireland (*there is a puzzle for the editor of a foreign "society paper"—if foreigners have such things—to set his readers*); and, as to the Armada—well, considering the unpleasant success with which Admiral Fremantle claims to have played the old game of "the Dutch in the Medway" last August, we had perhaps better wait till our defences are in better trim before we set to work to "humble Philip of Spain." As to the French and their 14th of July, 1789, that anniversary will, no doubt, be impressively kept. The French Republican bestows all the scepticism of his nature upon religion. In politics his more than Macaulayan "cock-sureness" is never visited by the slightest shadow of a doubt. Consequently he will celebrate the "Taking of the Bastille" with a whole heart. It is true that, looked at prosaically, the event he commemorates was merely the destruction of a prison almost exclusively reserved for that French *noblesse* and gentry whose requirements the sovereign people were soon to meet by the erection of a nice new guillo-

tine on the Place Louis Quinze. Our good Republican does not look at it in that light for a moment. To him the Fall of the Bastille is a great symbolic incident, containing all the "promise and potency" of the great Revolution. Nor does he trouble himself, even after a hundred years, with the inquiry how *that* is going to end. What a pity that Victor Hugo did not live to include this centenary in his *Choses Vues*, and to deliver the congratulatory speech, or write the dithyrambic ode in honour of the occasion! "Hugoism" may have deserved Heine's sarcastic description of it as only "egoism" carried to a higher power; and the poet's glorifications of Paris were, in a certain sense, only a further mathematical expansion of Hugoism. But they were magnificent performances in the grandiose manner; and no rhapsodist who may be called upon to officiate in 1889 is at all likely to ascend with a step of such imposing confidence to Hugo's heights of sublime unreason. No doubt there will be plenty of the last-named noun about, but it will only too probably wander hither and thither in a futile search for its divorced adjective.

IN the course of the next month or so, a large number of the mob of gentlemen who write with ease, and a still larger number of those who read what is easiest, will have penned or perused that familiar phrase, "The book season is commencing." One wonders how many of them have ever cared to ask themselves why there should be "a book season" at all; and why if so, it should come in the last quarter of a year. Is there, then, an inquirer might ask, a "close time" for books, a time during which a paternal Legislature protects them from molestation? Are there months in the year when a critic may not "pepper them" in his capacity of sportsman, or serve them up in butter or *à la sauce piquante*, according to his animus as cook? If any such blessed term of truce exists for them, it has escaped the attention of their authors. Those of whom I have made inquiries on the subject concur in assuring me that their books are, and have always been regarded as fair game at any season of the year. They have been peppered and cut up alike in the leafy spring, and in the days of the iron winter. It was in the month of March, one of these unfortunate writers informed me, that Mr. Anti-Plagiarius drew his covers (brown cloth with gilt lettering) in search of the peculiar game which that distinguished M. F. H. delights to pursue; who, having "found," and let loose

the pack upon him, contrived to keep a "magnificent run" going until far into the golden days of August. Indeed it is pretty evident that these gentlemen-sportsmen recognise no "season" for books in the sense in which the fox-hunter, or the gunner, or the angler recognises it for the special quarry of his pursuit; and it seems equally inadmissible to interpret the expression in what may be called the "consumer's" sense. It cannot be that there is a season for books as for oysters, and that their literary flavour wants pungency or delicacy in the months without an R. Do the sentiments of the poet seem flabby and his cadences flat at the wrong time of the year? Does the plot of the novel lose its consistency, and the dialogue its freshness, when the "season" has closed? No one, so far as I know, has ever noticed any such change, and if the reading public really takes more kindly to prose and poetry in the last quarter of the year, it must be for some reason of a purely subjective character. If autumn is the season for the turning of the leaf in another than the ordinary sense of the phrase, it must be due to some cause altogether unconnected with the annual revolution of the earth. I presume it is really connected partly with the fact that the holidays are over and the long evenings coming, and partly with the assumption that it is usual with the bulk of educated and intelligent people, to beguile these long evenings with books. As a matter of fact of course the evening is the only time which busy people—and everybody is busy nowadays—find to talk about books. It would be obviously impossible to spend much of it in reading them.

Certain kinds of books are of course independent of the season, some of these for obvious reasons. Thus, no doubt a couple of volumes or so of political memoirs would appear even more appropriately at the beginning of the Parliamentary session and the London season, than after they are both over. And there is one class of book which through the operation of causes that it would be unbecoming for the mere prosaic Reason to examine, could not possibly be expected to observe any rules as to the time of its appearance. I refer of course to the effusions of the "new poet." These I have observed reckon little of the procession of the months—ashould they, if there is anything in divine afflatus, or in the theory of inspiration? It would be ridiculous, and indeed impertinent, to suppose that you can prescribe a time for the descent of the Muse, and, with a view to publication in October, bring her down early in August as if she were a grouse. Those whom she honours with her visits,

especially with her first visit, must allow her to fix her own time, and if she chooses to appear in February or March they must be ready to receive her. No doubt it may be said that they need do no more at that time than write down what she gives them to utter, and may then keep it for a few months before giving it to the world. It is pretty evident, however, that very few of them do this. The mere fact of subsequent publication is sufficient in many instances to dispose of any such idea. However it is not these instances which *donnent à penser* to the philosophic mind as every year sends up its flight of new poets, and lengthens out what it would be uncomplimentary to call the "clanging train." It is not of the weak-winged ones who flutter quickly to earth again—it is not of the tame geese who mistake their proper habits and habitat, and vainly endeavour to follow their wild brethren, in their chase after something as proverbially difficult to catch as themselves; it is not these, I say, who provide one with such curious and slightly melancholy subjects for reflection. It is the birds who *can fly*—the birds who can and do keep the air, and who seem to take wing in numbers so increasing, that an esteemed weekly chronicler of their appearance has given up the task of counting them in despair. What are we to say of the new poets—for poets many of them are, according to what fifty or even twenty years ago would have been regarded as the fair poetic standard? Are we to adopt the views recently enforced by a versatile writer that genius, poetic and other, abounds among us in these latter days? Or are we to accept the only alternative explanation, which seems to be that "poetry" as distinguished from mere "verse" can be produced without any genius at all? Alas! must we not admit that either conclusion represents a victory for our universal enemy the commonplace? Can we deny that rarity is just as much in the spiritual, as in the material sphere, an inseparable element of value, and that while the former explanation would reduce genius, the latter would lower poetry, to the position of a drug in the market? The subject is much too difficult and obscure for me to pursue in these desultory pages. Perhaps it is too painful to pursue in any pages. Meanwhile, though you may be bringing down the value of genius, or creating a glut (where hitherto throughout the world's whole history there has been a perpetual "corner") in the divine cereals of the soul, fly on, young poets, fly on! Your occupation is perhaps the most delightful to yourselves of any that it is given to fallen man to practise. No

one, with the solitary exception of the actor, basks so continuously in the only true sun of human happiness—complacency.

THE season of short days and long nights is far more appropriately dedicated to another and an older human industry than that with which authors and publishers have connected it. At least, I suppose that burglaries are older than books, even in their earliest form. The first hut erected by man rendered the crime possible, and, once a crime is possible, man does not usually wait long to commit it. Indeed I do not know that even a tent might not, in the eye of the law, be the subject of burglarious entry; and probably we should have to go back to the time of the cave-men to find a society absolutely free from this crime. Etymologically, no doubt, it is of modern origin. The word burglar, says a venerable jurist, "seemeth to have been brought to us out of Germany by the Saxons, and to be derived of the German *burg*, a house, and *larron*, a thief, probably from the Latin *latro latrones*." It is more than "probable," O venerable jurist, that *larron* is derived from *latro*, but less than probable, on the other hand, that *larron* was "brought to us out of Germany by the Saxons." May not *bourg-larron*—city thief—be compounded of two good French words, instead of being a hybrid, tracing descent from a German by one side and French by another? It would suit the facts pretty well, too, for the burglar has now become almost distinctively a city thief, and the days of the fine old "put-up jobs" in the country mansion seem to be things of the past. Occasionally, indeed, we do hear of my lady's bed-room being invaded through an open window at eight o'clock in the evening, while the family are at dinner, and of her jewels being carried off; but these exploits, though clever enough in their way, are hardly in the nature of good, honest, legitimate provincial burglaries, such as were common thirty years ago, when a housebreaking enterprise took many weeks or even months to plan, and was only undertaken after elaborate flirtations with communicative maid-servants, and sometimes actual subornation of male understrappers of the household. Thus carefully prepared and organised, country burglaries were carried out with all the precision and decorum of a domiciliary visit from a Government inspector, and occasionally with some of the festivities of a picnic. Who that was a boy in the 'fifties can forget the excited and admiring interest with which—fresh, no doubt, from one of the novels of Mr. Harrison Ainsworth

—he read the account of that then famous burglary in the course of which the thieves carried out good store of cold meat and wine from the larder and the cellar of the house they were plundering, and feasted beneath a secular elm in its adjacent grounds? Who of those days did not rejoice over the piquant incident of the umbrella being brought out from the hall of the mansion to shield the burglar scouts (for the weather was ever capricious at garden-parties) from the rain which set in a little later on? There are no such robberies now. The multiplication of railways and the improvement of patrolling in the districts served by the County Constabulary has improved them off the face of the country side. House-breaking is now become almost entirely an urban occupation, and in spite of certain superficial signs to the contrary, I am inclined to think that it is a branch of the predatory calling which has seen its best days. There is a growing tendency to combine it with other avocations—a departure from the principle of division of labour which, except on the assumption that burglary is a declining industry, would be economically retrograde. A few months ago two men were tried and convicted for this crime, who, when they were not engaged in burglary, were respectively a hatter and a stonemason. In itself this is not a "fair conjunction" upon which Heaven can be expected to smile. A more incongruous alliance, indeed, it would be difficult to imagine; and it is equally hard to say which of the two men seems the less suited for the art which they practised in common. Only one fate can be reserved for a business which falls into such hands as these. When the working classes begin to regard burglary as merely a species of "pot-boiling" to be taken up for bread and cheese when times are bad, it is clear that it must have lost caste altogether as a skilled form of robbery.

ON wider grounds, too, I object to this and similar doublings of parts; for everything which makes for the cumulation of employments tends to diminish the diversities of human character. We know as a matter of observation that every profession or calling, and indeed every state and condition of life, has its own point of view. There is the clerical point of view, the legal, the medical, the military, the naval, the literary, the critical (which ought to include all other points of view, and let us hope does so), the commercial, the artistic, and in fact as many others as there are well-marked distinctions in the pursuits of life. It is from the multiplicity and variety of these points of view,

and from the fact that the views respectively taken from them are continually crossing and colliding with each other, that a vast amount of the humour of life arises; and I do not remember meeting with a more delightful illustration of this than the following incident presents. The name of the originator of it is unknown to me. The other names involved, and which the reader shall guess, are those of an eminent publisher and a distinguished member of that band of modern poets who are to be read with comprehension not so much by him who runs as by him who seats himself in a not too easy chair, with a cup of strong coffee at his elbow, and a wet towel girt around his throbbing brows. Some little while ago the eminent publisher received a letter from a perplexed purchaser of the last volume of the distinguished poet's poems, informing him (the E. P.) that he (the P. P.) had carefully perused the D. P.'s new volume and had been quite unable to understand its contents. What, he asked mildly but firmly, was under the circumstances to be done? Somewhat taken back by this rather unusual appeal to him, the E. P. wrote a polite answer, expressing his regret at his correspondent's failure to fathom the poet's mind, and suggesting (perhaps somewhat wickedly) that he should lay his difficulties before the D. P. himself. To this suggestion the purchaser replied very stiffly that he had not the honour of Mr. Amphion's acquaintance; that he had dealt solely with Mr. Amphion's publisher; and that he looked to the latter gentleman to ensure him his money's worth in the book which he had bought. This, of course, was getting past a joke, and the eminent publisher sent back a curt repudiation of all responsibility in the matter; adding a general remark or two on the absurdity of supposing that any man who merely printed and circulated the writings of another could be called upon to explain them. To this there came a delicious reply to the effect that in the opinion of Purchaser, Publisher had grossly misconceived his legal position in the matter, and that his claim to limit in this way his responsibility in connection with the books issued from his house could not be tolerated for a moment. He had in the regular course of business sold and received money for the book in question, and the law would thereupon imply a contract on his part that the article sold was adapted to the purpose for which it was professedly designed. That condition, the writer went on to say, was certainly not fulfilled by a book from which neither the purchaser nor any of the friends to whom he had submitted it had been able to extract any definite meaning whatever.

Publisher, in short, was informed that Purchaser intended to consult his solicitor as to the proper method of obtaining redress in the premises, and to take such legal measures as he might be advised.

A more fascinating extension of the doctrine of "Warranty" could hardly be imagined. What a delightful task it would have been to have drawn this gentleman's "declaration," in the old days of pleading and before the invention of Judicature Acts, and other new-fangled devices for bringing litigants, in an expeditious but brutally unscientific fashion to an issue. The plaintiff would have set forth in his first count that the defendant "was carrying on business as a publisher, and that in his capacity as such publisher he sold and delivered to the plaintiff a certain book of poems, or reputed poems, to wit [here insert name of work as *The Broken Shawm*, by 'Threnody Throbbs,' or, *A Soul's Conundrum* by Lady Nebula St. Cloud], and that the defendant thereby warranted and undertook that the said book should be reasonably fit for human perusal; whereas in truth and in fact it was not so fit as aforesaid, but was and is unintelligible to the plaintiff," &c. And then probably the pleader would have added out of his abundant caution a second special count setting forth the facts in the same form as above, and going on to recite that it was "an implied term of the contract entered into between the plaintiff and the defendant that in the event of the said poems, or any part or parts thereof, being unintelligible to the plaintiff, the defendant should, after due and reasonable notice in that behalf, supply the plaintiff with such glosses, commentaries, scholia, or other explanations as might be necessary to their comprehension;" and the plaintiff would then proceed to add that he had applied to the defendant for such explanations as aforesaid, and that "all conditions were fulfilled, and all things were done and happened, and all times elapsed, necessary to entitle him to receive the said explanations, but that the defendant refused, and still refuses, to furnish them, whereby the plaintiff lost the use and enjoyment of the said book of poems, and was put to sundry costs and charges in and about endeavouring to obtain the said explanations from the defendant, and was otherwise injured and damnified." If a court of law were only to hold that this declaration disclosed a good cause of action, what a revolution it would create in the publishing trade, and how much more difficult it would become for some bards that one knows of to find a market!

H. D. TRAILL.



GIRLS COMING HOME WITH GOATS (ANACAPRI).

Engraved by W. BISCOMBE GARDNER, from a Drawing by W. MACLAREN.

The English Illustrated Magazine.

NOVEMBER, 1887.

THE MEDIATION OF RALPH HARDELLOT.

BY PROF. W. MINTO, AUTHOR OF "CRACK OF DOOM."

CHAPTER V.—(*Continued.*)

IN THE WHITE HART AT SUDBURY REGINALD MEETS TWO OLD ACQUAINTANCES AND TWO STRANGERS.



THUS had the eloquent Chowley been discoursing before Reginald's entrance, and had proceeded to deal with Ralph Hardelot, who had come to Sudbury a few days before in the garb of a Wycliffian "poor priest." To him and his crack-brained advocacy of seizing the goods of the Church to cover the expenses of the wars, on the ground that they were meant for the relief of the poor, and that ministers of religion should be supported by voluntary alms, Chowley had attributed the disturbance of the day in the town. But he had hinted that he would soon put a stopper in the mouth of the young idiot. Obscure cloisterer though Chowley was, he had more influence than people might give him credit for, and he would take care that Ralph Hardelot did not carry his heresy much farther.

He had just said this, and was puffing out his cheeks with an air of great importance, much satisfied with the effect of his eloquence, when Reginald Hardelot was ushered in.

All eyes were turned on the newcomer and his gay livery. His easy chat with the landlord was listened to on the lower floor, and attention drawn to the details of his

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costume in whispers—the badge of the white hart, which was observed to correspond with the sign of the hostel, though much more finely drawn, the tight hose of alternate white and red, which showed to advantage the shapely limbs of the wearer, the strip of buff leather on the inside of the calf, which protected the leg in riding.

By Reginald's advent the eloquent canon was left without an audience. He did not relish this, and he was much piqued besides at the young man's cool, cavalier manner, and absolute inattention to himself. He was not the man to put up with it; his face, already flushed with oratorical effort, assumed a still redder hue; and inwardly fuming, but trying hard to keep cool, he collected his ideas with a view to putting the young jackanapes in his proper place.

"And how is my good lord, your uncle, the archbishop?" asked the host, very much delighted with Reginald's familiarity, and speaking in a loud, clear voice, so that nobody should miss the rank of his guest. "It may be in a manner a grief to him," he continued in a soft, confidential tone, when Reginald had answered the question, "that your brother Ralph should have turned Lollard, if so be that he has turned Lollard, which I can scarce believe, for Master Ralph was a youth of a fine spirit, though a little headstrong, and maybe this Lollardy is but a passing jest."

But Reginald was not prepared to discuss this with him, and rose to go. "I think," he said, "you told me I should find my brother about St. Gregory's Churchyard?"

"Yes," said the host. "Anyways, I saw

him walking thitherward but half an hour ago, and I know he is used to moon about the graves and talk with the old hermit there."

Reginald, as the host said this, made a step down from the higher level towards the door. But Chowley's time was now come. He cleared his throat, and his voice rose in a firm, steady, harsh drawl, which insisted on attention, holding on to the ear as if by main force.

"If the pressure of important business permits, and it is not asking too much, perhaps you would vouchsafe to a humble cloisterer a little information as to the best means of rising in these topsy-turvy times. We, like others, must live, and we would fain live well an' we could, but we are so much out of the world that it is not every day we are privileged to meet a gentleman from court to enlighten our understandings."

"We will take that for granted," said Reginald with polite impatience. "Proceed to the matter of your question."

"I am much obliged to you, kind sir, for your gracious courtesy. Our humble purpose, then, is to learn the meaning of your worthy brother's metamorphosis. Our minds are disturbed by it, as is natural to country-folk who do not know how the wind is blowing in high places, and may be caught and swept away by a storm, unprepared from sheer want of knowledge of the signs and tokens. For as the wind blows to-day in the upper regions of the heavens, so——"

"I pray you pardon me," interrupted Reginald. "But as my business will not endure delay, perhaps those flowers of rhetoric, however beautiful in themselves, and dear to the lips of eloquence, might——"

"Be reserved for a more convenient occasion. I understand. Well, then, to put it plainly, we would fain know whether Lollardy thrives at court, whether Wycliffe, whom we simple country losels are wont to call a heretic—and that of no mean degree—is now the king's chief counsellor and arch-dispenser of the loaves and fishes. We know that his highness and my Lord of Lancaster were once good friends, and though he has called us anti-Christ's clerks and devil's children and other pretty names, we would not speak evil of him in return, if our sovereign lord the king holds him in favour. It would not be seemly in loyal subjects, neither would it be profitable. We would fain be abreast of the new times. Has the king turned Lollard?"

"I am not of the king's council," said

Reginald, "but I will try to find out for you and let you know. The king will doubtless send a special messenger when he knows of your anxiety."

"This courtesy is truly noble. May I be permitted to repeat that I sincerely trust I do not put his majesty and your honourable self to too much trouble? You will pardon, I doubt not, the poor cloisterer's thirst for the higher knowledge. It would fill us with new hope and confidence to know that a russet cloak may be a passport to better things, as well as a furred amice. The furred amice may not be purchasable without some considerable moiety of filthy lucre, but a shepherd's weeds are within the reach of the poorest, and if Wycliffe has the disposal of the loaves and fishes, it may be worth while to be Wycliffe's priest, even if you have to go barefooted for a time. A hard road may be travelled with a cheerful heart when it leads to a warm nest."

Reginald did not approve of his brother's conduct, but he could not stand this sneering at his motives.

"Does Master Chowley," he asked, "recognise no motive for doing one's duty but greed of a fat benefice?"

"Master Chowley," retorted that individual in his driest and harshest tone, "has observed, as a general rule, that 'where the carcass is, there will the eagles be gathered together.'"

The host did not like this sparring. He interposed with a forced but loud and full laugh. "A right good saying, Sir Roger. Ha! ha! And to the same effect I have heard my father say—and though he was but a country-bred man like myself, he had a good wit—that when the crows are seen all flying one way, you may be sure there is crows' business on hand. But come, gentles, carping mars good fellowship and the wholesome effect of good liquor. How liked you the Vernage, Sir Reginald? 'Tis direct from Genoa, three years past Stourbridge Fair."

"A good wine, Harry," said the young man with a smile. "You were always famous for your *theologicum*. Give you good-day. I hope soon to have another stoup of it."

"This is my *theologicum*," rasped out the canon, banging a three-hooped pot on the table. "None of your sour foreign stuff for me. A pot of good ale puts some heart in a man." And he looked at the lower floor for approval of this sturdy sentiment.

"It fattens him, at least," answered Reginald pleasantly at the door; "but the biggest cabbage has not always the stoutest heart."

He was gone before Chowley had time to

retort. There was a laugh at the sally, but the canon was too practised in such encounters to seem to have the worst of it. He too joined in the laugh, and, turning to Docket, prepared to regain his position at the expense of a new butt.

"Why did you let him off with that, my stout and valiant Docket?" he wheezed. "Why did you not come to my assistance? These young court wits are too nimble for a fusty old cloisterer like me. Trust the ingenious Docket to be even with the popinjay, for all his fine feathers. Docket would soon make the feathers fly. You should hear him with pert little Perronet yonder."

Docket did not like the turn the conversation was taking, and rose to go. In wishing the merchants a good journey, he asked indifferently which way they travelled that afternoon, adding that the Lavenham way was generally considered the safest.

The Fleming thanked him, and said that the Haverhill way was the nearest, that he meant to take that, and that he did not propose to start till the following morning.

This answer seemed to amuse Docket when he had the door between him and the stranger. He winked slyly to himself, and sportively kicked sideways with his right leg. The next instant he resumed all his stolid gravity as he walked across the market place, looking the most innocent and steady young man in Sudbury.

CHAPTER VI.

THE CANON IS PERSUADED TO TELL THE STORY OF RALPH HARDELOT AND CLARA ROOS.

THE merchant who gave the name of Simon d'Ypres seemed to be much interested in what he had seen of Reginald Hardelot, and what he had heard of Ralph, for after Docket had gone, and the canon, to refresh himself from the exhaustion of his oratorical efforts, had called for another pot of his *theologicum*, he began to moralise and inquire.

"I marvel greatly," he said, "that two brothers should be found thus in opposition, the one a courtier and the other a strolling preacher. I am but a stranger in these parts, but surely it is against nature that two brothers should be thus at variance, one the servant and favourite of an archbishop-chancellor, and the other a strong rebel against worldly prelates and all their works. How comes it to pass?"

The canon took a draught of his *theologicum* before answering. Then, having wiped his mouth with the sleeve of his gown, and adjusted his black skull-cap, he cleared his throat deliberately, fixed his eyes on the merchant, and said:—"In the first place, master—I forget your name—"

"Simon d'Ypres," suggested the host politely.

"Master Simon d'Ypres—I always like to know whom I am addressing—in the first place, I am not certain that they are so much at variance as they seem, and are not both hunting after the same quarry, namely, their own peculiar good, which is not against nature, but, on the contrary, nature's first law. There be those at court that would gladly see the clergy spoiled of their possessions. It has been mooted in parliament before now. In the second place, if they are at variance, and it is against nature, it is not against custom and daily experience, for we live in troubled times, when brother is set against brother in higher places than it is becoming or safe for me to mention. And, in the third place, if they are at variance, there is a reason for it as for everything else when it is properly understood; for this Ralph Hardelot was always hot-headed and wayward like his father, and he was crossed and distempered at an age when that appears grave matter of life or death, which seems small and trifling to men of our years and wisdom."

The host rubbed his hands. "Ah! Sir Roger," he cried, "tell Master Simon about that, about the crossing in love. It is a rare tale. Of all the good ones to tell a good tale," he added, turning to the merchant, "Sir Roger is the best in these parts."

The canon was not insensible to this open flattery, but he would not make himself too cheap. "Tell it yourself, Harry Hurst," he said. "You know it as well as I."

"Nay, nay, Sir Roger, be persuaded."

"I am fatigued," replied the canon, with a yawn. "Tell it yourself."

"By my grandmother's kerchief," cried the host, "rather than Master Simon should go without the tale, but I will tell it myself."

"A good invocation," said the canon. "Proceed now with 'Once upon a time.' It is not so long ago, but I like 'Once upon a time;' it gives the true flavour to a tale."

"I care nothing for your 'Once upon a time,'" said the host boisterously. He stopped for a moment with a puzzled air, and then began impetuously:—"Well, then, there was a wench in the case, Clara Roos. Maybe you have heard of her father, Sir William

Roos, of the great Rooses, he that was killed in the French wars a good thirteen years ago, and Sir John Cavendish became her guardian. He is now the chief justiciar, you know, and Clara lived in his house at Cavendish, up Clare way. Well, then, there were these two boys Hardelots, but it is only one of them that I speak of as now, namely Ralph, for he was also a ward of Sir John's, through inheriting his mother's lands at Pentlow, though he was the younger of the two; and the elder was not so well provided for, through his father's wasting his own land and chattel in the wars. The mother was a Tibbald, daughter of the archbishop's cousin in the first degree. I knew her well. She died—God rest her soul—in the plague of '75 when a many passed away, and she lived here in Sudbury when her lord, Sir Reginald Harde-lot that was, went warring in France, and little profit he had of it, though he was a gallant gentleman, as hot as fire I have heard tell, and he was killed in a skirmish before the Battle of Najarra. Well, then, the archbishop took the elder boy into his keeping, and sent him to France for his education, but the mother still kept Ralph with her, and sent him to Cambridge, for he was more like his father, and ever she feared that he would go to the wars and waste his substance, and lose his life as his father had done. And so she sent him to Pembroke College, in Cambridge, where his cousin, Dominus Thorpe, was warden, hoping to make him a scholar and, maybe, a staid man of law or other peaceful occupation, his guardian being, as I have said Sir John Cavendish, the chief justiciar. But, alack! she died before him, and now he is a Lollar—a perilous trade and a pestilent. Well, then,—But where am I? I have no patience with Lollars. A plague on them! They have put me out of my tale."

"You have your people all in a truss, good Harry," said the canon—"fathers, mothers, sons, daughters, and cousins all mixed together like your wife's mingle-mangle for her hogs. I see I must pick the tale out of the slough for you."

This was exactly what the artful host wished to bring him to, but great men must be humoured, and the host was careful not to show his design too openly. "I have them all clear enough in my head," he said, scratching that organ and knitting his brows, "but somehow they will not come out in the right order."

"You should have begun with 'Once upon a time,'" said the canon. "Who cares a straw for your fathers and mothers and all the rest of it? Come at once to the pith and marrow, as I do."

The canon cleared his throat and began:—

"This Clara Roos, then, was living at Cavendish, under the strict rule of my Lady Cavendish, and for a brown damsel, she was as pretty a piece of blooming girlhood as—But I have not the art to describe such commodities; it does not become my profession [Here he spoke sternly at Harry Hurst, who showed signs of mirth.] Therefore I will pass by the fresh colour of her cheeks and other soft graces of feature. She was not as beautiful, I dare say, as the Queen of Sheba or Helen of Troy, and she certainly had not the meekness of Griselda, though she looked with her kittenish air as if she might be soft and playful enough till the time came for scratching. The patient Grissel never had such eyes, dark, sparkling, untameable, mocking imps, all fire and earth, without a particle of the softer elements of air and moisture. I saw Lady Cavendish box her ears once at table—sweet red coral shells they were, and the slaps improved their colour—but did the minx cry? Not she: her eyes flashed and her brown cheeks glowed, and then paled a little, and she was removed from the table tearless and impenitent, and marched down the hall, turning to make a most provoking curtsy at the door. A wench of high spirit and good feature too: neither short nor tall, of soft, daintily rounded figure, full of life to the heel.

"I warrant my lady had much trouble with her, and the trouble did not diminish as she grew older and approached the age of marriage. It was Sir John's purpose to wed her to one of his younger sons, for her dowry was not to be disdained even by so well-placed a person as the chief justiciar, and great folks, as you know, must look to more serious matters than the liking of young men and maidens. But whether it was that he doubted the young man's power to govern so intractable a hussy, or that he was able to provide for him better otherwise, this purpose was not carried into execution. I speak only what I know. She was not married to any of Sir John's sons.

"Now Ralph Harde-lot, of whose parentage you have heard from Harry Hurst, was often at Cavendish Hall, as being Sir John's ward, and after his mother's death he lived principally there, making some progress in the law under one of Sir John's learned clerks, but having little liking for it. Every living thing will alter its nature, and Ralph's heart was set, like his father's, on a life of adventure—a wayward, silent, impulsive, and head-strong youth. Clara was sixteen and he was nineteen, a tall, well-grown young man, with

a wondrous rich deep voice, and an eye as dark as her own, though it had less of the devil in it. I have heard, and do not find it hard to believe, that love arose between them, though she teased him and would show him no favour. Indeed it would have been a very proper match, as such things go, but my Lady Cavendish thought otherwise.

My lady hated Clara as much as the girl hated her, and sought to spite her in the matter of marriage. There lived in Sir John's neighbourhood, in his strong castle at Sturmere, a certain middle-aged knight of prowess and renown, who had set his eyes and his heart on the mettlesome Clara, and liked the lass none the less for her intractable spirit. He was at Cavendish Hall when my lady boxed her ears, and I saw him shake with laughter and applaud the wench's courage, much to my lady's disgust, when she walked demurely down the hall, and turned to fire her parting shot. I believe he determined from that moment to win her and tame her. Poor man! it would have been a less hardy enterprise to tackle a hundred men-at-arms.

"But the valiant knight was under a spell. I have not mentioned his name—it was Richard Rainham. He was not of gentle birth, by the mother's side at least, but he had joined a band of free companions in Aquitaine, and had prospered in the French wars, and received knighthood from the Black Prince on the field of Poitiers. Sturmere became his by marriage, his first wife not living long to enjoy his delectable company; and if rumour does not belie him, he has used his stronghold as a depository for other booty than that gained in France by lawful plunder of towns and homesteads. There have been many complaints against him by neighbours and travellers, but he is too sturdy and valuable a knight to be lightly called in question, and it is his boast to have grown so fat under the curses of the Church that he can hardly turn in his saddle. He has, indeed, the look and the strength of a bull, such a neck and back, such a brawny shoulder and dewlap.

"Now the time hath been, master—pray pardon me, I forget your name again."

"Simon d'Ypres," said the host hurriedly, with a courteous gesture.

"The time hath been, Master Simon, when such a robustious brute would have had charms for the weaker sex, but in our soft and courteous fourteenth century, when young damsels have their ears tuned to sweet music, their eyes accustomed to grace of bearing, and their souls elevated by models

of Christian knighthood, a lady requires courtesy as well as courage in a lover, and Clara Roos looked with no favour on the rough advances of Sir Richard Rainham. Nevertheless, he preferred his suit without loss of time to Sir John, on the very afternoon on which she had set the lady at defiance. Sir John would fain have put off the stalwart wooer with fair words, but his lady overbore him, being overjoyed at the thought of finding such a husband for the plague of her life. It would be an unchristian act, she persuaded him, to bestow such a fiend upon a husband who could not keep her in order, and this would pass the strength of any ordinary man.

"My pretty Clara loathed the match and the maker of it, but what could the poor damsel do? She was all alone; she had no counsellor; she had kept Ralph at a distance and made him fear to speak to her, she was too proud to speak to him. She knew her adversary to be spiteful and unrelenting as only a spiteful woman can be, and seeing that escape was hopeless she did not wait to be reduced to submission by bread and water, imprisonment and stripes. Pride counselled her not to endure the indignity of a contest with my Lady Cavendish. 'Let the brute marry me at his peril,' she said to herself; and fortified by this resolution, to the admiration of all, and not the least of my lady, she agreed sweetly without a murmur.

"But if Sir Richard had seen how her eyes flashed and every limb quivered when she was alone, or if he had heard the oath she took on her breviary and her dagger, even his headstrong folly might have hesitated to take such a viper to his bosom. But not a soul at Cavendish Hall was in her confidence, not a sign betrayed her deadly hatred and secret resolution.

"The wedding day drew near, and Sir John spared no cost, for his ward had riches in abundance, and a great lord must not be parsimonious of his ward's goods on such high occasions. He feasted the bridegroom for three days before the ceremony. The cooks had sweltered in the kitchen for weeks before, and the tables were a rare sight, such trees and castles, birds and beasts of sweet-stuff, such flagons of wine, such lines of pages and yeomen bearing dishes fit for an emperor, the minstrels blowing all the time from the gallery—it was like—"

The canon's recollections were too much for him. He buried his head again in the three-hooped pot.

The host explained in a timid whisper that Sir Roger Chowley had himself been present

on the last day of the feast, and was proceeding to add that he also had helped in the preparations, when Sir Roger, recovering himself, took up the tale in a more strident voice than before.

"Yes: I was there as the deputy of our master, who is of too cloisteral a disposition for crowded solemnities. Not that I value such grandeurs a whit; I am a plain man, and a pot of ale is refreshment enough for me; but when they come in my way I am not such a hypocrite as to pretend they are not welcome.

"I will not say that I was indifferent to the good things of the feast, but there was other provision for our plentiful entertainment. There was a hawking party in the morning, and sports in the tilting yard at mid-day after dinner, and juggling and dancing in the hall after supper by vagabonds who had gathered from far and near, and had no reason to repent their coming.

"I was too late for the hawking, but as soon as I arrived I heard everybody buzzing and laughing about a little misadventure that had marred the bridegroom's pleasure. He had flown two new falcons, one of which he had named Clara, at a huge crane, and there had been a battle royal, in which Clara, the falcon, had acquitted herself much to her master's pride and content. But when he turned to boast of his triumph to the other Clara, that apple of his eye was nowhere to be found. She had slipped away during the excitement to hunt small game with a sparrowhawk in the hedges. And who, I pray you, was her companion? Who but our young friend, Ralph Hardelot! They came back presently with a cuckoo, and you may guess that the good knight had to endure some railery. 'Wait a little,' he cried in his loud, coarse voice, with an awkward laugh, 'and she will be as well manned as my other Clara.' But he did not look pleasantly at young Hardelot.

"What happened in the tilting yard did not improve Sir Richard's temper. Either his horse swerved as he ran at the quintain, or he hit the board clumsily, or something went wrong that I cannot explain to you; anyhow, the bag of sand swung round before he was clear, and caught him such a whack on the back that he was almost thrown from the saddle. Ralph Hardelot, when it came to his turn, was more fortunate or more skilful—"

"More skilful!" interrupted the host. "He is the most deliver at that exercise I have ever set eyes on."

"Are you to tell the story, Harry Hurst, or am I?"

The host made a deprecating gesture. "Proceed, good Sir Roger," he said. "I am mute. But the lad is wondrous deliver and might have chosen a better profession than this Lollardy. Pardon, and proceed."

"Whether by good fortune or by skill, this Ralph struck the board to shivers, and rode lightly and safely on. Sir Richard would fain have had a wrestling bout, but Sir John, seeing the temper he was in, forbade it.

"At supper my wilful minx Clara smiled so openly on her young favourite that the bridegroom was beside himself with fury; but he tried to swallow his rage and swallowed much liquor, and laughed loudly, and bragged of his exploits, and, withal, made a brave show as one who knew how to be master when the time came. But to have seen her cool, provoking face, you would have said the knight had never undertaken a more perilous adventure."

"You should have been in the kitchen, Sir Roger," broke in the irrepressible host. "You should have seen the laughing, and tittering, and nudging, and chuckling. I warrant you they knew what was going forward."

"There is nothing sets the common people agog like a wedding," said Chowley haughtily. "But there was no such vulgar display of feeling among us, except on the part of Sir Richard Rainham, who therein showed his base extraction. Wine and anger seemed to have bereft the huge brute of his wits, and he did his diligence to make himself despicable and ridiculous. After supper the hall was cleared for the antics of jugglers and hired dancers. A tumbling wench, with large shapely limbs and a hideous face, so charmed the good knight's fancy that, to the deep disgust of the ladies, he leered at her, and held villainous language to her, calling her up to him to drink her health and give her largesse. Lady Cavendish alone looked on with patience, and she even smiled on his outrageous behaviour; whereupon, to please her more, he would even have a turn on the floor himself to show his agility, and on the floor it was, for there, after a few elephantine capers, he presently lay, sprawling with the utmost good humour.

"In this motley world, anger and strife often follow fast on the heels of mirth. While her bridegroom was thus playing the buffoon, Clara had disappeared. But Lady Cavendish, who had been narrowly observing her, had noted where she had withdrawn herself and with whom. She had marked looks of tender sympathy exchanged between Clara and

Ralph, and had seen them sidle off together into a window recess protected by a curtain. She gave the two lovers a little time, and then passed the word through the tittering throng, directed all eyes on the recess, and sent one of her maids to suddenly pull aside the curtain, and show the picture. A pretty picture it was, the two figures standing very close together against the light, his left arm grasping a chair behind her, while with his right hand he tenderly and respectfully guided her forefinger in tracing letters on the moistened pane. I conjecture that he had written something there which she professed herself unable to copy. So absorbed were they in their occupation that they were not aware of the tittering crowd of onlookers till the loud oaths of Sir Richard made them turn their astonished faces.

"Sir Richard was the only man of the company that did not laugh. To speak the truth of the young offenders, they bore themselves with easy and seemingly self-possession. Ralph's colour heightened a little, but he came forward from the recess with a deftly assumed look of surprise and inquiry as to the meaning of the laughter, as if it were the most natural thing in the world that he should be found giving the young *demoiselle* a lesson in primitive handwriting. What he would have said by way of explanation I cannot tell you, for before he could utter a word, the injured knight rushed on him shouting 'Miserable scrivener! I will write on the walls with your brains!' It was well that Sir Richard had laid aside his dagger before he took the floor.

"There was a great outcry and commotion. Sir John Cavendish cried 'Peace! Ho! For shame!' but his voice could hardly be heard above the hubbub. The ladies screamed, and several knights ran to drag Sir Richard away. Ralph at first made no attempt at retaliation, but merely laid hold of his assailant's arms to steady himself and keep his feet, and avoid being dashed against the wall or through the window. But when Sir Richard did not desist, but held on by his throat and twisted and dragged him about, the youth also lost his temper and put forth his strength.

"Sir Richard gave a fierce and scornful laugh when he found himself roughly seized and forced back, and leaving his hold of Ralph's throat shifted his right arm round and down to catch him in a furious hug. But Ralph was too alert, and before the knight could get another hold, his feet were swept from under him on the polished floor, and he was thrown flat on his back.

"Ralph was at once hurried off by Sir John Cavendish before Sir Richard recovered his footing. The enraged knight would have hustled after him, but the ladies threw themselves in his way and he dared not thrust them aside. Then he turned to his bride, and shook his great fist at her. She, who had stood all the time in the recess, with pale face and a soft, velvety gleam in her eyes, answered with a disdainful smile.

"'I will tame your proud spirit yet, minx!' he gasped.

"She returned his look without quailing, the light in her eyes becoming darker with resolute scorn. 'Marry me, if you dare,' she said in a quiet voice.

"The foolish man did dare: he married her, and carried her to his castle. But their wedded bliss was not of long duration. On the morning after the marriage, the bride rose long before prime and walked out to taste the morning air. When it was near midday and she had not returned, and her lord had never stirred from his chamber, they went in and found him lying in a heavy sleep, from which they had much ado in rousing him. The crafty wench had drugged his evening cup, and made her escape in the morning. Sir Richard broke the porter's ribs and flung him into the moat, but that did not recover the fugitive, who was traced at the last to the Priory at Dartford, where she had taken shelter, and from which, as far as I know, her husband has not yet succeeded in dragging her. If he ever should lay hands on her, he will tame her proud spirit I make no doubt."

"God grant he never do," said the host.

"Amen," said Simon d'Ypres, who had listened with courteous interest to the canon's long-winded tale. "And what became of Ralph Hardelet?"

The canon yawned. "I have heard little of him," he said, "till he reappeared here in the fool's dress of a Wycliffite."

"And you know not what led him to this?"

"The instigation of the fiend, I doubt not," answered the canon, yawning again. "Prithee pardon me, I am drowsy, which is a sign that nature will have a little rest before Vespers." And without more ceremony, he stretched himself at length upon the settle.

"Do you know, good master host," asked the merchant, turning to Harry Hurst, "the cause of his metamorphosis?"

The host looked puzzled for a moment, but only for a moment; then he laughed his professional, hearty laugh. "I cannot rightly

get my tongue round the word," he said, "but it was as bad as that, and as much worse as a learned man might be able to call it. He went into foreign parts for a year or two with young Harry of Derby, and raided on the infidel, and he ought to have stuck to the wars, for a stronger hand or a more deliver at the quintain and all feats of arms saw I never. But whether it was that the open pillage and manslaughter of peaceful folk went against his stomach, for you will allow that there is a deal of that in wars—some folks say little else—and I hope the French will never come here to give us a taste of it. Hardy knights like Sir Richard Rainham think little of it, and the Church approves it; but though I am not a Lollar myself it may be that it goes against the stomach and conscience of——" The good-natured host stopped and scratched his head.

"Such as are of tender conscience," suggested the merchant.

But the host as he paused had looked out of the end window and saw something that distracted his attention. "Speak of the fiend," he cried, "and you will soon see some of his imps! Here comes Tom Harpin, Sir Richard's falconer, with a cast of right Norwegians, I warrant, and Master Docket is talking to him."

"Of Ralph HardeLOT?" pursued the merchant, as the host prepared to bustle out, while a snore from the canon intimated that he was either asleep or did not wish to be disturbed.

"I cannot rightly tell," cried the host. "But as soon as he came of age he came back to England, and so wandered to Oxford and the sorcery of Master Wycliffe."

With this the host ran out to welcome the coming guest.

CHAPTER VII.

RALPH HARDELOT AND SIMON D'YPRES JOURNEY TOGETHER TOWARDS STOURBRIDGE FAIR, AND DISCOURSE OF GRAVE AFFAIRS—THEIR CONVERSATION IS INTERRUPTED BY THE APPEARANCE OF ARMED MEN.

Reginald HardeLOT found his brother in the place to which the host had directed him, St. Gregory's Churchyard, talking with the gaunt and dishevelled old hermit who had built himself a rough shelter among the graves. They parted with anger on the one

side, and deep sorrow and agitation but no change of purpose on the other.

Later in the day, when the sun had gone down, and the mists were rising from the valley of the Stour, and the still water gleamed softly in the dim light, as Ralph was walking in the Friars' meadow with the soothing charm of the scene and hour upon him, he was accosted by Simon d'Ypres. The merchant spoke to him as a travelling stranger; and looking round on the quiet meadow with the Priory on one side, encircled by its high garden wall, its roofs overhung and half-hidden by shadowy masses of foliage, hardly distinguishable in the twilight, he remarked on the repose of the life of the cloister, and thus led the young man on to contrast with it the life of action, and to speak out his own burning thoughts, disclosing, with the fearless frankness of an enthusiast, his immediate aims and plans. When it appeared that one of those plans was to visit the great fair of Stourbridge, where men would be gathered together from all parts, the merchant proposed that Ralph should ride with his party to Cambridge on the following day.

Next morning, accordingly, Ralph HardeLOT joined the merchants' party as they rode out of Sudbury. He was waiting for them on the wayside beyond the bridge, no longer in the russet garb of the poor priest, but in the dress of a sober clerk of Oxford. This fitted more closely than the loose, sack-like cloak in which he had arrayed himself on the previous day, and showed his athletic figure to more advantage. He had been so well set up by martial exercises that his student's life for the last year or two had not impaired the squareness of his shoulders or the firm arch of his broad chest. He sat lightly on his shaggy pony as it cropped the grass, and hummed a tune in a gentle undertone as he listened to the chat of a peasant in a neighbouring orchard, who talked with him over the hedge. It was a warm September day, with a fine drying wind, an ideal husbandman's day for the threshing out and winnowing of corn. The blithesome beat of flails, and the hum and laughter of busy workmen, came from a threshing floor a few fields off; and near at hand a ploughman, with loose rein flowing in the wind, was shouting with joyful vigour to his horses.

It was a day and a scene to inspire a young prophet, however deep his sense of evils to be overcome, with a certain delight in active existence, in movement for movement's sake; and Ralph cantered up to meet the company of merchants as soon as they

came in sight. Simon and his trusty lieutenant Lawrence rode first, in high peaked hats of soft felt, and gowns and mantles of good broadcloth, all of a brownish hue; Simon's fur trimmings and the ornaments on the pouch at his girdle, marking him out as the superior in rank. Behind them rumbled the cumbrous four-horsed waggon, piled high with bales bearing the name of the owner and the mark of the custom-house. The waggoner seated aloft cracked his long whip, and his two assistants, who had dismounted to lead the horses across the bridge, were clambering up behind, to journey at their ease on the top of the cargo. In the rear rode two young men in long hose and doublets, and round loaf-shaped hats, their cloaks strapped before them on their horses. They laughed and talked together in the manner of jolly apprentices out for a holiday.

A more peaceful scene could not have been conceived. It was a vision of happy and prosperous industry—nature smiling on the labours of man and backing up his efforts with genial aid—Production and Exchange vocal in the beat of the flail and the rumble of the waggon, all sounding musical in the soft, warm air. And yet that mysterious, impalpable atmosphere, the common thought of man, was charged with dangerous electricity. A mighty storm was gathering that would shake every timber in the framework of society. The agents of revolution were abroad.

Among these agents must be reckoned the disciples of Wycliffe, of whom Ralph Hardelet was one of the most ardent and enterprising. Not that Wycliffe was a revolutionary in the sense that he counselled the poor to rise in armed rebellion against the rich. He had no quarrel with the feudal system except that lords and knights did not live up to the strict conception of their duty in the commonwealth, which was to prevent wrong-doing and protect labouring men in the exercise of their industry, guarding them against fraud and robbery, against the subtleties of knaves and the oppression of strong-handed enemies, foreign and domestic. His aims were not directly political. It was a religious reformation that he laboured after, with an ultimate view to the banishment of dissension and disorder and corruption from the realm, and the establishment of a reign of universal peace and charity, contented labour of each in his appointed station, and brotherly love among all. As a means to this great end he desired first of all the purification of the Church and the religious orders by a return to the simplicity of apostolic doctrine, and

the purity and poverty of apostolic life as set forth in the New Testament.

Such was Wycliffe's scheme for the purification of the Church, and, though it seemed to affect the Church alone, it is not difficult to see how it brought him at once into contact and conflict with the political system. It is possible that it was the political problem of the relation of the kingdom to the papacy, on which he was consulted as a learned doctor, that started Wycliffe on his career as a reformer. But be this as it may, his theories, when fully developed and pushed ardently into practice, had much more wide-reaching political consequences. All the servants of Christ, he held, all ministers of religion, all teachers and exemplars of the teaching of Holy Writ, should subsist on voluntary alms: worldly possessions stifled and choked their spiritual usefulness. Now in his time a fourth, or even a third, of all the land of England was held by the Church and religious orders. What was to be done with it if its present holders were dispossessed? Wycliffe proved by elaborate argument that secular authority not only might lawfully take possession of all this wealth, but was bound in duty so to do, men of religion holding it contrary to the rule of Christ. But for whose use should it be appropriated? On this point also Wycliffe's teaching was clear and emphatic. All the worldly wealth of the Church and the Orders, beyond what sufficed for a simple maintenance, belonged of right to the poor; the men of religion were but the proctors of the poor in their tenure of it, and were acting as fraudulent trustees when they spent it on sumptuous buildings, rich fare, large retinues, or coarse sensuality, while the poor wandered houseless, ate and slept with the swine, tottered about with naked sides and shaking lips and hands. He specified two uses to which the wealth of "worldly clerks and feigned religious" might be turned. Partly it should be given to secular lords, who should in return give to the poor protection and equitable government. And partly it should be seized to meet the expenses of just and necessary wars. Wycliffe did not hesitate to urge that for this national purpose shrines should be stripped, and the waste treasure hung on stocks and stones used for the defence of the realm.

It was this last doctrine that brought Wycliffe and the poor priests, whom he sent forth as models of a true Christian priesthood, into vital contact with the practical politics of a time when all classes of the laity were groaning under the burden of unprecedentedly heavy taxation. Especially the poorest, who

had hitherto escaped direct taxation, were likely to receive this new gospel with gladness. Wycliffe's heresies on excommunication and transubstantiation and other points of Church doctrine might interest theologians only; here was a doctrine that the poorest understanding could grasp—a basis from which his disciples could act with powerful effect on the masses of the people.

It must not be supposed that all the agitators of the time, whose teaching corresponded more or less with Wycliffe's, were direct disciples of his. The heresy was in the air; what he chiefly did was to furnish it with a reasoned foundation in Scripture and the dicta of the fathers and doctors of the Church.

To return to our tale. Ralph Hardehot, as we have said, joined the merchants' party as they rode out of Sudbury, waiting for them and cantering up to meet them.

The merchant looked narrowly at his eager features, as if to divine what strength and temper lay behind. It was a head and face such as the sculptors give to Brutus; the eyes large, full, and well separated, with proportionate breadth of forehead and cheek-bone; the chin well set forward, but small for the upper part of the face; the mouth of medium size, arched, rounded at the corners; the jaws full behind, tapering quickly to the chin. Keen sensibility was visible in the lambent dark eyes and flexible mouth, while the upward cast of the features and the firm poise of the head betokened ardour and strength.

"You have left off your priest's dress," said the merchant with a smile, as an excuse for the closeness of his inspection, "unless I was deceived by the twilight last night."

"Oh," replied Ralph, "we poor priests set little store by the fashion of our clothing. I put on our russet habit only because without it I could not so readily get an audience. The people are not used to preaching from any one in an ordinary layman's dress. I shall put it on again when I have need of it."

As they rode along, the merchant, who was apparently inclined to be disputatious as well as inquisitive, resumed one of the topics they had been discussing in the Friars' meadow.

"You spoke last night," he began, "in strong contempt and reprehension of the purely contemplative life, and quoted the opinion that the man who withdraws from the world and gives himself entirely to prayer and devout meditation is guilty of the loss of as many souls as he might have saved if he

had remained in the world and taught erring men the truth."

"I am of that opinion," said Ralph.

"You know Master Roger Chowley of the Archbishop's College?"

"I know him well," said Ralph. "But he was not in my mind as a pattern of the life contemplative."

"It is not of that I would speak," said the merchant. "I grant him swinish, a foul traitor to his profession, like many more who live by feigned religion. But I had talk with him yesterday, and he tells me that your preaching had the effect of making the good women of Sudbury attack and cruelly maltreat the tax-farmer."

"My preaching!" cried Ralph, taken aback at this accusation.

"Did you not, as he says, teach them that the poor commons should not be oppressed with taxes for foreign wars while so much wealth, that should be used for the relief of the poor, is wasted by worldly clerks on their own carnal pleasures?"

"Yes," cried Ralph, "but I counselled no outrage. On the contrary, I besought the people to have patience, and told them that conscience and justice were at last awake and active in high places, and with God's help would soon bring them amendment of their wrongs. I counselled them to endurance and hope."

The merchant smiled and shook his head. "And they remembered a part of your preaching and forgot the other part. But tell me, if these poor people should be punished for their violence, would the guilt of that punishment not lie on you?"

"In that case," said Ralph sadly, "I should have much to answer for. But this painful thought moves me all the more to work for the amendment of their wrongs."

"How?" asked the merchant abruptly.

"The great and powerful," answered Ralph, "do not know how the poor live, nor what they suffer. I live among them and learn, and when my knowledge is complete, I trust that God will give me strength to stir the heart and conscience of power."

"Words alone will not do it," said the merchant gravely. "Your Master Wycliffe says also," he resumed after a pause, "that tithes should not be paid to clerks of irreligious and unprofitable life, that it is lawful to withhold tithes from such men. But what poor man in these ravening times can keep lands or goods or life, if he stand by himself? I heard, when last I was in England, of a case in Lincolnshire, where a poor man whom one of your master's priests had persuaded to

resist the extortion of an unworthy clerk, was seized and thrown, heavily fettered and manacled, into a strong prison underground, where his feet and hands were gnawed by rats."

"I know," said Ralph with a pained expression. "Dominus Wycliffe wept tears of pity and righteous anger when he heard of it, and since then has warned us never to stir men to such resistance till they can find a protector. He has strong hopes of moving the great lords to take the matter in hand."

"Therein," cried Simon with more energy than he had yet shown, "he is in error. Put not your trust in princes. They but play with the simple doctor. They but use him to serve their own ends. Let him assail the temporal dominion of the Pope, as he hath done in his excellent tract *De Dominio*, let him denounce the employment of prelates in secular affairs, and they tar him on to the battle. But for restoring the true order of Christ and His apostles, by the bowels of Judas, they have no more thought of that than this dumb beast that bears me! Nay, nay; the poor commons must help themselves. I see there is no help to be hoped for from this crazy, silly dupe of a subtle doctor."

Ralph stood aghast at this impeachment of his master. "Dominus Wycliffe," he said, after a pause, in which he tried to subdue his anger, "puts no trust in subtle disputation in this matter. It is not by his own words that he hopes to bring the great lords to the side of truth and pure religion. He knows full well that if a greater Lord than they does not touch their hearts, his reasoning is in vain."

"Yes," returned Simon, in the same bitter tone, "but Christ sometimes chooses humbler instruments than great clerks of Oxford, great masters of logic and rhetoric."

Their road now lay over a wild heath, which had once been roughly cleared on both sides as the law directed to the extent of twenty paces, to destroy the cover for lurking robbers. Roads were not so safe then, we need hardly remind the reader, as they are now; any thick copse or cluster of hawthorn bushes might conceal a band of lawless desperadoes, and at this time of the year many such bands lay in wait for travellers to Stourbridge Fair.

The prudent merchant looked so earnestly ahead that Ralph imagined him to be on the watch for signs of such unpleasant neighbours. Looking ahead himself, he saw nothing but a ragged beggar hobbling along towards them in the distance.

"Do you see that beggar?" cried the merchant. "What would you say if I were to tell you that he is one of the instruments that will do more for the reformation of England than all the poor priests of your master Wycliffe? Such men as he are my poor priests."

Ralph stared at him in mute astonishment.

"Listen to what I say to him," said the merchant, giving a signal to the waggoners to stop.

Ralph listened, but what he heard considerably increased his bewilderment.

The following was the conversation that passed, after the merchant had tossed a small coin to the beggar in response to his salutation.

Simon. "Are you ready for the pageant?"

Beggar. "Why do you ask, master?"

Simon. "Because I mean to be there. Do you find many willing to play?"

Beggar. "Have no fear. The pageant will proceed."

Simon. "God be with you. Here, return me that coin and I will give you a better. John Trueman and his fellows will all be there."

The beggar went on his way. "You heard what passed?" said the merchant to Ralph.

"Yes," answered Ralph coldly, "but I do not understand. What is this pageant?"

"Our pageant," said the merchant, "is the deliverance of Israel from Egypt. It will be played by the Hammermen. Will you take part in it?"

Ralph supposed him to refer to one of those rude dramatisations of Scripture known as mysteries, which all over England at that time were performed on holidays by various guilds of craftsmen. Ralph was astonished at his companion's question, and bewildered by his mysterious manner. He answered coldly:—

"I have no taste for such profane mummeries."

They rode on for some distance in constrained silence, each busy with his own thoughts. The elder traveller had the air of a man who weighed some important matter in his mind, and found it hard to come to a conclusion. Every now and then a shade of vexation crossed his face, and he twitched his reins impatiently.

Soon after they joined the Roman road at Wixoe, there appeared a castle some half a mile to the right, situated on a mound in the middle of a marsh. The merchant observed his companion start when it came in sight; and remembering the tale of the previous evening, at once drew his own conclusions.

"That is Sir Richard Rainham's castle of Sturmere, is it not?" he asked.

"You seem to know the country well," Ralph answered.

"I have heard of this knight," returned the merchant. "What hope has your master Wycliffe of bringing such as he to a sense of their duty? How can he be persuaded to protect where he has been used to plunder? As soon might you hope to tame an old wolf or a tiger."

"He must be controlled by the stronger."

"But who at court dares control him in these distracted times? There is but one power that can control him, and such as he. Our pageant is designed to make that power manifest."

"You speak in riddles," said Ralph coldly.

"Then I will speak more plainly. The power I mean is the power of the poor commons. Singly they are nothing; united they would be irresistible. I and my friends aim at uniting them. The hour is at hand when they will appear in union. That is the pageant to which you are bidden. You may not come, but I know you will not betray me."

"I know nothing to betray. But if your pageant is a repetition of the bloody rebellion of the Jacquerie, let me implore you to pause. What can an unarmed rabble do against trained and mail-clad men-at-arms?"

"What can your preaching do against the stupendous power of the Church? You preach singly; we propose to act in union."

"In civil war!" cried Ralph. "You cannot be so desperate!"

"There need be no war. The poor commons will only demand their rights; they will ask only to be relieved from unjust extortion, high-handed robbery, cruel and wanton imprisonment, stripes, maiming, murder. They will not want leaders among the good nobles: it is only the worthless and godless that are their enemies; from them there is but one deliverance possible—*Deleantur ex libro viventium*. Expunge them from the book of the living."

Deleantur ex libro viventium. Just as the merchant pronounced these words his henchman Lawrence galloped up from behind the waggon, his right arm pointing ahead. They had toiled up from the valley, and were now on the high ground opposite Carford Green. The spire of Haverhill Church was visible ahead of them in the distance. They proposed to rest and eat at Haverhill, and the merchant at first supposed that Lawrence's gestures were meant as a humorous expression of delight at the nearness of the end of that stage of their journey.

"Yes, I know," he said. "We can see Haverhill from here. Two miles more and we are at rest in our inn!"

Lawrence waved his arm impatiently. "See! Look! There!" he cried. "Behind that hedge!"

He pointed to a hedge at right angles to the road some little distance in front.

The travellers looked, and saw some glittering spear-points and helmets bobbing above the hedge, evidently surmounting a troop of horsemen riding towards the road.

(To be continued.)





TAKING IN THE NETS AFTER DRYING.
From a Drawing by W. MACLAREN.

CAPRI.

As all the world knows, this enchanting isle, the *Capræ* of the ancients, famed for grand scenery and beautiful women, lies exactly opposite Naples, across twenty miles of sea. And you cannot be at Naples and forget it. That precipitous double rock fills your thoughts as it charms your eyes, and draws you to it by a thousand threads. It is fascinating from every point of view. Whether flushed with jewelled sunset tints, veiled by opalescent haze, subdued to the faintest shadow on the waters, or looming stern and dark against a stormy sky, it has always a special beauty and significance. It is a storied rock; and memories of the tyrant of imperial Rome are strangely mixed with sunny modern associations of poetry and art. For Capri has long been a paradise of painters; artists have introduced its nature and inhabitants to every gallery in Europe, while writers of all countries have descanted on its charms. Its mere outline has inspired a host of epithets. Strabo likened it to a wild boar, and derived its name from the Greek word for that animal; Jean Paul has compared it with a sphinx; Gregorovius with an ancient sarcophagus; others with a lion couchant. And although tradition has dedicated to the sirens a group of rocks nearer the Sorrento shore, there is reason to suppose that Capri was the real siren isle of the *Odyssey*. The pebbly cove of the Piccola Marina, near the wild Faraglioni rocks, is still locally known as "La Sirena."

The island's Latin name, *Capræ*, is probably a corruption of its Greek appellation, while the term *Anacapri*, bestowed on its

upper half, has an undoubted claim to Hellenic descent. In the physical aspect of Capri there is the same sharp contrast between the ferocious and the beautiful that we note in its history. Savage, sea-washed crags wall in a garden land of softest beauty, and although so small an island—its circumference barely nine miles, its length four, its width one and a half—most varied scenery is comprised on its twenty square miles of soil.

Many years have passed since the present writer first set foot in Capri, but—like a first impression of Venice—that visit dwells fresh and vivid in the memory apart from all subsequent experience. There was no steam communication with Naples then. We crossed in a crowded market-boat, rejoiced by brilliant sunshine and a brisk following wind. We were young, the world was young, and we were bound for Capri. Nearer and nearer to the grand rock; there was the port at last, and we scrambled to shore on benches through the surf, amid a vociferous, parti-coloured throng. Our enchanted isle was decidedly noisy, but none the less delightful for that. We were welcomed by red-capped, brown-legged fishermen, handsome of face and dramatic of gesture, by still more dramatic well-fed beggar boys, by smiling, picturesque girls. Soon we were on donkey-back climbing the steep slope to the town, our luggage poised on the heads of the chattering Grecian goddesses at our heels. We looked on all we had heard described: the feast of warm light and colour, quaint, flat-roofed houses, cactus and olive, oranges and vines, the

sparkling gulf, wild, tumbled rocks—all was here. Yet, of course, all was utterly different from the imagined scene.

Many changes have come to Capri since then. The rough mule track from the haven is replaced by a good carriage road, and its easy zigzags now mount the cliff of Anacapri. The wonderful stairway has gone, with its five hundred rock-steps that seemed as many thousands to tired feet. And now that steamers puff to and fro with shoals of cheap trippers, the island and its sights are well nigh as hackneyed as Chamounix and Mont Blanc. Nothing, however, can vulgarise Capri. There is still the complex witchery of its scenery and people, its rich vegetation,

of water-worn caves about twenty feet above the actual sea-line, while numerous ruins partially submerged show that in the days of imperial Rome the island stood higher than at present. Then, too, the Piccola Marina was the only landing-place—the Grande Marina being probably the top of a cliff—and the galleys of Tiberius were sheltered in an artificial harbour, under Capo Tragara, where, in the cave called the *Grotta dell' Arsenal*, interesting remains of Roman work have been found. So, in coasting round the island, you are chiefly impressed by its grand inaccessibility, but once ashore you find a smiling land of infinite variety and charm. The pretty little town stands on a ridge about



WAITING FOR THE MARKET BOAT.
From a Drawing by W. MACLAREN.

semi-eastern buildings, dark old-world associations and sunny modern life.

The island is a natural fortress, for, save at the Grande and Piccola Marina on the northern and southern sides, its precipices fall sheer into the sea, jutting out here and there into lofty headlands, and further guarded by fantastic outworks of crag and reef, sharp pinnacles and jagged fangs, only to be approached in the calmest weather. Everywhere the waves have scooped out deep caverns and archways, and gnawed the limestone into the strangest forms. Geologists tell us that Capri has not always stood at the same level, but alternately risen and sunk since its first upheaval. There is a row

five hundred feet above the sea, and with its white buildings, low-domed or flat-roofed and mosque-like church, has a distinctly oriental character. Feathery palms nod above dense green orange groves, and little houses are bowered in vines and oleanders. A fertile valley dips southwards from the town, while to the east broken ground rises to the bold heights once crowned by the fortified palace of Tiberius, the Villa Jovis, and the great lighthouse that flashed his signals and guided his fleets. And nearly everywhere you are gladdened by sight of the sea, the wonderful jewelled sea of lapis lazuli, sapphire and turquoise. Not only from breezy uplands fragrant with myrtle, rosemary, and thyme,



WOMEN (FISHERMEN'S WIVES) AT ST. LUCIA, NAPLES LOOKING TOWARDS CAPRI.
From a Drawing by W. MACLAREN.

but among the olives, in copses of ash and laurel and arbutus, between the spikes of cactus-hedged lanes, or in deep ravines festooned with trailing greenery, you have sudden peeps of the glittering floor. And amid the varied fascinations of rock and ruin, orchard and woodland, of colour, atmosphere, and form, you forget the points of the compass, and when expecting to see the lonely main towards Africa, find yourself facing the headlands of Massa and Sorrento, and looking away past the Amalfi crests to the faint coast line by Pæstum, and in full view of the western isles, Ischia, Ponza, etc., where you thought to see the white curves of the gulf, smoke-plumed Vesuvius and the clustered summits behind.

Before long you are perfectly intoxicated by the multitude of interests in Capri. Artists and archæologists, geologists and historians, poets and ethnologists, Alpine climbers and boating men, may all find occupation here. Idlers even forget their ennui, for a time, in the simple novelty of Capri life; and invalids gain strength in its balmy air and stillness. It is a true siren island, and its Greek-faced daughters still

retain some of the gifts of their fabled ancestry. But before saying much of its inhabitants, it is necessary to give an outline of its history, following humbly in the track of J. R. Green, Gregorovius, and other skilled authorities.

No one knows when and by whom Capri was first inhabited. Traces of cave dwellers have been discovered, and the knives and arrowheads of a stone not indigenous to the island point to its early settlement by some tribe from the mainland. According to Virgil and Tacitus, it was first occupied by the Teleboæ, and tradition assigns to the Phœnicians the foundation of the two cities of Capri and Anacapri, also deriving its name from the Phœnician word *Capraim* (two towns). What is certain is that it was a naval station of the Etruscans, that after their crushing defeat at Cumæ it fell into the power of their Hellenic conquerors, and became part of the territory of the "new city," Neapolis, across the gulf. On the north-west side of the town of Capri there are still fragments of a cyclopean wall, built after the same fashion as the Acropolis of Cumæ. Telone, the

first Greek governor of the island, flourished in the eighth century, B.C. The Greek domination passed away and was followed by that of Rome. Succeeding ages brought new masters and new blood to the island, yet Hellas still reigns in Capri. As in other Greek colonies, in Sicily and the mainland, both in face and form, temperament and speech, its natives still bear the stamp of their far remote ancestry.

Under the Romans Capri merely served as a lighthouse station to guide the corn ships from Sicily through the Sorrento Straits, and did not emerge from obscurity until the closing years of the reign of Augustus. The aged emperor came to the island by chance; a withered ilex—so runs the tale—put forth new leaves as he stepped ashore. Rejoiced by this good omen, and charmed by the scenery, climate, and people, he fell in love with Capri, and hastened to make it his private property, giving Ischia to the Neapolitans in exchange. The island was now his summer resort, and he immediately began the erection of a sumptuous abode on the site afterwards chosen for the Villa Jovis of his successor. Here he found rest from the cares of state, went about among the simple, kindly inhabitants, admired their proficiency in Grecian sports, and amused himself with making collections of fossil remains. It is said that Tiberius accompanied him on one of these holiday visits, but the new emperor only returned to the island when, after twelve years of storm and strife, he needed a safe retreat where he might plan his crimes and vent his lusts without fear of the assassin's knife.

Then for eleven years, from A.D. 26 until he went to his death at Misenum in A.D. 37, he made this lonely rock the seat of the Roman Empire, the centre of the world's power. Scornfully rejecting the usual machinery of government, the emperor reduced his official suite to one senator, a few knights and several Greek pedants, while keeping a host of slaves and concubines to minister to his wants. Thus Tiberius asserted his personal rule, and boldly showed Rome and the world that he was the State, his coadjutors mere puppets danced by the strings in his grasp. The legend of the tyrant's life in Capri may be studied in Suetonius, with all its revolting details, and still lives in the memory of the natives. The eastern heights are known as Monte Tiberio—in dialect *Timberio*—and refractory babes are still quelled into silence by his name. In his time the sea-level was much lower than at present. The story of the rocks tells us that the Grande Marina did not exist, and that the only convenient

access to the island was by the beach of the Piccola Marina. The emperor was forced to construct a port for his galleys, and exulted in his well-guarded solitude. We all know how barbarously he treated the obsequious fisherman, who, landing at a difficult point, dared to seek his presence with an offering of gurnet.

However much we may detest Tiberius the man, it is impossible not to admire the vast energy of the ruler, who, while busied with endless schemes and intricate feats of diplomacy, found time to convert the rocks and thickets of Capri into a paradise of pleasure and luxury. Besides his twelve villas, dedicated to the gods of Olympus, crowning the myrtle-grown hills, innumerable buildings rose from the earth at his bidding. The island swarms with Roman ruins: remains of docks and quays, temples and shrines, barracks, baths, cisterns and aqueducts, are everywhere to be traced on the small patch of soil constituting its lower half. Even now, after ages of destruction, after the vigorous researches of Hadrowa in the last century, and of many later excavators, costly marbles and mosaics, statues, pottery, and coins are still to be found in vineyard and olive orchard. Many art treasures of the Naples Museum were disinterred in Capri; the numerous caves and grottoes contain traces of Roman handiwork, and a ruined temple to the sun-god Mithras still exists in the romantic depths of Val Metromania. The planning of all these undertakings might have filled the life of an ordinary man, yet all were accomplished during the last decade of the tyrant's reign. His chosen abode, the Villa Jovis, must have been a fortress-like structure of colossal size. Its fragments stand on a promontory more than 1,300 feet high, with sheer precipices on three sides commanding glorious views of sea and coast. On the south side terraced gardens draped the steep slopes to the plateau beneath. The *Salto di Timberio* at the edge of the cliff is said to be the spot where victims of the imperial wrath were hurled to the fishes, and the recent discovery of human bones imbedded in the stones below serves to support the theory. A complicated system of signals from watch-towers and lighthouses facilitated the emperor's communications with the mainland, and enabled him "to hold," as he said, "the Roman wolf by the ears."

With the death of Tiberius Capri lost all importance. Caligula is reported to have gone there only once, and Commodus used it as a place of exile for Crispina and Lucilla. On the fall of the Western Empire it became

part of the Sorrento territory, subject to a Greek Duke of Naples. In the ninth century it was given to Amalfi by the Emperor Ludovic, and was frequently ravaged by the Saracen pirates established near Pæstum. In the twelfth century it fell into the hands of King Roger of Sicily; and then passed with Naples beneath the sway of the Hohenstauffen, Anjou, and Aragon dynasties.

In modern times the English occupation of Capri on behalf of King Ferdinand, and its brilliant recapture by the French when Murat had succeeded Joseph Buonaparte on the Neapolitan throne, form the only noteworthy pages of its history.

The English were in Capri from 1805 to 1808, and having fortified it strongly, deemed it impregnable. In fact, two Neapolitan attacking expeditions were easily repulsed. But Murat adopted a wiler plan. Investing the island on three sides, part of his force under General Lamarque crept round the cliffs of Anacapri while Hudson Lowe was preparing to repulse the feigned attacks on the Grande and Piccola Marina. The ruse succeeded. A young Neapolitan officer of engineers led the way to a point where boats could touch in smooth weather, the French effected a landing, and by means of scaling ladders mounted the plateau of Anacapri. But the alarm was speedily given, and before five hundred men were on shore the rising waves compelled the boats to put off. Then came a sharp struggle with a superior force, and but for the contradictory orders of the bewildered English commandant, the little band must have been swept into the sea. However, during the night they gained possession of the stockade at the head of the rock stairs, and the English, deceived as to the number of their assailants, withdrew into the Anacapri fort and capitulated the next morning.

Meanwhile the rest of Murat's force laid vigorous siege to the town and castle of Capri, where Lowe was shut up with seven hundred men waiting for help from Sicily. A few English cruisers blockaded the island and kept up a continuous fire on the French. Nevertheless, Lowe surrendered after a fortnight's resistance, on the 18th of October, 1808, and had the mortification of seeing the expected reinforcements arrive just after the treaty was signed. Colletta, the historian of Naples, gives a detailed account of the taking of Capri, but modestly withholds the fact that he was the officer of engineers who showed the way up the almost inaccessible crags. A local poet, one Maestro Francesco of Anacapri, has sung the episode in limping

verse, but his production is still in manuscript, and the reader's curiosity is soon satisfied.

Among the sights of Capri precedence must, of course, be given to the Blue Grotto. This is on the northern side of the island to the west of the Marina, and as every one knows can only be entered through one small hole at the base of the cliff. As a matter of fact, the opening is three feet and a half high by three in width, therefore quite practicable for the tiny boat into which you are transhipped; but the knowledge that the least puff of wind, the least swell of the waves, may close your door, lends a pleasant excitement to your passage. Shooting through the arched darkness, you find yourself in a great vaulted cave, and gasp with wonder and delight. You have left the sunlit world for a realm of blue fire! Rocks, air, and water, are alike intensely, luminously blue. And the water is transparent as the air. A brown-skinned boatman dives into it and is at once a lovely form of blue and silver. No words can express the supernatural effect of the scene. Surely here the fire-flies must be born!

When calm enough to notice details you see that the cavern is about 150 feet long and over eighty wide, and that at the back there is a great archway, made by hands, leading to a dark roughly-paved passage choked by masses of rock. This passage is said to have communicated with a Roman palace on the cliff above, but all attempts to explore it have failed. In front of the arch is a chiselled ledge and some ruined steps going down beneath the water. As for the marvellous colour, the flickering flames of blue and silver, we have not to seek far for the cause. The sunlight reflected in the sea passes into the grotto through a large submerged opening, probably the entrance in the days of Tiberius, when the hole now serving for that purpose was merely a window. Then, of course, the grotto was an ordinary cave, or recess, open to the sun. A line of deep holes round the grotto about sixteen feet above the present water level shows that it must have been partly submerged during many centuries. And it seems to have been unknown in the Middle Ages. Later, there was a tradition of the existence of a witches' cave at this part of the coast, and fishermen shuddered as they passed the haunted rocks, where the boom of the waves was so strangely echoed. The grotto was first mentioned in the seventeenth century, by the Neapolitan writer Bartolomeo Capaccio, and seems to have been visited

by Parrino, the author of a description of the Bay of Naples in 1727. But it did not become generally known before 1826, when two Germans, the poet Kopisch and the painter Fries, swam through the mysterious opening, and recorded the marvels they had seen in the travellers' book of Pagano's hotel. Since then the Blue Grotto of Capri has been one of the wonders of the world, and writers from all countries have given their impressions of it. Hans Christian Andersen has made effective use of it in certain scenes of his *Improvisatore*, and Gregorovius has described it exquisitely in his *Wanderjahre*. A host of English pens, great and small,

of red fire as your oars disturb masses of small jelly-fish, sea-anemones and other elemental forms of life. This cave has a navigable passage, through which some fishermen once eluded the pursuit of Saracen corsairs, and gave the alarm of their approach. Then there is the stalactite cavern known as the White Grotto, the Grotta dell' Arsenale, full of Roman mosaics and masonry, and many others all round the coast, and high above the sea, that are more or less unexplored.

At first sight Capri seems to be a gentle, Amazonian isle. As most of the able-bodied men-folk gain their living on the sea, away



TARANTELLA.

From a Drawing by W. MACLAREN.

have treated the same theme. Mr. J. A. Symonds has dedicated to the grotto half a page of vivid prose with the fulness and concision of a sonnet, while an exhaustive and scientific account of it is to be found in the *Capri* of Colonel Mackowen, an American resident, whose spirited excavations have brought to light many treasures of the island and notably in the imperial ruins on the hillside above the grotto.

The caves of Capri are almost numberless. There is a lovely red grotto on the southern shore, and not far from it the famous green grotto under Monte Solaro, an enchanting scene where in the depths of emerald water, beneath emerald rocks, you see strange spots

at the coral fisheries on the Barbary coast, or cruising to Marseilles and South America, so, excepting the fishermen at the Marina, some broken down loungers on the little Piazza, and a sturdy, brown-legged, rising generation clamouring everywhere for alms, you see hardly any male Capriotes, and the whole business of life is apparently conducted by women. It is impossible to quarrel with the arrangement, for the women of Capri are exceptionally charming; bright-eyed, smiling, vivacious creatures, with classic heads and a statuesque grace and freedom of movement. Good creatures too, modest, laborious, and strong enough for the hardest toil, and altogether superior to the same class on the



GOATHERDS (NEAR THE CERTOZA CAPRI).

From a Drawing by W. MACLAREN.

mainland. No wonder that painters flock here in search of models! Whether driving donkeys, picking olives, herding goats, dressing vines, carrying piles of fish and loads of stone poised on their pretty heads, spinning, weaving, or hawking corals and shells, these women are always delightful subjects for the brush. The brilliant costumes once worn in the island have almost disappeared, but bright-hued skirts, orange kerchiefs, silver hair-pins, and showy ornaments are still to be seen, and at every turn one comes on some figure or group recalling the idylls of ancient Greece. Here, for instance, are Costanziella and Carmela tripping down the hill-side, with their goats. They are going to dance in the evening, and one of them is already thrumming the brisk measure on her upraised basket. The destruction of the stairs of Anacapri at the edge of the cliff has deprived the island of one of its best *mises en scènes*, but at least the women's toil

is lightened by the new road, and there are plenty of effective backgrounds left.

It is difficult, nowadays, to persuade girls to sit to artists, for although they enjoy the easy profitable work, the priests forbid it, and allow no regular models to figure as *Figlie della Madonna* in the feasts of the Church. For the same reason a genuine tarantella is no longer easy to arrange. The girls are forbidden to dance in public, and although catch-penny tarantellas are got up at the hotels, they are not quite the real thing. Sometimes, however, a friendly boatman or model, will invite you to a domestic festivity. Brother "Giusepp" has returned from the coral fisheries with money in his purse, or the pretty Nunziata is betrothed. Then, seated under the trellis by the little flat-roofed white house, high above the sea, you behold the tarantella to perfection. The performers are untiring, and as couple after couple tread the fantastic

whirling pantomime of love and courtship, pursuit, rebuff, encouragement, and capture, you comprehend the witchery of the ancient dance. An old mother thrums on the tambourine with wagging head and twitching feet as though she longed for a more active share in the sport. The stars come out, and the smoke plume of Vesuvius over there across the gulf is backed by silvery cloudlets. What if the company be a little noisy, the jokes a trifle broad? The Capri dialect with its strange gutturals and abbreviations, is not quickly understood, the music keeps up a running accompaniment; there are flowers all about, sweet scents in the air, and you see a tall palm among the oranges through yonder archway. Then your hosts are so hospitable and kind, so anxious to know the number and ages of your children! A young girl, still panting from the dance, with flushed cheeks and soft brown eyes, offers you a plate of Indian figs, green, pink, and red, daintily peeled and built up in a pyramid, while her married sister, a grave young Juno with an infant Bacchus at her breast sits down and talks of the family troubles—of a brother lost at sea, and of the poor distraught wife who daily went down to the shore with dry clothes for the shipwrecked one whom the waves must surely bring back to her!

Intercourse with these pleasant islanders brings to light many curious superstitions and scraps of folk-lore. Here is a string of them collected by an old resident. No Capriote will kill a snake *in his own garden*. It would bring ill-luck to the house. House lizards, too, are held sacred; no one may kill them. Though quite harmless, these hideous little reptiles, miniature dragons with wickedly staring, projecting eyes, are very uncanny room-companions.

Children born on St. Paul's Day are never bitten by snakes, and may handle them with impunity, but should they kill one the charm is broken. There are stories, too, of enraged snakes beating men black and blue with their tails.

L'Ombra della Casa, is a Capriote version of the Scotch Brownie. Every household is supposed to have a guardian spirit, now and then seen in the shape of a withered old woman. Sometimes when a family moves to a new house, the *Ombra* disapproves of the change, and all goes wrong until there is another flitting.

There are some pretty love-charms in Capri. To win a girl's heart the lover must steal a hair from her head and tie it to one of his own. So long as the knot holds firm

his love is returned. This resembles the charm used on the sacred hill of Monte Vergine, near Naples. There, betrothed pilgrims fasten broom twigs together with a strip of rag, and until the twigs part their love endures. Rags flutter on every bush along the path to the great sanctuary, and married couples often return there to examine their united twigs. Ill-matched pairs probably scorn to renew the pilgrimage. Love-sick maids and men mix a drop of their blood in a little wine, and persuade the object of their affections to drink it. This is an infallible love-philtre. A man may also win a girl's heart by pricking her name upon a fig-leaf, and letting the wind blow it away.

Among curious death-customs is the habit of keeping fast closed the windows of the mourning-house lest the "Bad Bird" should come and bear off the corpse. This is plainly a survival of the old belief in harpies.

Less than twenty years ago it was still the Capri custom, whenever there was a death, for the women to go up on the house-top tearing their faces and hair, uttering fearful shrieks and lamentations. When silenced by fatigue they remained standing with the palms of the hands pressed to the back of the head, and their elbows raised. This being the conventional attitude of grief, it was thought to be unlucky at other times. People would then say, "That is a bad sign! Lower your arms."

At a funeral the relations refuse to allow their dead to be carried away, disputing, and even coming to blows with the priests. In some instances the latter have brought them to trial for assault and battery.

It seems strange to find a belief in wehr-wolves in this southern island. When dogs bark loudly at night the Capriotes say that "the wolf is out." A friend of the present writer knew a man said to be a wehr-wolf. He suffered from a form of epilepsy, and during the attacks his finger-nails were curved, and the hairs on his body bristled like those of an angry cat. When in this state he would rush at persons and dogs, snapping and biting. Another man, similarly afflicted, forbade his wife to let him into the house when he returned late at night, without first looking at his hands through a hole in the wall. If the nails were bent she must not open to him, or he might tear her to pieces.

Folk-lore, as we all know, is the common property of many and widely distant lands. Everywhere, beneath the embroidery of local details, we find the same groundwork. So,

among the witch-tales of Capri, we discover a variant of a famous northern legend.

A sailor had drawn his boat ashore at the Grande Marina, and lay sleeping in it under the bows, when he was suddenly awakened by voices close by. Three veiled women stepped aboard and muttered some magic words. Instantly the boat glided into the water, and, without sails or oars sped swiftly over the sea. The man remained motionless, half paralysed with fear. At last the boat touched a sandy shore, the women leaped out, and made their way to the anchored

no, there lay the date-branch by his side! He had been to Barbary with the witches! So, proof in hand, he hurried to the Piazza and told his tale.¹

At Sorrento lives an old man known as the "wizard of the glittering eyes." He is often consulted by the Capriotes, and said to have performed some marvellous cures. A young girl was fading away, the doctors could do nothing for her. So the wizard was called from the mainland, and, after some mystic forms, told the mother that her child was bewitched, and that in order to



THE BRAZIERS.

From a Drawing by W. MACLAREN.

vessels of the coral-fishers, where their husbands lay asleep. The man, after watching their movements, landed in his turn, climbed a palm-tree in a grove by the beach, tore off a cluster of dates, and then once more hid in his boat. After some time the women returned, and again their incantation sent them flying through the waves. The weary sailor was presently overcome by sleep, and on re-awakening found himself again high and dry on the Capri Marina, and in broad daylight. He stared, rubbed his eyes, surely his adventure was all a dream! But

destroy the spell a certain fig-tree must be dug up by the roots and burnt. This was done, and the girl immediately recovered.

In another similar case he prescribed a still stranger remedy. The girl was to hold in her hands a heart torn from a dead body, and repeat the words: "May the ill in me pass out into thee." The patient and her family accordingly tried to get at a corpse awaiting burial in the dead-house of the cemetery, but were surprised by the watchers.

¹ The Venetians have the same legend, but their witches crossed to Alexandria.

A woman, whose husband was away coral fishing on the African coast, was worried by the visits of a big black cat, which repeatedly made its way into her house by night. At last, in a fit of exasperation, she pelted the animal with stones and broke one of its legs. When her husband returned to Capri he walked lame, and told his wife it was her fault. Why had she broken his leg when he came to see her in the shape of a cat?

Save to hasty tourists, content to do the sights between their steamers, the artist colony of Capri must always be one of its main attractions. Indeed, the influence of

popularity before the rise of the realistic school, worked for many seasons in his Capri home. The Capri subjects of Jean Benner and Edouard Sain are well known in the Paris Salon, and the second named artist owns a house and studio on the quiet heights of Anacapri.

The Nestor of the artist colony is Mr. J. Talmage White, who has been established on the island since 1861. He owns several studios at Valentino, the western end of the ridge on which the town of Capri is situated. One of these is occupied by his son, Mr. Albert Garibaldi White; another by the



OLIVE PICKING.

From a Drawing by W. MACLAREN.

the island on modern painting would be an interesting chapter in the history of art. We have only to look in at Pagano's hotel to find the pictured records of generations of painters from various parts of the world. There are many studios on the island, and England and France are specially well represented. Sir Frederic Leighton is an old *habitué*, frequently returning to sketch; and some of his most delightful heads and landscape studies are of Capri birth. Mrs. Anderson is an old resident, and Mr. Walter Maclaren has also had a studio there for many years. The French painter, Hamon, whose dreamy poetic works had an European

well-known American painter, Mr. C. C. Coleman, who has decorated it with exquisite taste. Mr. White's studio is a place of pleasant memories as the rendezvous of the art world of Capri, and its fascinations are increased by a fine collection of majolica and antiquities, Damascus tiles, Japanese stuffs, curios, and weapons. It is a most picturesque interior; its great north window commands a glorious view over the bay and Vesuvius, with Mrs. Anderson's cypresses and garden trees in the foreground, while the eastern window frames a glowing vignette of sea and shore towards Salerno and the distant point of Licosa. Mr. White always has

several oil pictures in different stages of progress, and portfolios of water-colour drawings and studies stand temptingly open. Not a little might be said regarding these works did not relationship to their owner seal my lips. But I may say that I am indebted to Mr. White's intimate knowledge of the island for many details of its manners and customs. His long residence, too, has brought him some droll experiences, for Capri would seem to be a favourite resort of eccentrics.

What can we think of the earnest amateur who prowled through the studios turning all the pictures upside down and buying a few that pleased him in that position? We all know the tale of the Englishman Thorold, who, straying to the island for a single day, remained in it forty years, but the German who was driven from the Quisisana hotel by the coarse table manners of the British, and their habit of putting their knives in their mouths, is a less familiar character. This same German, during one of his first strolls in Capri, saw a beautiful girl in the old costume of the island bending over the edge of a frightful precipice. Hurriedly advancing, the kind man, in his best German-Italian, besought her to leave the dangerous spot. But the girl would not stir, only sadly shook her head.

"Lofely maid!" cried the German, "why do you despair? Are there no men more in the world, that you, so charming, so handsome, should weary of life? For, yes! I know your purpose, you seek to die!" Trembling with emotion the girl turned her head aside. "Come," urged the German, "don't, pray don't do it!"

At this the girl turned her streaming eyes full upon him, and starting up suddenly, answered, "The signore is right, I will not do it."

The German went away rejoicing; he had saved the poor creature's life. But the next day chancing to pass the spot, he was thunderstruck by again finding the same girl in the same attitude. He was about to seize her arm, when a loud voice behind him said,

"Please, sir, keep on one side! I can't see my model!"

There was an artist at his easel behind a big rock. The German walked on.

At all seasons of the year Capri is a pleasant resort. Even in July and August

fresh breezes temper the midday heat, and in winter the climate is delightfully equal. Delicate folk may enjoy a southern aspect, sheltered from every breath of north wind, among the olives of Quisisana, though the island has few conveniences or resources for those who are seriously ill, and the dust wind from Africa is often very trying in early winter. Spring, as everywhere in the south, is a brief season of delight. One day the fruit trees are still bare, cold blasts blow across from the snow-capped peaks of the mainland, the next you behold sea and rocks through a pink haze of almond and peach blossom, and hosts of wild flowers open their eyes to the warmth. It is as sudden a transformation as the Primavera of Botticelli. The sun blazes with tremendous strength, the air is thin and pure, and all the effects are marvellously delicate.

But for long walks and scrambles—and who can be in Capri without longing to scramble?—late autumn is the best time. It is then that you mount the summit of Monte Solaro, and look beyond jewelled islands and jewelled sea, right away to the Roman mountains, then that you scale rocks and win your way by narrow ledges round the crags of Tragara, clinging with hand and foot to the rough limestone, and scarcely daring to give a glance to the blue depths of water a thousand feet below. It is then you find energy to explore the caves and grottoes, the Roman and mediæval remains, castle and monastery. And the spell of the island grows daily stronger; you cannot bid it good-bye. On our first visit it needed an eruption of Vesuvius to tear us away. It was a most dramatic finale to the Capri idyll. A rain of ashes fell on the island and lay many inches thick on the window-sills. We were choked and blinded by the fine impalpable dust, the air was murky as a London fog! The dull, dark sea rose against the rocks in long, oily swells, there were thunderous booms from the distant mountain. Torre del Greco was shattered by earthquake, and at night the new twin craters on the flank of Vesuvius gleamed like monster owl's eyes across the sea. So Vesuvius snapped the spell of Capri, and the next day saw us embarked for Naples in a small rowing-boat. A few yards from shore, and where was our beautiful island? It was gone, vanished, lost in the dense cloud of ashes!

LINDA VILLARI.



From a Drawing by HERBERT RAILTON.

COACHING DAYS AND COACHING WAYS.

II.—“THE BATH ROAD.”

I do not think that the travellers on the Bath road, whether posting or coaching, knew much about “The horrible and mysterious crime,” which Macaulay mentions, and which has made Littlecote Hall and Wild Darrell notorious, till Scott told the story to the general world in a fine foot-note to *Rokeby*; for Evelyn—to take one example—on his journey to Wiltshire, in 1654, passes the place with the remark that it “is a noble seat, park, and river,” which is perfectly true, but not much to the point; and Pepys—to take another—on Tuesday, June 16th, 1668, after paying the reckoning at the Hart at Marlborough—“14s. 6d.; and servants 2s.; poor 1s.; set out and passing through a good part of this county of Wiltshire saw a good house of Alexander Popham’s,” and with that passes on to Newbury, where he dined, and heard that song of the old courtier of Queene Elizabeth, and how “he was changed at the coming in of the king,” which pleased him so mightily, and to which I have already referred. Now we expect nothing but pragmatical practicalness from the delightful Samuel, but to call Wild Darrell’s haunted home “a good house of Alexander Popham’s,” is really to touch bottom in an outrage on the eternal fitness of things. Worse however remains behind. One might at least

be led to expect mention of a romantic legend from a literary lady; but Miss Burney, on her journey to Bath in 1780 with Mrs. Thrale, viewed Littlecote’s storied towers unmoved, that is to say if she saw them at all, and was not looking out of the other window of the post-chaise; at all events she makes no mention of there being such a place in Europe, or her Diary, though she tells us that she slept at Maidenhead the first night, Speen Hill the second, the third at Devizes, and dwells on the Bear Inn there at great length—where we will join her in a quarter of an hour.

Meanwhile it is not for me to pass with such travelled indifference the scene of that wild story of Elizabethan crime and mystery, which reads even in these practical times like some page of horror torn out of Sheridan Le Fanu, and to which that great magician of the world fantastical could alone have given fit form and colour. Summoned by his eerie genius, with what terrible vividness would each incident, each actor in the buried infamy, rise from the dead! The whole story would pass before us under a ghostly, shimmering, ghoulish glamour: the midwife at Shefford, a village seven miles off, waked in the dead of night, with a promise of high pay for her office on condition that she should be blindfolded! the headlong ride through the wild weather behind the silent



From a Drawing by HERBERT RAILTON.

serving man! the arrival at a large house which was strange to her! the mounting of the long stairs, which the woman, shadowed already with some grim foreboding, counted carefully as she passed up them! the delivery

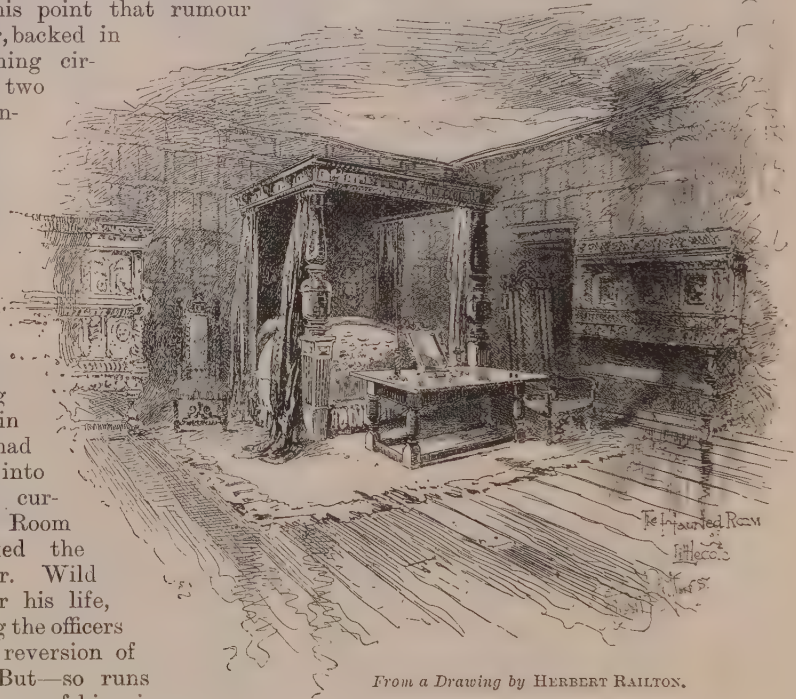
in a gloomy, richly furnished room of a masked lady! the entrance of a tall man "of ferocious aspect," who seized the new-born child, thrust it into the fire that was blazing on the hearth, ground it under his

heavy boot till it was cinders! then the trembling departure of the pale spectator of the hideous scene, blindfolded as she had come, aghast, speechless, carrying a heavy bribe with her as the price of guilty silence, but carrying also a piece of the curtain which she had cut out of the bed—all this scene of horror how the author of *The Dragon Volant* would have described it for us! And all this horror is history!

The original deposition made on her death-bed by the midwife, whose name was Mrs. Barnes, and committed to writing by Mr. Bridges, magistrate of Great Shefford is in existence to this day, and is proof beyond cavil. It is from this point that rumour begins. That rumour, backed in my opinion by damning circumstance, has for two hundred years connected the tragedy with Littlecote House and William Darrell, commonly called Wild Darrell, then its proprietor. It is alleged that the midwife's depositions set justice on the murderer's track, and that the fitting of the piece of curtain which Mrs. Barnes had taken away with her into a rent found in the curtain of the Haunted Room at Littlecote, marked the scene of the murder. Wild Darrell was tried for his life, but escaped by bribing the officers of the law with the reversion of his large estates. But—so runs the rumour—the memory of his crime pursued him. He was haunted by ghastly spectres which he tried to forget in wild excesses, but which no seas of claret would lay. Finally as he was riding recklessly down the steep downs, with the scene of his atrocity in sight, at headlong speed, the reins loose, his body swaying in the saddle, pale, wild-eyed, unkempt, the very picture of debauched and guilty recklessness, tearing from the Furies of the past,—that past confronted him. The apparition of a babe burning in a flame barred his path. The horse reared violently at the supernatural sight. Darrell was as violently thrown, and the wicked neck, which had escaped the halter by a bribe, was broken at last as it deserved to be. The stile is

still shown by the country people where the wretched, haunted man met his fate; the spectres of the pale huntsman and his hounds often cross their simple paths in the gloaming of summer evenings when the downs loom gray and ghostly—or did cross them, rather, before School Boards, the franchise, the abolition of the smock frock, and the general improvement of everything on and off the earth, banished such inspiring sights for ever. Wild Darrell is remembered but as a name now, and as a name for all that is wicked.

And yet not quite so if we are to



From a Drawing by HERBERT RAILTON.

judge from a recent publication; in point of fact "not at all so by any means no more," as the South Sea Islanders say when they have eaten a Wesleyan missionary. For we live in an age of the rehabilitation of condemned reputations, and a generation which has learnt from a German professor that Tiberius was an amiable potentate, and not a fourteen-bottle man, and from an English historian that Henry the Eighth was a confirmed theological student for whom women's society offered no charm, will not raise their eyebrows even when Mr. Hubert Hall tells them, in his delightful *Society in the Elizabethan Age*, (Sonnenschein & Co.) that Wild Darrell, far from being the monster that rumour and

I have made out, was in point of fact a plan, courteous, much abused lord of wide acres, which rapacious neighbours passed their lives in trying to take from him, and who was compelled as a painful consequence to ruin himself in Chancery law-suits. The William Darrell that Mr. Hall draws for us is indeed almost too good to be true. He bears an ominous resemblance to the "good young man who died," and far from roasting live children at midnight and breaking his neck by furious

ful excuses, the sentimental license of running away with his neighbour's wife, [the injured husband, as is customary, coming in for no consideration whatever]; but at best his hero is but a dowdy sort of Elizabethan Edgar Ravenswood, attired in a grey jerkin, with an elderly Lady Hungerford for a Lucy Ashton.

Now all this is very sad, and bad, and mad—at least it will make most people feel so if their cherished illusions are thus ruthlessly shattered. In the present instance, however,



From a Drawing by HUGH THOMSON.

riding, spends his whole days in totting up his accounts, drawing up amateur legal documents to the utter confusion of his legal advisers, giving away estates in order that these documents may be heard, in court, reading philosophy, cultivating strawberries and trout with the aid of a Dutch gardener (the strawberries not the trout), smoking tobacco, and finally dying in his bed, comfortable and orthodox. Mr. Hall does indeed take pity on his hero and permits him, with many grace-

it does not seem to me that the romance of private history has been deprived of a lawful possession, or that the wicked Wild Darrell of our youth, "the tall man of ferocious aspect," has been turned for good and all into an agricultural goody-goody. Nevertheless in an age when documentary evidence is considered everything, and all other kind of evidence as nothing at all, Mr. Hall's defence of Darrell must command respect, for it is a defence based

entirely on a series of Darrell papers lying in the Record Office, which have been carefully edited, and give us as interesting a glimpse into Elizabethan country society as can have been got for some time. The cry of documentary evidence is not however one at which I stand instantly abashed, because I know that not only have documents relating to issues wherein the honour of families has been at stake been frequently tampered with in public collections, but have been found, on search being made, to have vanished off the face of the earth. Who supposes for instance that in our Record Office is to be found anything approaching even to a complete account of an event so important as the Gunpowder Treason? Who wrote the letter to Mounteagle? and at whose instigation? Was the Government cognizant before that letter was written of the exact nature of the conspiracy? Where are the documents which should point most clearly to the complicity of the Provincial of the English Jesuits? Echo answers "Where?" and will continue to answer so to the end of the chapter.

It is from this point of view, though not from this point of view only, that Mr. Hall's defence of Darrell seems to me inconclusive. The Darrell papers, or rather such as are now in the Record Office, are all that he relies upon; and the Darrell papers really have little to do with anything but farm accounts. Mr. Hall, in truth, has only got hold of one end of the stick. There is a lack of cause for effect, as a consequence, at the very basis of his argument. And the same flaw, if I may say so, runs through it. We are shown at the outset, a man at feud with all his neighbours, accused of one murder, suspected of another, his name a by-word for profligacy and something worse, and we are told that the only reason for this notorious reputation was that he was a wealthy landowner, and that his neighbours wanted to grab his farms! As if the whole energies of an Elizabethan country gentleman—the contemporary of Raleigh, Sidney, Essex, be it remembered—were devoted to this pastoral pursuit! Mr. Hall indeed would have us believe that they were; as he would have us believe, as an excuse for Darrell's *amour* with Lady Hungerford, "that it was as common for men of his class to debauch their neighbours' wives, as for two yeomen to draw on each other at a country fair;" but surely Mr. Hall is thinking of times when carving-knives were made of flint-stones and authors lived in caves and ate each other. And the arguments that he adduces to prove that his hero was not the ruffian that contemporary

opinion made out, are really not conclusive at all. If Darrell, for instance, is accused of being a wine-bibber, we are confronted with a most interesting collection of *menus* during his last stay in London, from April 16th to July 14th, 1589, in which we find constant entry of a "pynt of clarett" in connection with "a legg of mutton," and so forth. But waiving the fact that the wicked squire was at this time playing the courtier, with a suspected reputation to keep up, does this formal entry for the benefit of the steward preclude the possibility of private drinking? I think that many a confirmed drunkard's house books would show as temperate a return. It is that private store of Rhenish which does the business, which remains unentered in ledgers, or if entered appears as "dressinge for ye chickens." Then again, and this touches the root of the whole matter, Mr. Hall expressly declares that Darrell did not "keep a brace of painted madams at his own command." But has he heard of a certain letter dated 2 January, 1578-9, from Sir H. Knyvett, of Charlton, to Sir John Thynne, of Longleat, which was discovered by the Reverend Canon Jackson of Leigh Delamere, in which the writer asks Sir John Thynne to tell a Mr. Bonham, who was in his employ, "to inquire of his sister touching her usage at Will Darrell's; the birth of her children; how many there were and what became of them; for that the report of the murder of one of them was increasing foully and would touch Will Darrell to the quick"? This surely seems rather grave! and does not look like "the best years of a life devoted to a Platonic intercourse with a highly cultivated woman." Nor is Mr. Hall more satisfactory with regard to the bribe to Sir John Popham of the reversion of Littlecote, to which rumour assigns the salvation of Darrell's neck. He looks upon it indeed, so far as I can judge, as a sort of Elizabethan refreshing fee to counsel. Will Mr. Hall tell us next that it was the custom of an afternoon for Elizabethan squires to convey away estates "of thousands of broad acres upon the famous downland of three counties," simply to hurry on a chancery law suit? I think that even his able and earnest advocacy will fail to arouse such a belief. The truth is that the weakest point of the latest defence of Darrell is the graceful negligence with which his advocate avoids the main, the one, issue. We have pages of farm accounts and household expenses, all very interesting and creditable, but only a contemptuous allusion here and there to the alleged horrible and mysterious crime.

Mr. Hall, to be plain, treats the whole

accusation of murder brought against Darrell as so much vindictive cackle. On what grounds it is difficult to conjecture, unless indeed it be that Darrell, when accused of murder before the magistrates, "replied to the wild charge with a mournful dignity"—but so did the late Mr. William Palmer of Rugby notoriety under similarly embarrassing circumstances; and he could keep accounts as well as Darrell could, ay, and make a book too. I trust, I am sure, that the author of *Society in the Elizabethan Age* will give us

between Newbury and Bath was called the "lower ground," and being remarkable chiefly for its hills, necessitated much skidding and unskidding. Nor even in the palmy days was it unrenowned for accidents. On the contrary, the "Beaufort Hunt" fast day coach from London to Bath, run by the celebrated Sherman, he of the moustachios (a prodigy, a blasphemy I had almost said, in those days); of the three old ladies also, wived in succession; distinguished, moreover, for the colour of his coaches which was



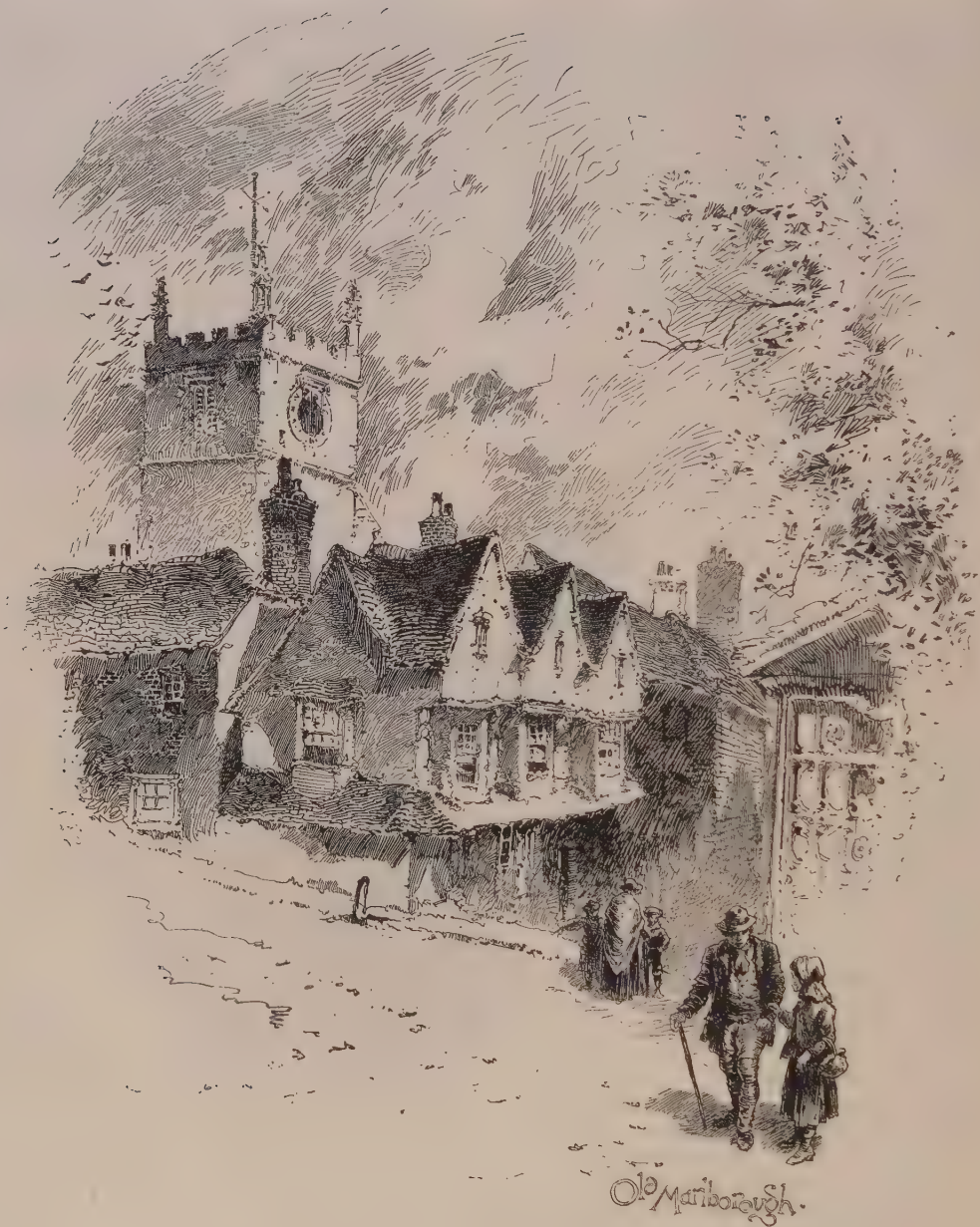
many more charming works of the same kind, but he must really not try to destroy all romantic faith that is in us with such doubtful arguments as these. Meanwhile, I wonder whether he has seen all those papers that Popham's agent seized almost before Darrell's breath was out of his body, and despatched in chests to London, there to await the arbitration promised between the respective claims of the Attorney-General and the Secretary of State, who also had a finger in this mysterious pie. Why this almost indecent despatch on the part of Popham (faithful to the last, though wise only for himself)? I should much like to know. I wonder!

In the *interim* I must hurry after Miss Burney and Mrs. Thrale who are waiting for me all this while at the Bear Inn at Devizes, three and twenty miles or so down the road. I cannot find much to record in the way of history, coaching or otherwise, between Hungerford and Marlborough. The road

yellow;
and for
their strange
shape, which
was heavy,
peculiar, and
old fashioned as
Noah's Ark—the
"Beaufort
Hunt," I say,
was upset in

From a Drawing by HERBERT RAILTON.

this part of the world three times in less than three weeks, an event, or rather a trilogy, which made passengers nervous, affected the receipts, and led to the removal from the box-seat, whence he had directed these acrobatic manœuvres, of a so-called Captain Jones, whoever he may have been. From which I infer that there were coach-driving captains even in those days, though I have never read of one before. However, the captain retired into private life, and a



From a Drawing by HERBERT RAILTON.

young man who was a very good coachman, but whose name is unknown to me, though it was very well known on the road, reigned in his stead. This change of cast brought up the receipts of the "Beaufort Hunt" with a run; places were booked three or four weeks in advance by passengers who wished to travel eleven miles an hour without breaking their necks. The coach became quite the fashion,

crowds of people standing about the White Lion in the Market-place at Bath to see it start.

This coach used to change horses at Froxfield, three miles out of Hungerford, and the next stage was Marlborough, seven miles on; the last two miles of the road skirting Savernake Forest, which is a horrible place to hunt in, is sixteen miles in circumference,

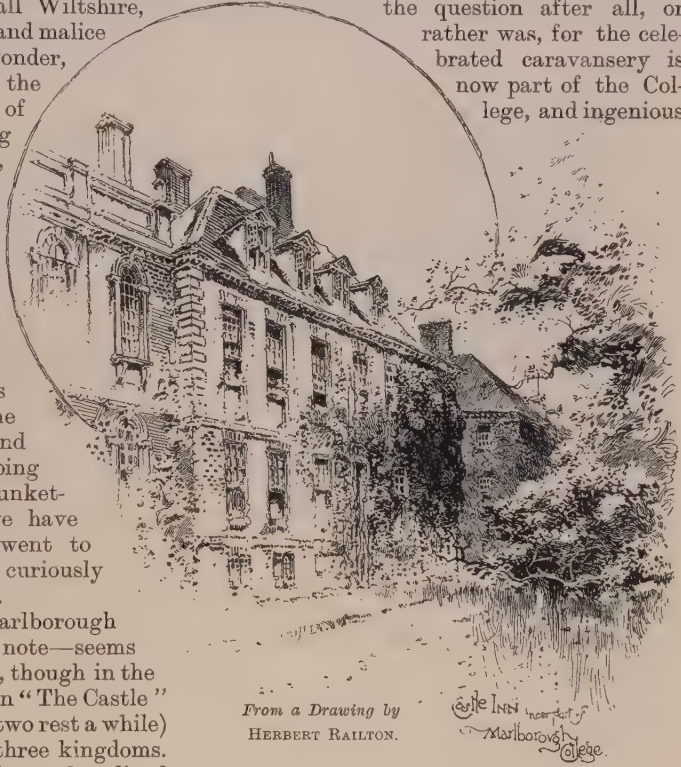
and the only forest in the country in the possession of a subject, which seems very strange and wild.

One begins to be ashamed of saying of English county towns that they stood a siege in the great Civil Wars, yet this must be said of Marlborough, which was, as a matter of fact, a most important place, considered from a strategical point of view, and a thorn for a long time in the side of the royal cause; for it was not only the most notoriously disaffected town in all Wiltshire, remarkable for the obstinacy and malice of its inhabitants (why, I wonder, this strange malignancy on the part of the good burghers of Marlborough?) But, standing as it does on the Western Road, it seriously menaced Charles's communications with the loyal West. It accordingly underwent the proverbial harmless, necessary, siege, and was stormed by Wilmot in December, 1642. In April and November of the following year, Charles himself was at Marlborough, as Henry the First was here five hundred and thirty-three years before, keeping Easter; but with the royal junketings of the scholar king we have nothing to do, though he went to Bath himself two years later, curiously enough, as we are going now.

Nobody who has been to Marlborough—no one, that is to say, of any note—seems to think much of it as a town, though in the days of the great roads it had in "The Castle" (where we will in a minute or two rest a while) one of the finest inns in the three kingdoms. As to the town itself, Evelyn, who dined there on the 9th of June, 1652, found it fresh built from a fire (it has had about four in its history), but he found nothing else in it, except "My Lord Seymour's house," which was afterwards this very same famous Castle Inn, and the Mount, which he climbed dejectedly for want of something better to do; "ascending by windings for neere halfe a mile," and remarking that it seemed to have been cast up by hand—which indeed it was by some one or other—weird and legendary, the betting at the present moment being in favour of Merlin, for lack of anybody better known; while Pepys, on the 15th of June, 1668, after lying at the Hart, which he describes as a good house, walked out and found Marlborough, "a pretty fair town only for a street or two." After which, having

sagely observed that what was most singular was, that the houses on one side had their pent houses supported by pillars, which made a good walk, and also, what is more to our purpose, that all the five coaches that came that day from Bath were out of the town before six, went to bed, and the following morning, according to the immortal prescription, "after paying the reckoning, etc., etc., set out."

But the Castle Inn at Marlborough is the question after all, or rather was, for the celebrated caravansery is now part of the College, and ingenious



youths acquire the Greek accidence where their ancestors drank port and recalled their casualties, a striking example of what strange uses an inn may return to as well as a human being. The castle, however, has had a three-fold destiny, for not only has it changed from a caravansery into a college, but it was a nobleman's palace before it was a caravansery. Here lived, amongst others, a noble lady whose acquaintance we have made further up the road, to wit, Frances, Countess of Hertford, afterwards Duchess of Somerset, she who at Ritchings entertained Thomson till she found that he preferred to entertain himself, though some say that it was in this very castle that the august patroness to whom "Spring" was dedicated, discovered the horrid truth that her poet was, alas! little better than a

drunkard. And it was in her noble lord's society that Eusebia discovered her bard carousing—that was the pity of it—no doubt in one of Eusebia's grottos, which, in company with cascades, artificially formed, it pleased her to scatter about the castle grounds with a lavish and pastoral hand. With what divine anger must she have confronted the guilty pair—both their wigs off by reason of the heat—drinking punch in her pet cave! That divine anger proved at all events too enduring for Thomson's powers of pacification. It was in vain that he piped off—

“Hertford; fitted or to shine in courts
With unaffected grace, or walk the plain
With Innocence and Meditation joined
In soft assemblage.”

In vain! In vain! The lady declined to listen to his song, “which her own season painted” (the season was spring by the by, but surely under the circumstance it ought to have been winter), and the unfortunate bard had to pack his portmanteau and leave the castle for ever, with a flea in his ear. So much for poets who prefer iced punch to the streams of Helicon, and so much also for the great Frances's connection with the castle. The family seat of the Seymours became an inn soon after this, being leased by the Northumberland (who also found Marlborough slow, and preferred Alnwick) to Mr. Cotterell, and an inn the old place remained, with the reputation for being the best in England almost to the time when it closed its doors in 1843 and was turned into a public school.

And it was an inn in the best sense of the word, an inn such as Macaulay describes, whose equal was not to be found on the Continent, whose “innkeeper, too, was not like other innkeepers.” It was of this sort of place that Johnson was thinking when he declared that a chair in it was the throne of human felicity, though it was not at the Castle, Marlborough, that he spoke his great speech on taverns, but at the celebrated Chapel House, Cold Norton, in Oxfordshire, on the North-Western Road. But the Castle, Marlborough, might quite as justly have earned the advertisement. Not that it wanted it, for it had the advertisement of all the nobility, wealth, fashion of a century, that thronged, as all history in those days thronged, to that centre of the valetudinarian and the voluptuary, Bath.

I should like to have the visitors' list of “The Castle,” during the days of its prime. It would be a Homeric catalogue

of guests, compared with which the ship business would be commonplace. Consider that everybody of note in England for over a century entered those doors, ate, drank, slept, gamed there, grumbled over their bills, paid their reckoning, thronged to their post-chaises or coaches, and posted off Bath-wards or to London. Why, the mere writing of the names would make a history, and a more suggestive one than many chronicles of the kings. Chesterfield and Lady Mary Wortley Montagu making for scandal and the waters; Walpole reclining in his chariot, meditating his ailments and the ancient legend of Bath; hypochondriasis and antiquities usurping equal halves of that delicate, indolent brain, his nostril curled at the horsey atmosphere of the old inn yard, his white hand raised in deprecating horror at mine host proffering refreshment on a salver as big as a coach wheel; Selwyn, most good-natured of voluptuaries, who, however, liked to see a man hanged, taking his ease before dinner in the inn's best room, while his delightful chaplain, Dr. Warner, who had Rabelais and Horace at his finger ends, is busy below with the cellar man, assuring himself of the quality of his patron's claret; Sheridan running away with his beautiful wife; Garrick posting to Bath in search of new talent and to depreciate Barry; Byron, (already on his biscuit and soda water *régime*), eying the bill of fare misanthropically; and Brummell incubating a new cravat; and Gentleman Jackson surrounded by his backers on his way to a prize fight. But why proceed with the list? The names of the visitors at this celebrated inn are written in the letters and diaries of three generations.

Of all the great people who put up at “The Castle” in the days of its prime, perhaps the greatest of them, as is meet and right, has left the most lasting impression behind him. But he did so by rather out-of-the-way means and advertised himself as a great statesman, not indeed at all more than is customary at the present day, but with a naïve absence of affectation that raises a smile. There were no paragraphists in the land in those times, be it remembered, to announce to an expectant world that a prime minister had cut a tree down, or read the first lesson in church; so Lord Chatham having been attacked by gout on his way from Bath to London, in 1762, took a more picturesque way of acquainting his countrymen with his whereabouts. He made it an insistent condition to his staying at the Castle that every servant in the place from the waiter to the stable boy should wear his livery. Now I do not know what

the livery of the noble Lord was, but it was very well known to the England of his day, and as gout kept him in his room at the Castle for several weeks, and as the establishment of that inn, (temporarily clothed as his servants) was the largest in England, the good town of Marlborough simply exhaled its distinguished visitor. People ran against his attendants at every turn. The streets swarmed with them. The inn was alive. The name of Chatham was on every lip, and the great tide of travel which ebbed and flowed night and day along the Bath road, carried

complete the celebrity of the spot, is made and stored the celebrated West Kennett ale, and that it is also drunk here in large quantities, is not beyond the pale of reasonable human hope. The travellers on the once thronged Bath road, now as deserted, alas! as the old Roman highway which here coincides with it, took a good deal of this ale, I suspect (if it was brewed in those days, of which fact I am not certain), to fortify themselves against down air; and at the same time no doubt some antiquary, perched on the box seat with pince-nez pinched firmly on red



A WINTER DAY'S AMUSEMENT.
From a Drawing by HUGH THOMSON.

the strange news to the uttermost parts of the kingdom.

So political celebrities advertised themselves before *The Daily Telegraph* was, or editors of fashionable papers wanted copy—but I must get on to Devizes.

The fourteen miles odd between this town and Marlborough is sacred to the antiquary, who delights to dig up mounds on plains, and discovered two human skeletons or more in a sitting posture, and two laid horizontally as the case may be, which is what was done at West Kennett, four and a quarter miles down the road. At this West Kennett, to

nose, observed Silbury Hill immediately on the left of the road, which some sages suppose to be posterior to the Roman invasion, and some anterior to it, but which is the biggest artificial hill in Europe, and is indeed "very fine and large."

Now Beckhampton Inn looms in sight. Here the Beaufort Hunt, and all the principal coaches changed horses, passengers refreshed the inner man, and the different roads to Bath diverged. The Beaufort Hunt and other fast coaches going by Cherhill, Calne and Chippenham, making the whole distance from town 105 miles 6 furlongs; other coaches less

known taking the next shortest cut by Sandy Lane and Bowdon Hill to Lacock. Here there is an Abbey with a romance attached to it, which tells how a young lady, discoursing one night to her lover from the battlements of the Abbey church, though strictly forbidden to do so by her papa, remarked "I will leap down to you" (which was surely very unwise), and leapt. The wind came to the rescue and "got under her coates," (the ulster I presume of the 16th century) and thus assisted, the young lady, whose name was Sherington, flopped into the arms of the young man, whose name was Talbot, and

Beckhampton passed through Corsham, Peckwick Box, and Batheaston, where they entered Somersetshire, and so into Bath, making the whole distance from London 106½ miles.

The third route, however, is the one which I shall follow more closely, not because it is a mile longer than the last (on the map it looks five miles longer at the very least, but this is a geographical optical delusion), but because it was the route of the Bath mail particularly as distinguished from the Bristol, and because it passes through Devizes, where there is or was, a celebrated inn at which two distinguished travellers, in the



From a Drawing by HERBERT RAILTON.

killed him to all appearances fatally dead on the spot, at which she sat down and wept. Upon this the defunct Talbot, who had been only temporarily deprived of breath, came to life again, and at the same moment the lady's father, with a fine instinct for a melodramatic situation, jumped out of a bush and observed, that "as his daughter had made such a leap to him she should e'en marry him," meaning Talbot, which was rather obscure, but exactly what the young lady wanted, and married she was to Talbot, whose christian name was John, brought him the Abbey as a dowry, and lived happily ever after. Leaving Lacock behind, the coaches which took this second route from

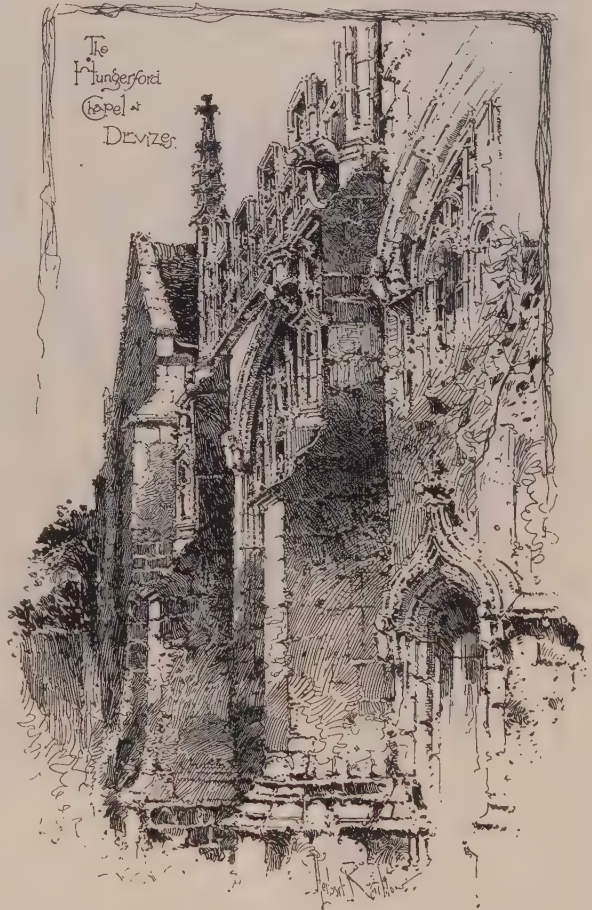
persons of Miss Burney and Mrs. Thrale, have all this long while been waiting for me. But I have not got there yet. After leaving Beckhampton, and not going to Avebury on the right of the road, which is a remarkable temple after the manner of Stonehenge, which some suppose to have been built in the time of Abraham, whenever that may have been, and some modestly proclaim a Serpent's Temple.

"Now o'er true Roman way our horses sound," as Gay sings; and three miles and a half or so from Beckhampton the road runs through Wandsditch (perhaps Wans Dyke will be

preferred by etymologists), which magnificent earthwork was, according to Dr. Guest, the last frontier of the Belgic province, and can be traced through Wiltshire for nineteen miles. All about here the Bath Road is as exposed as an ancient Briton or Belge could wish it to be; but for warmer and more modern fancies it is not a good place for a kilt. To tell the truth it blows on these downs confoundedly, and here all coaches who were about in the great snow-storm of 1836 wished they were out of it. Nor does the present appearance of Shepherd's Shore, a lone house standing by the roadside, look as if it could have proffered much in the way of shelter; yet this is the last stage of all, of an inn, which, like Winterslow Hut on the Exeter Road, has had its day, and which, when that day was in the ascendant, gave shelter and refreshment to any number who wanted it.

It is in standing by such a deserted relic of bygone days as this, in looking up and down the silent coach road—that great artery which once gave Shepherd's Shore life, and which is now as empty as the heart which it fed—that we get some sense of the poetry of the old coaching days, some perception of the gulf which separates our manners and our methods from theirs; the difference, indeed, which lies between travelling to a place with such due pauses for romance and adventure as were provided in the old days of posting and flying machines; and arriving at a place with no pauses at all save for collecting tickets—which are not always to be found—as are provided for by our limited mails and flying Dutchmen. For it was this very deliberation of our ancestors which has given to such inns as this Shepherd's Shore on the great roads, much of their historic charm—a deliberation which permitted these old houses to catch, if I may say so, something of the personality of the great people, whether kings, queens, highwaymen, conspirators, or coachmen, who halted at their hospitable doors, dined at their liberal tables, or passed by them at that decorous speed of from five to nine miles an hour, which even without a stoppage, permitted, however faintly, some sort of individual impression. And what sort of individual impression, may I ask, can a dis-

tinguished traveller to Bath in these days—whether statesman, on his way to the waters, or modern highwayman, armed with the three-card trick (we live in degenerate days!), or conspirator, fresh from Parliament—make, let us say on Reading, whose platform he can only just see as he whizzed by it; or on Swindon, in whose refreshment-room he has five minutes in which to bolt hot soup?



From a Drawing by HERBERT RAILTON.

Why, he makes no impression at all, and his characterless transit from one spot to the other (to call it a journey might raise the indignant ghost of some great departed coachman) will remain ignored and unrecorded for ever.

Yes! Railway days and railway ways, or rather the romance of them will not be written even when posterity has taken to balloons, for the hurry of the concern is



From a Drawing by HERBERT RAILTON.

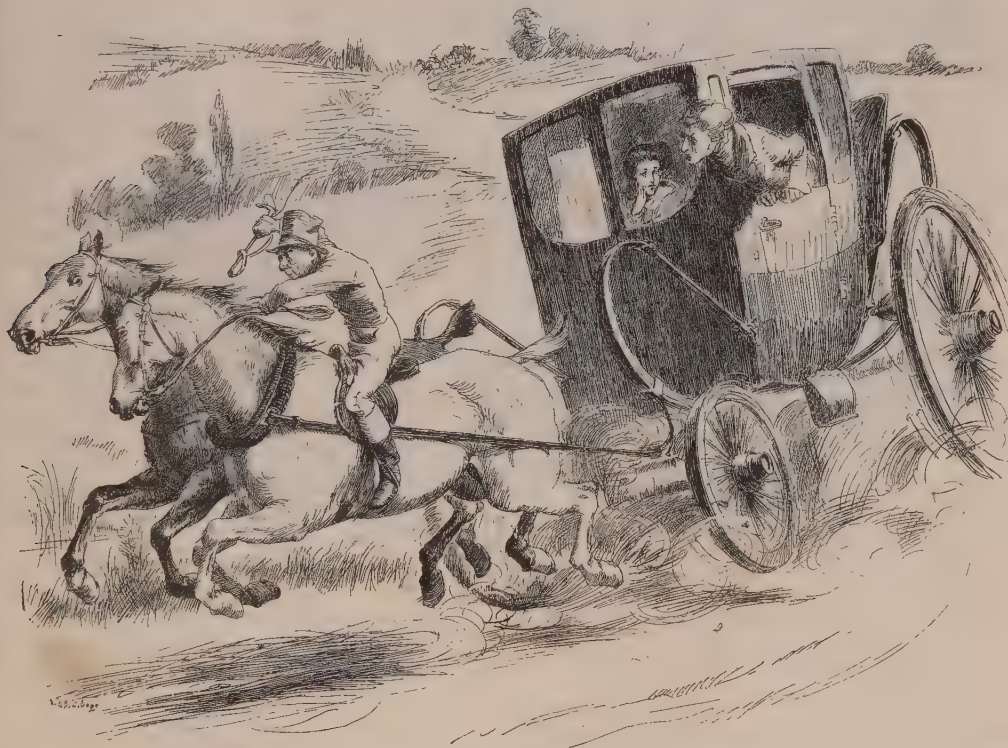
not only fatal to romance, but is fatal to any collection of it, if any romance at any period existed; and some sort of prophetic insight into this truth, a sort of sad perception of what posterity, by its rejection of

stage coaches, would be eternally bereft, breathes through the following threnody of a great coachman, whose poetic heart could not remain silent under the introduction of the new gods, but whose name, as Keats

supposed his to be, is writ in water, or perhaps in rum and water, which would in this case be a fitter emblem of effacement.

"Them," he cries, with a fine directness of pathos, "them as 'ave seen coaches afore rails came into fashion 'ave seen something worth remembering! Them was 'appy days for old England, afore reform and rails turned everything upside down, and men rode, as nature intended they should, on pikes, with coaches and smart active cattle, and not by machinery like bags of cotton and hardware.

herd's Shore and Devizes have been notorious through all ages for being "very fine and large," as were Mr. Thomas Cooper's coachmen. The inhabitants, indeed, of Bishop's Cannings, a village about three miles from Devizes, might in the seventeenth century, according to Aubrey, have challenged all England to the exquisitely diversive exercises of music and football. In James the First's time the village boasted a peculiarly musical vicar, one George Ferraby, who I trust played football as well as he played the lute,



ELOPED.

From a Drawing by HUGH THOMSON.

But coaches is done for ever, and a heavy blow it is! They was the pride of the country; there wasn't anything like them, as I've 'eerd gemmen say from forrin' parts, to be found nowhere, nor never will again."

To descend from these high regions of prophecy and metaphor to firm earth again, the Bath Road, after leaving Shepherd's Shore, runs through a district whose inhabitants must have been regarded by the drivers of Mr. Thomas Cooper's coaches between London and Bath, with appreciative eyes; for the Wiltshire men resident between Shep-

armed with which instrument and attired in the costumes of a Druid bard (lent by the local costumier of the day), he, at the head of his parishioners, disguised for their part as shepherds, assaulted the ears of Queen Anne of Denmark at the Wansdyke, in April, 1613, with a four-part song of his own composing. Let me hope that it was not as windy an April day on those downs as I have known it, or our reverend Druid must have cursed his ancestors' airy taste in costume; and our royal Solomon himself, who on this occasion accompanied his queen, would have

found a pipe of that tobacco, which he had lately counter-blasted, greatly beneficial to his health. I make no doubt that Queen Anne herself caught a cold in the head, but she was gracious enough notwithstanding to express her great liking and content to the Reverend George Ferraby, and her ladies joined their congratulations to hers, though they had no doubt caught colds too.

The practised enthusiasm of these Wiltshire musicians found fresh vent in 1702, when, on the occasion of the second Queen Anne's return from the Bath, they indulged themselves and their august audience with another musical junketing, this time, however, according to the pamphlet in the British Museum, accompanied with a less

themselves to her Majesty; who was pleased to hear their country Songs and Musick with a great deal of Satisfaction, and as a Demonstration of Her Royal Acceptance of their Duty, was pleased as a mark of her condescending Goodness and Bounty to give 20 or 30 guineas among em, which they received with repeated acknowledgments of loud and repeated prayers and acclamations for Her Majesty's Long Life and Prosperity: after which a great number of Spinners with their Spinning Wheels presented themselves before her Majesty, and were favourably received, and tasted very liberally of Her Majesty's bounty."

"And so on to Bath," as Pepys would have said, and as I must be going.

I have first, however, to pause a while at Devizes, $88\frac{3}{4}$ miles from Hyde Park Corner, a town famous in coaching days, and whose name has long been the subject of discussion among the learned. What, however, is in a name, when one thinks that no less persons than Miss Burney and Mrs. Thrale have been waiting for me at the famous Bear Inn ever since the beginning of the chapter. Coachmen remember this famous house principally for its fine stables. Memoir hunters know it best probably from the diary of the lady who has so long been waiting for us, and from her meeting there with a young gentleman, son of the landlord, destined afterwards to be almost as great a celebrity as her own fair self.

To be plain, at this Bear Inn at Devizes in April, 1780, Miss Burney met the future Sir Thomas Lawrence—the portrait-painter of a whole generation of court beauties—

clothed in knickerbockers, and with a precocity for catching likenesses, not often found in an inn. Miss Burney and her friend, in their journey from London, posting—which was after all the equivalent to first-class travelling in these days, coaching being the second-class compartment of the then travelling scheme, and riding in damp straw at the bottom of stage waggons drawn by six horses, the third—Miss Burney and her friend, I say, posting from London, stopped for the first night at Maidenhead, the second at Spleen Hill, and for the third put up at the same Bear Inn at Devizes. Here a strange series of accidents befell them, which the fair diarist elaborately describes. Having observed that the inn was full of books as well as paintings, drawings, and



From a Drawing by HERBERT RAILTON.

scrupulous regard to archæological correctness in costume. The Reverend George Ferraby, being dead many years, no longer stage-managed the ceremonial, nor did he, unless as a spirit, indulge in chorymbic exercises at the head of his parishioners, lightly attired as a Druid. A more simply pastoral atmosphere consequently prevailed. The pamphlet I have referred to thus describes the scene:—

"Her Majesty and her Royal attendants passed over the downs in Wiltshire, where they were met by a great number of Shepherds from all parts of the country, all dressed in their long, coarse white cloaks with their crooks, shepherd scrips, and Tar-boxes, playing all the way they marched upon their pipes of Reeds, humbly presenting



From a Drawing by HERBERT RAILTON.

music, and that their hostess, Mrs. Lawrence, seemed something above her station in her inn, the two visitors, according to habitual contemporary prescription, and before supper, sat down to cards. I wonder, after reading our ancestors' feats in this line, that aces are not found stamped on the persons of all the present generation. But this is a psychological digression. It is now that Miss Burney's adventures at the inn began. Scarcely had she and Mrs. Thrale warmed to their work

when their artistic abstraction was surprised by the sound of a pianoforte. This, at first, in the way of an interruption at an inn, may strike my readers in the words of the laureate as

"New-old, and shadowing sense at war with soul."

Miss Burney, however, who had not had the advantage of reading Tennyson, jumped up and ran to listen whence the sound proceeded.

She found it came from the next room, where the overture to the *Buono Figliuolo* was being performed—a piece not often heard, so far as I can learn, at the Promenade Concerts, Covent Garden. Mrs. Thrale, however, though hardly for this reason, determined to know from whom it came, and tapped at the door. And who confronted her when it was opened? A young highwayman of the Paul Clifford type, with pale face, eyes full of music, and pockets full of pistols? Not at all. But a very handsome girl with fine

age, who seems to be not merely the wonder of their family, but of the times, for his astonishing skill at drawing. They protest he has never had any instruction, yet showed us some of his productions that were really beautiful.”

The future Sir Thomas had ample opportunities at The Bear for keeping his hand in. His father used to use him now as a stimulant to his guests, now as a sedative. Instead of offering lame excuses when the roast had gone wrong, or saying that a bad bottle of claret was simply “sick from a



From a Drawing by HERBERT RAILTON.

dark hair upon a finely-formed forehead, and at the same moment another girl advanced, and obligingly and gracefully invited the intruders in and gave them chairs. And who were these houris? Miss Burney soon discovered that they were the daughters of the hostess and born and bred at Devizes. “Oh, what a surprise!”

“But though these pretty girls struck us much,” she writes, “the wonder of the family was yet to be produced. This was their brother, a most lovely boy of ten years of

journey,” this original in the way of a host, used simply to introduce his son to the malcontents, and in a moment where there had been disgust there was wonder. At the simple talisman, “Gentlemen, here’s my son; will you have him recite from the poets or take your portraits?” the most confirmed bald-headed grumbler ceased his monotonous drone, and the storm in the coffee-room fell before the smile of the young genius.

I shall go on with Miss Burney and Mrs. Thrale to Bath in their post-chaise instead of



A CAST SHOE.

From a Drawing by HUGH THOMSON.

waiting sixty years later for "The Monarch," or one of Thomas Cooper, Esquire's, fast day coaches, not only because the ladies went by the old Bath Road, on which I propose to travel, but for the further reason that they met during their stay at Bath some un-hackneyed society to which I should like to make my readers known.

Miss Burney, however, I observe in her memoirs, declares her intention of "skipping

to our arrival at this beautiful city," meaning Bath, and I am not certain that there is much reason for not following in her diary-writing wake, for there is not much in Trowbridge or Bradford to chronicle, though Seend, about three miles before the first-mentioned place, or rather Poulshot, which lies on the left before reaching Seend, is connected with an atmospheric catastrophe and a celebrated character. In the vicarage at Poulshot lived

the son of the great Izaak Walton, he whom Byron (who was no angler) would fain have seen impaled upon a hook in the manner prescribed by the great fisherman for spring frogs; and to the same vicarage, as guest of the great fisherman's son, came the good Bishop Ken, his uncle, "with all his coach-horses, and as many of his saddle-horses as he could bring," to prevent their being seized by the invading force of William of Orange.

Poulshot vicarage gave the good bishop

degree, that at the conclusion of the hurricane it had but an inch to hold.

My readers will not probably be unprepared to learn that the name of the town of Trowbridge, ninety-six miles from Hyde Park Corner, has much perplexed etymologists, but they will remember that the poet Crabbe (who ought to have been a three volume novelist) was vicar of the place; with which mention I may leave the plain-looking town behind, and, passing through Bradford with all con-



From a Drawing by HERBERT RAILTON.

shelter from other troubles than that revolution, for, in 1703, while Ken was sleeping under his nephew's roof, the "Great Storm," sung by Addison, broke over the country and buried Bishop Kidder and his wife, (who had usurped Ken's place at Wells) even in the episcopal palace. The deposed bishop lay awake in Poulshot vicarage, meanwhile, escaping all harm, though the beam which supported the roof over his head, was shaken out to that

venient speed, and still in the company of Miss Burney and Mrs. Thrale, pass Atford, the Horse and Jockey, over Kingsdown Hill, through Bathford, where we enter the pleasant land of Somersetshire, and so by Walcot into Bath, which is one hundred and seven miles and a quarter from Hyde Park Corner, and has been described by Walter Savage Landor as the next most beautiful place in the world to Florence.

In 1780 Miss Burney was much of the same opinion, though Florence she had not seen; but the houses of Bath she found elegant, the streets beautiful, the prospects enchanting, and she alighted from her post-chaise at York House. To her and Mrs. Thrale, as they were in the act of alighting, entered instantly Sir Philip Jennings Clerke "with his usual alacrity to oblige, and told them of lodgings on the South Parade." Mrs. Thrale "immediately hired a house at the left corner. It was deliciously situated," Miss Burney tells us. "We have meadows, hills, Prior Park, the soft flowing Avon, whatever Nature has to offer, I think, always in our view."

So ends pleasantly what seems to have been a pleasant journey down the Bath Road in 1780, and it is outside the scope of my scheme to describe the terminus, or to follow our travellers further through their three months' stay. They met, however, some characteristic figures, travellers like themselves on the Bath Road, some known to fame, others not. Amongst them a Mr. W., a young clergyman, who had a house on the Crescent. He was immensely tall, thin, and handsome, but affected, delicate and sentimentally pathetic, and his conversation about his "own feelings," about amiable motives, and about the wind which, at the Crescent, he said in a tone of dying horror, "blew in a manner really frightful," made Miss Burney open her diary; then there was Mrs. Byron, grandmother of the poet, who was very far from well, but whose charming spirits never failed her; and Mrs. Siddons, playing in *Belvidera*, who did not move Miss Burney greatly; and Mr. Lee, playing *Pierre*, who did; and Mr. Anstey, author of the *Bath Guide*, who on the first occasion on which Miss Burney met him, had no opportunity of shining, and appeared not unnaturally "as like another man as could be imagined;" and Mrs. Ord, constant to the Pump-room; and Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire, of whose style of beauty "vanity was such a characteristic that it required it indispensably," and who put her face to the glass of her chair as she passed Miss Burney and remarked, "How d'y'e do?"

These travellers on the Bath Road came personally under the author of *Evelina's* piercing ken, and are accordingly types for ever. The *Bath Miscellany* of 1740 enlarges the list with some unfamiliar names—to wit, a Miss Jeffery, junior, who danced well and had "a poem wrote her in the rooms;" a nameless gentleman, likewise celebrated by the local bard, "who was observed never to

go to church till Miss Potter came to Bath, when he went twice a day as constant as she;" a parson, also nameless, who played *Pharaoh* (note the spelling), and who suffered for his imprudence by an impromptu delivered to him on a card; and a hundred other figures—old, young, beautiful, decrepit, bent on health, pleasure, scandal, wine, or the waters, but travellers on the Bath Road, all of them, and any of whom, when the inevitable time for separation and departure had come, might have been seen standing in groups about the White Lion Inn in 1740, much as their ancestors stood about the Belle Sauvage a hundred and thirty years before, but with less surprise on their faces,



From a Drawing by HERBERT RAILTON.

eying some such announcements as these, and prepared for the worst:

"MACHINE IN TWO DAYS.

"From Bath for London, Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays; arrive at London from Bath, Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays. The machines from the White Lion Inn at the Bell Savage on Ludgate Hill; those from the White Hart Inn, at the White Swan, Holborn Bridge, and the Three Cups in Bread Street; and those from the Bear Inn at the Swan with two Necks in Ladlane.

"Passengers to pay One Pound five Shillings each, who are allowed to carry fourteen Pounds Weight—for all above to pay three halfpence per Pound."



From a Drawing by HERBERT RAILTON.

I do not think that I can close my review of the old Bath Road, a review which pretends only to deal with its more salient features, with an *excerpt* more suggestive than this. What perils does it not breathe of by flood and field—perils due to increased confidence and a reckless acceleration of pace. And acceleration of pace was not the only sign on the time-bill of increased recklessness. The lapse of a century had marked a departure in advertisement. The coach pro-

prietors in Charles the Second's time did, it will be remembered, in assuring the public that their flying machines would reach Bath from London in *three* days, add a *proviso* which committed the safety of their passengers to Providence. The coach proprietors of George the Third's time, however, in assuring the public that their machines would reach London from Bath in *two* days only, appear to have forgotten this formality.

W. OUTRAM TRISTRAM.



THE STORY OF JAEI.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MEHALAH," "JOHN HERRING," ETC.

IV.

ON THE BRIDGE.



THAT night Jael was expected by her father to share her room and bed with the woman who was to be her second mother. Jael's heart was full, her bosom heaved, at one moment the tears rushed

into her eyes, and then, in pride and anger, she restrained them. Her dark brows met loweringly above her eyes, and she looked at Mrs. Bagg with a scowl. At one moment her lip quivered, and then she bit it, and in biting it gave a hard look to her mouth, with hard lines on either side.

She would hardly speak to Mrs. Bagg. At supper she laid the table in her rough, untidy way, and was reprimanded by the widow.

"Do look here! The ends of the cloth are not even," said Mrs. Bagg. "It looks as if it were chucked on anyhow."

"It is chucked on anyhow," answered Jael, surlily. "If you can't eat off the cloth you can leave alone eating till you get home."

"Jael," said her father, "I will not allow you to speak in that impertinent fashion to Mrs. Bagg, as has been, and is to be a mother to you. Get down your catechism, and see what that says about respect due to them as is set over you."

Jael thereupon refused to speak at all.

"Show the lady up to your room," said her father, after supper. "We keep early hours here, for with me times is irreg'lar—according to tide. My rest is broken with vessels as wants to come up and go down through the bridge."

For this reason Mr. Shamgar Tapp occu-

pied a little room on the ground floor. His duties took him out at night occasionally, and he was able, by having his room below, to leave the house and return to it without disturbing his daughter.

When Mrs. Bagg came into the room devoted to Jael, she looked around her. Jael's clothes were scattered about in untidy fashion. She shook her head.

"Sack o' dew!"¹ exclaimed Mrs. Bagg. "We shall have to make a power of changes here. There's a place for everything, and let everything be in its proper place."

"Right," said Jael; "act on it, and take yourself back to Fingrinhoe."

Mrs. Bagg pretended not to hear her, and proceeded to divest herself of her garments. Such an eminently tidy woman was she that she folded up her clothes and laid them on the chair as if she laid them there for their long last rest; her shoes she set with the toes in line under the chair, and having suspended her gown to a crook on the door, she proceeded to stroke it down, to get the pleats in lines, with as much care and pains as if she were curry-combing a horse.

"And now," said Mrs. Bagg, "where's the cap-stand?"

"I don't wear caps," answered Jael.

"If there was a swing-glass here," mused the widow, "I'd manage to put the cap on that, but as there baint, mussy on me if I know what to do. I can't have that crumpled. Deary life! I know what shall be done. Run, Jael, down stairs, and fetch a broom up here, and I'll plant the broom up between the backs of two chairs set ag'in one another, and the cap a-top. It'll do. Necessity is the mother of invention."

"Sack o' dew!" exclaimed Mrs. Bagg, when she had provided herself with a besom

¹ An Essex exclamation, corrupted from the *Sacré Dieu* of the Huguenot settlers at the revocation of the Edict of Nantes.

and placed it in the required position, and adjusted her cap on the top, and brought down the ribbons on each side evenly, and had walked round it admiringly, holding the candle. "Sack o' dew!" she said, "it's almost human, it's so lovely."

That was more than could be said for the lady herself at that moment, attired in a very short crimson skirt—a cut-down gown that served as petticoat, and had been cut and cut till it reached but little below her knees. She wore black stockings, and had very stout calves. There was a bald patch on the top of her head, on account of which she divided her hair on the left side and rolled it over the bald place, and made a curl on the right side, like a breaking seventh wave. She had removed her gown, and wore her stays.

"That I should have lived to see this!" said Mrs. Bagg. "What creatures men—I mean human beings—be. How they rises to emergencies, and when put to their mettle how their talents appear. That besom does beautifully, doesn't it, Jael?"

Jael remained in a corner; she crouched, with her elbows on her knees, looking sullenly at the floor in front of her. No appeal of Mrs. Bagg could induce her to look up and admire the cap on the extemporised stand. The widow, however, was content to talk without eliciting answers; and when she had completely undressed herself she got into bed, without taking the least heed of Jael, and blew out the candle.

In a very few minutes she was asleep.

The cool manner in which the woman appropriated Jael's room and bed, her indifference to Jael's comfort and feelings, heightened the girl's dislike and stirred up bitter and angry passions in her heart.

Mrs. Bagg was snoring, snoring already—snoring vociferously, triumphantly, with defiant snorts, like those of the warhorse ready for the battle.

Jael's nerves were not finely strung, but, such as they were, and at that time they were in a condition of irritation, the trumpetings from Mrs. Bagg's nose jarred them and tortured them to exasperation. If Mrs. Bagg had snored evenly and in moderate tones, it might have been supportable, but she had a Baggonian snore of her own. She inhaled the air through her nose, which vibrated at each inhalation as if filled with concertina metallic tongues, and then blew it forth between her lips in a blunted whistle. Jael could not, had she wished it, sleep with a woman so noisy at night, who shook the bed as though she was worked by a screw propeller.

Just as she was resolved to put a towel over the old lady's mouth, so as to force her to do all her breathing through her nostrils, Jael heard a scratching sound at the window, and looking towards it, saw a stick with some holly leaves at the end being rubbed against the glass.

She stole across the room to the window, and cautiously opened the casement. The night was so full of twilight that she could see and distinguish Jerry standing below.

"I say, Jael," he whispered, "come down, I want to tell you something."

"What is it?" she asked, also in a loud whisper.

"Come down, it's a long story, and a bad one. You only can help me. I'm all but undone."

"What is it, Jerry?"

"Come down, I say. I can't halloo my secrets for the seamews to know them."

She slipped off her shoes, and descended the stairs so lightly, that even had not Mrs. Bagg's trumpet drowned all inferior sounds, she would not have been heard. The door was never locked; she opened it and went out. "Come on to the bridge, Jerry," she said; "I won't go far from the house, nor stay out many minutes, so you must be quick in telling me what you want." She was in a defiant mood, indifferent to what her father might say if he found her going out at night, and yet she had sufficient self-regard to curtail the interview, and not to leave the line of rails near the cottage.

When she reached the bridge she leaned against it, as customary, with her hands behind her, and her feet together on one of the sleepers. The night was still, the northern sky was silver with light; the gulls were awake and chattering, calling to one another, and chuckling over their catches in the empty channel. What was mud by daylight was silver now, reflecting the clear illumined sky. The gulls' white wings caught the light from above, and as they fluttered down they seemed like great falling snowflakes. To the north-east a clump of five trees about an old manor-house stood out against the luminous sky as blots of ink, and the noble tower of Brightlingsea church rose against it distinctly visible in the night—more distinct than it was often by day, when the haze obscured it. "What do you think, Jerry," she said, her bosom heaving, "what do you think? Father has brought home Mistress Bagg to be a mother to me, and she has turned me out of my bed."

"You're in trouble then," said Mustard. "By George! so am I. What do you suppose

I have done? I have made an ass of myself—I have enlisted. I have taken the Queen's money, and whatever is to be the end of it, I do not know."

"Enlisted, Jerry!"

"Yes, I have; and I was a fool. I know very well that I shall be sent out to India or to Africa, and have to fight, and be killed, or die of cholera, or rattlesnakes, or tics-doloureux."

"Oh, Jerry!"

"Do you believe in presentiment? I do. But I won't go out. I'll desert, and if I'm caught, I shall be shot, and that will be the end of me."

"But—why did you enlist?"

Jael took her hands from behind her and folded them over her beating heart, then unlaced them, and put one hand on the bridge rail and drew it forward and backward; she had forgotten her own distress for the moment at these unexpected tidings.

"Why did I enlist!" repeated Jeremiah. "There's a cold-blooded question for a girl to ask! Why did I enlist?" in a tender tone, "Because your father insulted me that grossly that I couldn't bear it, but felt I must drown myself or become a soldier."

"How many years will you have, Jerry?" Her voice shook, she was pained to think she would lose him, and yet—a little proud to think of him as a gallant soldier in scarlet.

"Not a year, not half a year, not two months. Are you deaf? Did you not hear me? I said I should desert."

"But you cannot desert, Jerry."

"I can and I will, unless I am bought out. You must do that. It costs only ten pounds under three months, and fifteen over that. Ten pounds—what is ten pounds when my life and happiness is concerned? You would not have me whiten the desert with my bones, and saturate the soil of the Indies with my gore, would you?"

"Have you got ten pounds, Jerry?"

"No, I haven't, but you have."

"I—Jerry!"

"Yes—you have; you've a pot full of sovereigns. You are flush with gold; what's ten pounds to you? You told me yourself you had fifty."

"But, Jerry, my father has that, it is not mine yet. If it were mine I would gladly let you have the money—but—"

"Oh, yes, I understand ifs and buts."

"If all the loaves were made of *But*
And all the seas of *If*,
There'd be no paupers in the land
For all would have enough."

"You must pronounce the last word, *eniff*, or the rhyme don't come right," explained Jerry.

"But, Jerry, my father would never consent—"

"Do you take me for a jackass? I, that was first boy in the school, and gained a Bible and Prayer-book out of Lord Thistlethwaite's charity by learning a score of the Psalms of David by heart? I never thought of asking your father. The money is yours, not his."

"But he has the charge of it."

"I'll tell you what it is," said Jeremiah Mustard, sententially; "you told me yourself he was going to give you a second mother. He'll have heaps on heaps of children by her, and you'll be put out in the cold and your nose be turned out of joint; and they'll make use of you as a nurse to the squallers; and—what was I saying? Why—that woman will twist your father round her finger, and wheedle out of him all your money, and gild herself with it from top to toe—or—if she don't herself, she will her brats of children. I know what stepmothers are. I've read about them in print, and what's in print must be true. Why, she has driven you out of your bed already, she'll turn you out of the house next, because it is too small for you and her, and her swarm of babies—. As for your father, he'll love you no more, he'll be so wrapped up in the new babies, and he'll be led about by that woman, tied to her apron strings. It always is so. I believe there's something about it somewhere in Scripture, only I cannot name the chapter and verse, I'm so excited and angry."

"But—Jerry."

"Let me say my say," he went on; "I see clear as daylight that you have no one to stand by you but myself, and what you must do is to throw in your lot with mine. I've hit it, Jael! We'll go to America together. You dig up that pot of gold, and we will start at once for London, and see the agent for Canada, and get a free passage, as for man and wife. They'll perfectly scream for joy out there to have such a settler as me, able-bodied, young, and clever, having been first boy in the school, and able to say a lot of Psalms by heart, among others the one hundred and nineteenth. We'll get a free passage, and then, with your fifty pounds, we'll buy a farm. Why, Jael, they sell the land there for half a crown an acre, and that will make four hundred acres. Farmer Marriage hasn't got one so big as that, and he's churchwarden and guardian, and he *rents*

his from the squire; we shall *own* ours. By George! we shall be grand folks! That will be happiness. No soldiering for me, and no mother-in-lawing—no, I mean step-mothering for you."

Jael put up her hand to her brow, then over her lips which were trembling, but the hand trembled also; she stayed it by resting her elbow in the hollow of her other hand crossed before her. A tear came out of her eye and hung on her long dark lash, but Jeremiah could not see it, though the light from the north was on her face. He could not see the tear, but he saw how handsome she was, and her face was pale and cold in that mysterious light from the hidden sun, shining far away within the arctic circle. "That will be happiness," he continued; "you and I will have a nice little house together, with a green door and windows, and white curtains, and an umbrella stand in the hall."

He took her hand from her mouth, and held it between his. His hand was hot, she felt his pulses beating, she tried to withdraw her fingers, but he would not allow her.

"No, no, Jael," he said, "hand in hand we shall go through life together. You have no one else to look after you and care for you and love you. Now that your father has taken up with that old tabby, and is patting of her, and scratching her under the chin, and she a purring, he has no thoughts for you, not a bit of love left in his heart fit to set on a threepenny piece, not as much as makes a dose of quinine for the ague."

"If I thought my father did not love me—" began Jael, and then broke down. She had not been an accommodating daughter, had followed her own will, but she loved her rough father, and she believed that in his rude unshapen heart, he loved her.

"He don't love you. I ask any one who hears me," said Jeremiah, "is it possible that he can love you when he goes over to Fingrinhoe and fetches you a mother from there, and that woman, Mrs. Bagg? It is impossible. Every scrap of love is gone out of him—if he ever had any."

Then for a few minutes they stood silent, hand in hand, Jael looking dreamily across the silver of the empty channel—dull silver, with one thread in it of liquid, quivering mercury. The tide was rising and flowing in, up the channel, gurgling round the beams that supported the bridge.

"The tide has begun to flow," said Jeremiah. "The day after to-morrow at four o'clock in the morning the *Cordelia* is going to sail for London. She's got a load

of peas and beans, and is coming back with drain tiles. I'll tell Tom May to expect you, and about half past three you come aboard and slip into the fo'castle crib, and no one will say a word, and lie hid there till we're off. When we get to town we'll go and see the Agent for the Dominion of Canada, somewhere in Victoria Street, I think he is, and we'll get our passages out. You bring your fifty pound along with you——"

"But, Jerry, how about your enlisting?"

"I'll chance that. I told you I should desert, and if there be a fuss and I be caught, why we must shell out ten pound to clear me. But we'll try to get off without that. It would be a shame and a sin to throw away ten pound, that is eighty acres, when we can keep them. So, I say, we will chance it. Then we shall go to Liverpool together and cross the great Atlantic, and, as the story books say, be happy ever after on our estate of four hundred acres, and umbrella stand in the hall."

"No, Jerry, I cannot take the money."

"You must, Jael. We shall want it. We cannot do without it. You will see what a figure I shall cut, what a fortune I shall make when I've something to start from. That has always stood against me—having nothing. You can't begin from nothing, any more than you can stand upon nothing. They call money in hand capital, but I don't, I call it pedestal. It is not that which crowns but that which supports. What would this bridge be, if it were not for these sustaining posts? Well, your fifty pounds will be the supporting beams on which the line of our life will be carried."

"I cannot take it, Jerry, without my father's consent."

"You will leave your mother's money to this second woman to use, I suppose. Jael! I thought you'd more good feeling and respect for the memory of her that's gone than to think of such a thing. What will be your poor dear mother's feelings in heaven when she sees Mrs. Bagg buy a crinolette, and a chignon for herself, and a perambulator for the baby—bought out of her savings, out of her money which she intended for you, which she always desired you to have?"

Jeremiah felt Jael's hand twitch in his own.

"Oh, Jael!" he said, "if you love me, consider my feelings, and do what I ask." He put his arms round her.

Then they heard—was it a sea-bird screaming? No, it was Mrs. Bagg at the window calling, "Jael! Jael! Oh, you wicked—oh, you audacious girl! That ever! What will your poor dear father say? Come in this instant."

The girl withdrew from Jeremiah's embrace, her brows contracted, all the softness and tremulousness that had come over her went away; she was hard and firm now.

"Jeremiah," she said, "I must go in. Perhaps she has not seen you. But it does not matter. Good-bye, Jerry!"

"Good-bye, dear Jael, till to-morrow twenty-four hours at four in the morning, when we go off together with the tide—and don't forget the preserved ginger, I'm partial to that."

V.

UNDER THE BRIDGE.

NEXT morning, when Jael entered the kitchen, she found that Mrs. Bagg had prepared breakfast, and was at table with her father. Jael had spread a mattress in the corner of her room and cast herself on it, holding her hands to her ears to shut out the scolding of the widow, and had fallen asleep without taking off her clothes. She had slept heavily and long, and did not awake till Mrs. Bagg had risen and been down for an hour and a half. As she entered the kitchen she heard her say to her father, "Now mind, Master Tapp, to whatever I say, mind you say 'Amen.'"

Jael was a little ashamed of herself for having overslept herself and neglected her duties so that Mrs. Bagg had been enabled to step into her place without a struggle or protest. Mrs. Bagg had lighted the fire, boiled the kettle, spread the table, put the bread and butter on the table, and done the rasher of bacon. Not only so, but Mrs. Bagg had done all better than she—Jael—had been accustomed to do things. The table had a cloth on it—Jael had never considered it worth while putting one on for breakfast—and the four corners of the cloth hung evenly about the table.

"There," said Mrs. Bagg, "take your place, child; we have kept a rasher for you."

Jael's anger swelled up in her heart again. This woman was exercising authority over her, as mistress of the house, and mother by right divine.

She looked at her father, but he bowed his head over his plate and did not raise his eyes to meet hers.

"I don't want anything," said Jael, roughly; "if I am hungry presently, I shall take what I want."

"Sit down, anyhow, in your place," said her father, still without looking at her.

She obeyed. Her face was like a landscape across which shadows and flashes of light sweep alternately, when a gale is blowing aloft and driving clouds athwart the sun. At one moment it lowered, dark with sullen wrath, and then there came a gleam of fire into her eyes and cheeks, as her anger mounted and threatened an outbreak.

"Is it only barnacles as grows on to the bridge?" asked Mrs. Bagg, looking from Mr. Tapp to his daughter.

"And tangles," responded Shamgar.

"Tangles it is," said Mrs. Bagg; "and pretty tangles they be. The sea-tangles have bubbles in 'em filled with a jelly, and the tangles I've noticed on the bridge hasn't got no more than jelly in the bubble it calls its head. Tangles, indeed!" She poured herself out another cup of tea. "Pretty tangles they be, with a pair of legs and two arms, and a tongue, a reg'lar intangling tangle it is."

Shamgar looked up at the woman, then at his daughter.

"I've heard," said Mrs. Bagg, "of living tangles, a sort of fish with two great eyes and a lot of long arms, and its head and stomach all in one. And I've heard," she continued, looking hard at Jael, "that when that same creature gets its arms about a human being, then it's a bad look-out for that same. And I know that there be human octopuses too, that likes to throw their arms round girls' necks, and then I pity the girl, that's all. And from what I saw and judged last night, I suppose that there has been a human octopus and a human tangle about this house, and has been a longing and a trying to devour a certain person not a hundred miles off, nay—with only a table and a rasher of bacon between us."

Jael stood up, and flushed a dark red. She knew to what the widow alluded.

"I'm not surprised," said Mrs. Bagg, "that this poor dear man here"—she waved her spoon towards Mr. Tapp—"has been vexed and worried out of his life, by having to deal with idiots as can't keep out of the way of octopuses. Any one with a grain of sense would steer clear of them brutes, but some run into their arms and offer themselves to be swallowed. Jonah didn't go and chuck himself into the whale's belly, he was chucked in by heathens and papists, as were in the boat with him. I'm not surprised that Master Tapp has asked me to come and circumvent and supervise his house, when there are such goings on, and such creatures in it to be brought into order and obedience. Am I wrong, Master Tapp?"

"No, Mistress Bagg, not at all."

"Now don't you go and turn your back on me whilst I'm talking," pursued the widow, "especially when your hair is hanging down behind, all in a rummage, not properly pinned up, and when there's an end of your staylace poking out through the joints of your gown where it isn't fastened, nor can be because of the bursting of an eye, or the coming away of a hook. I'm not surprised at your father calling me over the coals for not a smothering you when you were born."

Jael turned sharply round, and looked at Mr. Tapp, whose eyes fell.

Mrs. Bagg felt she had gained an advantage, so she pursued the subject. "The poor dear man came up to me at Fingrin-hoe, wringing of his hands, and saying, 'Oh, why, my dear, dear Jemima'—which is my Christian name—"

"I did not call you Jemima," corrected Shamgar.

"Was it Bagg, you said?" asked the widow. "Bagg it shall be; it was the expression of your face as you said it, and the tenderness in your voice, and the general affection that pervaded you made me think it was Jemima you said, but it was Bagg, maybe, so softened and honeyed, and spiced, that it sounded like Jemima."

"Did my father wish I had been smothered?" asked Jael.

"He did. He was that cross with me for not having put the pillow over your mouth and made an end of you when you were born, that I'd the greatest difficulty to pacify him; and to make amends for not having done so, I said I'd come here and see what I could do with you now. Of course now, Jael, smothering is out of the question, but—"

"Father," said Jael, "is this true?"

"Ay!" he said loudly and angrily, to cover his confusion. "Of course it is. Have not you been a plague and a vexation to me ever since you were born? Ain't you now a harassing of me, as if you were going over me with a garden rake? I do—I do say, that Mrs. Bagg was very much to blame that she didn't consider my feelings and smother you right off on end when you were born."

"I suppose you'd just as soon I were smothered now," said Jael in a tone of mingled bitterness and distress.

"If the law would allow of it, I would," answered Tapp in a loud tone to disguise his real uneasiness, and under the impression that he must back up Mrs. Bagg; and carry

out the arrangement made with her. "It would be an end of worry to me, and I could mind the bridge with nothing else in my thoughts to vex me."

"I am sorry for it—that I am such a trouble to you. I will vex you no more," said Jael, hardly controlling herself, and she went out of the door.

Mr. Tapp thought he had gone too far, spoken too strongly, and he half rose from his seat.

"You let her alone," said Mrs. Bagg. "Hard words break no bones. You've given her a pill that will set her to rights. I understand female nature. Haven't I got it myself? If a person has it and has had it these forty—I mean thirty-five years, experiencing of it and experimentalising on it day and night, winter and summer, one must be a fool not to understand it. It will do her good. Trust me. I know what does for such constitutions as hers. Why, when I was a girl, myself, 'tother day, I was as skittish as she—not that I ever runned into the arms of octopuses. I let the octopuses run after me, and I kicked and struggled before I let them throw their arms about me."

"How you must have changed since then," said Shamgar grimly. He was uneasy in his mind. "Now you've come across the mouth of the Colne, left your own cottage for the chance of getting me. It is a chance. Mind you, unless you manage that girl properly, I'll have nothing to say to you more. Bagg you was, and Bagg you shall be, and Bagg shall stand on your tombstone. Yes," he said testily, "the Bagg shall find her mate, I'll give her the sack."

Jael did not appear throughout the day. Mr. Tapp was not greatly concerned at this, Mrs. Bagg not at all.

"It is wonderful how it tames wild creatures to be without their victuals," said the father.

Evening arrived, and still she had not returned.

In fact, Jael was rambling about the country, on the marsh, in the copse-woods. She kept out of sight of her father's house; there was a fire in her veins which made her restless, but in the afternoon she fell asleep in a nut-wood.

When she awoke the evening had closed in. She was hungry, but she would not go home. The sun had set, and there was summer-lightning flashing in the sky, fitful, as the pulses in her own heart. She could not remain in the nut-wood. There is an Essex saying that if you go nutting on a certain day, and the sun sets ere you leave,

you will meet the Evil One, also nutting, but the nut he will want is your soul. He will put his hand to you, just as you put yours to a hazel tree, and grope, and all at once lay hold of your heart, and give it a twist, exactly as you twist the nut off the bough, and in a moment it will be in his hand. Then he will put your heart to his teeth, and crack—in a moment he will have gulped your soul down, just as you eat the kernel of your nut.

Jael remembered this superstition, though she could not recall in what night it was that the Evil One went nutting, or whether he did not go every night, always seeking for those nuts. The idea of meeting him frightened her, and she emerged from the wood, and in the dusk stole nearer home. She had vainly sought nuts in the copse, nuts that is with formed kernels. All were empty, the time for the swelled and pleasant fruit was not come. She broke the shells and found they contained nothing edible, nothing but a sort of white cottony fibre.

The horizon was flushing, and it was hard to say where the lightning really was, for the original flashes repeated themselves over the whole sky with such vividness that the reflections seemed to be themselves electric discharges. No thunder could be heard. The storm that raged elsewhere was raging at a distance, but a haze of black vapour began to spread over the southern arc of sky, and thence, if the storm came, it would come to the Colne estuary.

Jael sat on a bank watching the sky for long; she could see the light in her father's cottage kindled, and the red signal lamps on the line. To the south the darkness was spreading, and the pulsation of light in it became more frequent, and once or twice she thought that she could hear a distant rumble.

The night would not be as clear as the last, even now a bank of vapour was forming over the north, like a repeated shadow there, as the lightning reflected itself there in flashes.

Presently Jael felt a drop on her hand, a warm large drop, like a tear fallen out of heaven—a tear of pity for her, hungry, forlorn, exposed to peril, homeless.

Then she went cautiously down to the railway bridge, looking about her, so as not to allow herself to be observed, and took refuge on the turf under the bridge where it made its first stride from the mainland. There she could stand, and if the rain came down would find shelter, so long as it was not driven by wind; and of wind, as yet, there

was little, and what there was came in sighs at intervals.

She seated herself on a patch of thrift, and leaned her back against one of the huge balks of creosoted timber that held up the bridge. There were many of them. By night, looking away to the flashing horizon, through the crossing spars, she seemed like a fly caught in a great black spider-web.

She could hear now the patter of the rain in the mud of the Fleet, and its rustle on the coarse turf. Then far off she heard a mutter from the sea, and in another moment a puff of wind rushed through the bridge girders and supports, sighing, moaning, whistling, and aloft, above the roadway, playing on the telegraph wires as on an *Æolian* harp. Sometimes the distant lightning was white, sometimes reddish-yellow; it became more intense, and the night became darker.

Peering forth at the sky she could see no stars, no entangled light from the north, only black, driving vapour, flashing and fading.

"There!" she exclaimed, as she saw a flash over the estuary as though the heavens were torn open, and in the white vista she perceived as it were a zigzag rent from top to bottom; and under that blaze the water was visible, as white as if run out of moonlight, and in its brilliancy she could trace the shape of a ship black as ink, and lines of breaking waves, vivid above the light of day on their crests, dark as deepest night in their laps.

"There!" she said again, as she heard the roar of thunder, still distant, but withal loud.

She was not conscious now of hunger, but of lassitude and faintness. She felt a sense of pleasure stir in her at the sight of the lightning and the sound of the approaching storm.

"There!" she exclaimed again, and drew in her feet, and contracted herself against the timber, as she saw a yellow speck of light travel along the sea-wall, and then approach where she was. As it approached, it widened and brightened.

"It is father's lantern," she said to herself in a whisper. She did not think of going to him. She considered only how she might conceal herself from him.

He drew nearer, and by the lightning and his lantern light she could make him out, could see the red tie about his throat. He was carrying a spade in one hand, and something under the other arm.

He came near to where she was, but he did not see her. The flashing of the lightning

dazzled the eyes. He saw only what was within the radius of the light from his lantern. He stood still. There were three great balks rose out of the marsh to the roadway, serving as piers for the single line of rail, and these were braced and girded with other beams a very little way above the ground.

"One—two," said Mr. Shamgar Tapp.

Jael heard his words. The wind set inwards. She was hidden behind the third balk.

Then her father set down the lantern and turned up the turf with his spade.

Now Jael saw what he had been carrying under his arm. It was the preserved-ginger pot that contained the sovereigns that belonged to her mother, and were left to her.

Now, also, Jael knew what he was about. He was aware that the place where the pot had been hidden was known to her. He was afraid lest she should go to it, and take the money, so he was removing it and hiding it in a place where she would not find it.

Jael laughed bitterly, laughed loudly, but Shamgar did not hear, the wind carried her laugh away from him up the Fleet.

"And now," said Mr. Tapp, as he replaced the turf over the pot which he had buried, "now she can't lay hand on it without my consent."

Then he went away, swinging his lantern, with the spade over his shoulder, and a sudden, dazzling, blinding explosion of lightning showed him to her, mounting the sea-wall, with his back to her, going home.

Then again she laughed, and her laugh was like the cry of a gull—but it was blotted out by the boom and bolt and rattle of thunder that shook the bridge, and made the very ground on which she sat, and the balk against which she leaned, quiver as though the dissolution of all things was at hand.

VI.

ON THE "CORDELIA."

In the raw morning light, cold, wet, haggard, Jael crept down the beach at Brightlingsea. The tide had flowed and reached its full height, now it was on the turn, and the *Cordelia* would go out with it.

The rain had ceased, the thunderstorm had passed away and left a wet, chill world behind it. The wind was cold, or seemed so to the girl who had been exposed to it all

night, crouched under the railway bridge. She had eaten nothing for many hours.

"Hold hard, there you are," said Jeremiah. "I knew you would come. Get into the boat and I will row you aboard."

A few men stood about, they looked at Jael.

"What, Jael, you going a sea-faring?" asked one.

"Ay! Going to see the sights of London," answered Jeremiah, "under my protection. Here, Jael, be alive; put your foot there, and sit in the bows."

In another moment they were afloat, launched—to go whither?

On reaching the *Cordelia* she was helped up the side.

"There, Jael," said Jeremiah. "Slip into the fo'castle crib and lie quiet till we're off."

The fore-castle did not form a cabin, but a covered space so low that though one might sit up in it, to stand up in it was not possible. It was a convenient place to stow goods away, as it was sheltered from the wind and from the wash of the waves. Jerry threw in a couple of sacks and bade the girl lie on them.

"Oh, Jerry!" she pleaded. "Give me something to eat. I have had nothing for a day and a half."

Then he brought her some bread and cheese.

"We shall be off," he said, "in half a jiffy, and then you have said Good-bye to your old life and How-do-you-do to the new one."

It was as he said. The anchor was raised, the little vessel swung over on her side, Jael heard the pleasant swash of the water parted by the bows, and through the opening of the fore-castle saw the grey, dull landscape change. The Martello towers passed before the opening, and the shingly beach with the breakers on it, then the vessel strained and went over steeply, and Jael saw nothing but sky, morning clouds kindled pink and amber and gold from the rising sun.

She lay quietly on her sacks, resting her cheek in her hand, looking out, but only imperfectly seeing the changing view, for her mind was otherwise occupied. A feeling of alarm crept over her. She had taken a step impossible to retrace. She was leaving her home and her father, and her girlhood, and was seeking a new home, and new associations, and—she knew not what lay before her. Hitherto she had been sustained by sense of wrong done her, wrath against the odious woman who had supplanted her, resentment against her father for his indifference to her happiness; but now a

reaction set in, and her breast was full of quiverings, fear and incipient remorse and painful suspense.

Tom May, a coarse sailor, who did not bear a good character, came and looked in, and cut a rude joke, that brought the colour to her brow, and then the tears into her eyes. She did not answer him but turned and looked away from the opening to the planks. Then May went off. She knew he was gone, for more light filled the low cabin when he did not stop the hatch with his body, and she reverted to her former position, and again, with dreamy eyes looked out. Swash! The water rushed up the bows and fell over the deck, raining down before the cabin entrance. Some of the water ran in, some of the drops were carried on to her lips, and were salt, but there were other drops as salt on her cheeks that fell from her lashes, and came from another sea, a deep sea within, that tossed, and foamed, and threw up brine, and filled her heart with bitterness.

Then Jeremiah Mustard came to the entrance and crept in a little way, kneeling on one knee, stooping, and holding the sides of the hatch.

"How are you, Jael? You do not mind the sea?"

"No, Jerry."

"Glad to be away from Mrs. Bagg, eh? Glad to have turned your back on wretchedness and set your face towards prosperity, eh?"

"I don't know that I am glad," she said, simply, then raised her face from her hand, and laid her hands folded on the planks. Her right cheek was crimson as a carnation, through the pressure of her hand, but the other was very pale. "I am not glad, I am not happy at all. I do not feel as if I were sailing out of shadow into sun, but as if my boat were dipping and would never come up on another wave."

"That is because you haven't had your proper victuals," explained Jeremiah. "It is always so, when the meals ain't regular."

She made no answer to this, neither consenting to the interpretation, nor disputing it, but she drew her hand across her cheek.

"Has the sea water been in?" asked Jerry.

"Yes—there's been a good deal of salt water here," she meant in her eyes, but he did not understand her; "and," she went on sadly, "I think I shall be better when there has been more." Then suddenly she drew herself up from her posture of lying on the sacks in the low cabin, to her knees and so faced him. The light was behind him,

brilliant, for the sun was rising, and the clouds were dazzling as they had been when heaven opened in the lightning flash last night. He was between her and the sky, cloud and light and sun, and she could not see his face distinctly for the brightness behind him. His arms were extended clasping the sides of the door, and he was on one knee, the other foot was within the little cabin.

She knelt before him, she clasped her hands and laid them on her bosom.

"Jerry," she said, "you mean fairly, truly, honestly by me?"

"My dear Jael," he replied, "of course I do. You must trust me."

"Trust you," she said; "I have no one else to trust. I loved my father, and he has turned against me; he does not love me. He wishes I had been smothered as a babe by Mrs. Bagg. He told me so. He was angry with her because she had not killed me, when my dear mother died, and I was left helpless." Her voice quivered with emotion, her notes were deep, almost masculine, in their hoarseness, the hoarseness of intense emotion.

She recovered herself a little, and, still kneeling to him, looking at him with great eyes full of entreaty, and with the mark of her hand crimson on her right cheek, so that every finger was printed as with blood, she said, "Jerry, my mother died, my father hates me. I have no home, I have no one to look to, no one to trust, no one to love, no one to hold by—but you."

"Well," said he, "that's right."

"What! Right that I should be all alone? No, Jerry, I am driven from home because of you. I pray you be just, be true to me. I have but you." Then she fell forward, with her hands outstretched on the planks before him, and her fingers touched his foot, her head sank between her arms, on the floor, and she burst into a storm of tears.

"It's want of victuals," said Jerry; "I'll see if there's a bit of cold pie." Then he got up, and went away, and left her lying thus, with face and arms on the deck, "For," said he, "I can't bear women's tears." Then a great wave rushed up and spouted over the bows, and swept the forecabin and swirled in at the lurch and washed over her prostrate head and extended arms and hands.

Presently Jeremiah returned.

"There you are," said he. "Here's veal pie and a cold potato, and in this bottle you'll find rum and water ready mixed and not too strong of water. You creep further in, and shut the trap, and amuse yourself with what I've brought. Take my

word for it, Jael, after you've got the better of that pie and come to an understanding with the bottle, by that time the world will look a different colour to you than it does at this minute; and what is more, by and by we'll be out of this nasty sea, and under the lea of the Kent coast and be running into the Thames. If you'd prefer to be below in the cabin, come along, but the chaps are free-tongued, and you mightn't like it."

"I will stay here," said Jael, in a tone of indifference, and then, with sudden vehemence, "Jerry! you mean me fair. You will not be false with me." She paused. "Oh, Jerry! If after I have trusted you, and come away from my home with you, were you to be untrue, I would—I would—" she gasped for breath.

"What would you do?"

Then her momentary energy gave way, she sank forward, with her clenched hands on the boards, and said, "I do not know—I do not know."

"There," said Jeremiah, "let me close the hatch; you go further back, and the water will not come in; you can go to sleep and pass the time in pleasant dreams." Then he drew the hatch together and shut her in.

"I thought her a beauty once," he said, "but she looks as if all the beauty had been washed out of her this morning."

VII.

IN AN EATING-HOUSE.

"So—this is London," said Jael, looking round at the masts and warehouses. She was not cheerful in tone or in appearance. The vessel had taken a long time creeping up the Thames. She had not been able to remain in her fore-castle berth, but had come out, leaned over the bulwarks and watched the coast, and the ships, the pretty wooded hills of Kent, the white chalk pits, the cement works smoking, the steamers shooting past, the long flat of Essex marsh, the chemical works, that made the air poisonous that wafted from them.

Jael had asked no questions; she was not greatly interested in what she saw, for she was occupied with her own troubles.

There were four men on the *Cordelia*, Tom May, Jerry Mustard, and two others; one of these latter was however hardly to be designated a man, he was a gawky boy. The

man she did not know was a swarthy fellow with rings in his ears, and spoke broken English. He and May addressed her occasionally with offensive familiarity, and May put his arm round her waist as she leaned against the side looking at the coast.

"Let me go," said Jael angrily.

"You're so light," answered May, "I'm afraid of your being blown away."

His tone, his look, his freedom offended her, and she complained to Jerry, who shrugged his shoulders, and said they would soon be in London, and then be quit of May and the rest of them.

At length they entered dock, and Jael looking about her, in a tone of discouragement and disappointment said, "So—this is London."

"Ay," answered Jeremiah. "It is down Surrey side, Rotherhithe. You don't suppose, do you, that we can sail up to Westminster Abbey, or Madame Tussaud's, or Buckingham Palace to deliver over our cargo of beans? Come along ashore with me, you have no baggage, and we'll go to an eating-shop and have something good to dine on."

She followed him with some reluctance, and yet with the consciousness that she had committed herself to his charge, and that she had gone too far to draw back. But she could not shake off her uneasiness and growing regret at having acted with such lack of consideration. She argued with herself that no other course was open to her, that she had no other friend, and yet was unable to convince herself that she had done right. The conflict in her mind had worn her, and her face had lost its freshness, and her eye its fire. Moreover, her clothes, exposed to rain and sea-water, had become dragged and discoloured.

She looked about the wharfs, at the men and bales, and the warehouses. Rotherhithe seemed to her a very dingy place, not at all equal to her anticipation of what London should be.

Jerry led her to an eating-house, and ordered dinner. As they sat alone together in a compartment, with a table between them, and a dirty cloth over it, stained with ale and gravy, she was silent for a while, and then abruptly asked:

"Jerry! Why did Captain May say I was light and might be blown overboard?"

"How am I to understand his words?" asked the young man in reply.

"He chuckled and looked at that foreign fellow with the earrings, and then at the boy and laughed, and the boy laughed aloud. What did he mean?"

"He was a fool to say it. He showed his ignorance," answered Jeremiah Mustard.

"But what did he mean?" She looked across the table at him, and leaned her chin in her hands, and her elbows on the dirty table, and with her great dark eyes fixed on his, insisted on an explanation.

The young man played with the steel-pronged fork set in a black handle, tapping it on the table, and laughed. He was a handsome fellow, remarkably handsome, with curly chestnut hair, and fine eyes, dark as those of Jael, but without their fire and expressiveness. His nose was well shaped, and the mouth would have been beautiful had it been furnished with lips less thick.

"Well, Jael," he said reluctantly, "I suppose he thought you light to fly away with me; but he was wrong, you know. He knew nothing of how you were weighted."

"Now," said the girl, slowly, "I do not understand you."

Neither spoke for a while. Presently Jeremiah began to complain that the dinner was not served, they were kept waiting an unreasonable time, and then explained that the hour was not that at which customers were expected at the eating-house, so that nothing was ready. Jael did not pay attention to his complaints and explanations.

"We'll have something to drink first," he said.

"Jerry," said the girl, "when are we to be married? It must be at once."

"How can it be at once?" he asked roughly. "Our banns have not been called, and if we get a licence it will cost us at least a guinea. You don't suppose it worth a guinea—why that would be eight acres in the Dominion of Canada. And for banns we should have to spend three weeks waiting. We must get to Liverpool and on to the sea before that. We can be married in America, or, if there's a parson on the ship that takes us over, we will get spliced then. Don't bother yourself about that."

"But I do, Jerry. We must be married at once if it does cost a guinea."

"Here!" called Jerry to the shabby woman who attended on the tables as waitress, "you bring a pint of bitter, and be sharp."

This was produced more quickly than the required meat and vegetables. Jeremiah took a long draught, and then passed the pewter across to Jael, who shook her head.

"Well, if you won't, others will," said Mustard, and again applied his lips to the tankard. When he had set it down, he said, "You don't guess what a chance I have

given up for you, Jael. Do you know Argent Soames?"

"Only by name."

"He has got a mighty fine daughter—Julia."

Jael looked at him hastily.

"Argent Soames has sometimes to do with the B. & W. Railway, and I might have had a post on it, if I had liked, that would have suited me beautifully."

"But you could not take it. You had enlisted."

"Oh, gammon about that!"

"What do you mean, Jerry?"

"You are not so soft as that, are you?"

She looked intently at him with perplexity in her great eyes. She was still resting her chin in her hands.

"That was all fudge," explained Jeremiah.

"You don't mean to tell me that you believed I had enlisted?"

"You told me that you had."

"Oh, yes, I did say so, but that is no reason why you should have believed it."

"You said it, so of course I believed it. Did you not enlist, Jerry?"

He raised the pewter again to drink, partly to cover his confusion, for her true eyes searchingly fixed on him made him feel uncomfortable.

"By George!" he said, "I wish you would not stare a fellow out of countenance. It isn't womanly, it isn't respectful."

"I want to know if you did not enlist, Jerry."

"No, I did not."

"Then why did you say you had?"

"Because—I didn't think I'd persuade you otherwise to come away with me."

"It was a lie," she said, and worked her elbows impatiently, angrily, on the table.

"Now, don't put yourself out," said Mustard, "you're irritable for want of victuals. It is always so when the meals aren't regular. Have some bitter, it is cool, and rare stuff." He thrust the tankard towards her again. Again she shook her head, this time angrily. And now her eyes began to flash.

"It was a lie, then," she said.

"Well," he apologised, "I wouldn't call it that. I had more than half a mind to enlist, and I swear to you, I would have done so had not Argent Smith offered to take me on to the line. I would have liked that. I've tried it afore, and I can drive an engine as well as any one. Besides, it's not hard to run one between Wyvenhoe and Brightlingsea, and back again from Brightlingsea to Wyvenhoe—a chap can't go wrong so long

as the bridge be right. You see the B. and W. has got across with the G.E.R. again, and she's going to set up her own station, and work her own engines, and not allow a G.E.R. man on her premises. By gorr! She's right. Why should the G.E.R. suck her blood? derive all the profits? The profits must be great, such a lot of oysters travel nowadays from Brightlingsea. Shut those confounded eyes of yours, or look elsewhere. There's an advertisement of Guinness's stout may interest you. Stare at that, if you please, and not at me."

"If you did not enlist, you did not desert?"

He attempted to put her down with bluster. "You are a fool to ask such a question. How could I desert if I did not enlist? As well expect a man to take off his coat when he has not drawn one on. I wish I'd a paper here You—" (to the waitress) "bring me the *Daily Telegraph*."

He was given the newspaper; he opened it and held it up before him as a screen between himself and Jael. She put up her hand and beat it down, tearing it in two as she did so.

"Now then," said he, "see what you have done. You'll have to pay a penny for that. Look at that woman if you want an engaging object of study, not at me."

"Why did you tell me you had deserted?" asked Jael with persistency. She was a girl with strong will and much passion, and both were being roused by the falsehood and treachery of the man she had loved.

"Why did I tell you?" he repeated, and laughed mockingly, and held up his hand between himself and her to shut off the level steady glance of her eyes. "Why? If you want to be satisfied, I won't balk you of your pleasure. Because I thought you wouldn't take the money unless you had to buy me out."

"I am glad," she said, with constraint in her voice, "I am glad for one thing that you are not a deserter."

"And what is that one reason?"

He looked at her, but could not bear her eyes, and put up his open hand again. Her eyes pierced him, shone like the sun into the vile chamber of his heart, and showed even to himself how full of foulness it was.

"I am glad," she said, "because only for that ten pounds was I tempted to take the money."

"But as I do not want it for her Majesty, we will spend it in acres—eighty of them."

"I have not got the money. I did not take it."

"What?" He started to his feet with an oath.

"No, Jeremiah! I was tempted—for the sake of the ten pounds to buy you out—but I did not touch it."

"You have not the fifty sovereigns?"

"No, Jeremiah, I could not touch them. I tried to reason with myself that I might take—not all, that I never could have taken—but a part, just ten pounds; but—"

"But what?" He had clenched his fists; he stood opposite her, at the table, she with her chin in her hands, and her elbows on the table, looking up at him. His blood mounted to his face, flushed his cheeks, kindled his eyes.

"But," she continued, "I could not touch any of the money. It seemed to me that it would be like robbing my father. I knew that the money was mine—and yet I could not believe I had a right to it against his will. So—I let it lie where it was."

"You fool!" he shouted, with a curse, and struck her in the face with his clenched fist. "You fool! Do you think I cared a snap of the fingers for *you*? There are other and handsomer girls in the world than you. And now—I have lost the place Argent Smith offered me all through you."

He would have struck her again, but she stood up. The blow had dazed her for a moment and made sparks shoot before her eyes, but she speedily recovered herself. She stood up, drew herself to her full height, and tried to speak. Not a word would come. Her bosom was heaving as the sea in a storm. Flashes came and went in her eyes as the summer lightning had come and gone in the sky that night as she watched it from under the railway bridge that spanned Gull-Fleet. Her hands were clenched at her side. Between her eyes, on her brow, was a red mark, where his hand had struck her.

At that moment the waitress appeared with plates.

"Irish stew, by all that is glorious! It is want of victuals has upset me, and I did express myself too strongly. There, Jael, sit down to the stew."

She did not speak; with her hands still clenched, with her teeth set, her brows contracted, without a word she left the eating-house.

"Well," said Jeremiah, "I must eat both portions. What a mercy it is I do dote on Irish stew!"

(To be continued.)



ET CÆTERA.



NATURE, according to Horace, will find her way back to you, however roughly and unceremoniously you may drive her out. Let us hope that "Naturalism" may not possess the same power of "popping up again" if expelled as some of her revolted votaries are apparently trying to expel her—"with a fork." No method of expulsion, it must be admitted, could be more appropriate. A good, stout pitchfork, steaming from the farmyard midden, and with straw and other appendages still clinging affectionately to its prongs, would appear to be an instrument specially designed for the removal of the works of M. Zola from under the noses of mankind. Whether the literary labourers who were the first to take up the fork have the best title to handle it or are likely to show the most skill in using it, is another question. Indeed the very names of the literary gentlemen who have just cast dust on their heads (and have doubtless regretted that they cannot, for good Highlander reasons, rend their clothes) for a testimony against the *grossièretés* of M. Emile Zola, are calculated to bewilder. Jefferson Hogg once replied to an inquiry after an acquaintance for whom he had no liking that the last news of X. was that "he had been put ashore by the crew of a whaling-vessel for ungentlemanly conduct." Inability to conform to even the least exigent canons of decorum could hardly have been more forcibly illustrated; and when we hear of M. Zola's indecencies having procured his expulsion from a ship's company in which M. Paul Bonnetain finds a place, we feel that the experience of Hogg's friend has indeed met its parallel. The author of *La Terre*, however, has since had to encounter a more

formidable opponent. M. Brunetiere has been playing executioner of *hautes œuvres* upon him in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, and it seems just possible that France may be getting tired of the great apostle of the pigstye, and ripe for the adoption of some newer literary craze. What, I wonder, is destined to succeed Zolaism if Zolaism itself is destined to go under? Will it be the school of the *Décadents*, the *Déliquescents*, the Instrumental Symbolists, or Symbolic Instrumentalists, or whatever may be the highly respectable name of those interesting young men who have recently described themselves as "born of the over-*blasé* condition of a Schopenhaueresque civilization," and who intend, we are told, to "destroy old-world fashion, and lay the foundation of the great national literature of the twentieth century." This is a large order, and more such are given than executed. Still, whatever the *Décadents* or any other successors of M. Zola may turn out to be, we may with a safe conscience wish good luck to them. Their predecessor is "bad to beat," and we doubt whether they could beat him if they tried. If they will only be real Realists, their work is sure to be less offensive; for the true reason why the work of the so-called Naturalist School was so indescribably hideous is because it was not realism at all. M. Zola is essentially an Idealist—only he idealizes ugliness instead of beauty. His crapulous *ouvrier* and swinish *bourgeois* is no more a realistic copy of the average French artisan or tradesman than the Melian Venus is a realistic copy of the average Greek woman of the period to which that great work is to be assigned. Precisely as the Greek sculptor seized upon the isolated perfections distributed over a group of real or imaginary models—here the noble poise of a head, there the exquisite moulding of a bust, —and combined them into the majestic

presentment of the goddess; so the French writer has borrowed features of depravity from a variety of members of those classes from which his hideous heroes and heroines are drawn—here a base instinct, there a foul habit—and then amalgamated them into an ignoble, but not the less ideal, whole. The attempt to affiliate him to Balzac,—that great delineator of mankind who described men and women as he *saw* them, extenuating nothing, but inventing nought in foulness, and while shirking no repulsive detail that met his eye, yet adding none from his imagination,—borders closely on impiety. Balzac would no more recognise a follower in Zola than Swift would acknowledge one in the Marquis de Sade. The “documents” of the author of *La Cousine Bette* were authentic *pièces de conviction* against mankind. Those of the author of *L'Assommoir* are gross and clumsy forgeries, bristling in a hundred places with impudent interpolations from the hand of the man who tenders them. Whatever M. Zola’s literary lineage, he most assuredly does not trace it from Balzac. But in truth there is but little research required to construct the genealogical tree. The question, Who was the first Naturalist? admits of a very easy answer. The first Naturalist was the first dirty little boy who found himself opposite a dead wall with a piece of chalk in his hand, and no policeman near him to pull his ears. We all know what *his* “documents” are like, and M. Zola’s are not very different.

How many people, I wonder, keep diaries nowadays! Diaries I mean of the old-fashioned introspective, autobiographical, private and confidential order. Other sorts are common enough still, I dare say; indeed, we have only too good reason to know that of one sort at any rate there is something more than a sufficiency. The diary of travel—the journal of *impressions de voyage*—will probably never cease from among us; nor, one fears, will the publication thereof, at the request of partial friends of the diarist, but on no internal grounds which an uninterested public can consent to regard as adequate. Depend upon it, the world has not for the last time been invited to admire Mr. John Brown’s masterly description of sunrise, as witnessed by him from the top of the Righi: nor is it doubtful that we shall yet again be privileged to share the emotions aroused in the passionate bosom of Miss Matilda Robinson on her first upward glance at the interior of the dome of St. Peter’s. On the contrary, it is tolerably safe to predict that with the spread of popular education, these literary

exercises will increase and multiply. Instruction in the art of writing English has, even in our preparatory schools, advanced greatly, I believe, since the days of my early boyhood, when the weekly letter which we were expected to address to our revered master, was treated by us less as a test of our powers of original composition than as assisting us to perfect ourselves in the humbler but still useful accomplishment of accurately transcribing passages from the pages of a school text-book. There exists, *penes me*, the original draft of one of these letters, “composed” by a near relative, and commencing *verbatim et literatim* (with, of course, the exception of the address) as follows:—

“SUGARCANE HOUSE,
“April 3, 1850.

“Dear Sir,

“A thunderstorm in the tropics is preceded by an awful stillness of the elements. The sky becomes densely overcast; wild animals hurry affrighted to their lairs,” &c.

There is, it is true, a certain epic abruptness about this which the writer’s style has now lost, and has never since regained; and it is arguable that its apparent lack of art is in reality artistic in the highest degree. No less suddenly, it may be said, does Homer plunge into his “Wrath of Achilles”: nor does Virgil with more preamble start Æneas upon his wanderings. Nevertheless, though the point of style is, as I have said, arguable, my near relative was not permitted to argue it: so despotic was the temper of the schoolmasters of those days.

I have no doubt, however, that English composition is cultivated with much more success nowadays in our schools than it was a generation ago, and that the more its cultivation advances the more diaries of travel, the more journals of *impressions de voyage* will be produced. Nor will the “political journal” fail us; nor the methodically kept record of the sayings and doings of fashionable life, as it appears to the “diner-out”; nor, perhaps, the steady Boswellizing of latter-day Johnsons. All these varieties of the species are very likely flourishing among us. It is pleasing to imagine that some of our leading politicians may be at this moment engaged in a series of anatomical preparations of their political adversaries, or perhaps—and in this case with an even more unflinching devotion to scientific accuracy—of their political friends. A harmless malice is gratified by the surmise that many a diner-out is busied upon an etching (duly “bitten in” with acids) of other diners-out, a work of art destined only to see the light when none of

the competing Yoricks will ever again "set the table on a roar." And as to diaries of the last of the three kinds I have enumerated, who knows but that some one is at this moment occupied in Boswellizing Mr. Froude? All these diarists are of the "objective" order, and their race will in all probability never fail out of the land. But what has become of the diarist who keeps a minute chronicle of his own daily emotions, a faithful record of his self-communings in the night watches?—the diarist of the variety which our dear, hearty, healthy, typical young Englishman, no more conscious of the "Subject-object Ego" than he is of his liver, is wont to describe as "morbid"? Rousseauism, Sénancourism, De Guérinism cannot be absolutely extinct in an era of such intense self-consciousness as this: and yet how seldom are these endless harpings on the harp that once was wont to shed the soul not of music but of the musician, to be heard in these days! It must be owned that the last important chord which broke at night in the now disused instrument made a goodly number of vibrations in its snapping. Several thousand pages of MS. represented, I believe, the linked sweetness of Professor Amiel's *Journal Intime*; and it is interesting to learn—even with a tardiness for which the eminent English critic apologises—that Amiel bores Mr. Matthew Arnold. For he evidently does bore Mr. Arnold, except with his literary criticism, which, though often admirable, is not what gives its characteristic flavour to the book. It is quite clear that the subjective parts of Amiel's journal repel the latest and most eminent of its students. I don't mean the subjectivity of such passages as this:—"This morning I corrected the proofs of *L'Étrangère* (his volume of verse translations). Do I feel any relief, any pride, joy, hope? Hardly. It seems to me that I feel nothing at all, or at least my feeling is so vague and doubtful that I cannot analyse it. On the whole I am tempted to say to myself how much labour for how small a result! Much ado about nothing! And yet the work in itself is good—is successful. But what does verse translation matter? Already my interest in it is fading; my mind and my energies clamour for something else." And then, after a sort of "Ahem!" that one can almost read between the lines, he adds: "What will Edmund Scherer say to the volume?" I do not mean subjectivity of this kind. This is too much. Such a minute history of sensations can never surely have been seriously rehearsed in the bodily order by one of the oldest *habitués* of Bath or Cheltenham to a fellow-valetudinarian.

But it is when Amiel lets go his spiritual pulse for a moment and begins to discourse Pantheism that I find him most interesting: and it is just here, as I gather, that Mr. Arnold is most impatient of him. *Half-hours with the Infinite*, if I may so describe it, appear to have no charm at all for the author of *Empedocles on Etna*. He evidently considers such musings as "unpractical," and disapproves of them on that account. Fancy such an objection from Mr. Arnold! It is a singular and "awful example" of what a philosopher may come to by taking himself seriously as a politician, and backing himself to solve the Irish problem in so many guesses.

RUSSIA is not a pleasant abode for those who, like the Irish immigrant just landed at New York, are "agin the Government;" but to those who survey her political methods from a distance, she is full of attraction. The Russian administration is the only one in Europe which has not lost the primitive charm of *naïveté*. It has not yet acquired those conventionalisms of official expression, or mastered—if indeed it would care to master—those arts of disguise which enable governments of a more advanced type to represent any retrograde or reactionary step which they may have in contemplation, as really in strict accordance with the newest and truest principles of progress. A more delightful incident in its way than the cool *volte face* which is being executed in the matter of public education in Russia by the department entrusted with the care of that interest, it would be difficult to find—unless indeed it be the issue of the circular in which the Education Minister announced his change of policy. Russia, with her customary promptitude in adopting the latest "fads" of the west, conceived the idea some time ago that the best way of coping with the revolutionary spirit abroad among the people was to diffuse classical education as widely as possible among the poorer classes. Accordingly, all the little Russians who could be got hold of were duly set down to read the stories of Brutus and Tarquin, Mucius Scævola and Porsena, Harmodius and Hipparchus, and other like correctives of a too pronounced tendency to tyrannicide. Finding by experience of the system that it did not diminish Nihilism and increase the admiration of the rising generation for the autocratic powers, the Ministry of Education have as suddenly made up their minds that the influx of students into the poorer classes of the universities ought to be as speedily as possible arrested. The minister therefore issues a circular to the curators of all scholas-

tic councils, directing that the gymnasia and pro-gymnasia are henceforth to "refuse to receive as pupils the children of domestic servants, of cooks, washerwomen, small shopkeepers, and others of the like condition whose children, with the exception, perhaps, of those gifted with extraordinary capacities, should not be raised from the circle to which they belong, and be thereby led, as long experience has shown, to despise their parents, to become discontented with their lot, and irritated against the inevitable inequalities of existing social positions." Now it is just possible that if our own advanced and enlightened country were suddenly converted into a Palace of Truth, the views of the Russian Minister of Education might be found to command an unexpected amount of sympathy even here. But the question of education is precisely one of those which the advanced and enlightened nations unanimously decline to discuss within the four walls of that thought-betraying edifice; and it is their ever present consciousness of this fact which makes the frankness of the Russian Government so peculiarly engaging to them. That Government says openly what the squire in these days has to content himself with thinking. The one great end of education, says the Minister, is to teach the poorer classes in Russia to "love the Czar and his relations, and always know their proper stations." It is more than doubtful, argues this inimitable functionary, whether a classical education increases the popular affection for our august master: it is not doubtful at all that it makes the people discontented with their proper stations. *Argal*, he concludes, it is necessary to retrace our steps, and to close the door of the universities against "the children of domestic servants, of cooks, washerwomen, small shopkeepers, and others of the like condition." This classification, so far as the domestic servants and cooks are concerned, appears to involve something like a "cross division"; but its capriciousness is the most striking thing about it. "Didn't I see you shavin' a baker yesterday?" asks Dickens's coalheaver of the barber who objected to operate upon him; and the answer of the fastidious Figaro is that "the line must be drawn somewhere." The Russian Minister of Education has apparently drawn it just above cooks, washerwomen, domestic servants, and small shopkeepers. The children of these outcasts of society are to be forbidden to share the privileges of the industrial classes (whoever they may be), who are raised one degree above them, or at any rate, only to be allowed to share these privileges on condition of being gifted with

"extraordinary capacities." This does not seem to be an arrangement calculated to allay class-jealousies; but apart from this, there is a certain flavour of the Irish bull about the plan of preventing popular discontent by depriving whole classes of a community of privileges recently conferred upon them. If academical education in Russia really tends to irritate the children of cooks and washerwomen against the inevitable inequalities of existing social positions, is it not on the cards that something of the same irritation may be created among the parents by informing them that these inequalities of social position render it impossible to continue to them educational privileges which are still to be enjoyed by their betters? But the Russian Government surveys this question, as it does all others of a like character, with a serene superiority to misgiving. Here, in England, where the commonplace about "not sitting on the safety-valve" is regarded as the last word of political wisdom, there is something quite refreshing in seeing a ruler take his seat firmly, if not comfortably, in the position which he has been warned against, and calmly request the fireman of the engine not to spare the coal. Russia will soon be the only European country in which a principle of government too hastily supposed to be exploded is getting a fair trial.

Nothing interests everybody, and everything interests somebody. That, like the tenet of justification by faith, as described in the Eleventh Article, is "a most wholesome doctrine, and very full of comfort," especially to any one who undertakes to interest the public in what he writes. The first branch of the double proposition consoles him under the consciousness of having bored some of his readers; the second supports him with the hope that he will not bore them all. Still it is advisable, as far as may be, to consider the tastes of those with whom one has to deal, either as readers or as acquaintances, and not to supply them with, or recommend to them, any subject of study which does not seem reasonably calculated to square with their presumed likings. You should not, for instance, too hastily recommend attendance at the proceedings of a learned congress, as a substitute for one or other of the open-air amusements in which English youth delights. A young friend of mine consulted me a couple of months ago as to whether he should stop on his way north for the grouse-shooting to attend the meeting of the British Association at Manchester. Should he be interested in the papers read in the various "sections," he asked

me, and enjoy the discussions which followed? I told him I thought he would find it capital fun. Science, I said, was in itself a kind of pursuit, and there was one particular hunt in which I was specially interested—I mean the hue-and-cry after our “Primitive Aryan ancestor.” I added that I had every reason to believe that Professor Sayce, who was to read a paper on the subject, had run him to a standstill at last. I told my friend to look out for a man sitting at the door of a “miserable bee-hive hut of wattled mud,” and stitching together his frock-coat of undressed skins with a bone needle; eating crushed spelt instead of bread, and not able to count more than a hundred. That, I said, would be “the Primitive Aryan,” and I should be glad of any *renseignements* which could be given me in his regard. A few days after the meeting was over, I met my young friend again in London, not quite in such high spirits as I had expected to find him. Still he gave a fairly well-satisfied account of the proceedings. Professor Sayce, he said, had brought the Primitive Aryan with him and introduced him to the Association. “Ah!” replied I, “what is he like? Little black-haired chap, isn’t he?” “What are you talking about?” said my friend astonished. “He is a tall, fair-haired fellow, with blue eyes and a light complexion.” “Impossible,” I exclaimed. “Your description does not in the least resemble him. You will be saying next that he is not *brachy-cephalic*!” “No, I sha’n’t,” replied my friend, “I don’t understand Sanskrit.” “Short-headed— isn’t he short-headed?” I asked. “Short-headed be hanged!” was the reply. “He was as long-headed as a Scotchman.” The whole thing was so extraordinary that it reduced me for a few moments to absolute silence. “Are you sure,” I at last inquired, “that there has been no mistake?” “Mistake!” cried my friend cheerily. “The Primitive Aryan is exactly what you would expect him to be from his origin. He is as *blonde* and blue-eyed as a man would be whose race had its cradle in Northern Europe.” “Had its cradle in Northern *what*?” I almost shouted. “In Northern Europe,” said the young man, surprised at my vehemence, “in Scandinavia.” “The Aryan’s cradle in Scandinavia,” I exclaimed. “Good heavens! Do you really mean to tell me that they have been moving *that* bassinette about again? Am I indeed to understand that it is no longer rocked upon the slopes of the Hindoo Koosh?” “The slopes of the Hindoo Bosh!” cried my young friend contemptuously. “There’s not the slightest doubt in the world that the Primitive Aryan hails from North-Eastern

Europe.” “And was *dolicho-cephalic*?” I inquired faintly, for the destruction of all my preconceived views on the question had quite bewildered me. “Yes, he wore trousers,” said my young friend, evidently feeling that he must “rush” the Greek at last. “The dress of Celtic Gaul and of Southern Britain when the Romans first became acquainted with it, has proved that point to Professor Sayce’s satisfaction.” I had not the heart to correct his etymology. All I could do was to press into his hand a volume of Max Muller’s ethnological researches, and to beg him to compare that learned professor’s views with those of his “faithful deputy,” and seriously to consider which of the two ethnologists was to be deemed the more worthy of belief. He did consider the question, but not seriously. He has, I am sorry to say, a trick of dealing with grave subjects in the form of the light-minded *ballade*, and a few days afterwards I received from him the following lines, which I give for what their levity and irreverence may be worth:

BALLADE OF THE PRIMITIVE ARYAN.

Tweedledum, tweedledee! It is time we began
The alternatives awful to face
Of a once-for-all choice, under blessing or ban,
’Tween Professors Max Muller and Sayce.
Though they’re erudite both in the learning of
race,
And do all that sagacity can
The cradle to find and the toddlings to trace
Of the Primitive Aryan Man.

Tweedledee, tweedledum! I am no partisan;
I impartially study the case;
I love not the quarrels of science to fan,
I would rather see *savants* embrace.
But from Norway to high Hindoo Koosh is a
space
Of divergence not easy to span,
By the schools to whom each is the rival birth-
place
Of the Primitive Aryan Man.

Tweedledum, tweedledee! Was he black? was
he tan?
Did he hunt? Did he fish? Did he chase?
Did they clothe them in skins, this nomadical
clan,
For their comfort if not for their grace?
Was it eastward or westward, full-flowing apace,
That the tide of his wanderings ran?
Which way was his march? and where fixed was
its base
For the Primitive Aryan Man?

ENVOI.

Prints, feeble and faint! within less than an ace
Of escaping Ethnology’s scan,
Will you *ever* direct a Max Muller or Sayce
To the Primitive Aryan Man?

ALMOST every year seems to bring with it an addition to the roll of royal and noble authors. Sweden, Brazil, Portugal, Roumania have all in turn contributed their name to a list which is chronologically headed, if I mistake not, by our own country in the person of its sovereign. The New World, it will be seen, has attempted in this matter to "redress the balance of the old;" and now it seems to be the turn of the Far East to join in the competition. His Imperial Highness Prince Chun, father of the Emperor of China, Prime Minister of the Empire, and Lord High Admiral of China, has been recently "dropping into verse," of which an Anglo-Chinese newspaper the other day published a translation. It would hardly be fair, perhaps, to judge of the Prince's Muse, as she appears disfigured by a European costume; but even with this drawback one is able to say with confidence of the English version of his highness's poem that it reminds us in turn of the utterances of an English poet once, if not now, of the highest popularity with the middle-class public, and of the (metrically) even more licentious—we cannot say "numbers," let us say "lengths"—of an American bard in whom many of his countrymen profess to find the poetic apostle of Transatlantic Democracy. Need I say that I refer to Mr. Martin Tupper and Walt Whitman? Such lines as these, for instance—

"Oh! This China of four thousand years and more

Whose civilization and excellence extend to the utmost parts."

—has all that subtle melody, combined with that masculine simplicity and directness (as of a *Blue Book*) which marks the more poetically-inspired passages in *Leaves of Grass*; while on the other hand, in such exhortations as

"Be genuine, and you will reach the genuine hearts of others,

If you have hidden motives you cause men to stand aloof,"

we catch an unmistakable echo of the Tupperian note. A more estimable platitude could not have been more impressively launched in *Proverbial Philosophy* itself. I am not acquainted with the metrical laws of Chinese verse; but if it is divided into lines, and if they always flow as smoothly as they do in the above extract, it is clear that

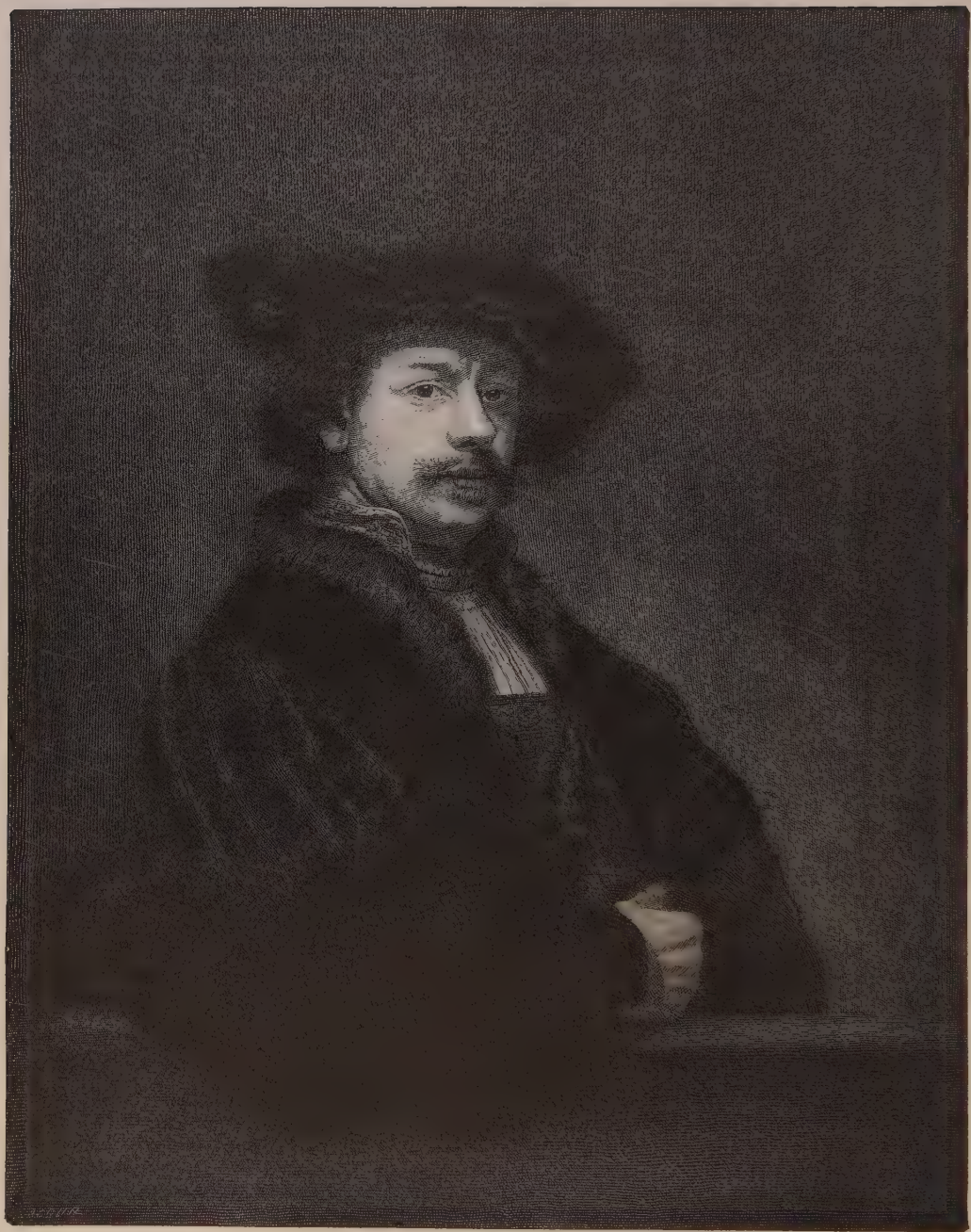
Chinese verse must closely resemble very respectable English prose, or, what is the same thing, the latest and most highly developed order of American poetry. Opinion, however, might conceivably differ as to the quality of form in Prince Chun's poem: the merit of its matter admits of no dispute. It is inimitable: I say so in all seriousness. The ten or a dozen lines in which the Prince describes the reception of the foreign consuls at Tientsin gives, even in the English translation, a more vivid idea of the ineffable complacency which inspires a celestial grandee's comparisons of himself and his race with the "outer barbarian" than a whole volume of disquisition could convey: and what can literature do more than this? If it puts a familiar fact—a fact so well known that it has long lost its curiosity for us—in such a way as to make us feel that for all its familiarity we have never adequately grasped and appreciated it, literature is, to my thinking, performing the highest function of which it is capable, whether it be dealing with the song of a nightingale or the cut of a pigtail. And there can be no doubt that the Prince as a writer has surprises of this kind at his command. Thus, for instance, the "foreign devil" knows well enough that the Chinese, and especially the Chinese dignitary, despises the unceremonious ways and the unbecoming *coiffure* of the Western. Yet, who does not feel as he reads these two lines of the Prince's—

"But except a doffing of the hat they have no other courtesies!

And what on earth is the history of this clipping of the hair?"

that he has never fully realised his Chinese altitude of mind on these matters before? The "what on earth" in the second line (assuming at least that the Chinese equivalent carries the same *feeling* with it) is infinitely expressive. Its suggestion of astonished amusement, coupled with a sense of superiority so profound that surprise is as little mingled with impatience as it would be in watching the eccentricities of children, is quite exquisite. It is to be hoped that we shall hear more of Prince Chun, and that he may be prevailed upon to undertake a European tour in order that he may give us his fuller impressions of Western life and manners in a poem of greater length.

H. D. TRAILL.



PORTRAIT OF REMBRANDT, BY HIMSELF.

Engraved by O. LACOUR, from the Picture in the National Gallery.

The English Illustrated Magazine.

DECEMBER, 1887.

THE STORY OF JAEI.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MEHALAH," "JOHN HERRING," ETC.

VIII.

THE ROAD.



JAEI left the eating-house, left the neighbourhood of the Rotherhithe Docks, found her way from the Surrey side of the Thames into London proper, and thence, as quickly as she could, disentangled herself from the endless, monotonous, and hideous streets of the outskirts of the great city that sprawled to the east and north-east. She had plenty of intelligence, and though she had lost her power of speech under provocation, found it when she had occasion to ask her way. She was not without money, though she had not taken any of the contents of the preserved ginger pot. Her father had been wont to entrust some of his weekly earnings to her, and she had this with her, tied up in a pocket-handkerchief. It was not much, but it was sufficient for her modest requirements—enough to enable her to take a ticket on the Great Eastern Railway back to Colchester, but it did not occur to her to take it. Indeed, she had asked solely for the road to Colchester; she could not think out what was best to be done under the circumstances. She acted on the impulse of the moment, and when she had discovered how unworthy Jeremiah Mustard was of the trust she had reposed in him, she felt the necessity for her immediate return to her father—and the nearest town, the market town, the point of gravitation for all the neighbourhood to which she belonged, was Colchester. Accordingly, she asked the road to Colchester. Of Bishopsgate Street Station she knew nothing. That it was

possible for her to get across by a ticket from Rotherhithe, by Wapping and Whitechapel, to Shoreditch, could not occur to her, profoundly ignorant of London topography, and the routes and ramifications of the lines.

She was content to cross to Limehouse, and through Poplar, to reach the road by Barking to Chelmsford.

But Jael did not get far along this road at once. The exposure to rain, to sea-water and cold, the distress of her mind, her disappointment, and her wrath at the insult offered her by the man to whom she had clung, combined to break down her robust health. She knew that she was going to be ill, she felt that fever had hold of her, and she fought against it. She walked on, determined not to yield.

There were tramps on the road. There had been a gaol delivery that morning, and some of those who had come forth were starting on the eastern circuit. She was caught up by men in ragged clothes, with short hair, and repulsive faces, large jaws, and retreating brows, who sought to get into conversation with her, who joked, and attempted familiarities. They mistook her for one of themselves, or at least for a tramp, in her draggled garments, battered straw hat, with her uncombed hair, and because unencumbered with luggage. She halted, to let them pass. She affected to be lame, that she might not detain them, but time was not precious to persons of this sort. They would lounge along, by choice, slowly; a brisk walk was what they did not affect. Then, when Jael discovered this, she put forth her utmost strength, and these fellows, out of wickedness, suspecting her intention, strode out at her side.

Tears of mortification and anger came into

her eyes. This was all part of the shame and humiliation brought on her by Jerry. She hated him, she clenched her teeth, when she thought of him. How much she owed him which she could never repay! Oh! if only the chance should come to her, when she could settle her account with him. To escape the odious persecutions of her companions she turned down a side road, and along this they were indisposed to follow her. She would not travel by the main highway, she would ramble along the coast. If she followed the coast she must, in time reach Bradwell Point, with its ancient chapel, a point she could see from Brightlingsea. Then she would manage to get put by boat across the mouth of the Blackwater, and walk to Fingringhoe, and thence take the ferry to Wyvenhoe, and so along the well-known line, home to the little wooden hut by the bridge. Now she found herself more entangled than she had been in the suburbs of London. There she was able to give a clear direction when she asked her way, now, she could not. When she inquired, she was told to return to the high-road.

After wandering ineffectually for some time she returned to the great artery of traffic.

A man with a cart was going along as she entered it, and in the cart were coals. She was very tired, the hedges danced before her eyes, and her knees gave way under her. She went to the driver and asked if he were going far on the road.

"A matter of three or four miles," he replied.

Would he give her a lift? She would pay him. Yes, she might step up on the shaft, and sit in front, and if she wanted something for her back, there was a sack of coals, not clean, to be sure, but, as he judged, her gown was past taking much hurt from coals.

He helped her up, and she took her place.

"From town?" he asked, looking scrutinisingly at her. She nodded.

"But you ain't a cockney, I can see."

"No, I am not."

"No; gals from London ain't got your complexion. Been in London long?"

"No—a very little while."

He whipped the horse, and the cart went on. The position was not a comfortable one that Jael occupied. She held the front of the cart on which she sat with both hands firmly to keep herself in place. She did not like to lean back against the filthy coal sacks.

Her feet swung very near the tail of the horse, and now and then the horse switched his tail and drew the long hairs over her

soiled boots. The horse was a chestnut, with very light mane and tail, the colour of tan. Jael looked down, in a dream, and watched the muscles in the back of the horse as he went heavily on. She was thinking of Jeremiah; anger simmered in her heart. Had she ever loved him? She did not know. She had liked him, had believed in him; but she had never felt hot and dominant love for him. Now she felt nothing but hatred against him, and a consuming desire to revenge herself on him. Why had she not snatched up the knife on the table, when he struck her, and driven it into his heart? It had not occurred to her at the moment to do so. Dazzled by the blow, she had not seen the knife. Had she seen it then, undoubtedly she would have killed him with it. She would have been sent to prison and been hanged, had she killed him. She laughed. That was nothing to her. She would gladly die to be able to revenge herself on him.

What did he mean by that hint about Argent Soames' daughter Julia? Jael knew that Julia Soames was reputed to be a good-looking girl, but not a beauty.

What was Jeremiah going to do now that his fine scheme of going to America had fallen through? He wanted to start in Canada on her—Jael's, money. If he had got that money into his possession, he would have retained it for himself and given her—Jael—the go-by. He was capable of any meanness.

She had not thought it possible that a man could be so base.

She was startled from her reverie by the voice of the carter.

"Where do you come from?"

"Essex."

"We're in Essex now. S and X are two letters, but there's a lot of space between them."

"Near Colchester."

"You have not been long in town?"

"No—I said not."

"I know you've not, or you would have lost the sun's kisses off your cheeks. Have you relations there?"

"No."

"Have you been in a situation?"

"No."

"Nor friends there?"

"No."

"What then took you there?"

Jael was silent. She could not answer him.

"Any brothers and sisters, eh?"

"No."

"Mother and father alive?"

"Father."

"Did you go alone to town?"

Again she was silent.

Then he laughed, and said, "Had enough of town, eh?"

She did not answer him.

Then with the end of his whip he nudged her ribs and under her arm, and said giggling, "I see it all. The old story. Went with a sweetheart, eh?"

She was silent. Her brows were drawn together and over her eyes, and her fingers clenched the rail of the cart as if they would drive their way into the hard wood. "And he's deserted you. The old tale, the old tale!"

He put up his whip end again to jog her in the side, but she flared up in rage, wrenched it from his hand, and lashed with it—this way, that way—at him, at the horse, crying out, blind and bewildered with anger, and fever, and delirium, thinking that she was striking at Jeremiah, that the carter was he, and he was jeering her, and making merry at her misery.

Then the chestnut horse dashed forward, and the whip fell from her hand, and she remembered no more, only that the tawny tail of the horse was not a tail at all, but a wave of the sea that rushed over her; and that the rattle of the cart was not the rattle of the cart at all, but the rumble and roar of the thunder that followed the summer lightning. But why there was thunder and no lightning, and why the wave washed over her without chilling her—that she could not understand. The chestnut horse was too old, unaccustomed to run, too used to the whip, and too heavily taxed with the coals to run far and run fast. The carter was after him, shouting, and the chestnut was speedily brought to a standstill. Then with curses the fellow scrambled up on the shaft and saw that Jael had fallen back among the coal sacks and was unconscious.

"Here's a go," said the man. "Dang me if I know what is to be done. Whether she's a crazy thing or whether she's sick. How am I to know? However, she can lie as she is." He whipped on the horse. "We ain't far from Romford, and the relieving officer lives just outside. I can knock him up, and chuck her in at his door."

The sun had set, and the soft summer twilight had descended as a veil over the landscape. Lights were kindled in the windows of Romford, and the glow over London in the rear began to take the place of the haze of smoke that marked the site of

the metropolis during the day—even a summer's day.

The carter drew up at a house in the outskirts of the town of Romford, and knocked at the door.

"I say," he remarked to the florid man who came out, "here's a pretty kick-up. 'Tain't a corpse, it's a poor lost creature I've got in my cart tumbled in somewhere among the coals. There'd be no peace for me if I were to take such as she home; the missus would sweep her out with one end of the besom, and give my back and head a taste of the other."

"She must go to the workhouse," said the relieving officer. "Take her there at once."

"Oh, yes," retorted the carter. "But I've my coals. I'm not going out of the way with her. What be you called a relieving officer for, but because you're paid by the rates to relieve us of the nuisance of caring for the sick and the poor and the old?"

"Get out, hussy!" shouted the functionary of mercy, going to the side of the cart and hammering with his fist on the shaft. "Now then! No shamming. I know your ways—you're all alike," then he turned to the carter and with raised eyebrows inquired, "Drunk?"

"Don't know," answered the fellow. "Can't be sure; didn't smell any spirits. But she's gone on in a wonderfully comical style. Nigh on upset the cart, she did."

"Drunk," said the relieving-officer. "We'll see to her! We'll make her dance! We'll bring her to her senses! Come along, you! Ain't you ashamed of yourself wallowing in the coals that fashion? Ugh! You old Jezebel."

"She's quite young—not above nineteen, and uncommon pretty," said the carter.

"Is she so?" asked the officer; then in a soft and winning tone to Jael, "Come, my pretty. Hop up, my duck! I'll see to your comforts and take you to the workhouse, and there you shall have a nice supper and a bed, and—and—and after them coals you'll want it—a good wash."

IX.

VAN PASSENGERS.

SIX weeks had passed since Jael ran away from home, and she had not returned. She had been taken to the workhouse and thence to the hospital, as she was ill, in a fever and

unconscious. She pulled through because she had a splendid constitution, but she did not recover rapidly. Her mind was ever working. She could not rest and recruit. The overstrained body needs relaxation that it may recover its vigour. The mind also, when it has been disturbed by harrowing cares, should also lie down, stretch itself, thaw in the sun, close its spiritual eyes, think of nothing, ask no questions of the present, and especially of the future, roll up the past and put it out of sight, and exist. It should be as the still basking butterfly on the wall in autumn, enjoy the soft air and the warm sun, and put out of consideration the storms and frosts of winter that are coming. When the mind can do this, it rapidly recovers fibre and elasticity, but if it goes on working, tossing, grasping, beating itself, then it takes a long time for renewal. The body may gain its losses, but the mind does not keep pace with it, and the result is a feeble flight like that of the bird with lopped wing.

Jael did not at all know how her father would receive her. She reproached herself for having run away. She had been angry with Mrs. Bagg, but had not her father a right to bring the widow into the house? She, Jael, had not made him as comfortable as might be. She had brought herself up without system, with no one to direct her, to show her how household duties should be performed. She had preferred to play on the marsh, to tease her gull, to row on the water, to loiter along the sea wall watching the ships. She had preferred idleness to work, and the result had been that her father had become impatient at his discomforts, and had resolved to make for himself a better home than she could give him. Was he to blame? Did he take Mrs. Bagg because he had forgotten Jael's mother? He took Mrs. Bagg to manage for him because Mrs. Bagg cooked beef instead of converting it into leather, and baked bread without forgetting the salt and making it insipid, and put on the table-cloth evenly, and made the beds without leaving a strip of blanket at the bottom exposed, and swept up the hearth, and polished the brass candlesticks, and sewed up the splits in Mr. Tapp's garments.

What would be her own reception when she returned? Jael asked, and trembled at the answer she gave herself. What would be thought of her? How could she vindicate her character? Was not that irretrievably smirched? Would all her assurances serve to wash it clean? Now she saw how foolish

she had been to trust to the word of Jeremiah, to put the least weight on his advice. All might have been well had he proved true. They might have been married and on their way to America. From Liverpool she would have written to her father and told him how sorry she was to have run away, but that she could not bear to live in the same house with Mrs. Bagg, whether as housekeeper or wife to her father. She had been forced to throw herself on the protection of the man who loved her and promised to make a home for her in the New World. As for the money her mother had left, he must do with that as he deemed best. If by her running away she had forfeited it, let him keep it and do with it what he willed, she would not reproach him, but if he forgave her, and thought she still had a claim on the money, then—but there! as Jael's mind ran on in this fashion, and she was in imagination writing her letter to the deserted, offended parent, the chilling remembrance came on her that it was in vain; Jeremiah had proved false, and she was returning to her father, as to the only one who could shelter her. Whether he would receive her after what had taken place—that was the question. And with this question she proceeded to torture herself.

Even if he did receive her, he could not maintain her for long in idleness. For what was she fit? No respectable man would wish to marry her after her elopement to London, no decent housewife would desire to have her as servant. Besides, she was not fit for domestic service. She did all things badly. She sewed barbarously, she cooked atrociously, she was not tidy in housework. The only thing she could do was row. Yes, she could mind a bridge—a swing bridge—but what railway would entrust a swing bridge to her? Besides, swing bridges were not plentiful.

Jerry—Jerry was the cause of all this doubt and wretchedness. He it was who had lured her from home, and cast a blight over her life and made the future blank to her. Where now was he? What was he doing? Then she tossed in body as in mind, and moaned, and bit her bedclothes and tore holes in them, and when rebuked, bit her fingers and tore them till they bled and stained the pillow and sheets, and was scolded again.

At length, in spite of the fevered mind that would not sleep and smile and become cool, she was pronounced sufficiently recovered to leave the hospital. Then a kind lady who had seen her in the ward gave her

an old gown of her own, and a dark bonnet, for her straw hat was battered and torn, and her cotton dress was stained with the seawater and coal grime past use; she gave her also a shawl for her shoulders, and spoiled her kindness, not intentionally, by giving Jael much moral advice and earnest adjuration, believing her to be what she was not. This angered Jael, and she refused the garments, but then considered that the hospital visitor was not to blame in misreading her story. Jael could not tell her the truth, she was too proud. But she humbled herself somewhat, and half penitently, half sulkily, accepted the gown and bonnet and shawl, and the packet of tracts that was thrust into her hands, and trudged away, with bitterness in her heart, and shame and anger staining her cheek.

She threw the tracts over the hedge into a pond when she got outside Romford. She had looked at the titles of some, and they made her more angry.

In her pocket was still a little money. She went to the station and took a third-class ticket for Colchester. When she had taken this she had but a sixpence left.

"That will serve," she muttered. "I will go by carrier to Wyvenhoe, and walk thence along the railway embankment. It is not allowed, but that doesn't matter. I belong to the B. and W. R."

The good lady who had supplied her with the tracts had thought also of bodily nourishment, and Jael found a packet of sandwiches in the pocket of the gown. "The sixpence will just do," she said. "To-day is market day at Colchester, the carrier's van will be at the 'Plough.' I can get into it, sit behind, draw my shawl over my face, and eat the sandwiches, and wait till the horse be put to. No one will interfere with me. No one will know me."

Jael did not leave Romford till after noon, and it was evening when she reached Colchester. She at once went to the inn where the Wyvenhoe carrier put up, and entered his van. This was a long covered waggon, with side and back of black tarpaulin stretched on a frame. It was open only in front; it had seats down the sides and at the end. Jael ensconced herself at the extremity, in the darkest corner, and drew her shawl about her, so as to partly screen her face.

"Now then," said the carrier, climbing in, "Oh! how doy' do, ma'am—or miss is it? A passenger to Wyvenhoe?"

"Yes."

"We don't start for twenty minutes. I've

to pack in all my commissions. You'll excuse me if I incommode you, miss. Let me see! There's the camellia from Mr. Cant, the nurseryman, for the vicar; and there's the writing stand-up desk from the National Society De-pot for the schoolmaster; and the laundry stove, and the flat irons, and the elbow and chimney, and the painted iron wire, from Messrs. Catchpool, for the Laundry Company, Limited; and there's four pairs of stays to choose from for Mrs. Pudney from Ager's; and there's four and twenty copies of the *Police News* to distribute, and one *Ancient and Modern*, and a baby's bottle." He checked off his commissions on his fingers. "Then there's the drench for Master Pullen's cow, and the boots to choose from sent by Mr. Pocock; and the cold-drawn castor oil, and a packet of butter-scotch from Sheldrake; and to mind and tell Malonie, the chimney-sweep, that if he don't come sharp and clean the chimneys at the old Hall, they'll shoot guns up 'em and do without chimney-sweeps' brushes. Now then, miss, would you mind? Come—will you sit for'ard and enjoy the air and the scenery, or will you sit back and let me pack the commissions in afrent of you? Back is it? Very well, miss. Here's the schoolmaster's desk, takes up a lot of room, but I'll stow the camellia under it, and so too the ironing stove. Perhaps you won't mind putting of your foot between them, lest in the jolting of the van the stove should crack the pot. I might shove in straw, but then in going up hill the heavy articles will work back'ards, and in going down they'll be for'ard in their movements, and the straw might get displaced; so, miss, if you don't mind, I'd prefer your foot. If you could conveniently get the foot across so as to hold the stove with the heel, and the camellia pot with the toe, it would be more springy, and safer for both. Lor' bless me! I'd almost forgotten the rolls of wall-paper, at eightpence, for Mrs. Baker. Perhaps, miss, you'd find it no inconvenience to take the cow-drench, and the feeding-bottle, and the cold-drawn castor oil on your lap. It would be safer for them, and greatly oblige me. I've shoved the bag of boots under the seat, and you can sit upon the pairs of stays." Then the carrier surveyed his arrangement. "Lord love you! I'm sorry you're so stuffed in behind, but it was your own wish not to be forward. I don't think we shall have many passengers back. Coming with me, sir?" (addressing a young man who approached the van.)

"Yes—room for two to Wyvenhoe?"

"Room for a score, sir—you and Miss Soames, certainly."

A spasm shot through Jael's heart; the voice was that of Jeremiah, and he was with Julia, the daughter of Argent Soames.

She drew her shawl over her bonnet, so as to completely hide her face, but she saw the young man help up his companion on the box.

"How long before you start, Fincham?"

"Directly, sir. I shall harness the horse at once."

"Time for me to go to the tap and have a drink," said Jeremiah, and disappeared into the bar.

In ten minutes the gray horse was between the shafts, and Jeremiah Mustard appeared, wiping his mouth, and sprang on the shaft, and without looking into the depths of the van, said to the carrier, "Fincham! you've a good load."

"Middling, Mr. Mustard. Not much in the way of passengers—I mean in quantity; quality is everything I could wish."

"Going to have a dirty night," said Jeremiah.

"Middling, sir," answered the carrier. "I don't think there'll be wind; but it's the fog is driving in from the sea, we'll have it thick as smoke." Then he cracked his whip, and the grey horse, understanding the signal, shambled on.

Either Jerry and his companion did not notice that there was a third passenger in the van, or they were indifferent to the presence of one, for they talked to each other unconcernedly, and Jerry put his arm round Julia's waist to hold her, lest the shaking of the van should dislodge her from her seat. At first, as the wheels went over the pavement of the street, Jael could not hear what was said, perhaps they did not speak much, owing to the rattle, but when once out of the town, on the sandy road, they talked with great freedom and unconcern.

"What time have you to be back at Brightlingsea?" asked Julia.

"I've got to run the engine with a score of empty trucks at ten, not before, and we shall go together then. Well, now, what will your father say when we spring the news on him?"

"I don't know," said Julia, with a falter in her voice. "It doesn't seem to me quite right, going and getting married at the registrar's without his knowing anything about it—and when it's done, telling him."

"My dear, it is all right. Trust me. What is the good of loving a man if you don't trust him? I like runaway matches on principle.

It does put the father into such a corner; he must come round; he can't help himself. He has no other way out than coming round."

"But he will be angry."

"Oh, yes, at first, because he has not been asked; but he must come round. I put it to you frankly. Can he do anything else? He can't stick in the corner all the rest of his natural life with his face to the wall. Look here, Julia!"

He unfolded a great sheet of paper, coloured red.

"There's going to be a grand concert of African serenaders to-night at the Town Hall in Colchester. Sixteen of them—black as coffins. If we hadn't been married to-day, and weren't expected back at Brightlingsea by my mother, I'd have gone and heard them sing."

"We are expected?"

"Yes. I told my mother to make all ready for us. You shall come with me on the engine when I run the empty trucks. I told mother to have supper ready—Irish stew. I do love Irish stew above everything."

"But—my father——"

"We'll announce it to him when we get to Wyvenhoe—knock old Argent Soames into a heap; and we shall be off whether he comes round to-night or not. Take my word for it, he'll come round more rapid than an engine on a turn-table. No man likes a corner."

Julia was silent.

"I say," observed Jeremiah, "was it a hundred you said your mother left you in the funds?"

"Yes, Jerry."

"And no one can meddle with it—I mean your father can't keep you out of it, even if he remains in his corner rubbing his nose against the wall?"

"I think not."

"By George! Julia, we'll buy the *Cor-de-lia*; Tom May will have to sell her; and we'll build a beautiful house with green doors and windows and white curtains, and an umbrella stand in the hall."

Again a silence ensued. Julia began to fidget.

"Jerry," she said in a low voice, but with some sharpness in it, although so low—like a very small pocket-knife blade, "Jerry, I never properly understood about you and that—that girl Jael. What was that story?"

"I'm glad you've mentioned it," said Jeremiah, clearing his throat. "Drat it! how

the fog fills one's lungs. I'm glad you've mentioned it, because I can explain the whole matter so easy. Poor thing! poor thing! I and Tom May were going in the *Cordelia* to London with a cargo of beans and peas, and when we'd got to sea I chanced to go for'ard and look into the fo'castle, 'twixt decks, and what should I see but a young woman curled up there. 'Hullo!' shouted I, 'how came you there? And who are you?' Then she came out looking awful frightened, and said as how her father was going to marry again, and she didn't like it, and wanted to go to London and see a bit of life there, and so she'd come and hid in the *Cordelia* unknown to me and May."

"What happened to her?"

"Well, we couldn't pitch her overboard. We took her on to Rotherhithe, and there we lost her. She went her way, we went ours. But I do confess," said Jeremiah, "I did deal handsome by the poor creature. I took her to an eating-house, and I ordered a pint of bitter, and the *Daily News*, and Irish stew. What more could she have?"

"Then you lost sight of her?"

"Yes; I didn't want to see more of her. I was sighing for my Julia. I came back and took the situation I had been offered, owing to the quarrel between the G.E.R. and the B. and W. R., and the strike of the engine-drivers. You see, I've been on the line a while before, and know the working of an engine just as I know that of a ship. But if you love me, Julia, and wish to make home a paradise, and fill it with sunshine and smiles, have Irish stew on Tuesdays—once a week, anyhow. By George! here we are at Wyvenhoe. Get out, Julia. You must do it—break the news to your father. I'll go into the public-house close by, and when it's done you come by the window, warbling 'I dreamt that I dwelt in marble halls,' and I'll come out and go to your father with you—that is, behind you—and throw myself on my knees before him, and he'll tell me about that hundred pounds."

X.

THE SWING BRIDGE.

WHEN the author was a child his nurse was wont to tell him stories. They began well, they proceeded well, but presently—as his little heart palpitated with wonder, sympathy, interest—a chill came over it, as he perceived that all the *dramatis personæ* of the

tale were converging, by various paths, towards one point, and that point was a bridge, and he knew that inevitably the end of the stories would be

"The bridge bended
And so my story ended."

However well they began, however skilfully they were worked to a climax, the miserable conclusion in all was the same, with pitiful detested uniformity—

"The bridge bended
And so my story ended."

How he would writhe on his nurse's knee, and hold up his hands entreatingly, and plead with earnest eyes, and try to stay the words on her lips, or divert her thoughts into another channel, that there might be some variety in the conclusions, that Jack and Jill, and Tom and Poll, and Launcelot and Guinever, might not all put their feet on that unstable bridge, and so their story go down in a tragic, yet impotent conclusion. "It is of no use, my dear boy," said nurse, "it can't be otherwise. It is impossible for me to change the *dénouement*."—no! she did not use that word, I forget the word she employed. There is but one end permissible, but one conceivable—

"The bridge bended
And so my story ended."

When the author of this tale had written the heading to this final chapter, a qualm came over him; he knew that to some of his readers reminiscences would arise of nursery tales, and with a scream they would start from the perusal, run away with their hands over their eyes, and shriek, "We know it—

"The bridge bended
And so the story ended."

But, dear readers, have patience. The writer is not your nurse. He is emancipated from the thralldom of those rules once believed inexorable; he is not bound to end his story by the pattern prescribed in the nursery.

When Clovis came to his baptism, St. Remigius thus addressed the haughty king: "Bend thy head, Sigambrian! Adore what thou hast burned; burn what thou hast adored!"

Alas! Are we not all doing this—going clean contrary to our ancient belief, defying to-day the rules to which we bowed

yesterday, adoring what we scorned, and scorning what we adored?

Well, let the reader be content. The author has gone through his baptism—his literary baptism—and he does not conclude all his tales by the inexorable rule of the nursery.

Jael walked along the railway bank towards her home; the fog was thick, it drove up the river like steam, but it was cold and it smelt ill, for it bore with it the exhalation of decaying weed and shell-fish in the ooze.

Jael did not, however, feel the cold any more than the engine which rushes along the rails, for, like the locomotive, she had a fire within her. She had not by word or sign allowed Jeremiah and Julia to discover who had been their disregarded companion in the van. She had heard all, and her heart was in flames, and the smoke of the fire within and the heat and sparks mounted to her brain, and set that on fire also.

If she had hated Jeremiah before, she hated him with a tenfold—nay, a hundred-fold hatred now. She hated Julia also, but in a less degree; she despised her too deeply to hate her with strength; but for Jeremiah she entertained no other feeling than intense, implacable hate, a rage at her weakness in being unable to punish him as he deserved.

As she walked on her feet went fast, because her pulses galloped, and she would have run, keeping time with her feet to the throb of her heart, had she been on other ground than the iron path of the engine. She thought of nothing but Jeremiah. She forgot about her father, Mrs. Bagg, her own self. Oh, if but the means were in her hands to revenge herself on Jeremiah. Oh! that when he struck her she had stabbed him! She would have danced up the scaffold steps, and clapped her hands and sung as the fatal noose was adjusted.

All at once she stood still and knelt down, and through the cold fog raised her eyes and hands to heaven, and prayed as she had never prayed before, that she might be given the opportunity and the strength to mete out to Jeremiah the measure he deserved.

As she prayed she saw flames flickering in a field by the side of the railway, a little way up the land side. She knew what occasioned them. There was a seed farm there, and the old flowers, sticks, and stems and leaves were being consumed.

She rose from her knees and walked on, with the same throbbing pulse, the same fire in her heart, and came to the cottage of her father, and saw a light shining through the

window, dully, because a curtain was drawn down between the glass and the lamp. She put her hand on the door and tried it. It was locked. Then she knocked.

A voice from within asked who was there?

Jael did not answer. Now she began to tremble.

She stood on the doorstep, with a hand on each shoulder, clasp ing her shawl, pressing her arms over her bosom, restraining it, lest it should burst with emotion.

"Who is there? Can't you answer?" asked the voice again.

Then the lock was turned, and the door was cautiously unclosed. Jael put forth her right hand and thrust it back, but took no step forward.

"Mrs Bagg!" she exclaimed.

"Ah! It is you, is it?" asked the widow. "Bagging me, indeed?—when I am Mrs. Tapp, lawfully banned and wedded at Brightlingsea Church. Did you mean to insult me by it? It is you, is it? What has brought you here?"

"Where is my father?"

"Mr. Tapp? Now don't you take a step in here——"

"I am not doing so. Where is my father?"

"Mr. Tapp has gone into Colchester. There is an exhibition or a concert of live niggers, and he grew that desperate, there was no constraining him. He have took with him a bit of a sponge, and he'll make his way out of the hindmost seats for'ards, up to the platform, and try his wet sponge on those niggers. He will—he'd never be quiet till he knew the rights about them; 'for,' said he, 'we must know whether reason is given to man to be his guide, or the contrary.' As for the bridge," continued the new Mrs. Tapp, "with this sea-fog there'll be no ships wanting to come up the creek; and even if they wanted, they must wait. Shamgar might never have such another chance to sponge a nigger. Now, you stay where you are. I'm mistress of the house, not you—and afore ever I let you in——"

"I will not come in," said Jael peremptorily. "I will not pass through the door till I have seen my father."

"Then," said Mrs. Tapp, "you may wait outside till he comes home from sponging them niggers."

She slammed the door upon her and locked it.

Jael turned away. Every particle of gentleness and love in her was gone; in her heart boiled only rage and bitterness. She

was shut out from her home and was cast adrift, with nowhere to go. When her father came home, would he be more pitiful than the woman who now ruled in his house? Would he be able to withstand her will, alter her decision?

Then Jael laughed and said, "I am to be homeless. I will go and see the home Jeremiah has prepared for his Julia;" and she walked across the bridge. She walked slowly now, with her head down, and her arms folded on her breast. Her dark eyes, hard as polished stones, looked before her at the rails, and marked each sleeper through the fog, as she came to it, on which she was to plant her foot. She heard the tide rushing in through the channel below, swirling about the posts. It was cold in the fog—colder below in the water, she thought. Then she turned and looked back, and saw still the flicker of the flower-stalk bonfire, magnified in the mist to an immense conflagration. She walked on, and no longer turned or halted till she came to the outskirts of Brightlingsea, then crossed a field, and stood before the house. There was a bright light within, a lamp on the table, a fire burning in the grate; the window was uncurtained, the house door was ajar. No one was within. Mrs. Mustard, Jeremiah's mother, had gone into the town to buy some groceries necessary for the supper and the reception of her daughter-in-law. Jael stood at the door looking in. How cosy the house was! How pleasant would be Julia's reception.

Jael thrust the door a little further open, and as she stood hesitating at it, looked back along the line to the glare of the fire of flower-stalks. How that fire throbbed and swelled and then contracted. Then her heart leaped and swelled, and then grew tight and still. How if she were to set fire to that little wooden house, and so—Jeremiah would bring his wife, the woman who had supplanted her, to glowing, smoking embers! She snapped her teeth at the thought, and went in.

There were muslin curtains to the window. There was a table-cloth laid ready for supper. She tore down the curtains and plucked off the cloth, and looked about for other things that might burn.

Then she saw a cat by the fire with its kittens, little things—there were three of them—that were old enough to see, and were playing over their mother's back, and the cat patted them and threw them down, and they leaped on her back again, and she purred and rolled over, and pawed at them.

"If I burn the house," said Jael, "I will not burn them," and she went to the little family to remove it.

But instantly the kittens started from her, and ran and hid themselves beneath an oak chest against the wall, and the mother ran after them and dived also beneath it. In vain did Jael try to allure them forth, then to drive them out. The kittens would not allow themselves to be cajoled or scared away. As soon as Jael left the box she saw their comical little heads and bright eyes peering out at her from beneath it. Then she stamped angrily and turned away.

"I cannot," she said, "I cannot burn the cat and her kittens." And she left the house.

She walked hastily back, angry with the kittens, angry with herself, till she came to the bridge, and then stood and listened to the gurgling water sweeping in. The night had become much darker. The fire of stalks had gone down as suddenly as it had flashed up. The fog rolled about her cold and deathly.

Then she heard the Brightlingsea Church clock strike ten.

Ten! At ten o'clock Jeremiah would start with the train of empty trucks, he driving the engine, with Julia at his side.

She stepped on, putting forth her hand, and touched the crank that opened the bridge. Then instantly all the sky, all the earth, the rushing tide, were alight about her, in a blaze such as that she had seen on the night when she stood under the bridge, but this light was red—red as blood. There was no lightning in the sky that thus illumined all things; the lightning was within; it was caused by the rush of blood to her brain; and that rush was occasioned by the thought that now—now at last, her opportunity was come. God had answered the prayer she had made kneeling on the rails.

Instantly she threw herself on the crank and worked it, and felt that the bridge was opening. She worked with all her strength, with feverish haste. Hark! A snap! It mattered not; a cog had given way. A little more, a few more turns, and now she let go. The bridge was in half, and the train that came on would leap headlong into the cold, inrushing tide below, and sink into the deep ooze beneath it.

Then she leaned back against the bridge rail, in her old attitude, with her hands behind her back, and her feet planted on a sleeper, and waited. She would see the end. She would see her revenge accomplished, her prayer fulfilled to its Amen. She snorted with excitement. The bonnet compressed

her head, and her head was swelling. She put up her hand and tore it off; she had become heated by her exertions at the crank; the fog, the sea air that puffed it inland, was grateful to her hot face, was pleasant to inhale into lungs that were on fire.

Ha, ha! that should be the home to which the happy pair would go—that cold, slimy bottom of Gull-Fleet. Here it was that Jeremiah had spoken to her, and persuaded her to go away with him, and here she would send him before the Judge who would condemn him for his treachery.

Hark! She heard a whistle, muffled by the fog, but audible from the direction of Wyvenhoe. It was the whistle of the train of empty trucks. Jeremiah had started, and every moment brought him nearer destruction. The whistle continued.

"I know why that is," she said. "Because of the fog, and to give warning about the bridge."

She listened, and the whistle shrilled louder, in fits, palpitations, screams, and it shook her nerves.

All at once—how she knew not—the horror of what she was meditating came over her—the horror of the *crime*. It was the whistle—the shrieking, appealing whistle—that caused the revulsion, but the revulsion was instantaneous. The passion for revenge went out, as had that fire of dry turf and stalks, and in its place surged up a sea of terror, self-reproach, agony, and pity. She threw herself on the crank, and strove to bring the bridge back into place, but failed. A cog had been broken, and the crank would no longer work.

She beat her head. What could she do? Still that piercing scream, waxing louder. Not a moment was to be lost. She ran towards the cottage, and struck at the door. "Open!" she shrieked, "for God's sake! The red light! the red lamp!"

But Mrs. Tapp, her stepmother, did not understand what she said. She knew the voice, and muttered, "She'll bust in with violence, will she? She's going to be mistress in this house, is she? We'll see which is strongest. And if the bolts and hinges give way, over my body must she go." Then she took her chair, and set it against the door, and planted herself therein with her back to

the door, and her arms folded, and a pleasant smile on her face, murmuring, "Will she! Let her try it on. We'll see which is the mistress here!"

And Jael, almost flat against the door, beat and cried, "The red light! the red lamp!" and looked up the line.

She saw the red light through the fog. It was coming on. Not the red lamp she asked for, but that set in front of the engine. It was coming on quickly, in a very little span it would be extinguished, and two other lights—the lights of life—would go out with it. Then Jael left the door at which she had vainly battered and cried, and leaped on to the line, and ran forward towards the coming eye of ruby fire, towards that screaming monster—by no other means could it be arrested, by no other means those lives be saved.

* * * * *

"Jerry," said Julia, standing beside her husband on the engine, "I suppose it is all right with the bridge?"

"Of course it is," answered he. "How could it be otherwise? No mortal ship would venture up in such a fog as this, and without a ship is passing, the bridge is never opened. In a few minutes we shall be home—" Then "Halloo! we've run over something. Drat it! I must reverse the engine. I do hope the Irish stew won't be overdone."

* * * * *

An hour later Mr. Tapp came home on foot. He was heated and excited.

As he entered his cottage, "There!" shouted he to his wife, "I said as much. Look at the sponge. I made up to 'em, and quite unexpected wiped the face of him with the banjo. And it came off. I have it here on the sponge. I brought it away with me. Burnt cork, or lamp smut. The human reason is given to man to be his guide—"

"Hush!" said Mrs. Tapp. She was white and trembling.

"What are you a-hushing of me for? You forget I ain't a baby."

"Hush!" said Mrs. Tapp. She held the table; she was nearly fainting. "Up stairs. In her room. Run over by the engine."

"What—who?"

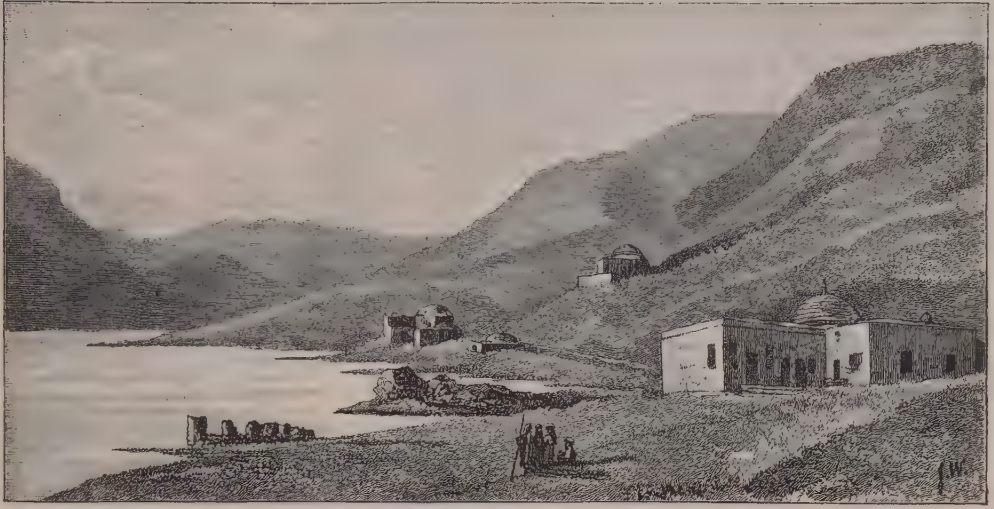
"Jael."



POTATO PLANTING.

Engraved by E. H. DEL ORME AND BUTLER, from a Drawing by A. D. M'CORMICK.





THE HOT SULPHUR BATHS AT TIBERIAS, LOOKING SOUTH.

THE SEA OF GALILEE.

PART I.

It is satisfactory to be able to record a marked improvement in the conditions of travel in Palestine during the last few years. Should the roads now actually in process of construction be completed, they will shortly be followed by hotels at Nablous, Nazareth, Tiberias, and other places, and the old system of riding and dragomans will be superseded by coaches and landlords. At no place is the transformation going on more rapidly than on the shores of the Sea of Galilee. Here there is a road in progress connecting Tiberias directly with Acre, the most difficult part of which—the two-mile ascent from the town to the plateau above—is already completed. A new road from Haifa to Nazareth will be finished this year, and the latter place will also be connected by carriage roads with Acre, Tiberias, Jenin, and ultimately Nablous, from which place a road is in progress to Jaffa. If these indications of a growing civilisation do not add to the picturesqueness or novelty of travel in Palestine, they add at all events to its comfort; but the tourist will miss that magnificent prospect which now bursts upon his surprised vision, as, riding from Nazareth, he comes suddenly upon the brow of the hill, from which he looks down

upon the Lake of Tiberias, gleaming like a mass of molten silver, nearly a thousand feet below him, with the town, surmounted by the ruined walls of its old castle, nestling on its margin; but, on the other hand, instead of scrambling down the steep mountain side on his pony at the peril of his neck, he will trundle down a smooth macadamised road; and instead of going to a picturesque camp on the rocky shore, or being received at the convent door by the most amiable and gentle of monks, as he would be now, he will in all probability be fleeced by an extortionate innkeeper. As he rides for a mile and a half along the lake shore to the hot sulphur baths, he will look in vain for those masses of basaltic building stone held together by concrete, which till recently marked the traces of the ancient city wall. All these within the last few months have disappeared to make way for the new road which now connects the town with the baths. The engineer engaged in the work informs me that these masses were of incredible hardness, and were removed with dynamite. He expressed great regret that the exigencies of his craft thus compelled him to use the most recent appliance of modern civilisation for the destruction of the monuments of the past; but the road, which omnibusses are now

about to traverse, carrying passengers at thirty paras a head to and from the baths, rendered the removal of these old and picturesque remains necessary.

In the course of the construction of this road a moral obstacle presented itself, which was even more difficult to surmount. It was found absolutely necessary to pass through a

it required all the tact of the present man, to whose energy and enterprise all these improvements are mainly due, to carry out the undertaking. Not before, however, the Jews had placed the corpse of a dead man exactly in the centre of the proposed road, daring any man to touch it upon pain of the most fearful and mysterious penalties. They



THE OLD CASTLE OF TIBERIAS.

corner of the Jewish burial ground, and to remove several graves. This desecration of the resting places of their fathers excited the whole Hebrew population of the town, numbering over 3,000 souls, to the highest degree. Men, women, and children turned out *en masse*, wailing, beating their breasts, and throwing ashes on their heads. The road-makers, who happened to consist of a party of Circassians, treated these lamentations with so much contempt that the spirit of opposition was aroused to such a degree that a most serious conflict was on the point of taking place, when a party of soldiers sent by the Caimakam appeared on the spot just in time to prevent it. This official happens to be a Christian, and has been appointed since my last visit. At that time the Caimakam was a Circassian, and it was fortunate he had been removed, as he would probably have sided with his countrymen. As it was,

did not offer the same objection to the other road which runs up the hill, and which also passed through what must have been a very ancient cemetery; for here, about two feet below the surface of the ground, was found quite a system of sunk tombs, generally with sides masoned to a height of about two feet; sometimes with a stone lid. From this cemetery were taken four sarcophagi, one of which was handsomely ornamented with stone carvings; and there was also found what seemed to be the stone roof of a large subterranean chamber, probably a mausoleum, which, however, was not examined. In the course of the engineering operations in this neighbourhood, Mr. Schumacher, who had charge of them, observed what seemed an old wall running along the edge of the scarp of rock which overhangs the lake just to the south of the town. This led him to the discovery of the trace of the complete circuit of

the ancient walls, and, what was more important, to the verification of the site of the ancient acropolis, which without doubt occupied the spot known to the Arabs as the Kasr Bint el Melek, or the "Fortress of the King's Daughter." This fortress is situated on the highest point of the hill, at an elevation of 540 feet above the lake. It is surrounded by a wall about a mile in length, and the enclosed area is covered with ruins indicating that it was a place of some importance, and which will undoubtedly repay a more full investigation than it has hitherto received. I hope before long to make a personal examination of these ruins, as well as of a large cavern about half way up the cliff, which has never been explored, and which can only be reached by ladders. There is another cave not far distant, with which it is said by the natives to communicate—the whole being, according to report, of very great extent, and called by the natives "the cave of the hermit." The length of the ancient sea wall we know was about a mile; by Mr.

that Justinian rebuilt. Josephus also alludes to a second wall, which may possibly have formed an outside semicircle, but as yet it has only been traced a certain distance up the hill sides. Some of this wall has been recently destroyed. It was found to be about seven feet in width, and to consist of immense blocks of basalt building stone, averaging four feet in length by two and a half in breadth, and two in height, but it contained stones evidently of a much earlier period which had been built into it, and which had been carved with the panel-shaped design in low relief which is characteristic of Jewish architecture. Between the baths and the town were also found the remains of an aqueduct, showing that in ancient times the hot sulphur water was conveyed into the town. Also basins for bathing, and on the coast several prostrate rows of columns. Between the old baths of Suleiman Pasha and the more recent ones built by Ibrahim Pasha about fifty years ago, and which have a temperature of 144° Fahr., there is a plateau,



TIBERIAS ON THE SEA OF GALILEE, FROM THE WALLS OF THE OLD CASTLE, LOOKING SOUTH.

Schumacher's recent discovery we now find that it formed the segment of a circle, the wall composing the arc of which was about two miles long. The south point of junction does not include the baths, which lie outside the enceinte, but beyond them are the remains of a wall, probably the one which Procopius, writing about 560 A.D., tells us

and upon this it is proposed to erect a handsome bath-house, octagonal in shape, containing fourteen rooms, with private as well as public baths, kitchens, and all the necessary offices. This will make Tiberias a most attractive health resort, not merely for the native population, but for foreigners, who will find here many attractions besides the

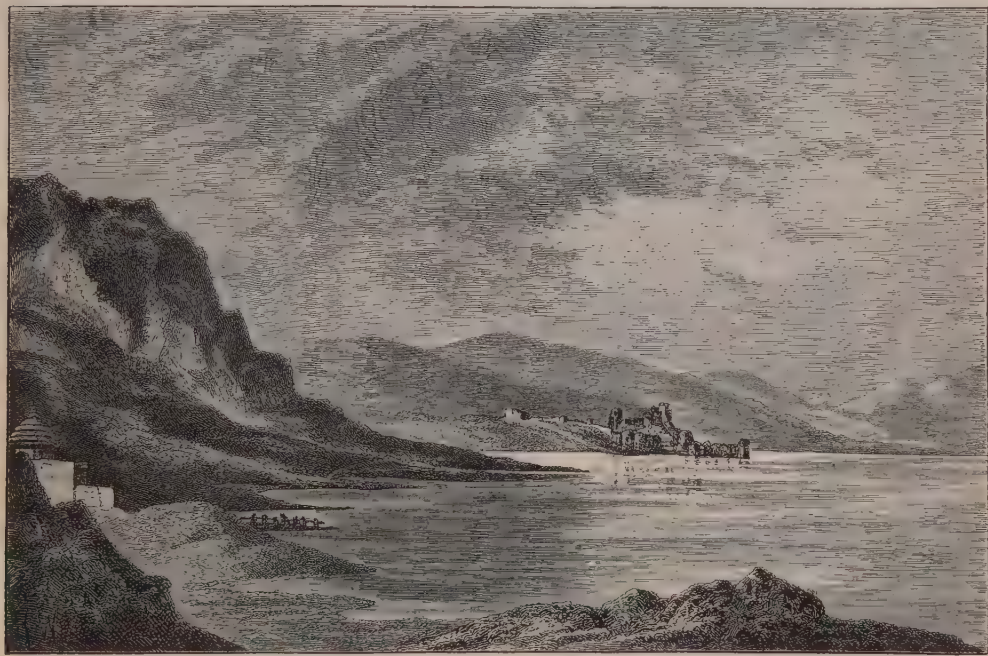
curative effect of the waters, so highly renowned and much frequented by the Romans. The winter climate is perfection for invalids, the depression of the lake, more than five hundred feet below the sea level, rendering it much warmer than any other spot in the same latitude. The lake literally swarms with fish, for there are not more than half-a-dozen fishing boats upon it, and the industry is pursued but languidly by their owners. The only time I ever threw a fly upon its surface was just where the Jordan enters it, and my tackle was carried off in a twinkling by some big fish which had evidently teeth, and bit through the gut. Some of the lake fish run up to a hundred pounds in weight. The brooks that run into the lake are full of trout, which take flies or grasshoppers greedily, but in some of the pools they are so numerous they may be scooped out with a hat—a device I once resorted to while bathing in the Jabbok. The gun would be kept as busy as the rod, as water-fowl of various kinds, from pelicans to divers, abound. I once chased four gazelles across the plain to the south of the lake for at least a mile before they baffled me at a precipitous nullah, and I have put up a couple of wild boar while riding at different times upon its eastern shore. In the season, partridges, quail, and snipe will furnish occupation to the sportsman, while those who are fond of exploring and antiquity-hunting, have only to cross the lake to have their tastes abundantly gratified. With a steamer touching regularly at Haifa, and a carriage road with a good hotel at the end of it, there is nothing to prevent Tiberias from becoming one of the most easily accessible and agreeable of winter resorts. The Caimakam is repairing all the streets of the town in civilised fashion, with *trottoirs* on each side. He has built a small pier to enable the inhabitants to get their drinking water undefiled by the garbage on the margin; and as an evidence of his religious tolerance he has caused the old mosque of Abdullah Pasha, which was destroyed in the great earthquake of 1837, to be rebuilt. These are among the last indications of a possible recovery of this historic city from the torpor in which it has lain since the days of the Crusades. The Syrian traveller, Mukaddasi, writing of Tiberias about a thousand years after Christ, describes it as being a league in length, with a market place extending from one city gate to the other, while the shores of the lake were in his days studded with villages and palm groves. Of the people it was said "that for two months they dance, and for

two more they gorge; that for two months they beat about, and for two more they go naked; that for two months they play the reed, and for two more they wallow." The explanation of this is, that they dance from the number of fleas, then gorge off the Nabak plum; they beat about with fly flaps to chase away the wasps from the meat and fruits; then they go naked from the heat; they suck the sugar-canes, and then they wallow through the muddy streets."¹ The same writer narrates an anecdote that he heard about the hot springs, the efficacy of which in the days of Aristotle was so great that the philosopher petitioned the king that the bath houses should be pulled down, lest thereby men should become exempt from having recourse to physicians—an anecdote which, if true, warrants the assumption that philosophers and physicians have both improved in morals since those days. Pliny tells us that these baths were considered by Roman naturalists among the greatest known curiosities of the world. Their existence would lead one to suppose that a town must have existed here before Herod selected it as a site on which to erect a handsome city, which should be the capital of Galilee; and this is confirmed by the fact that Josephus tells us that it was built upon the site of an old Jewish burying-ground, and that this gave so much offence to the Jews that at first they refused to live in it. Given the cemetery and the baths, the configuration of the country is such that a town could only have stood where Tiberias was afterwards placed. Indeed, the contention of Dr. Smith that there is no foundation for the statement in the Talmud that the town of Rakkath—which is given in connection with Chinnereth as one of the towns of Naphtali—formerly occupied this site, is now shown to be erroneous, for the results of the survey carried on by the officers of the Palestine Exploration Fund show that the boundaries formerly given of the tribes of Zebulon and Naphtali were all wrong, and that the latter nowhere touched the Sea of Galilee. It is to be hoped that in new editions of the Bible all the old maps will be discarded, for there is not one tribe correctly marked in the existing editions, except Reuben. The map to Captain Conder's *Handbook to the Bible* shows this at a glance, and here Rakkath is stated to have been identified with the site of Tiberias. Recent research, aided by the light which has been thrown upon it by ancient records—some of the most interesting

¹ *Description of Syria by Mukaddasi*. Translated from the Arabic and annotated by Guy le Strange.

of which are now being translated by the Pilgrims' Text Society—enables us to picture Tiberias as it appeared in the time of Christ more vividly than has been heretofore possible. At the time of His ministrations on the Sea of Galilee, it was scarcely finished—had not, in fact, been completed more than six or eight years. Herod had made it his winter residence, and a gay and fashionable population had been attracted to it, consisting probably of Roman officials and their dependants, wealthy merchants and foreigners, alien in tastes and sympathies to the Jewish inhabitants of the province. As we learn

destroyed by fire, Herod built a stadium here and a great many other magnificent buildings, traces of which still remain in the rows of columns recently discovered by Mr. Schumacher. Thus we may imagine the lake shore lined from the northern extremity of the present town to the suburb in which the baths were situated, and which Josephus tells us was called Emmaus—a distance of nearly three miles—with handsome public buildings, temples, the palace of the Tetrarch, and the residences of the wealthy, all built in the sumptuous style of the Græco-Roman art, with their spacious courts, surrounded by



TIBERIAS AND ANCIENT ACROPOLIS, FROM THE HOT SULPHUR BATHS, LOOKING NORTH.

from Josephus, "strangers came and inhabited the city; a great number of the inhabitants were Galileans also;" and the same historian tells us that the Tetrarch had offended the prejudices of the Jews by decorating his palace with the figures of animals, and that he was sent there in the time of King Agrippa as a legate from Jerusalem in order to persuade the inhabitants "to destroy that house which Herod the Tetrarch had built there, and which had the figures of living creatures in it, although our laws have forbidden us to make any such figures." Besides this palace, which was afterwards

marble columns, adorned with elaborately-carved designs, the whole embosomed in palm groves, and gay with gardens of tropical luxuriance. Behind them the town climbing the lower spurs of the hill, until the precipitous rock, here and there perforated with caves, rose in a sheer cliff behind the upper terraces—and surmounting all, and commanding all, the Acropolis, with its enclosing walls running along the scarp of the cliff, the whole forming a centre of pleasure and luxury which, considering its small Jewish population at that time, will fully account for its having been so carefully avoided by



ANCIENT ROMAN AQUEDUCT AT KHAN MINIEH.
From a Drawing by E. S. CUTHBERT.

Christ that we never once hear of His having visited it. If, as was most probable, it was here that Herodias danced before the King when she demanded John the Baptist's head in a charger, we can well understand why the associations connected with Tiberias furnished an additional reason to repel a visit.

It would be interesting, were it not beyond the scope of this article, to trace the history of Tiberias for the next thousand years. How from having been one of the most essentially Roman cities in Palestine, it became one of the most exclusively Jewish; to narrate the vicissitudes through which it passed during the Jewish war; to describe its sieges and popular tumults so far as materials are furnished to us by historians;

to note the change it underwent when in the second century, the Jewish Sanhedrin was transferred here from Sepphoris, and it became a centre of Talmudic learning—and the residence of some of the most celebrated Jewish Rabbis who have ever lived, many of whose tombs are still shown in the neighbourhood of the town; the most noted of these are still the scene of nocturnal ceremonies of the most curious description, at some of which I was upon one occasion present. No one can spend any length of time in Tiberias without feeling a strange fascination in the place; and though the present population cannot be called sympathetic, and the climate, except in winter, is detestable, it is not possible to listen to the rippling under the Convent windows of that

lake to which the most sacred associations are attached, or to gaze at the steep cliffs on the opposite shore, intersected with deep wadies concealing a mysterious and little known region, or to wander over the ruin-strewn tracts beneath the cliffs, and wonder what the caves above contain, without being sensible of a desire stealing over one to prolong one's stay, and steep oneself thoroughly in the indefinable charm which attaches to the spot.

On the occasion of one of my visits to Tiberias I had occasion to go a good deal among the Jewish population, and to compare the two great Hebrew divisions of Ashkenazim, and Sephardim, of which it consists, and I reluctantly came to the conclusion that the effects of Mohammedanism upon the national character were not so demoralising as those of Christianity. It is true that the Ashkenazim of Tiberias have nearly all come from Poland, Roumania, or Russia, where Christianity can only be said to exist in a very debased form, and that a Whitechapel Jew might be superior to one from a Roumanian Ghetto; but even I think he would compare unfavourably with the Sephardim, whose ancestors had lived for some time under Moslem influence, and who so far as language, dress, and ordinary manner of living were concerned, had adopted those of the country in which they were born. Certainly the descendants of old Tiberias families are superior in look, habits of cleanliness, and personal dignity—I was even going to say honesty, but I do not think there is much to choose on that score,—to their immigrant co-religionists from Eastern Europe.

Visiting the house of an Askenaz one day, I found his entrance flanked by a couple of stone doors 5 feet 8 inches in height, by 3 feet in width, ornamented with panels and bosses, and with a stone knocker. He told me he had found them while digging the foundations of his house, several feet below the surface of the ground. They are most interesting as indicating an historical period long anterior to that of the founding of Tiberias, and suggesting very unsettled social conditions. This is confirmed by a letter from Mr. Simpson, the Artist of the *Illustrated News*, who found while travelling on the Persian frontier that the inhabitants are to this day in the habit of using doors of this description to protect themselves against raids of the Turcomans. This would rather point to their being of a pre-Jewish period, for it is hardly conceivable that during the occupation of Canaan by the Jews

the inhabitants on the Sea of Galilee could have been exposed to any such predatory incursions. Prior to that time, however, and before the country on the other side of the lake was in possession of the half tribe of Manasseh, it was quite possible that the wild tribes on the East of Jordan may have raided across, and rendered such defences necessary; at all events they are highly interesting as indicating a state of domestic insecurity in this part of the country of which the Bible does not furnish us any record.

On the occasion of my last visit to Tiberias it was my purpose to make the circuit of the Lake, with the view of exploring some wadies at its north-east extremity which had long excited my curiosity, and the incidents of this trip I now propose to narrate. In a book which I have recently published I have given some of my previous explorations in the neighbourhood of the Sea of Galilee; I shall therefore confine myself to new ground, and to any fresh light that has since been thrown upon that which I had already visited. The accompanying sketches were taken either by my companions or myself on the spot. As, apart from the trouble attendant on the formalities of obtaining the necessary permission, the escort which then becomes indispensable, is generally more annoyance than protection, I determined to dispense with it, and to trust the party to the guidance of an Arab friend, who was familiar with the country, and in the habit of dealing with the Bedouin tribes to the east of the Jordan. We took a couple of camels to carry our tents and baggage, and as our first day's march gave directions to our servants to proceed direct to Tabgah and form our camp there, while we left the lake-shore at Magdala and turned sharp to the left with the view of visiting the Wady el Hamman, a gorge I had long been anxious to examine. Magdala itself, which has given its name to Mary Magdalene, but is now called El Mejdal, consists of a small group of squalid hovels which I could not but contrast with the Magdalen Tower at Oxford, and other of the beautiful churches in Europe which have been called after them. I found that it was owned, together with a part of the plain of Gennesareth which belongs to Ur, by a rich man at Acre. Riding near the edge of the lake at this point I came upon a pelican, so tame that I thought it must be a wounded bird, and was making preparations to try and effect its capture. I was not more than a dozen yards off when it slowly flapped its huge wings and soared away to join a compact

mass of companions who were formed in a solid square, and looked as if a white sheet had been spread over that part of the lake. I have heard it doubted whether pelicans ever visited the Lake of Tiberias, but this is not the first time I have seen them there.

It is about half an hour's ride to the point in the gorge where the ascent of the steep slope begins, at the top of which is situated the Fortress of Kal'at ibn Ma'an. The cliffs here rise on either side to a height of a thousand and twelve hundred feet respectively, and the scenery is very grand. On the southern side a scramble up a slope of

probably Arabic. Indeed, it is evident that the more recent additions to the fortress have been made by Arabs at a comparatively late date, probably not more than four or five hundred years ago, for the side caverns are provided with loopholes for musketry with pointed arches, and the walls are masoned after the Arab style. These face many of the caverns, or are built upon the edges of the terraces which run along the external face of the rock connecting the caves with each other. These latter, however, also communicate interiorly by means of tunnels, corridors, and staircases; many of



OUR CAMP AT TABGAR—IN THE DISTANCE THE WADY ET HAMMAN AND HORUS OF HATTIN.

From a Drawing by E. S. CUTHBERT.

débris for five or six hundred feet, so steep that the latter part is not practicable for horses, brings us to the entrance of this singular cavernous stronghold, which is flanked by two round towers, and leads into a large natural cave; on a slab over the entrance is carved a representation of two lions facing each other, and each with an uplifted forepaw resting on what seemed an urn, or vessel of some sort. It was impossible in the absence of a ladder to measure them accurately, but I judged the whole length of the carving to be between six and seven feet. The workmanship was rude and

these have fallen in, so that it is rather difficult to find the way to the upper tiers. Indeed, it is not possible to get beyond the second storey, but the whole face of the cliff is honeycombed with these singular rock-hewn chambers, forming an inaccessible stronghold, some idea of the vastness of which may be gathered from the fact that it was said to furnish accommodation for six thousand men. Water was conducted to the principal cistern by an earthenware conductor, but I observed one or two other smaller ones which were fed by runnels cut in the face of the rock. It is impossible to

say from what period of antiquity this place was used as a fastness, but we know from his own account that it was fortified by Josephus, and that it was here that Herod had his remarkable battle with the robbers, who at one time made it their headquarters, and whom he could only attack by letting down his soldiers in baskets from above to wage a most unpleasant combat in mid-air. Sir Charles Wilson, in his *Recovery of Jerusalem*, tells us that they attacked the robbers with fire and sword, and tried with long hooks to pull them over the precipice, while the latter tried to break the chains by which their assailants were suspended, but without avail. When escape became impossible a remarkable incident is narrated: "A father stands at the mouth of his rock-cut home, and orders his seven children to come out one by one; as each appears a sword is thrust into his side and he falls headlong over the precipice; then follows the wife, and last the stern parent, after upbraiding Herod with his low origin, springs forward and is dashed to pieces, rather than surrender to the victor."

Altogether, this Wady Hammam is one of the most picturesque and interesting spots in this part of the country. As, after our fatiguing scramble through the corridors choked with *débris*, and up steep stone steps and occasionally along rock ledges requiring a steady head, we grouped for luncheon on the bank of the purling brook that runs through the Wady, it was strange to think that we were only half an hour distant from the beaten track of tourists who flock like sheep from Jerusalem by way of Tiberias to Damascus, not one of whom has the slightest idea of the wonders of nature and of antiquity that he is passing almost within a rifle-shot of him—for the gorge is so hidden that unless his attention was specially directed to it, he would not remark anything unusual in the configuration of the neighbouring hills. As the dragoman considers his function to be to get his party to their night quarters with the least possible trouble to himself, and is probably as ignorant as to the Wady Hammam as they are, there is no use expecting information from that quarter. Even the guide-books are superficial in their notice of this region, Baedeker making the mistake of putting Kal'at ibn Ma'an on the opposite side of the valley to Irbid, instead of below it on the same side. The opposite or northern side of the gorge culminates in a peak, most picturesque in shape, also honey-combed with caves, which have never, so far as I know, been examined, but which were

too difficult of access for me to attempt. A year previously, while exploring Irbid, the ancient Arbela, where the remains of a handsome synagogue still stand, I had looked across at them with curiosity. The stream which flows through this valley rises at Hattin, at the foot of the twin-peaked mountain called usually the "Mount of the Beatitudes"—a lovely spot among the orange groves of which I had once before spent a couple of days, and which was only about three miles distant from our present resting place. In fact, the whole of this ground is both classical and biblical, and could be explored at leisure by any one making Tiberias his headquarters, from which it is distant about seven miles. The caravan road from Nazareth to Damascus passes down this valley. If tourists, instead of wasting their time looking at imaginary sites, or attending ecclesiastical ceremonies degrading to Christianity at Jerusalem, and then scampering "like dumb driven cattle" through the least interesting part of the country in a beaten track, as the humble servants of an ignorant dragoman, were by previous reading and investigation to find out for themselves before coming here what part of the country was most full of interest, and then come, with two or three months at their disposal, to look at it, they would go away with a very different idea of Palestine from that which they carry back with them now, and reap a far greater amount of profit and enjoyment from their trip; but in order to do this they must sacrifice the first month or two of the London season, and this perhaps is too much to expect.

Our way now led us diagonally across the plain of Gennesareth. The excellent maps of the Palestine Survey enable me always to dispense with a guide while travelling through the country, as on an emergency one can generally pick up a peasant to go a mile or two with one, but this is rarely necessary. It certainly was not so as we made for the point where I knew Khan Minyeh to be situated, in as direct a line as possible. In December the swamps which hamper the unwary traveller who may be following his nose in spring, are dried up, and our only difficulty is to cross the deep intersecting ditches, or force our way through the tangled brushwood of reeds, nebk, doum, and other undergrowth, which proves by its luxuriance the fertile nature of the soil. In former days the plain was covered with handsome groves of trees and magnificent fruit orchards—not one of these remain, scarcely an acre of the ground is cultivated,

though it is watered by numerous abundant streams, and the rich alluvial soil is teeming with wild vegetation, which affords pasture to large herds of cattle. It is about three miles long, and from one to one and a half broad, and could probably easily be acquired were it not for the obstructions placed by the Government in the way of the transference of land to foreigners. These are entitled by treaty to become purchasers, but woe to the native who dares to sell to them. Otherwise, I do not know a better speculation from an agricultural point of view than the purchase of the plain of Gennesareth.

nourishes different sorts of autumnal fruits beyond man's expectations, but preserves them a great while. It supplies men with the principal fruits, with grapes and figs, continually during ten months of the year, and the rest of the fruits as they become ripe through the whole year; for besides the good temperature of the air, it is also watered from a most fertile fountain. The people of the country call it Capernaum. Some have thought it a vein of the Nile, because it produces the coracin fish, as well as that lake which is near Alexandria." This mention by Josephus of Capernaum, being the



MAGDALA AND PLAIN OF GENNESARETH LOOKING NORTH.

Josephus says of it: "Its nature is wonderful as well as its beauty. Its soil is so fruitful that all sorts of trees can grow upon it, and the inhabitants [of whom there is not one now] accordingly plant all sorts of trees there, for the temperature of the air is so well mixed that it agrees very well with these several sorts; particularly walnuts, which require the coldest air, flourish there in vast plenty. One may call this the ambition of Nature, when it forces those plants, which are naturally enemies to one another, to agree together. It is a happy conjunction of the seasons, as if every one laid claim to this country, for it not only

name of a fountain in which the coracinus is found, in the plain of Gennesareth, has given rise to great confusion. The only fountain answering to the description is that called Mudawareh, which is situated near the centre of the plain, and which is a circular basin, about thirty yards in diameter, which I have visited. It is connected with the lake by a brook, and Canon Tristram was so fortunate as to capture a number of the singular Egyptian fish called coracinus, on their way up to spawn. On the whole plain of Capernaum there is no other fountain, and there are no traces of ruins near this one, which would have been the

case had the City of Capernaum been situated near it. Moreover, we know that this city was actually on the shores of the lake. There are many other reasons why it in no respect answers the Biblical description, and could not possibly have been the site of Capernaum. Dr. Robinson, Captain Conder, and others, place it at Khan Munyeh, which we shortly afterwards reached. It was a spot of such unique interest and beauty that we stopped here for an afternoon tea, and also to give one of our party a chance of making a sketch of the singular aqueduct, along which the path now leads, thus enabling us to round the only cliff of rock which, in the whole range of its circumference, descends precipitously into the lake, forming as it does, a little harbour, or lagoon, full of papyrus, near which there is a spring called 'Ain el Tin. There are some traces of ruins, very limited in extent, in this neighbourhood, and Captain Conder certainly adduces strong reasons in favour of his hypothesis that this was the site of the famous city. The spring is warm and slightly brackish, as we found when we used it for our tea, and surrounded with green turf. Passing for about a quarter of an hour along the bed of the aqueduct, with the hewn rock on one side, about three feet high, and on the other the precipitous cliff, which is crowned with a plateau on which once stood an ancient fort, we wind down from an elevation of about fifty feet above the lake to its margin, and crossing a copious stream which, after turning a mill, rushes into the lake, we reach our tents, pitched in a most picturesque spot, commanding to the south a view of the whole length of the lake, and to the west looking across a bay to the Plain of Gennesareth and the Wady Hamman, with the Horns of Hattin forming a background.

PART II.

ONE of my objects in pitching my camp at Tabgah was to try and arrive by personal examination at a conclusion in regard to the much-vexed question of the sites of Capernaum and Bethsaida, but, as after a careful investigation of the relative merits of the localities proposed by different Biblical students, it would take pages to discuss the pros and the cons, and even then I should have to admit that the results arrived at were largely open to doubt, I will not enter upon them here. Whether there was only

one Bethsaida, or two, as the Biblical record would seem to imply—whether one was at the south-east corner of the lake, as maintained by Captain Conder, or whether they were both at the north end, where El Tell, Tell Hum, Mes'aidfeh, El Araj, Tabgah, and Khan Minyeh have all been suggested as the possible sites of one or other; where Capernaum was situated—whether at Khan Minyeh, Tabgah, or Tell Hum, are points which I leave for the curious in such matters to decide for themselves. The whole six places are none of them more than a mile and a half distant from its nearest neighbour, and I think there can be no doubt that the sites of Capernaum and one of the Bethsidas at all events are to be found among them, while this small extent of the shore of the lake which was the main scene of Christ's ministrations, and with every foot of which He must have been familiar, invests it with an interest which does not attach to any other part of Palestine. Nor is there a more lovely spot upon the whole circuit of the lake on which to camp than Tabgah. The immediate neighbourhood is fertilised by a stream which is the largest feeder to the lake next the Jordan. And one may enjoy the proximity of a luxuriant vegetation, so rare in Palestine, at all seasons of the year. Unfortunately as the course of the river is very short, the tract thus irrigated is limited in extent. It was from the copious fountain that gives it birth, that the water was conducted to the plain of Gennesareth by the aqueduct I have already described. It is at present conveyed by another, extremely picturesque, to a mill near the mouth of the river. Mosses, ferns, and creepers almost completely concealed the old stonework, and the road to our tents passed under it through an archway. It is the only one in working order of five that were built by the great chieftain Dâher El Amr. There are four other fountains, but of these the waters run largely to waste. The large one, which is without doubt the fountain of Capernaum mentioned by Josephus, was handsomely masoned in by Dâher El Amr. It is octagonal, four of the sides being 48 feet in length, and four 40 feet. It may be gathered from these dimensions what a magnificent fountain this is. Indeed, with the exception of the spring which forms the principal source of the Jordan, it is the largest supply of water in the country. At the present level of the water, which is about eighteen feet below the top of the wall, there is a stone platform approached by steps, just large enough to stand upon and undress comfort-

ably. The water was clear as crystal, and about ten feet deep in the deepest part. The delight of taking a header into such a delicious bath was only enhanced by the temperature of the water, which I found to be about 86° Fahrenheit. This fountain was about 300 yards from our tents, but in their immediate proximity, and only a few paces from the lake there was another spring, called the Spring of Job, which was only nine feet in diameter, and about three in depth, the water of which was even warmer. It was covered by a circular stone tower, with fifteen steps outside it leading to the top.

off to the mill, to return with a stick, a piece of string, a crooked wire, and a cockchafer, with which he instantaneously jerked a fish over his head, and sent him sprawling on the grass behind. I was reminded of Darsie Latimer's similar experience with the Scotch laddie in *Redgumtlet*, and with the pennyworth of cockchafer which I purchased from him, provided myself with a good afternoon's sport, and an excellent dish of trout at the end of it. The Jordan and all the streams that come down the northern wadies into the lake afford capital trout fishing, but unfortunately, except in spring, the whole of



MILL AND ANCIENT AQUEDUCT AT TABGAH.

I explored the neighbourhood for ruins, but only found some drafted stones, and one or two entrances to tombs which were choked up, but as they had evidently been opened at a former period, I did not think them worth examining. Moreover, I was much distracted by my piscatorial propensities from archaeological investigation, and spent the better part of one afternoon flicking the waters of the stream. I had only landed a couple of small trout after fishing for nearly an hour, and was in the act of changing my fly, when I observed a small bare-legged Arab urchin staring at me with wonderment. Suddenly a bright thought struck him, and he darted

this part of the country is too feverish and unhealthy for indulging in it with safety. During our stay at Tabgah, I rode across the hills to the ruins of Chorazin. The distance as the crow flies is not above two miles, but the broken and inaccessible nature of the country to be traversed makes it seem much more. The weather, which was wild and gusty, was quite in keeping with the scenery. Our path led us over great basalt boulders, down steep descents into rocky gorges, along the stone-strewn beds of dried-up torrents, and up barren hill sides, till we suddenly came upon a more than usually large pile of rocks, and found them to be hewn into the

shape of building stones, and even forming parts of ancient walls, but it was all such a mass of confusion that at a first glance one scarcely realised that they were the ruins of a city once denounced for its sins of extravagance and luxury. I can hardly imagine how, even in its palmyest days, the environs of Chorazin can have been anything but bare and rugged—though doubtless vines might have been induced to trail over the huge rocks and conceal their exceeding nakedness. The only remains of the ancient synagogue which I observed, were some most elaborately carved niches in black basalt ; indeed, the

way, not much concerned by our proximity. The only tree in sight was one in the immediate neighbourhood of a large cattle-shed, which was also the only sign of man's recent handiwork. In fact, nothing could have been more cheerless than the scene as we gazed through a fine driving rain, at the surrounding desolation. Kerâzeh, which has thus preserved its resemblance to its old name, is the property of the wife of the Sheikh of Semakyeh Arabs, a tribe who wander about this part of the country, where, excepting at a mile or two there is no settled population. I happened to be



BEDOUIN FUNERAL NEAR TABGAH.
From a Drawing by E. S. CUTHBERT.

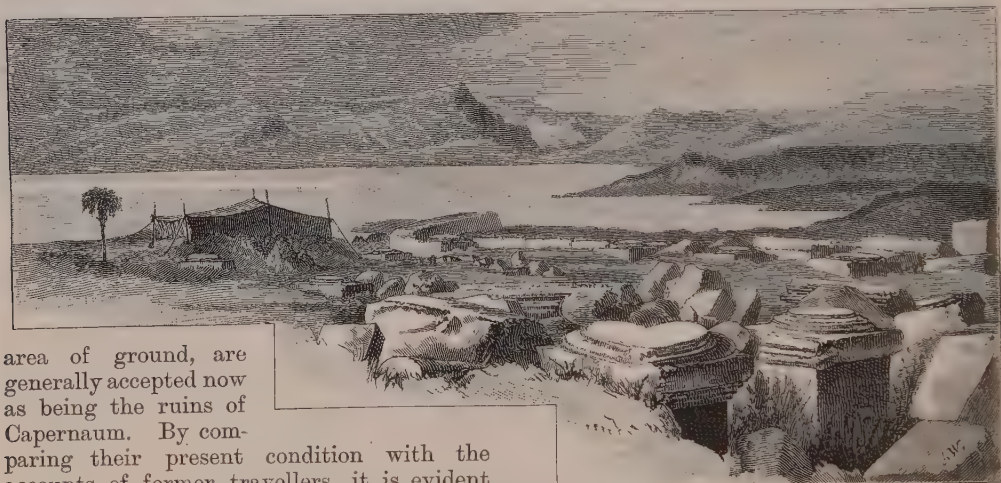
whole of the building was constructed of this material, and when it was visited by the officers of the Palestine Survey they found one pedestal with the base of a column standing to a height of $3\frac{1}{2}$ feet. Indeed, the natives are always using up ancient material of this kind by building them into their cattle-sheds. The ruins however cover a much greater area than at first appears, and I had not time to examine them thoroughly. They command a beautiful view of the lake about a mile distant, down a rocky gorge, along the sides of which I watched a herd of gazelles nibbling their

present at a funeral of one of the principal men of the tribe, when a scene not unlike that of an Irish wake took place. The burial ground was not far from our tents, and here gathered a large concourse of men and wailing women. The women collected under a clump of doum bushes apart, squatting in a semi-circle, and from time to time indulging in wild shrill screams, the men standing solemnly round the spot on which the grave was about to be dug with the shrouded corpse on a litter in rear. Their habit seems to be to console their grief by a species of mournful festivity, to provide for which I was told

that no fewer than thirty-five sheep had been killed. I went to one of their encampments about half a mile distant; their black tents were pitched amid a mass of rocks, and guarded as usual by savage dogs. They cultivate such patches of land as are available in this stony district, but are a poor tribe. Their presence, which seems to accord now so well with their surroundings, makes it all the more difficult to people this region in imagination with a wealthy and highly-civilised population, and to crown these hills with handsome cities adorned with the architecture of an age which we still imitate.

It was not above half-an-hour's ride from Tabgah to the ruins of Tell Hum, where the extensive remains of a city covering a large

mons, which was to make them the founders of a new religion. Fording the Jordan, which here throws up a sandbank in the lake, and obliges us to ride as it were out to sea, we reach in about half a mile a beautiful grassy sward stretching to the water's edge, on which are two or three fine old trees and a large tent, which is the abode of a party of Jews, who have started not long since, fishing, as an industry, and who supply their co-religionists at Tiberias with the fruits of their labours. Near it is a large stone building, the only one on the entire circuit of the lake, with the exception of one lately built at the other extremity. It is the granary of a Mohammed Said Pasha, a wealthy Arab, who lives at Damascus, and



area of ground, are generally accepted now as being the ruins of Capernaum. By comparing their present condition with the accounts of former travellers, it is evident that the ravages of the Arabs are telling upon them, and that little will remain of the once handsome synagogue in the course of a few years more unless steps are taken to protect it. Excavation here would probably furnish a rich mine to antiquarians, and from inquiries I made on the spot I found that the site could be purchased for a very small sum from the present proprietor, but it would be found impossible—treaties to the contrary notwithstanding—to induce the Turkish Government to consent to its transfer to a foreigner. There was only one family of Bedouins squatting upon it on the occasion of my last visit, which was the third I had paid to this interesting locality. From here it is a pleasant ride along the coast for barely an hour to the mouth of the Jordan; it is indented with sundry little bays, on the shores of which we can readily picture the fishers of a bygone period mending their nets, as they unconsciously awaited the sum-

THE RUINS OF CAPERNAUM AT TELL HUM, SHOWING PLAN OF SYNAGOGUE.

owns an immense extent of territory in this region. It is also the residence of his Vakeel or manager, and this functionary received us with the utmost hospitality and politeness. We were urged by him, and the Jews, to pitch our tents here, and upon their assurances, which unhappily proved untrustworthy, that at this time of year the locality was perfectly free from fever, I consented to do so, the more especially as the spot was most favourably situated with respect to supplies, and some exploration I wished to make in the neighbourhood. Leaving the tents to be pitched, and having obtained a guide from a neighbouring Bedouin encampment, I started off in a northerly direction for about three miles to a ruin of which I had heard, but which had never been visited, called Dardara. On my way I passed a spot

where I had come upon some interesting remains in the previous year, called El Ahseniyeh, and where the natives were in the act of making excavations for building purposes. Here I found the figures of two lions carved on stone, which had been recently unearthed and built into the wall; unfortunately the head of one had been broken off. I also came across a curious object in black basalt shaped something like an hour-glass, three feet high, with immense stone handles, the object of which I could not divine, as there was no division in the centre, otherwise it might have served for a mortar.

Up to this point we had been crossing the level and fertile plain of the Batêha, of rich alluvial deposit, intersected by numerous streams, which descend from the northern wadies and from lagoons. The whole of this plain is covered with the remains of ancient towns, and as it is only about three miles long by two in the widest part, the population must have been very dense. It is now partially cultivated, and Mohammed Said Pasha, to whom the most of it belongs, is rapidly reclaiming it. Leaving this plain, we follow a wild rocky gorge, in which there is a trout stream, for about a mile, and arrive at a village at which are the hovels of a few sedentary Arabs. This, we are informed, is Dardara, and were much disappointed that there was nothing to be discovered but traces of ancient foundations, drafted stones, and the fragment of a column. We therefore went back to our tents in a somewhat discontented frame of mind, which did not improve under the influence of a furious northerly gale which now sprang up, and whistled piercingly down the wadies. This increased in violence to such an extent that we had barely reached our tents when they were blown flat down upon us, enveloping their inmates and other contents in their folds, and producing a condition of chaos and discomfort not calculated to improve the tempers of the hungry and the cold—for it can be cold even on the Sea of Galilee. Fortunately, the Hasil, or granary, was not above a hundred yards distant, and thither were conveyed the fragments of a half-cooked dinner, and all our baggage piecemeal, not without difficulty and sundry breakages, and small disasters. It was evidently hopeless to think of a comfortable night in tents under such circumstances, and we therefore accepted the polite invitation of Selim Aga the Vakeel to pass the night in the granary. He himself occupied one little den off it, and a tame

porcupine another, while the entrance was a passage in which our servants stowed themselves away, and the cook cooked our dinner over a charcoal brazier. The apartment appropriated to our accommodation was an immense vaulted chamber, about sixty feet in height by thirty in breadth. This was almost crammed full of wheat, barley, dhurra—sort of holcus or maize—and lentils. However, we cleared away a space in the centre large enough for us to pile our things, spread our beds, and put up our tent table; and as we listened to the wind roaring outside, and smelt the fumes of our dinner, mingled with those of the charcoal fire, considered ourselves fortunate, and invited Selim Aga to partake of our evening meal, which consisted principally of wild ducks which my servant had shot on the lagoons of the Batêha.

Selim Aga proved a most interesting and intelligent personage. He was a Kurd by race, and a native of Kharpout; a somewhat fanatic Moslem, for he had performed the Hadj, or Pilgrimage, to Mecca nine times, and had lived several years in that sacred city. He informed us that the whole of Mohammed Said Pasha's land was cultivated by the Tellawiyeh and Diab Arabs, from whom he took one-third of all the produce raised; that the number of tents occupied by the Tellawiyeh thus employed amounted to four hundred, and of Diab tents to three hundred; the former cultivating the Batêha and lowlands, and the latter the hill country; that the land now under cultivation by them amounted to five hundred feddans. It is difficult to put this into English acres, for the signification of a feddan varies in different parts of the country. Literally, it means the amount that a pair of oxen can plough in a season; and villages are valued according to the number of feddans they cultivate; but as the villages situated on a hilly part of the country cannot do above half the work of those in the plains, the hill people have adopted two pairs of oxen, working from six to eight hours a day, alternately, to make the meaning equal. The difference arising from this attempt to "make things equal" is so great in different parts of the country that a feddan in one part may be nearly double what it is in another; but if we take the feddan in the district I was now in at thirty acres, we shall probably not be far out. This would give Mohammed Said Pasha fifteen thousand acres under cultivation, with a vast quantity of land waiting to be brought in, and any number of hands to cultivate it. From which it will appear that

Selim Aga's berth was no sinecure, and afforded him abundant opportunities of robbing his master. I do not mean to assert that he availed himself of these, but if he does not, he must, as the Californian bank cashier said to the miner who brought him back the balance of a cheque that had been overpaid by mistake, "feel very lonesome." He evidently exercised great authority over, and inspired no little respect among, the wild people with whom he had to deal. But this probably arose from a habit in which he told us with an amiable smile, he indulged

by Mr. Schumacher. Altogether, Selim Aga seemed to me a man who knew, like his master, how to make the best of both worlds—for Mohammed Said Pasha is renowned for his piety, and as the official conductor of pilgrimages to Mecca enjoys not only a high reputation for sanctity, but great facilities for accumulating wealth.

In examining the traces of foundations of the ancient city which once stood on this site, I observed that some of the stones were unusually large. At one corner of the ruins stand a clump of date trees, and a causeway,



RUINS OF GAUVALA, SHOWING TIBERIAS.
From a Drawing by LAURENCE OLIPHANT.

freely of thrashing and imprisoning them without the intervention of judge or jury. I suspect he imprisoned them in the den with the porcupine. Nothing, however, could have been more bland and polite than he was to us, and as host I have no reason to speak of him except in the warmest terms. He gave me all the information in his power with respect to the Wady Jerameyah, which I was going to explore on the following day, and furnished me with an excellent guide. For this valley had at that time never been explored, though it has since been surveyed

now impassable, is all that remains of a Roman road, which led across what is now a swamp to the low round hill about a mile distant, called Et-Tell, the ruins on which some suppose to indicate the site of Bethsaida Julias. The remains here, however, are very insignificant, and I see nothing to warrant this hypothesis. We know that the city was on the shores of the lake, and I would place it rather at El-Araj or Mesaidigeh, a small collection of Arab hovels on the lake side about a mile beyond El-Araj, where some traces of foundations



AN ARAB BOY FISHING.
From a Drawing by E. S. CUTHBERT.

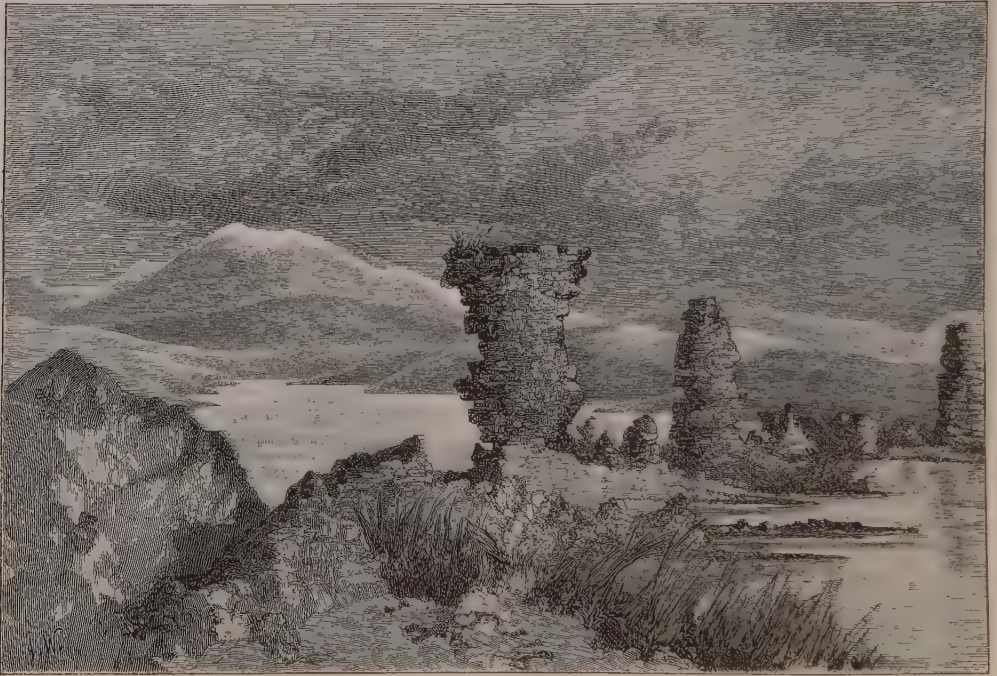
exist. I visited the spot on my way to explore the Wady Jeramaya, concerning which Dr. Thomson, in *The Land and the Book*, says: "We were obliged to make a long detour to the east, in order to get round the impracticable gorge of the Jermaiah. It is the largest and most savage of all the ravines into which we looked during our ride of nine hours, and is said to be the chosen resort of leopards, wolves, hyenas, boars, and other wild animals." Leaving the Batêha at its eastern extremity, we struck a path which leads to the top of the plateau—here, some 1,200 feet above the lake—with the idea of crossing to the upper part of the wady. After a most fatiguing scramble, we came unexpectedly upon blocks of hewn basalt, and foundations indicating the site of an ancient town. The name of this ruin was Zeta. It was not formerly known, but does not seem to have been a place of much importance. As I had now been riding for

more than three hours, I determined to strike north and reach the wady, the descent into which was made by a break-neck path, down which the horses, without riders, when left to find their own way, could scarcely scramble. The nature of the country was so inaccessible that it was not likely I should find ruins here; but this was compensated for by the grandeur of the scenery. With the exception of one small clump of date trees at a point where the wady bifurcates, and some scrub, oak and down bushes clinging to the almost precipitous sides of the gorge, there was no vegetation, and the scene was wild and rugged in the extreme. Fearing I should not reach home before dark if I pushed further up, I now tried to descend the wady by following the bed of the brook that brawled down it, but owing to the huge boulders with which it was strewn, after struggling along for nearly an hour, I was obliged to give the attempt

up as hopeless. The hill sides were here so steep that I was beginning to despair of getting out at all, the more especially as my Bedouin guide had from the first protested against the venture, when he discovered an almost imperceptible goat track; it was joined by others as we advanced, and was certainly more adapted to goats than horses. It was an intense relief suddenly to come upon a magnificent spring, evidently much frequented by cattle, and an ancient centre of population, for in the vicinity were numerous fragments of columns, traces of foundations, and built into the walls of a small granary, I observed a large fragment of marble, on

of position. From here we again descended into the wady, where it opened out into a practicable bridle path, and where many tempting trout pools glittered beneath the overhanging rocks, and so finally reached home thoroughly done up with our long scramble.

Seeing the interest I took in such researches, Selim Aga started me off next day with a new guide, and a list of four or five ruins hitherto unknown, to which he was instructed to conduct me. We left the shores of the lake at the extreme south-eastern extremity of the Batêha, at the point where the mountain descends in a bold



RUINS OF ROMAN BRIDGE ACROSS THE JORDAN. HERMON IN THE DISTANCE.

which was a very prettily carved design of foliage and flowers, possibly part of a frieze. What kind of roads the ancients had in those days, and why they should rear handsome edifices, and build cities in such a barren and inaccessible region, were problems which forcibly suggested themselves to my mind. The spring itself had evidently been beautifully masoned in. It was ten feet long by four wide, and about six inches deep, the rear wall being composed of two courses of basalt blocks, each five feet in length. It was overshadowed by old fig trees, the giant roots of which had forced themselves between the hewn rocks and actually lifted them out

bluff into it, of which Dr. Thomson says: "This bold headland marks the spot according to my topography where the five thousand were fed with the five barley loaves and the two fishes." Again we climbed up to the plateau, and near its edge reached a granary of Mohammed Said Pasha's, called Khanef. Here I found a considerable area of ruin, many fragments of columns, some standing to a height of five or six feet, besides capitals, cornices, friezes, some of them beautifully carved, and niches such as those common to Jewish synagogues; also the foundations of a large building, and a Hebrew inscription seven feet long by eight

inches high. Huge building blocks of basalt prevented my making the thorough investigation I should have desired of this interesting spot. Near it was a masoned spring similar to the one already described, but not in such a good state of preservation. I now continued for about two miles along the plateau, having ascended altogether about 1,800 feet from the shores of the lake, and reached a large walled-in Bedouin encampment—for the Diab Arabs had pitched their tents where a massive ancient wall, 140 feet long one way, and 90 feet long the other, had once enclosed a city, the ruins of

summer, but some of whom seek shelter in winter in rude huts constructed with ancient building stone, with which they also build store-houses for their grain, and shelter for their cattle. I now plunged into the recesses of a wild wady, only to scramble up to a greater elevation on the other side than the one I had left, passing on the way a small ruin, with fragments of columns, and reaching a large one called Musherfawi, where the remains covered an extensive area, but consisted chiefly of foundations and pieces of columns. The view from this point was one of the finest I have seen in Palestine, em-



LARGE BEDOUIN TENT OF THE SHEIKH.
From a Drawing by E. S. CUTHBERT.

which lay strewn around. Many of the building stones measured six feet by one-and-a-half. The remains of a large building stood near, which I take to have been a synagogue. It measured sixty feet by thirty-seven; the walls were standing in some places to a height of nine feet; the whole area inside them was a mass of building stones, among which were several columns. Near by was a masoned spring twice the size of those I had already seen, and with the masonry on three sides in a good state of preservation, and standing six feet above the water. The population here consists entirely of Diab Arabs, who live in their tents in

bracing an immense range of country to the westward, with the Sea of Galilee about 1,600 feet immediately below. I now made the best of my way down the steep mountain side to its margin, passing on the way a ruin, the stones of which bore all the marks of Jewish carving; the hypothesis that it may have been inhabited by a Jewish population is confirmed by the name El-Lawiye, which may be rendered "The Levite." I had thus, in the course of my two days' ride, examined the ruins of seven towns which had not before been visited, and have been led to the conclusion, by the character of the architecture, that they date from the second

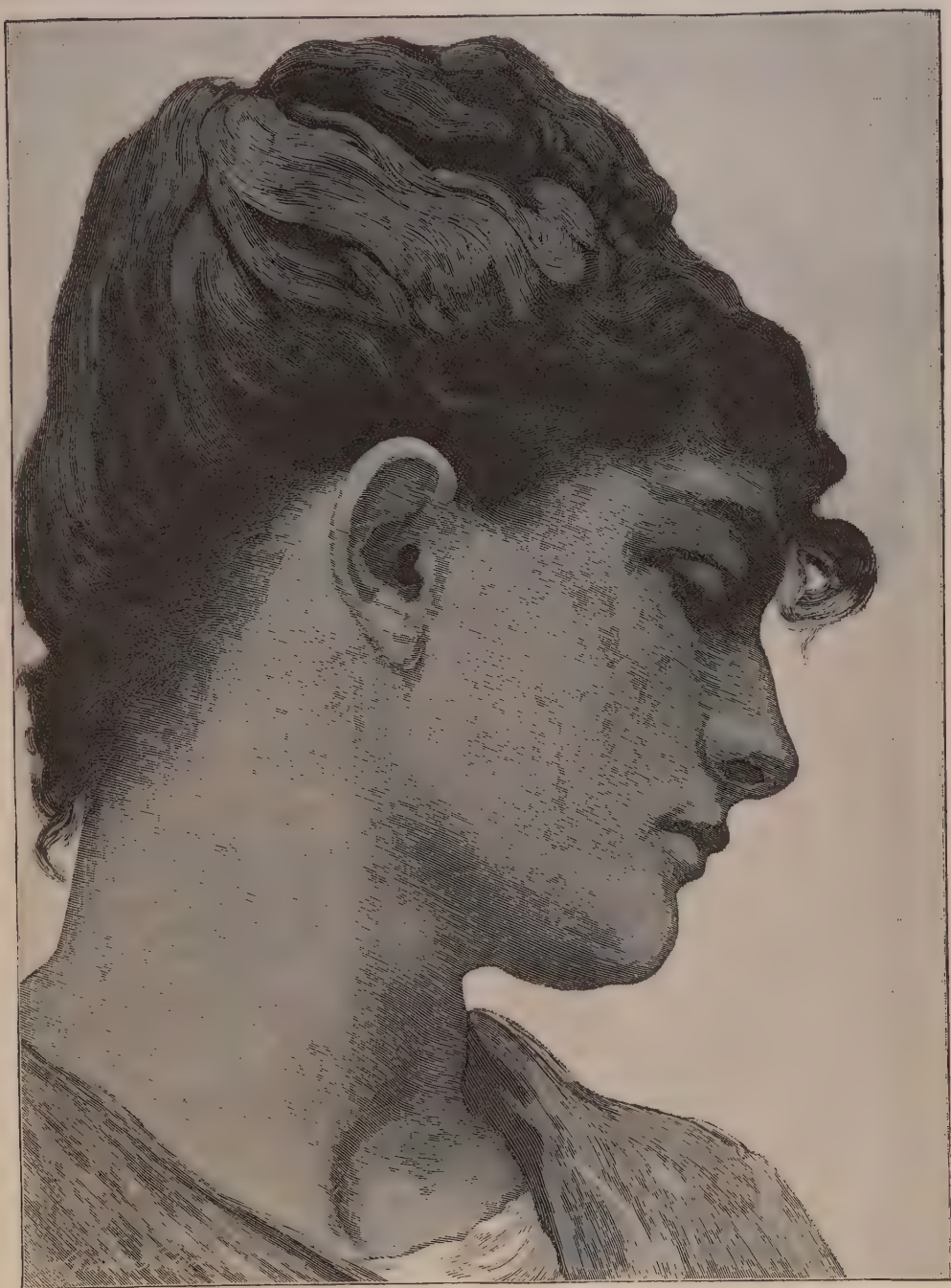
and third centuries after Christ, at which time the Sanhedrim and Jewish Patriarch were established at Tiberias, and were specially favoured by the Roman Emperors. It was then a centre of Talmudic learning, and contained a wealthy and prosperous community, a large portion of which probably had their country houses in this mountain region, where the summer climate is delightful, and where a large Hebrew population had no doubt gathered to enjoy the protection afforded by the vicinity of the Patriarch. I found the camp pitched at the mouth of the Wady Semakh, in immediate proximity to a very large encampment of Hawalid Arabs, who had come here for pasture, from their usual winter home to the east of the Hauran. They were genuine sons of the desert, and their independent and dignified bearing presented a marked difference to the Tellawiyeh and Diab serfs of Mohammed Said Pasha. The Sheikh's tent was 90 feet long, and in the course of visits which we exchanged I obtained much interesting information in regard to the relations which subsisted between the principal Bedouin tribes, and their Druse and Circassian neighbours.

As I had already explored the Wady Semakh, I determined next day to climb up to the interesting fortress of Gamala, only lingering long enough at our camping ground, which was surrounded by the ruins of Kersa, the ancient Gergesa, to allow time for a sketch to be taken of the slope where Biblical commentators suppose the herd of swine to have rushed down a steep place into the sea. The whole area enclosed by the outer wall is a tangle of brushwood, affording excellent cover, in which on a former occasion I put up a wild boar. Here there is a considerable quantity of wild liquorice root. There is a curious circular tower on the steep hillside, and in the immediate neighbourhood some canes, which are common in the white limestone of which this part of the hill is composed. A little higher up the limestone gives place to basalt. Three miles beyond we reach the foot of the cliff on which Gamala is situated, and after a scramble up its almost inaccessible side, find ourselves in that wonderful fortress with its long central street, its thick encircling walls, its handsome sarcophagi, its masses of squared building stones, its prostrate columns, and carved capitals, cornices and friezes, its perilous approach along the camel's neck, from which it takes its name, its dizzy precipices which surround it on all sides, its cisterns, one of which in the centre of the fort measures

56 feet long, 17 feet across, and about 30 feet high. It is approached by a flight of steps, and near the upper one in the centre, a huge fig-tree had managed to establish itself, across the stump of which a column had lodged, as though in the act of rolling down. The view across the lake with Tiberias on its opposite margin was magnificent, and the spot is in some respects the most interesting to be found on its shores. The account given by Josephus of the celebrated size of this fortress by Vespasian, of which he was an eye-witness, is of thrilling interest; it has been admirably condensed by Dr. Thomson, from whom I cannot resist quoting the last scene of the terrific drama. "A high tower on the wall was undermined and fell with prodigious noise; the soldiers rushed in again, led by Titus himself; everything gave way and went down before the tenfold fury of the onset—the outer city first, and then this wonderful citadel itself was taken, and everything that breathed was put to the sword, even to the women and helpless infants. *Five thousand* of those miserable people seeing escape impossible, destroyed themselves; husbands leaped madly from the ramparts, and were crushed into hideous masses in those yawning gulphs below. Look over, if your head is steady enough, and see into what awful depths they must have plunged. So fell Gamala on the 23rd of October, A.D. 69, after a siege of twenty-nine days. Of the entire population that thronged this city and citadel only *two women* escaped."

I lunched at the bottom of the mountain at the tents of some Erkebat Arabs. They are a small amiable tribe, inhabiting this shore of the lake, numbering about 100 tents, of whom half are tenants of Abbas Effendi, the son of the Persian Holy-man, who lives at Acre, and is chief of the Persian sect of Babs. He has a granary, which we shortly after passed, at the south end of the lake, and owns a good deal of land in this neighbourhood. There is not much more of interest on the actual shore, though the highlands above teem with ruins, until we reach those of Kerak, the ancient Tarichæa, which was a city of some importance, situated at the point where the Jordan leaves the lake, and where Josephus collected 138 ships to attack the Romans. Here it is fordable at certain seasons, but I have had to swim my horse across. A little lower down are the picturesque remains of the old Roman bridge of Jisr el Kanatar, with its lofty ruined arches, from which point a ride of a couple of hours, brings us back to Tiberias.

LAURENCE OLIPHANT.



STUDY OF A HEAD.

Engraved by W. BISCOMBE GARDNER, from a Drawing by SIR FREDERICK LEIGHTON, P.R.A.



ROBINS.

From a Drawing by MAUD M. CLARKE.

ORNITHOLOGY AT SOUTH KENSINGTON.

THE duties of a National Museum are two-fold—to assist the student and to instruct the public. The method by which the latter object is to be accomplished varies in different countries and in different museums. In Paris, in Leyden, and in Berlin, nearly all the specimens are mounted in the public galleries, and it is only in the first-named museum that we have seen any considerable reserve of skins. We take it that every bird exposed in a glass case is doomed to destruction sooner or later, its fate being merely a question of time, as exposure to the light is certain to bleach the plumage and deteriorate the appearance of the specimen. In such a climate as that of London it would be simple madness to attempt a large display in the public galleries, and therefore the main zoological collections are preserved in cabinets and hidden from the light, and there is no reason why they should not be available for the purposes of study for many hundreds of years. Like the other portions

of the zoological collections, the birds are represented by two distinct series, each fulfilling a separate purpose.

In the galleries of the British Museum at Bloomsbury, the actual wall-space for the exhibition of the birds was larger than that allotted to the mounted collection at South Kensington, and the arrangement was different. In the old bird gallery the mounted specimens were arranged in cases running lengthwise along the walls, and the room was lighted from the top. A wider glance could be obtained of the collection as a whole than is possible under the new arrangement, which, however, has advantages which the parent museum did not possess. The cases are now arranged laterally, in bays, which are lighted by side-windows. This allows of each bay being devoted to one family of birds, or at least to a very few. In the early days of the old museum the same idea which still prevails in the great museums of the Continent, also dominated the official

mind at Bloomsbury, and every specimen of worth and rarity was mounted and exposed to certain ruin in the public galleries. In years past it has been our lot on several occasions to remonstrate when some unique and precious specimen has been thus mounted, and the invariable reply was that the public liked to see the most valuable of the specimens in the cases. Our own opinion was, and is now, that the public is like Gallio in this respect, and cares for none of these things, and that it infinitely prefers a few artistic and naturally mounted birds to whole rows of specimens on stands, without any explanatory labels to relieve the tedium of the conventional mounting. At Leyden, where a staff of trained taxidermists is kept in the museum, some attempt has been made to vary the usual mode of stuffing animals by representing them in varied and active positions, and thus the general effect is never monotonous. But this was never done in the British Museum, and the constrained attitudes of many of the specimens exhibited at Kensington form part of a legacy from the parent institution, the bad influence of which it will take many years to efface. Thousands of specimens have been unmounted already, or have been transferred to the duplicates and distributed to such provincial museums as prefer to tread in the old paths, and will accept specimens belonging to the bad old times!

The credit of having broken away from time-honoured tradition in the mode of mounting animals in this country is certainly due to Mr. John Hancock, who taught how to combine scientific accuracy and artistic feeling. Mr. Hancock's name is a password throughout England, wherever taxidermy is mentioned, and in London his ablest representative has probably been Mr. A. D. Bartlett, the well-known superintendent of the Zoological Gardens, to whom we owe many of our most beautifully mounted specimens in the bird gallery. But the first to suggest this combination of art and taxidermy *for an entire museum* was undoubtedly Mr. E. T. Booth, of Brighton, whose collection of British birds in the Dyke Road Museum, still remains one of the sights of England, and is not surpassed in interest by any Natural History Exhibition in the whole world. Here may actually be seen our native birds in their haunts, arranged in cases throughout a long gallery, every species being represented as in a wild state with corresponding natural accessories, reproducing as nearly as possible the surroundings as they were when the birds were

alive, and representing the scenes sketched by the collector at the time of capture. Many years before we actually saw Mr. Booth's collection, its fame had reached our ears, and the idea seemed to us to indicate what the museum of the future ought to be; thus we lost no opportunity of advocating this system of artistic taxidermy in all our public lectures. At Leicester the notion was well received, and some groups of British birds were mounted under the auspices of the Natural History Committee of the Town Museum, until by the appointment of Mr. Montagu Brown as the curator of the museum, Leicester obtained the services of a taxidermist as skilled as he is energetic, and the result has been that the system of natural mounting has been extended to the entire collection of birds, so that not only British, but foreign, species are represented with their familiar surroundings in a state of nature. The Leicester Museum is the only one which has applied the principle in its entirety with the utmost success and public appreciation.

The difficulty of exhibiting our native birds in natural groups at the British Museum has been enhanced by the impossibility of finding any wall-space for the cases. In Mr. Booth's museum the cases are all arranged in tiers along the wall, so that each forms, as it were, a picture complete in itself, but it was seen at the outset that the only available method for the national collection was to exhibit each group in a separate show-case, the glass and iron framework of which was a matter of considerable expense. The first group exhibited was that of the Coot (*Fulica atra*), the materials for which were obtained by us on Mr. Edward Shelley's lake at Avington Park in Hampshire. With this commencement of the task, our connection with the undertaking has almost ceased, as we have contributed but a few of the cases which now nearly fill the western corridor and the floor of the bird gallery in the Natural History Museum. The development of this most interesting and instructive exhibition is due to the personal supervision of the chief of the Zoological Department, Dr. Günther, F.R.S., who has made the success of the undertaking his special concern. After the case of Coots had been mounted, a few more popular groups were presented by Mr. Theodore Walker, of Leicester, and then Lord Walsingham, F.R.S., one of the Trustees of the Museum, gave a series of nests of our native birds, principally taken on his estate at Merton Hall in Norfolk, which form the bulk of the

exhibition. Many other interesting groups have been contributed by Lord Lovat, Mr. Harcourt Powell, Mr. Bidwell, and other friends of the museum, while in the course of last year an expedition made to the north of Scotland by Colonel Irby and Captain Reid resulted in the acquisition of many rare and very interesting species, and added to the British collection some of its most valuable specimens.

After reading this short introductory sketch, which may be interesting as a record of a new era in the history of the British Museum, the student of ornithology may be prepared to spend a day at South Kensington, in which he cannot fail to obtain a considerable amount of amusement as well as instruction. In the great hall of the Natural History Museum, the visitor will find in process of formation the "Index" Museum, which is being arranged and developed by the Director, Professor W. H. Flower, C.B., F.R.S. The completion of this portion of the collection is necessarily a work of time, but with the ornithological section great progress has been made, and here the student will find the material requisite for his elementary studies of the characters of birds.

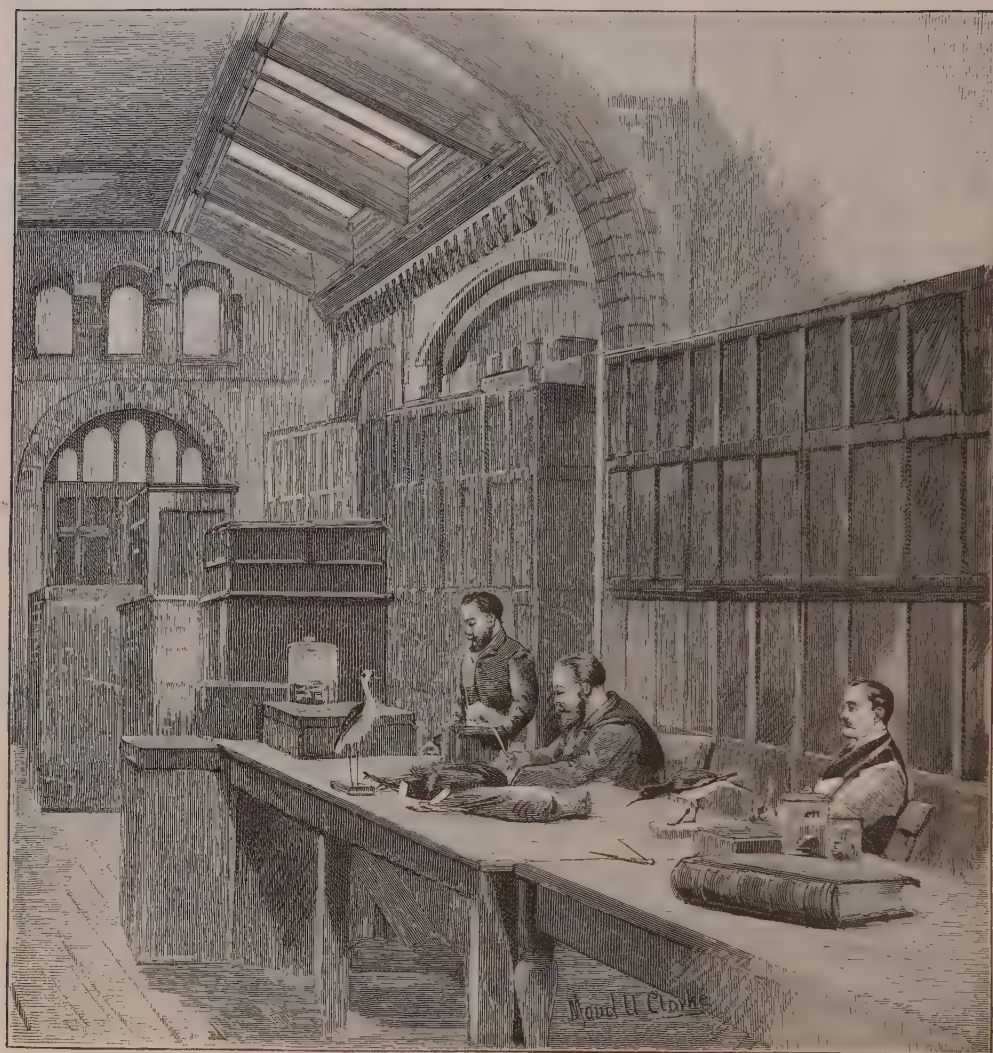
The different bones of the skeleton, the formation and growth of the feathers of the body and wings, the various development of the beak and feet in the principal forms of birds, are here exemplified, and are accompanied by explanatory labels and descriptions which convey instruction to the tyro as well as to the adept in ornithology. We would direct especial attention to the anatomical preparations of our friend Mr. Wray, as being perfect models of what a simple and yet strictly scientific method of instruction should be.

In the centre of the hall are two large cases illustrating two curious facts in nature, viz. the hybridization of species in a wild state, and the variation of species under domestication. The Pigeons have been chosen as an illustration of the latter phenomenon, and round a dove-cote are clustered representatives of the principal breeds of Domestic Pigeon, including the Carrier, the Fantail, Pouter, and other familiar forms, whilst hovering in the air above them are a pair of Blue Rock-doves, the original wild stock from which man by selection has developed all the curious varieties of Pigeons which exist at the present day. For this unique collection of Domestic Pigeons, the Museum is indebted to Mr. Combe Williams, who has been assisted by Mr. Salter and other well-known Pigeon-fanciers. There is scarcely a

bird in this case that has not, when alive, won at least half a dozen first prizes. Not less interesting is the other case of Crows and Goldfinches, presented by Mr. Henry Seebohm, the well-known traveller, as one of the prizes of his expedition to Siberia. Instances of cross-breeding in confinement are plentiful. A Goldfinch will mate with a Canary, or one species of Pheasant will interbreed with another species, but in a wild state the instances of hybridization are less frequent, and are commonly confined to Game-birds. The Hooded Crow (*Corvus cornix*), however, is known to breed with the Carrion Crow (*C. corone*), wherever the ranges of the two species overlap; and in the case of the birds exhibited, a pure-bred Hooded Crow and a pure-bred Carrion Crow will be seen, while the hybrid young ones partake, to a greater or less degree, of the characters of both. The same occurs with the Common Goldfinch (*Carduelis carduelis*) and the Oriental Goldfinch (*C. caniceps*). All the specimens here exhibited were obtained by Mr. Seebohm at Krasnoyarsk in Central Siberia.

Passing underneath the staircase to the end of the hall, the visitor will find himself in the British saloon, where are exhibited all our native animals. Of this collection it need only be said, that, although immensely superior to the one exhibited at Bloomsbury, it yet leaves much to be desired. The light is bad, the cases are much too high to admit of many of the specimens being seen, and the space for the exhibition of the birds is thoroughly inadequate for the complete collection of our English birds in all their changes of plumage, which it is our hope to exhibit some day.

Returning to the hall and ascending the main staircase, a turn to the left leads into the western corridor, where are to be seen the first series of the groups of British birds with their nests. In this corridor are placed most of the smaller perching birds, some of the artistic work being very satisfactory. The mounting of the specimens has been done by Mr. Pickhardt, who, when he exercises his full powers, is probably without a rival as a bird-stuffer, and the majority of the plants have been reproduced by Messrs. Mintorn, of Soho Square, but a great deal of the arrangement of the cases is done in the taxidermist's room of the Museum by Mr. James West, one of the staff. And here it must be explained that the groups of British birds exhibited are *absolutely true to nature*, the birds being in every case the *actual ones which built the nest in the identical situation reproduced in the case*. Thus no effort has been made to obtain particularly



THE PROFESSOR'S STUDY.
From a Drawing by MAUD M. CLARKE.

fine plumaged specimens, and it will be seen that many of them show in their worn and bleached feathering the wear and tear involved in bringing up a family. To any one who has not tried the experiment of procuring a nest *in situ* with the parent birds of any species, and particularly of the quiet and skulking kinds, like the Dartford Warbler (*Sylvia provincialis*), or the Willow Wren (*Phylloscopus trochilus*), these groups will convey but a faint impression of the time and trouble necessary to complete one of them satisfactorily. When the nest has been found, and the old birds procured, the

bough or the portion of ground on which it is placed is bodily removed and sent to the Museum, and immediately it arrives the services of Mr. Mintorn are called in, and the position of every flower and stalk accurately marked. The flowers and leaves are then reproduced, and thus, when the group is placed in the gallery, the actual scene and surroundings of the nest are shown, as they were on the day when it was taken. It is difficult to imagine that more pains could be taken to reproduce a faithful picture. Of course, where birds build in rocky situations, the case is different, as it would be impossible



HERONS.

Engraved by H. FITZNER DAVEY, from a Drawing by MAUD M. CLARKE.

to blast away the portion of the cliff in which a Golden Eagle had placed its nest, but a coloured sketch is generally supplied by the friend who takes the nest, and then a reproduction of the rocks is attempted, all the plants of course being remodelled in the way described above. The nest of the Rock Pipit (*Anthus obscurus*), which is the first group in the corridor, was procured in Sutherlandshire by Colonel Irby and Captain Reid, and the sketch of the locality was made on the spot by the latter gentleman. We would call particular attention to the two nests of the Red-backed Shrike, or Butcher-bird (*Lanius collurio*), one of which

and the Dipper (*Cinclus aquaticus*). The curious domed nest of the latter is one of the last in this series, and was a most difficult one to procure, owing to the situations in which the bird places its nest.

Every effort has been made to render this part of the collection instructive, and labels are placed on all the cases, conveying a short account of the species and its nidification. In a few instances the peculiar habits of the bird have been illustrated by the groups themselves; thus the Shrike sits near the larder which he formed for the sustenance of the young birds, whose stuffed effigies still seem to clamour for the food their parent



BLACK-THROATED DIVER.

From a Drawing by MAUD M. CLARKE.

was successfully taken with its "larder." Close by the nest, impaled on thorns, are several insects and an unfortunate little Yellow Bunting. The foliage of many of the adjoining cases is admirably executed, especially that of the Reed Bunting (*Emberiza schenichus*) and the Blackbird (*Merula merula*), as well as that of the Robin (*Erithacus rubecula*), a drawing of which accompanies this article. A wonderful domed structure is the nest of the Magpie, reminding us of many bygone birds'-nesting expeditions in the county where this nest was taken. Some of the species exhibited in this corridor are decidedly rare, such as those of the Dartford Warbler, the Hawfinch,

has hunted for with so much assiduity. The Jay is about to drop the Thrush's egg he has managed to purloin into the mouths of his youngsters, and the Magpie adds yet another stick to his impregnable edifice. The Hedge-sparrows still appear to feed the young Cuckoo, who has ruthlessly turned out to their death the rightful occupants of the nest, and with gaping mouth claims for the entire day the undivided attention of the foster-parents. A little family of Wrens call for food to the anxious parents, who must surely have fixed their nest in that ivy-covered stump for the express purpose of the Museum show-cases, for generally the nest is placed in such a position as the ivy on a

massive tree-trunk, or on the side of an arbour, or in some such position equally impossible to transfer to the walls of a museum.

We have here indicated only a few of the groups in the corridor, as we have still to notice the larger cases, which are in the bird gallery on the ground floor, leading westwards from the great hall. Immediately on entering will be seen some of the species procured by Colonel Irby and Captain Reid, during their expedition to Sutherlandshire in 1886. But for the exertions of these ornithologists, the Museum might have waited a long time for such rarities as the nests of the Black-throated Diver, the Hen Harrier, and those of some of the Ducks, notably the Wigeon

the subject of the illustration on p. 169 to the present article. This nest was placed near the very top of a spruce-fir on the side of a precipice, and our colleague, Mr. W. R. Ogilvie Grant, who took it, was obliged to procure the services of a small boy to climb the higher branches, which would not bear his own weight. The nest was then tied round with rope, the branch sawn off and lowered to the ground, where the three young birds had previously been despatched. The old female was shot beforehand, as she was coming to feed the young, and was soon stretched alongside of them, but the male bird was some time before he made an appearance. At last he came and settled on an adjoining tree, nor could he



HEN HARRIER.

From a Drawing by MAUD M. CLARKE.

and Scoter. The Black-throated Diver (*Colymbus arcticus*) is a singularly handsome bird, and has been selected as the subject of one of our illustrations; it breeds, as a rule, only in the most secluded lochs in northern Scotland. The Hen Harrier (*Circus cyaneus*) is also found nesting only in the northern districts of Great Britain: the peculiar fringe of feathers on the face gives the bird somewhat of an Owl-like appearance. The collection of Ducks is rapidly becoming complete, and the Shoveller, Pochard, and others, are already placed in the gallery with their down-lined nests and eggs.

In the very centre of the gallery will be noticed the large case of Herons, which forms

prevent a "squawk" of astonishment at perceiving that his nest, with its occupants, had totally disappeared. Poor bird! it was his last note, and a moment afterwards he had joined the remainder of his family—victims all for the purposes of science. We confess that it requires a certain effort and steeling of the heart to kill off a whole family of birds, and we cannot forget the feeling of cruelty involved in the slaughter of the young birds; but certainly the life of no bird in the collection has been unnecessarily taken, and in many cases we have but anticipated the fate of the youngster by the claws of a cat or hawk, while as far as the British Museum is concerned there

will be no need to replenish the groups for many long years to come. Would that fashionable ladies were as considerate of the claims of the feathered population!

Many of the wading birds are well represented in the series of British groups. Two of the Redshank (*Totanus calidris*) with eggs and with young birds, are exhibited not far from the much rarer Greenshank (*Totanus canescens*) procured by Colonel Irby and Captain Reid, while many visitors pause before the case containing the Ringed Plovers and three young, two of which can only be seen at the first glance. These birds place their eggs in the midst of the shingle, and the little downy-tufted nestling so closely resembles the

watched the progress of the manœuvre. Another curious habit of the Thick-knee is to crouch along the ground, as shown in our illustration, and this is also done by the nestlings. Perhaps, like the Ostrich, the bird imagines that it is not seen; but the habit is fatal to individuals in confinement, as we can testify from the history of two in our possession. One of them used to crouch on the gravel paths or in the beds of the garden, and was at last picked up by some wily tradesman, and never seen again. So complete is the confidence of the bird in its disguise that a child could approach it at the time and seize it unresistingly. The Thick-knee is much more nearly allied



"THICK-KNEE" (PLOVER).

From a Drawing by MAUD M. CLARKE.

surrounding stones that it is scarcely possible to detect it when once it has crouched on the beach. Another curious wader is the Thick-knee or Norfolk Plover (*Edicnemus crepitans*), a bird of the wilds and downs. The two stone-coloured eggs are laid on the waste, in the midst of which they so exactly resemble actual stones that it would be almost impossible to detect them from a little distance. The only way to find the eggs is to watch the movements of the old birds from some distance with a field-glass, as the hen-bird, on leaving the eggs, runs for some distance before rising, thus luring the intruder into the belief that the spot from which she rises is the position of the eggs, unless with his trusty binoculars he has

to the Bustards than to the Plovers, and is a night-feeder, as might almost certainly be inferred from its enormous eyes.

In two large cases are exhibited the breeding places of the common and arctic Terns (*Sterna hirundo* and *S. arctica*) with their nests and eggs, while the burrowing hole of the Manx Shearwater (*Puffinus anglorum*) is also shown. This bird tunnels into the ground and lays its eggs in a chambered hollow. One such nest is exhibited with a section cut in the side of the turf to show the female bird on the egg. Of the *Picidae*, the nests, if such they may be called, of the Great Spotted Woodpecker (*Picus major*) and the Green Woodpecker (*Gecinus viridis*) have been



SAND-MARTINS.

From a Drawing by MAUD M. CLARKE.

presented by Lord Walsingham, who apparently thinks nothing of cutting down a tree when it is necessary for the development of the collection of which he is a Trustee, and he must certainly have sacrificed a fine young fir-tree when he gave the nest of the Long-eared Owl which is one of the most attractive groups in the gallery. The sleepy look of the female Owl is admirably rendered, while the attitude of the male, alighting near the nest with a freshly killed mouse, is done to the life. Next to the rocky habitats of the birds, those tunneled into the earth give the most trouble in reproduction, and of such are the nesting-places of the Sand-martin and the Kingfisher, both of which nest in holes excavated in sand or friable earth. Nevertheless, these difficulties have been overcome by making careful sketches and measurements, and the groups in the pavilion at the end of the gallery, illustrating the nesting of the Sand-martin (*Cotile riparia*) and Kingfisher (*Alcedo ispida*)

are two of the most successful. Lateral sections are made, showing the nests at the end of the tunnels, and thereby illustrating the difficulties encountered by the pygmy birds in the rearing of their young.

So much time has been occupied in the development of these cases destined to illustrate the nesting habits of our native birds, that as yet the Museum has not been able to turn its attention to the mounting of cases of foreign birds. Nevertheless, a few specimens have been added to the collection, the principal ones being those of the Golden Oriole (*Oriolus galbula*), Leconte's Thrasher (*Harporhynchus lecontei*) built in a cactus, and presented by Mr. Wright, of San Bernardino, California, whose assistance the Museum cordially acknowledges, and a fine group of the male and female Flamingo (see illustration), presented by Lord Lilford, also a generous friend of the British Museum. This curious mud-built nest was taken in Spain, and the position of the female



FLAMINGO.

From a Drawing by MAUD M. CLARKE.

bird is absolutely correct, thanks to the pains taken by an English ornithologist, Mr. Chapman, who discovered a breeding place of these rare birds, and not only watched their movements through binoculars, but made a sketch of the sitting female. The old idea, therefore, that the Flamingo built a lofty nest, and that the hen used her long legs to sit straddle-wise, may now be considered as definitely exploded.

As with the description of the western corridor, so with the bird gallery, space does not allow of our entering into minute details of the various cases, to each of which a concise label is attached. The exhibition of the birds in the wall-cases labours under the same disadvantages as were alluded to in the British saloon. They are both too high and too low, while the space on the eye-line is too small for the demonstration of all that is needed to give the public a popular introduction to

general ornithology. If these cases, with their rows of stuffed specimens were taken away and certain groups of the principal forms of birds were mounted so as to show the leading characteristic of each family, the public would learn more natural history in five minutes than they can now embrace in a whole day's visit to the galleries. For this reform a certain amount of money would be necessary, but we feel that, even in these days of public economy (when the grants to the British Museum, the most ill-paid branch of the whole Civil Service, are cut down without rhyme or reason, or without the slightest reference as to the way in which the departments are doing their duty), the public would not grudge the expenditure if they knew that the wish of the officers was to make the establishment educational in an individual, as well as in a national, sense.

One word must be added concerning the collection of bird-skins, to which allusion has been made above. Fifteen years ago, when we were first appointed to their charge, the series of unmounted specimens amounted to about 40,000, and, as regards birds, the British Museum occupied a third-rate position in the world. The collection was surpassed in value by those of Paris, of Leyden, and of Berlin, and probably of Vienna.

The collection of skins was insignificant when compared with those of the great private collections of this country, the American series of Messrs. Salvin and Godman, and Dr. Schlater, our own series of African birds, &c.; and as all the most valuable specimens had been mounted, they were in a process of rapid deterioration. We can now affirm that, as regards the collection of birds at least, the British Museum is without a rival in the world. The valuable specimens have been unmounted and added to the skin collection, and have thus been saved from destruction. The badly-mounted ones are being gradually eliminated and replaced by artistically stuffed ones, while the series of unmounted skins forming the study collection cannot be far short of 200,000 specimens. The private collections, which formerly eclipsed the national one in value, have mostly been given to the Museum. The

unrivalled collection of Indian birds and eggs presented by Mr. Hume, nearly 85,000 in number, and the equally important series of American birds presented by Messrs. Salvin and Godman, doubled at one stroke the number of specimens in the Museum; while the splendid collection of Palearctic birds and eggs formed by Mr. Seebohm is also intended by its generous possessor to become national property, and already a large portion of it has been placed under our care. Besides these, the magnificent collections of Mr. Wallace, Dr. Selater, Mr. Gould, and other naturalists, have been added, not to mention hundreds of specimens presented by our friends in various parts of the world, all encouraging us in the hope that before long the Museum may contain the collections of all the Englishmen who are labouring in various parts of the globe in the cause of ornithology.

Since we commenced this article, Captain Wardlaw Ramsay has announced his intention to present the magnificent collection of birds bequeathed to him by his uncle, the late Marquis of Tweeddale, who possessed the best series of Asiatic birds in this country, and was the first authority on them. Along with the bird-skins, about 40,000 in number, Captain Ramsay will also present the Tweeddale library, one of the finest and most complete collections of ornithological works in the world.

When the whole of the bird-skins are arranged in their cabinets, the series will probably reach to the astounding number of 250,000. Fifteen years ago they cannot have exceeded 40,000 at the outside, and some idea of the increase in the collection may be gathered from the series of Birds of Prey alone. In 1872 a dozen small boxes in a book-case held the whole collection of Accipitres. Eleven years after, when they were transferred from Bloomsbury to South Kensington, the skins of these birds alone filled more than 100 boxes of a size requiring two men to carry, and now they are contained in seventy-one large cabinets, occupying an entire side of the bird room. All other families of birds have increased in the same ratio, and the Hume and Salvin-Godman collections required a considerable addition of cabinets to contain them. At present, quite half of these collections remains to be registered, so that there is little time for the staff to do anything but attend to this pressing duty. All the bird-skins are being classified and arranged in glass-covered boxes in accordance with the "Catalogue of Birds" in the British Museum. This vast undertaking, the twelfth volume of which we have just completed,

contains a description of all the birds in the world, with a list of the specimens in the national collection. It is hoped that when a second edition of this work is published, the collection in the British Museum will be as complete as the work of Englishmen can make it, and that to this end we may receive the assistance of our countrymen at home and abroad. Much still remains to be done, but the progress of the collection towards completion has been so satisfactory during the past decade that we may hope during the next ten years to render it still more perfect. At the same time it must be regretted that so little encouragement is given by the Government towards the increase of the national collections. Every other Government but our own makes a point of attaching a qualified naturalist to every expedition or survey which is undertaken; whereas with the English expeditions it is the exception, and not the rule, to appoint naturalists. It will hardly be believed that from all our costly enterprises in Egypt and the Soudan we have not received a single specimen of a bird in the British Museum. Compare this with the collections made by the French during their war with Tonquin, or with those of the United States Surveys. It is the same with our Naval Service. Our ships are engaged on surveys and expeditions in every part of the world, but how seldom does a single officer interest himself in collecting natural history specimens. We would urge upon the Admiralty and the War Office that distinct encouragement and reward should be bestowed on such officers as use their opportunities for increasing scientific knowledge. England is not slow to recognise the triumphs of War, but is sadly neglectful of the triumphs of Peace.

Again, our governors and high officials in the colonies could greatly help our needs at the British Museum. There are many places from which we do not possess a single specimen, and in some of the West India Islands it has been left to the Americans to work out the Avifauna, the result being that for the few birds we possess from these possessions of the British Empire we are mostly indebted to the generosity of our colleagues in the United States National Museum. This ought not to be, and we hope that these lines may be read by some of our countrymen in distant places, who may thereby be encouraged to help us in the completion of the ornithological collection in the British Museum, the development of which is an enterprise so near our heart.

R. BOWDLER SHARPE.



THE MAGIC FAN.

BY JOHN STRANGE WINTER, AUTHOR OF "BOOTLE'S BABY," "A SIEGE BABY," &C., &C.

CHAPTER I.



T was a blazing June day. Aldershot, beloved of soldiers of all ranks, wore its usual summer air of *blasé* dejection, as if life was too much for it and it was weary of everything—itsself most of all.

Sand and metaphorical thorns were everywhere! Horses steamed in their stables and men groaned in their quarters, while those who were on duty not only groaned but likewise "cussed" vigorously.

However, in the officers' quarters of the Cavalry Barracks about five o'clock on this particular afternoon, an evidence of a contented mind and cheerful bearing made itself apparent, for a loud and especially joyous whistling came from one of the officers' rooms.

"There's old Daddy Longlegs whistling away like the very devil," remarked one fellow to another. "Gad what spirits the old chap has; nothing seems to take 'em down, not even such a taste of the infernal as we've had to-day, with the pretty nearly certain prospect of worse to follow."

"Ah! expect Daddy has managed to get leave," said the other man languidly.

"Never! By Jove, I'll go and see. If Daddy has managed to screw another leave out of the Chief I'll go and try my luck while he's in the right mood."

Without more ado Chester—better known

in the Creams as the Bouncer—pulled himself out of his chair and went off to the quarters occupied by Daddy Longlegs, who, by the by, was put down in the Army List as the Honourable Wilfred Okedon, and took rank as the second senior subaltern.

"I say, Daddy," began the Bouncer, "what are you kicking up such a devil of a shine for, eh?"

"Got a two days' leave," returned Daddy genially. "Going up to town for the Daverels' dance."

"Any chance of my getting a two days out of the Chief?" inquired the Bouncer.

"I should say not the very smallest," returned Daddy coolly. "Of course you can try it on—but Jane is in a bad temper to-day, very."

"Is it the gout or the War Office?" asked the Bouncer with keen interest, born of a hope of leave, not of anxiety for his chief's state of mind, body, or estate.

"Neither. It's Tommy. I don't quite know what Tommy's been up to, but Jane's more like an owl with the toothache than usual. I say, old chap, can you lend me a crush hat? Mine got filled with jam or something the other night."

"Yes, if I don't get leave—but you see I may want it myself. Get Smiler's—his is just new; it wants the shine taking off it."

"Oh, Smiler's hats are miles too big for me," returned Daddy. "Be quick and ask for your leave, and as you are sure not to get it, send the hat round to me on your way."

"You can get Smiler's," retorted the

Bouncer coolly. "His head *is* rather bigger than yours, but his hat will impart a dignity to your general appearance which will improve you immensely," and then, as Daddy Longlegs sent a good solid, substantial clothes-brush spinning across the room, the Bouncer disappeared in a hurry to ask for his leave.

Whether he got it or not makes no difference to our story. Daddy Longlegs accomplished the loan of a crush-hat, and with his portmanteau went gaily off to Town to spend his two days' leave, and enjoy himself at the Daverels' dance.

Now it happened that the Daverels were enormously rich people; not perhaps quite of the same set as Daddy Longlegs' family, who if poor, made up for their poverty by a superabundance of pride and a still greater abundance of pedigree. In fact, the Okedons were so poor and so proud and so blessed or cursed with pedigree, whichever way you like to put it, that Daddy was looked upon quite as a special treasure by the Daverels, and as being able to give a brightness and lustre to their dance, such as does not fall to the lot of many young men to have the credit of.

The Daverels were city people—bankers. If the truth be told they were almost Jews. Not that so much as a single drop of Semitic blood ran in their veins, unless indeed it had been inherited from those lost tribes of whom we every now and again hear so much. No, it was not by blood that the Daverels were almost Jews, but by association; for the great firm of which George Daverel was now the head, stood to the world as "Moss and Daverel," and without doubt the defunct Mr. Moss, when in the flesh, had been an Israelite—a Hebrew—a Jew!

It seemed as if the great house of "Moss and Daverel" was fated to die out, unless its present head thought fit to take in partners from the large and efficient staff in order to keep the concern going, much on the same principle as gardeners graft strong, young, green shoots on to old trees of great rarity and past beauty and worth. For Mr. Daverel had only one child, Violet, who would one day be the heiress of all his vast wealth and who now was the darling of his heart and the very apple of his eye. To be explicit, it was for the sake of the apple of Mr. Daverel's eye that Wilfred Okedon had with infinite pain and difficulty screwed that two days' leave out of his unwilling colonel, that he had borrowed a crush-hat and had come to town feeling as blithe and gay as any bird.

And yet, when he had reached the great flower-decked, gorgeous palace in Queen's

Gate, and had scaled the crowded staircase and found himself holding the young hostess's hand in his, this big, handsome, popular young aristocrat, with his long pedigree and his brave gray eyes, and his devil-may-care contempt for everything and everybody except just those which suited him for the moment, felt himself of no greater account than if he had been one of the ridiculous insects whose name he bore among his comrades.

"I've come awfully early, Miss Daverel," he explained, "because I was so afraid you wouldn't save me a dance; but you have, haven't you?"

"No, Mr. Okedon, I haven't," said Miss Daverel with a mischievous laugh.

"Then, good-night!" said Daddy, falling off the dizzy height of sweet and pleasant hope at once, and going down—down—down—to the lowest depths of misery and despair. "I'm going, Miss Daverel, at once."

"No, don't do that," she laughed, "for though I haven't actually *saved* a dance for you, I can give you one. As a matter of fact, my programme is still empty."

"Why, how did you manage that?" Daddy inquired, taking this reverse of fortune with far quieter coolness than he had done its predecessor.

He got no answer, however, for a fresh stream of guests began to pour up the stairs, and Miss Daverel had to turn her attention to them. But as he had secured her programme, he did not much mind the interruption—in fact, he quietly took the opportunity of helping himself, and put a neat "W.O." against three of the best waltzes.

And yet, although Miss Daverel raised not the smallest objection to his doing so, and was looking more lovely than he had ever seen her look before, Daddy Longlegs went back to his hotel in the small hours of the morning, and back to Aldershot when his leave was ended, without having brought matters any nearer to the conclusion for which he had been wishing for months past—without, indeed, having made the smallest attempt to do so.

In truth, despite his handsome face and his brave and bonny gray eyes, his long lithe form and his popularity, his family pride and his family tree, the Honourable Wilfred Okedon was neither more nor less than afraid—not of Violet Daverel the beauty, nor of Violet the girl, but of Miss Daverel the heiress. "If only," he sighed, as his train sped swiftly towards the military land of sand and thorns, "if only she were not so beastly rich; but the cursed money crops up

every minute just when I'm beginning to feel it's all right. I wish she hadn't any money—or no, I don't quite wish that; but I do wish I had as much as she has. I could get the whole business settled out of hand in a brace of shakes then! I think she likes me," he went on fondly. "Oh, d—— it all, I know she likes me! The question is, does she like me well enough?"

Now, when Daddy Longlegs was away from Violet Daverel, he generally answered this question—which was one he asked himself a great many times in the course of the day—to his entire satisfaction; but when he was near her he seemed to forget that she was Violet, the girl he loved, and to remember only that she was Miss Daverel, the heiress.

So it came about that a week or two later, when the "Creams" got their orders for the Egyptian affair of '82, Daddy Longlegs went to say good-bye to Violet Daverel, feeling that now it would not be right to speak, whether he was convinced of her liking for him or not.

For this campaign might just make all the difference in the world to him. He might come back maimed and shattered out of recognition; he might not come back at all.

If poor Daddy had possessed as much perception and power of reading the human countenance as he had honour, he would just have told Violet Daverel that it was only his body which was going out to active service, unless, indeed, she would give him a heart to take with him. But Daddy did not know the heart of woman, and so, in spite of the agony in Violet Daverel's blue eyes, he said good-bye, and went away.

"Perhaps," the girl murmured, as he held her hand at parting, "perhaps you will let us hear how you are getting on? We shall be anxious—father and I; and if you have time to write—to write a line or two, father will——"

"I will write to you if I may," cried poor Daddy.

"Oh, yes, you may," answered Miss Daverel, in a tone which would have made ninety-nine men out of a hundred propose on the spot.

But Daddy was the soul of honour. He never for a moment dreamt of taking advantage of the softening influences of a parting which might be for ever; but he just bent down and kissed the little trembling hand which he would have given worlds to call his own.

"God bless you," he said brokenly. "God bless you—*darling!*" and was gone.

CHAPTER II.

NATURALLY enough, Violet Daverel was a good deal upset by the parting. For her, poor girl, it was a painful and cruel position in which she found herself. She felt sure that Daddy liked her. But, by the by, she did not call him by that name—did not, indeed, actually know that, out of compliment to his long legs, the name had been given him by his brother officers.

In his family he had always been called Willie, and in society he was Willie Okedon still.

She felt quite sure that Willie Okedon liked her; and, unfortunately for her, every one of her friends, and even her acquaintances, seemed quite sure of it also. Many were the condolences offered her upon the horrors of war and the special and melancholy interest which she must take in the present campaign, many were the inquiries after the absent one, until at last Miss Violet got so thoroughly sick of explaining that she was *not* engaged to Mr. Okedon, and of declaring—which was a lie—that she took no more interest in him than in any other acquaintance who had gone out to the land of the Pharaohs on a desperate errand of life or death, that in sheer self-defence she began to accept, and even somewhat to encourage, the attentions of another young gentleman who came to hand just then—just by way of proving that if Willie Okedon had left his heart behind him, she had not lent him one to take with him, and also that she was in no wise wearing the willow for a man who had not loved her well enough to ask her to wait for him until the campaign should be over.

Now, Miss Daverel's new admirer was not by any means troubled with those little niceties of honour which had guided poor Daddy Longlegs; he was not at all afraid of Violet, the girl; still less of Violet Daverel, the beauty; and least of all of Miss Daverel, the heiress; and, in fact, Miss Daverel the heiress was the prize he meant to win, while for the beauty and the girl he cared nothing at all.

Like poor Daddy, Sir Piers Trevor had a very long pedigree behind him; like poor Daddy, he was but modestly blessed with wealth of this world; like poor Daddy, he was big and strong—"a great hulking brute" one or two had been known to describe him; and unlike Daddy, he was no beauty, but, on the contrary, a decidedly ugly man. Not so ugly in feature, perhaps, for his nose and

cast of head were perfect, but in the lowering look of the hard eyes, and in the cruel set of the rather large mouth, not made less pronounced by the heavy, square chin. Yes, it was an ugly face, yet one which might have been charming had the expression been pleasing.

But the expression was bad; and ugly the face was, even when he was making the most efforts to show at his best, and it is no exaggeration to say that while she encouraged him, Violet Daverel hated him.

Not always! Sometimes—when she had for a moment forgotten the vision of Willie Okedon's brave gray eyes shining through a mist of tears, had forgotten that last choking "God bless you—*darling!*"—she found Sir Piers Trevor a fairly pleasant companion. Certainly after he began to haunt her presence, she had to endure no more painful condolences about that other one, who had gone away without a word which could compromise himself.

It was very hard on poor Daddy that his self-renunciation had been so entirely misunderstood by the lady of his love! It would have been so much more to his liking and his comfort, poor lad, if he had carried her promise and her love with him instead of hanging on a hope which seemed almost hopeless, while he knew "that scoundrel, Piers Trevor, was hanging about her." And, of course, he did know it and very soon, for we all have those kind friends who let us hear of those annoyances and sorrows, which the heart could not grieve about if it did not know.

Thus some time passed before poor Daddy felt able to write the line or two for which Violet Daverel had asked; then an incident happened one evening in the streets of Alexandria which served to give him the necessary excuse for recalling himself—for that was how he put it—to her memory.

He was loafing in one of the *cafés* with several other officers and a lot of Europeans, when, finding the heat and noise greater than he could bear, he went out to smoke a cigarette on the veranda until the others should be ready to go back to their quarters at Ramleh. As he stood leaning against one of the supports of the veranda, he saw a very old negro woman come tottering along carrying a bag in her hand.

"Poor old girl," said Daddy to himself, and feeling in his one pocket found a bit of silver and tossed it to her with a careless, "Hi, old lady, here's something for you."

The old woman mumbled out what Daddy supposed was a stream of thanks, and event-

ually went on her way. Not unobserved, however, for a supple, shadow-like individual, in the dingiest of white garments, slid from the shade cast by a house opposite, and darting down the road she had taken, fell upon her, and a scuffle for the money followed.

Daddy Longlegs never thought of the danger into which he might be going, but just gave a shout to his comrades within the *café*, and set off down the moon-lit road as fast as his long legs could carry him.

"No, you don't, you brute!" he remarked to this dingy person, who, being troubled with no fine sense of honour about respect due to the feminine sex, began to belabour the old negress soundly. And, forthwith, Daddy, with an exceedingly strong and useful riding-whip, without which he never went out when off duty, began to play vigorously upon the softer parts of the dingy person's body.

The effect was miraculous! The dingy person dropped his victim and howled what the half-dozen officers, who came racing down the street, afterwards graphically described as "blue murder." And Daddy, when he had given him a good drubbing, gave him a shake and a parting kick and sent him flying back whence he had come like a shot from a catapult, yelling "blue murder" still.

When the old woman realised that the great gentleman who had given her the money had come to her rescue, and had thoroughly flogged the cowardly thief, who had hankered after her bit of fortune, into the bargain, she fell down in the dust at his feet, and passionately embraced his long legs in a way most embarrassing to him.

"Take the old girl off!" he cried. "She'll throw me down to a certainty. Confound it, don't stand in that idiotic way giggling like a lot of school-misses! Take her off!"

Unfortunately the officers were too thoroughly amused at the sight of Daddy in this dilemma, to help him, even if they had wanted to do so, which they didn't; and the old woman began to change her tactics and to sway backwards and forwards, uttering a kind of sing-song chant in an exceedingly croaky and cracked voice.

Under this new expression of gratitude, poor Daddy had less hold of the ground than ever, but the old woman held on to him, and he perforce had to hold on to the old woman, while his brother officers stood round the odd combination and roared, simply roared with laughter.

And, at last, in spite of his anger and his unutterable disgust, the infection of the

jolly laughter proved too strong for Daddy to resist and he began to laugh also. It was fatal to his equilibrium, for he went over promptly, and after a moment's struggle parted company with the old lady, and with a scramble got himself together in a tailor's heap and sat laughing until, as he said afterwards, he thought he should have died of laughing.

The only one who did not in any way seem to see the humour of the situation was the cause of it all. The old negro lady sat back on her heels, after she had gathered herself together again, and besought Daddy in tones of abject fear not to visit his fall upon her miserable head.

"What does she say?" asked Daddy still sitting on the ground like a tailor, with a hand on either knee. "Jack, you understand that sort of lingo, don't you? What does she say?"

"She says that you are her lord and master," the officer who answered to the name of Jack replied.

"God forbid!" exclaimed Daddy piously. "And grant I be lord and master to something better than that when my time comes."

A fresh roar of laughter followed, and Jack Despard explained further. "And she says you are not to punch her head for tumbling you over, which she didn't mean to."

"Poor old thing," said Daddy. "Tell her it's all right. By the by, have any of you chaps got a coin or two to spare? You might hand them over to the old girl, if you have."

As he spoke he dropped the few shillings he had about him into his white sun helmet and handed it round for further contributions, with the result of a shower of silver, such as to the old negro lady's eyes meant wealth—wealth untold, riches for the rest of her life.

To say that she expressed gratitude is to put it so mildly as to convey no real idea of the scene which followed. She delivered a long and passionate harangue, accompanied by every gesture of which her withered old arms were capable.

"What's she cussing about now, Jack?" asked Daddy of Despard.

"She says will you tell her where she can find you, then she will bring you a powerful charm in the morning which will give you happiness for all the rest of your life. I suppose you don't want to hear all the flowery gratitude and such-like?"

"Not quite. Tell her to come to Ramleh. I suppose it won't do to discourage the old girl.

She might try the evil eye dodge on one—deuced unpleasant that you know."

Eventually one of the officers produced a small note book and wrote Daddy's name and address on a blank leaf, which he tore out and handed over to the old woman. Then the officers went off to their quarters, and the old negress went on her way rejoicing.

As a matter of fact not one of them expected to hear or see any more of the heroine of the incident, not any of them being blessed with faith in the honesty or gratefulness of any natives or sojourners in that delightful country. But towards noon, when they were thinking of lunch, Despard came into the veranda of the mess-hut where Daddy was smoking a cigarette and reading his letters in company with half the officers of the regiment.

"I say, Daddy," he said, "that old dusky beauty that you're lord and master to is asking for you."

"She's brought the charm," said Daddy, putting up his correspondence into a heap. "Where is she?"

"Out here. Come along."

They found her squatting on a big stone just round the corner, looking as much dead as alive; for naturally, at her age, a sound belabouring, followed by an exciting rescue by a great gentleman, and a still more exciting exhibition of gratitude ending in a complete downfall to mother earth, have their effect. At the sight of Daddy she roused up a little, however, and tried to get on to her feet.

"Stay where you are," shouted Daddy; then finding that she did not understand even the plainest and loudest of English, said to Despard, "Tell the old girl to sit still."

Finally, after a good deal of gesticulation and a long harangue, "Daddy's beauty," as the officers by common consent called her, produced her charm, her gift of gratitude. It came from some wonderful inner recess of her truly wonderful garments—it was wrapped in many folds of cotton rag, and finally, as all these were unwound, it came to light, and was neither more nor less than an ordinary small fan of carved ivory.

"What the devil good can that be to me?" Daddy ejaculated; but the "dusky beauty" having found out that Despard was the only one of all the group who could understand her was speaking to him in wild, excited accents.

"She says," said the interpreter, when the old woman paused, "that this fan is some hundreds of years old; that it was blessed by

some wise woman of her race, and that it has a peculiar power, being able to give happiness in love matters to its fortunate possessor."

"Odd of the old girl to part with it," murmured Daddy.

"Just what I said to her. But she says she is too old for it to affect her now, and that she has had the best of husbands in her time."

"How many?" asked some one.

"Despard put the question. "She says she has only had five," he said, when the old woman had replied to him, at which all the men laughed again and even the old lady herself joined in, looking quite coquettish as she held up her five fingers by way of corroborating the number of her late spouses.

"Well, tell the old girl I'm immensely obliged to her, and that I'll take great care of the fetish," said Daddy; and presently the dusky beauty took her departure, leaving him to the contemplation of his new possession.

It was a small fan and evidently very old; it was quaintly and delicately carved with figures of men and women, birds and animals, with flowers also, and with strange hieroglyphics deeply graven along the end sticks.

"H'm, rum thing to get hold of," said Daddy, turning it over and over. "Yet the old girl seemed to set high value on it. Gives success in love affairs. Oh! by Jove. I'll send it to her. Yes, I will."

And so he did! He packed it up securely and sent it off to Violet Daverel the very next day, and with it he sent a short note giving a brief description of his adventure with the old negress, and ending, "I know you will take care of it for me."

CHAPTER III.

Now by the time this strange token of remembrance reached Violet Daverel she had become very intimate with Sir Piers Trevor.

She had not only become very intimate with him but she had learned to like him very much better than she had done at first. And he had quite made a conquest of her father, to whom "Sir Piers" was a very brilliant *parti* indeed.

Violet was not altogether to be blamed for her apparent changeableness. Many weeks had gone by and Willie Okedon had never written the few lines by which he had promised she should hear of his welfare, the lines for which she had asked him. If he had plenty of pride, so had she, and to spare,

and that pride made her forget the mist which had clouded his handsome eyes the last time she had seen them, the sob in his throat as he uttered that last word—*darling!* She only remembered that he had gone without a word—except one that meant nothing; that she had all but asked him to speak, and that he had let the opportunity pass by without attempting to take advantage of it.

And the other one was so different. From first to last he had gone steadily on, trying to win her, unwilling though she was, and had, over and over again, proved herself to be, in spite of her coquetry and her encouragement. He was so faithful, and his meaning was so plain—and Willie Okedon had gone away, perhaps for ever, without a word.

She knew that she did not like him so well as Willie, that he did not touch her heart so easily; but—woman's reason—he had been so faithful and so true, and that touched her heart, if he did not.

And then when Willie Okedon's letter and fan reached her, all the old feelings sprang up again; the remembrance of his brave and bonny eyes; the caressing softness of his pleasant voice; the very fact that he had remembered her at all—each and all served to send her heart back to the glorious days of the last season, with a great gush of love such as made Piers Trevor's chance a very poor one.

He happened to be staying at the Chase, as the Daverels country house was called, when Willie Okedon's letter and parcel reached Violet; happened, indeed, to be in the room at the very moment they were handed to her, and saw the rapid changes upon her beautiful face as she read.

"You have news?" he asked, wondering what it all meant.

"Yes;" looking up at him with radiant eyes. "Mr. Okedon has sent me a wonderful fan he has had given him in Egypt by an old negress." And she began quickly to denude it of the wrappings which protected it. "Oh, isn't it quaint!—isn't it——" and there she broke off short, for Sir Piers had taken her boldly into his arms, and was holding her to him, fan and all.

"Don't say Okedon and his fan are anything to you," he cried in a shaking voice; "don't look like that—don't, Violet, for God's sake!"

His words recalled the girl with a shock to a remembrance of the fact, which for a moment she had forgotten, that, in truth, Willie Okedon was *nothing* to her! "Mr.

Okedon is my very good friend," she said in a frozen voice. "I don't think I have said or implied that he is anything more."

In his relief Sir Piers set her free and stepped back to the window that he himself might breathe more freely. After a moment or so he returned to her side again. "Violet," he said hoarsely, "do you know you almost killed me of fright?"

"I—I—" gasped Violet, stepping back that she might get out of his way, "I don't know what——"

He caught her hand. "Don't you know what I have been waiting, hoping, watching for all these months?" he asked, his eyes and brow lowering and his square and heavy jaw setting itself into squarer and more determined lines than ever. "Don't you know that I—I could have killed you as you stood there smiling over that other fellow's letter, because I was afraid he was going to step in between us and rob me of you?"

Not one word of love in all this storm of wooing, and yet Violet was giving way fast, and the radiance, which had come to her across land and sea, had all died out of her face.

"I don't know what you mean," she stammered, finding he was waiting for her to speak.

He caught roughly at the other hand, which still held the ivory fan against her heaving breast, and as he caught at it, her fingers half released it, and the fan flew open between them. For full a minute they stood thus, looking straight into one another's eyes; then Sir Piers slowly, and as if against his will, set her free and fell a step away from her.

As for Violet, her attitude, from one of confusion and shrinking distress, altered to a calm and upright pose of dignity. "Sir Piers," she asked steadily, "do you love me?"

"Have I not sufficiently proved it?" he demanded.

"Perhaps, and perhaps not. I asked you a question, and you answered it by another."

He laughed out loud. "Love you? *Yes!*" he answered.

But Violet shook her beautiful head. "No—not as would be my right if I were to marry you. I have been close to the crisis of my life, Sir Piers; but some strange power tells me that you do not love me as you can love—or as you do."

It seemed to the girl as if she spoke by inspiration, as if scales had fallen from her eyes, and she was able to look straight into this man's soul. "We will be friends," she

said, still with the same air of dignity, "nothing more, so I beg you to say no more about it. By the by, you have a cousin who has the same name as I, have you not?"

She had moved away, still holding the fan, closed now, in her hand. Sir Piers turned upon her fiercely, almost savagely. "My cousin! Who told you anything about her?"

"Nobody; only I saw in the paper this morning that she has had an accident."

"An accident? When? Where?"

Violet Daverel took up a paper from the table and pointed to a short paragraph. "Lady Violet Standish, who was only married a few weeks ago, met with a serious accident on board Mr. Standish's yacht, the *Clipper*, yesterday afternoon, at Plymouth, by falling down the companion ladder. The unfortunate young lady had not recovered consciousness at a late hour last evening, and the worst fears are entertained in consequence."

Sir Piers glanced over the paragraph like a man in a dream, and then the paper fell from his hand to the floor. But there he stood, just where the blow had fallen upon him, staring blindly out into the bright autumn sunshine, as unconscious for the moment of all around him, as the girl lying on board of the yacht *Clipper* in Plymouth Sound.

Violet Daverel stole quietly out of the room. "*That is love!*" she said as she closed the door.

CHAPTER IV.

THE same evening Sir Piers Trevor left the Chase, and that night Lady Violet Standish—the bride of a few weeks—died!

So that crisis in Violet Daverel's life passed over, and the intimacy between her and Sir Piers Trevor ended. The relief to her was great, and although there were certain wise people in society, who remarked that it was certainly odd, but men who were professedly admirers of Miss Daverel, the beauty, seemed to get very quickly tired of her. "So odd, you know, when she has so much money; it almost looks as if there was nothing behind that pretty face of hers." They did not say it to her, and so she did not suffer in any way.

But, after a time, the 70th (Royal) Dragoons—popularly known as "The Creams," and sometimes as "The Ice-Creams"—came gaily home again, and took up their quarters at

Shorncliffe. And then the Honourable Wilfred Okedon rested not until he got leave and went straightway off to London town to visit the girl he had left behind him.

Now it is no exaggeration whatever to say that during the journey home, Daddy Longlegs had gone over, with care and loving attention, every little trifling detail of this interview, until he might fairly have been described as "word-perfect."

During his sojourn in the land of Pyramids and scarabei, he had completely forgotten Miss Daverel the heiress, had thought very little about Violet Daverel the beauty, and a great deal about Violet the girl. In his own mind he had arranged that, though she would not be expecting him, she would be alone, that she would spring from her chair, and, with a few tears, fall into his arms, and, like the prince and princess in the fairy tale, they would live happy ever after.

It was all very pretty; but, unhappily, it did not fall out as he had planned at all. On the contrary; for when he reached the home where his divinity dwelt, he found other worshippers at the shrine. She jumped up in a great hurry when he was announced, it was true—but there all resemblance to his arrangements ceased. He had to endure a good deal of hero-worship, which he felt he did not deserve, and hated accordingly; but he had not the smallest chance of a few quiet words with the fair young mistress of the house.

At last, just when he was beginning to think he should have to go, Mr. Daverel came in and, acting on a hint given in a whisper from his daughter, told him they were going to the Lyceum that evening, and asked him to come back to dinner and to go with them.

Daddy needed no second bidding. He was out of the house and into a cab in two minutes, and spinning back to the Alexandra Hotel, which he had chosen because it was nearer Queen's Gate than the one he usually used. He was dressed in next to no time and on his way back again; but he was not early enough to find Violet in the drawing-room alone.

However, to be with her at all was joy, and Daddy did not grumble, but ate an uncommonly good dinner and enjoyed it greatly. And then when Violet rose, telling her father and an old gentleman who was the only other guest that they had just five and twenty minutes before they need move, he asked her if he might come with her, and she said "Yes."

Of course she said "Yes," and Daddy *might* have known what that meant, and acted on it. But Daddy didn't! Instead, he behaved very much as he had done before, and let Miss Daverel, the heiress, come between him and Violet, the girl who loved him.

"Ten minutes gone!" she said impatiently, as she glanced at the jewelled hands of the little Dresden clock. "Oh!—why can't he speak?" But Daddy didn't. He stammered and hammered, looking unutterable things, and standing nervously, first on one foot and then on the other, until Violet would have liked to scream, just by way of relieving her feelings.

And then, when three more precious minutes had slipped away, a bright thought struck her, and she put out her hand and took the little ivory fan off the mantelshelf where it was lying.

"Willie!" she said, "I have kept your fan quite safe, you see!" And she spread it out and put it into his hand.

I think neither he nor she ever quite knew how it happened; but when Violet heard the story of the fan, she solemnly declared that there was magic in it. "The moment it flew open when he caught my hand," she said, when telling Daddy of Sir Piers Trevor, "I looked right through that man's soul as one might look through a pane of glass; and I knew that he didn't care a button for me. I really do believe it has a power of letting one who holds it open see into the minds of those to whom he is speaking—else why should you have—have——"

"Clawed hold of you so unceremoniously," he ended. "Why, my darling, because—I dare say you didn't know it—but you called me 'Willie'!"

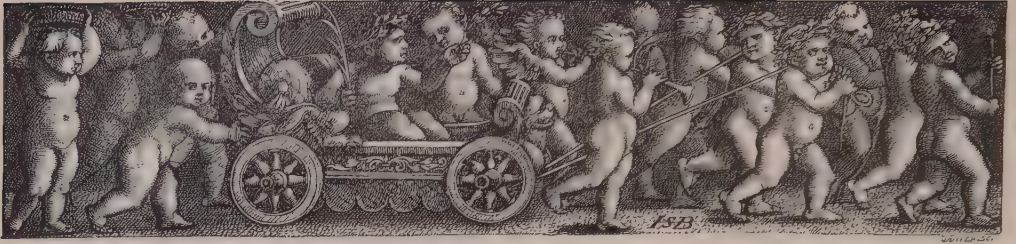
"I called you 'Willie'?" incredulously.

"Yes, you did, indeed," he said smiling; "but you see, the old lady's charm has worked after all, and so we'll give it the credit of the whole business and the benefit of the doubt."

Violet Daverel put the fan together, and then bending her head, dropped a gentle little kiss upon the unintelligible hieroglyphics. "I shall always love that old negro woman," she said gently. "I wish that she were here, that I might give it to her instead of to the fan."

"Great heavens be thanked, that's impossible!" Daddy cried. "Give it to me, darling, instead."

JOHN STRANGE WINTER.



TO CHILDREN: FOR TYRANTS.

I.

STRIKE not thy dog with a stick!
I did it yesterday:
Not to undo though I gained
The Paradise: heavy it rained
On Kobold's flanks, and he lay.

II.

Little Bruno, our long-ear pup,
From his hunt had come back to my heel.
I heard a sharp worrying sound,
And Bruno foamed on the ground,
With Koby as making a meal.

III.

I did what I could not undo
Were the gates of the Paradise shut
Behind me: I deemed it was just.
I left Koby crouched in the dust,
Some yards from the woodman's hut.

IV.

He bewhimpered his welting, and I
Scarce thought it enough for him: so,
By degrees, through the upper box-grove,
Within me an old story hove,
Of a man and a dog: you shall know.

V.

The dog was of novel breed,
The Shannon retriever, untried :
His master, an old Irish lord,
In an oaken armchair snored
At midnight, whisky beside.

VI.

Perched high up a desolate tower,
Where the black storm-wind was a whip
To set it nigh spinning, these two
Were alone, like the last of a crew,
Outworn in a wave-beaten ship.

VII.

The dog lifted muzzle, and sniffed ;
He quitted his couch on the rug,
Nose to floor, nose aloft ; whined, barked ;
And finding the signals unmarked,
Caught a hand in a death-grapple tug.

VIII.

He pulled till his master jumped
For fury of wrath, and laid on
With the length of a tough knotted staff,
Fit to drive the life flying like chaff,
And leave a sheer carcase anon.

IX.

That done, he sat, panted, and cursed
The vile cross of this brute : never more
Would he house it to rear such a cur !
The dog dragged his legs, pained to stir,
Eyed his master, dropped, barked at the door.

X.

Then his master raised head too, and sniffed :
It struck him the dog had a sense
That honoured both dam and sire.
You have guessed how the tower was afire.
The Shannon retriever dates thence.

XI.

I mused : saw the pup ease his heart
 Of his instinct for chasing, and sink
 Overwrought by excitement so new :
 A scene that for Koby to view,
 Was the seizure of nerves in a link.

XII.

And part sympathetic, and part
 Imitatively, raged my poor brute ;
 And I, not thinking of ill,
 Doing eviller : nerves are still
 Our savage too quick at the root.

XIII.

They spring us : I proved it, albeit
 I played executioner then
 For discipline, justice, the like.
 Yon stick I had handy to strike,
 Should have warned of the tyrant in men.

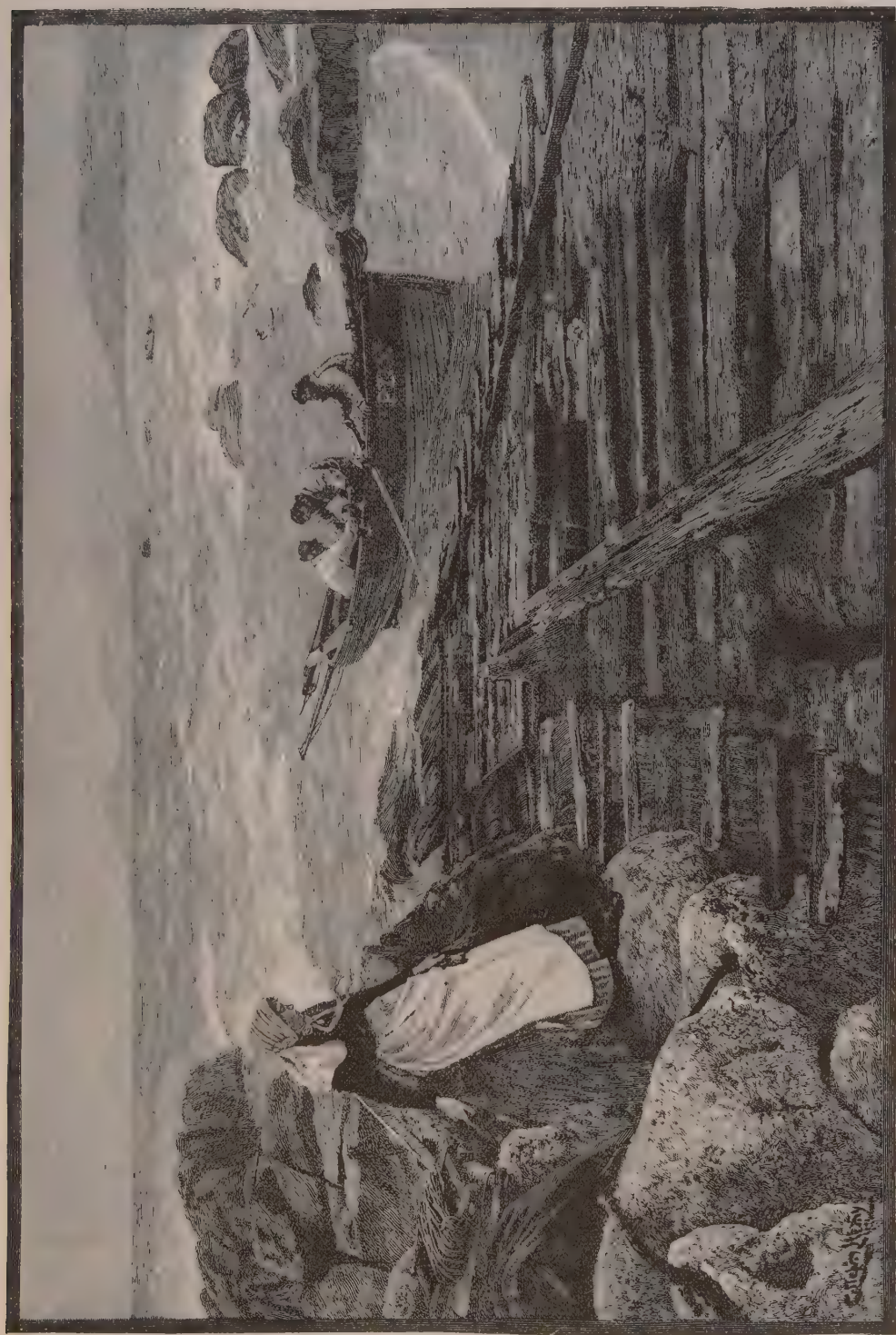
XIV.

You read in your History books,
 How the Prince in his youth had a mind
 For governing gently his land.
 Ah, the use of that weapon at hand,
 When the temper is other than kind !

XV.

At home all was well ; Koby's ribs
 Not so sore as my thoughts : if, beguiled,
 He forgives me, his criminal air
 Throws a shade of Llewellyn's despair
 For the hound slain for saving his child.

GEORGE MEREDITH.



ST. SENEN COVE, CORNWALL.

Engraved by E. H. DEL ORME and BUTLER, from the Painting by C. NAPIER HENY.



WHAT PLAYERS ARE THEY ?



URING the evening of Monday, the 19th of October, 1741, occurred a revolution in theatrical history. The day following rumours were rife concerning an event unprecedented and unexpected.

Men of parts, players of fair repute, critics designated ingenious, fops professing love for the drama, playwrights deserving well of the town, discussed the affair as they met in coffee houses, strolled under the Piazza in Covent Garden, or took the air in St. James's Park. One described in the play-bills of Goodman's Fields theatre as a "gentleman who never appear'd on any stage," had at that house represented Richard III., and acted in a manner that electrifying his audience filled them with delight. Those who had witnessed his performance were sought and questioned by those who had not. Ignorant of his name, gossip made eager inquiry relative to his personality ; and soon it became known that this last interpreter of "crooked backed Richard" was young Davy Garrick, the wine merchant of Durham Yard.

Thereon it was well remembered he had freely consorted with players at the ordinaries and taverns ; was the friend of James Macklin, a garrulous talker and an earnest actor ; the companion of Giffard, manager of Goodman's Fields play-house ; and a frequenter of the pit of Drury Lane and Covent Garden theatres. It was debated whether he merely acted for diversion,—for his father having been a recruiting officer it was considered doubtful if Davy meant to turn player. It was certain however his performance was a prodigious success, and his reception, according to the *Daily Post*, was the most extraordinary and great that ever was known upon such an occasion.

Now as the same journal added, "we hear he obliges the town this evening with the same performance," the gossips great and small, pretty fellows and wits, scribblers, poets, and critics potent in judgment, resolved to witness his playing. Nor were they disappointed. Garrick became the subject of common discourse, his acting was nightly beheld by vast audiences, the death of Richard "was accompanied with the loudest gratulations of applause." Success was assured him. Showily painted, panel-blazoned coaches of women of fashion and men of fame nightly blocked the way from Temple Bar to Whitechapel, where the theatre was situated ; the glare and glitter of St. James's Square was drawn to Goodman's Fields, where "the most elegant company" from the polite end of the town hustled and swore round oaths like common humanity in striving for admission. A dozen dukes of a night might be seen in the house ; the ladies were almost in love with Richard, and anxious to secure stage boxes that "they might see his looks in the scene with the Lady Anne." The *Daily Post* of November the 27th states that several hundred persons were obliged to return for want of room, the house being full soon after five o'clock.

Meanwhile highest commendations had been showered on Garrick. Mr. Glover, the admired author of *Leonidas*, declared he had not witnessed such acting for ten years ; Mr. Pitt, who as David wrote to his brother Peter "is reckon'd ye Greatest Orator in the House of Commons, said I was ye best actor ye English stage had produced." Lord Orrery, a man of taste, feared he would be spoilt, for he would have no competitor ; the Duke of Argyll considered him superior to Betterton ; Alexander Pope, "our little poetical hero dressed in black," whose appearance caused David a

palpitation of his heart and a "tumultuous not disagreeable emotion" in his mind, believed he never had his equal as an actor and never would have a rival. Mrs. Bracegirdle, who had played in the last century, and Mrs. Porter, long since retired, came to witness and admire his performance, whilst even he whose sacrilegious hand had altered and added to Shakespeare's works—Colley Cibber, antiquated, dignified, cynical, full of reminiscences of past players, mindful of his own merits, scornful of new talent seeking favour of the town, jealous of reputations gained in characters he had personated—admitted "I faith, the lad is clever." Moreover men of the highest fashion desired his company; he supped with Mr. Lyttelton, Prince Fred's favourite, dined with my Lords Halifax and Sandwich, "two very ingenious noblemen," met the highest civility and complaisance from Lord Chesterfield; "in short," he writes, "I believe nobody as an actor was ever more caressed."

During his first season at Drury Lane his performances had the advantage of the support of such admirable actresses as Mrs. Pritchard, Kitty Clive, and Peg Woffington. Mrs. Pritchard had slowly and laboriously climbed to the high position she at that time maintained. In the drear beginning of her career she had played at Bartholomew Fair, where "she was greatly caressed and admired for singing in some farce or droll." Presently she was engaged at the little Haymarket theatre, where she gained repute in a comedy called *The Mother-in-Law*, stolen from the *Malade Imaginaire*. Her graceful figure, expressive face, clear delivery, and easy action at once marked her an actress of no ordinary merit, and in the course of time she was intrusted with such parts as Rosalind and Queen Katherine, Lady Townley and Lady Betty Modish. Her tragedy and comedy were alike excellent, her genius being universal. Therefore she played Elvira to Garrick's Clodio in *Love Makes a Man*, the Queen to his Richard III. and Belvidera to his Pierre in *Venice Preserved*.

Kitty Clive, the daughter of an Irish soldier, who had fought for James Stuart, but subsequently lived in peace under George Guelph, inherited the humour and vivacity of her race. At first she had merely sung between the acts, after the fashion of the day, but eventually her sprightly wit and sparkling comedy promoted her to become one of the most popular actresses of her time. As a singer in ballad operas, as a player in merry farces, she was unequalled. Her acting indeed had little art, but much

nature. Her demure manner and shy glances as a country girl, her easy freedom and frolicsome ways as a hoyden, her foolish airs and mock graces as a vulgar woman desirous of becoming a lady of fashion, never failed to create genuine mirth. Her entrance in a scene was watched with high expectation, her exit greeted with noisy applause. In figure and face, in gait and manner, was she surely fitted for farce and comedy. As Phillida in *Love in a Riddle*, as Honoria in *Love Makes a Man*, as Valeria in *The Rover*, she was perhaps at her best. But not content with the high approval she commanded as a comedian, Kitty longed to distinguish herself as a tragedian. Therefore she essayed Shakespearian characters, and would not be persuaded she was unlike the heroines the greatest dramatist depicted. This weakness, not uncommon to actors of all ages, sometimes involved her in angry disputes with her manager; for alas, it was her highest ambition to play heroine to Garrick's hero, and by reason of her sharp tongue and violent temper she sometimes gained her desire. Therefore it happened when he first played Hamlet at Drury Lane, Kitty represented the distraught Ophelia. On such occasions she exerted all her skill and energy in striving to excel Garrick, or divide the applause with him; a consummation she considerably hindered by her habit of looking round the house in search of her fashionable friends, to whom she curtsied, nodded, or smiled, according to her degree of intimacy with them, the while Garrick poured out his soul in ardent love or laid bare his wild despair.

Indeed, when he became manager, he had much to endure from her frequent caprices and stormy tempers, and it was only by much tact and great forbearance he was able to rule so unreasonable yet so serviceable a member of his company. Her Portia never failed to gain applause because of her mimicry of a famous lawyer in the trial scene. Her Katherine in *The Taming of the Shrew*, altered and played as *Katherine and Petruchio*, was scarcely less amusing to those cognizant of matters behind the scenes. Between Kitty and Woodward, who played the part of the tyrant bridegroom, no love, but much discord existed, the latter finding full vent between them in the comedy; for when they quarrelled at supper he stuck a fork into poor Kitty's finger, and in pushing her off the stage was so much carried away by his part that he actually flung her down. His reception when the curtain fell cannot have been enviable.

Charming Peg Woffington suffered much

from her rival's tantrums. Tall, graceful, and commanding in figure, dark-eyed, dimple-cheeked, and bright-faced, a winner of laughter and a mover to tears, she in most ways contrasted with sharp-tongued, plain-featured Kitty Clive. And this the latter, woman-like, resented. Not only did Peg Woffington act such dashing parts as Sir Harry Wildair in *The Constant Couple*, and Silvia in *The Recruiting Officer*, but she likewise played Cordelia, Ophelia, and Lady Anne to Garrick's Lear, Hamlet, and Richard III. Moreover her Mrs. Ford in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, and her Rosalind in *As You Like It*, in which her excellent acting and lustrous beauty shone with equal brilliancy, were admirable. Indeed she was toasted by gallants, lauded by critics, and sung by ballad mongers. Therefore Kitty was wroth with Peg, the more so because in their squabbles, which were most frequent and vastly diverting to all but themselves, she was usually worsted. For whilst Mistress Clive grew furious and reckless in her words, Mistress Woffington became cool and sarcastic in her replies, so that her rival was almost driven to madness and outrage whilst she remained calm and disdainful.

Garrick's first season at Drury Lane realized all his playing at Goodman's Fields had promised. His acting was a brilliant revelation of those subtle powers by which human passions may be counterfeited to the semblance of reality. His impersonation of Richard III. heralded a new era in the dramatic world; his King Lear moved vast audiences to tears; his Hamlet filled all beholders with wonder and delight. His tragedy was noble, his comedy inimitable, his farce droll; and in his versatility lay his greatness. Towards the end of his first season at Drury Lane, he was, Tom Davis says, "by way of relief to his more toilsome labours in parts of exertion, induced to divert and relax himself with some low comic parts, and particularly Abel Drugger in Jonson's *Alchemist*. Tom Davis, who had begun life as a player, subsequently became a bookseller, then returned to the stage, which he again renounced for the counter. In the year 1752, leaving the provincial companies, with which he had strutted many an hour, he was engaged at Drury Lane. It is therefore probable he was absent from town when Garrick made his first appearance, and was unaware he had played such characters as Jack Smutter in *Pamela*, Sharp in *The Lying Valet*, and Master Johnny in *The Schoolboy*.

Concerning these later farces somewhat remains to be said. Garrick had written *The Lying Valet*, or, as stated, stolen it from the

Novelty, a farce by Peter Motteux, a seventeenth century writer; for alas, then as now, 'twas said nothing was new behind the curtain. *The Lying Valet* was first played at Goodman's Fields, and David, with the freshness of juvenility, and the egotism of an author, writes to Peter that it "takes prodigiously, and is approved of by men of Genius, and thought ye most diverting Farce that ever was perform'd. In performance it's a general roar from beginning to end; and I have got as much Reputation in ye Character of Sharp as in any other character I have perform'd." His representation of Master Johnny was not less remarkable. Boaden mentions that Garrick amazed the town by repeating, after his personation of King Lear, his Master Johnny, a lad of fifteen, in *The Schoolboy*. His audience therefore saw him play deepest tragedy and lightest comedy in the same hour. His admirers were soon to have another proof of his great abilities as a comedian. On the 21st of March, 1743, he played Abel Drugger in *The Alchemist*, for Macklin's benefit. The character of the tobacco boy anxious to consult fate in the person of the Alchemist, regarding his future, affords but small scope for acting, but Garrick rendered its humour irresistible. Theophilus Cibber had in playing Drugger displayed absurd grimaces, and resorted to ridiculous antics, which though causing the galleries to laugh made the judicious grieve; but Garrick's performance was from Cibber's a thing apart. "The moment he came upon the stage," Davis says, "he discovered such awkward simplicity, and his looks so happily bespoke the ignorant, selfish, and absurd tobacco merchant, that it was a contest not easily to be decided, whether the bursts of laughter or applause were loudest. Through the whole part he strictly preserved the modesty of nature."

The same author narrates that soon after Garrick's first appearance at Drury Lane he received a mysterious visit from an elderly gentlewoman, who, having given many preliminary hints, acquainted him that a young lady of birth, beauty, and fortune, having seen him personate kings and heroes, and being charmed with his person and grace, had fallen in love with him. Her hand and portion were at her own disposal, and she was willing to bestow them on the man of her heart. Garrick assured the ambadress he would prove such a husband as the young lady could desire, and begged he might have the honour of waiting on her. Satisfied with her mission, the duenna departed, promising she would call anon, and arrange the happy



MRS. CLIVE AS PHILLIDA.
From the Engraving by J. FABER.

hour of meeting. But days and weeks came and went, and the young lady neither sent nor wrote. Garrick had almost forgotten the incident, when by accident he encountered the elderly gentlewoman in the street, and asked why she had not returned. "Oh dear," she replied, "it is all over, the young lady has seen you play Abel Drugger, and her love has vanished."

The part becoming a favourite with the

town was frequently repeated. An idea of the player's facial expression and whimsical appearance is given in a picture by Johann Zoffany, an exceedingly faithful and most clever delineator of humour. It was perhaps twenty years from the time Garrick had first acted Abel Drugger, that this young artist arrived in England. His father, a resident at Frankfort on the Main, had been architect to the Prince of Tours and Taxis, and the



MRS. YATES AS MEDEA.

Engraved by R. PATERSON, from the Picture by R. E. PINE.

little Johann was destined for a painter. At the age of thirteen, being full of divine enthusiasm, begotten by worship of his craft and the yearnings of youth's dreams, he had run away to Italy that he might study Art in a land made sacred for all time to her love. He had reached Rome before his friends gained tidings of him, when his father obtaining a commendation to a cardinal besought his eminence's protection for the lad. Thereon Johann was placed in the monastery of the Buon' Fratelli, where he dwelt with the monks, whilst copying dead masters in vast churches, or heeding living teachers in the colourful studies of the capital; mixing the while with artists magnetically drawn from all lands by a common passion towards a central delight. After twelve years' residence in Italy he returned to Germany, which, like many of his countrymen then and now, he soon forsook to seek support in England. Arriving, poor and unknown, in London, he lodged in the garret of a house situated in the squalid densely populated district of Short's Gardens, off Drury Lane. His talent equalled his poverty; but though he strove for employment he received no encouragement. Then did despair dwell with him.

The means by which Fate eventually led him from obscurity to celebrity are interesting: her ways are most times strange. In the same lodging at Short's Gardens lived a bright-faced, suave-worded, light-hearted Italian named Bellodi, whose mission was to render life musical. Daily he was employed in pricking cylinders that, set in clocks, played airs from heaven as sung by wooing lovers to the accompaniment of light guitars on summer nights in the sunlit country he knew no more save in happy dreams. The master for whom Bellodi worked was a clock-maker of good repute, one Rimbault who kept shop in Great St. Andrew's Street, Seven Dials. He it was who constructed timepieces known as twelve-tuned Dutchmen. To the melodies his clocks discoursed, crowds of mechanical figures busily plied various trades, tea, drank, and made merry with never-satiated appetites, or danced in endless circles of delight for lack of sorrow. Rimbault was an ingenious man who had prospered exceedingly, as became one of his abilities. Natives of far lands, foreigners in a strange town, dwellers in one house, Bellodi and Zoffany became acquaintances. The German could discourse with delight concerning the land of sun and song, where pleasure dwelt indigenous to the soil, and love reigned monarch of all; the paradise

where he had tarried a while. With him the man of music made friends. It therefore came to pass Bellodi one day spoke to his master regarding a starving artist he knew, a fellow of rare merit, a man of honest heart. Rimbault desired his acquaintance, making which and witnessing his skill, he speedily set him to paint the faces of his mechanical figures and arrange backgrounds worthy of such merry company. The result of his labour sustained existence; despair withdrew from his life; hope rose in his heart.

It happened one day Zoffany sketched a portrait of his master, with which the worthy man was vastly delighted; so great indeed was his satisfaction that he forthwith commended him to Benjamin Wilson, a portrait painter of fashion and renown living in Great Russell Street. Now Wilson could paint a face mighty well, but drew a figure exceedingly ill. Having seen Zoffany's work he was rejoiced at meeting one able to aid him where he failed, and binding the foreigner to strict secrecy engaged him at a salary of forty pounds a year. To Wilson's studio thronged persons of distinction and parts, poets and statesmen, courtiers and players. And amongst the latter came David Garrick and George Anne Bellamy that they might be painted as Romeo and Juliet. Wilson worked at their faces and hands, Zoffany at their figures; the picture was praised, and exhibited as the triumphal production of Wilson's brush. Garrick, as a keen observer and shrewd critic, suspected another hand than the master's had been employed upon the canvas, and therefore determined to discover who it was had given it such merit. Eventually succeeding in his quest, he employed Zoffany, introduced him to his friends, and became his patron. It soon became clear to Garrick, as likewise to others, that Zoffany's strength lay in dramatic portraiture; this the artist proved eventually to such effect that generations laud him. His own was not indifferent to his merit. Horace Walpole, an elegant dilettante, a patrician patron, and genteel cynic, being carried in his chair from Berkeley Square to Zoffany's studio, subsequently expressed his opinion that the painter's talent lay in representing natural humour, and that he regarded him as a Dutch painter, polished and civilized. This verdict was more just than many of those he uttered. Zoffany's best efforts were exerted in his portraits of Garrick. His pictures of Foote as Major Sturgeon and the President in *The Mayor of Garratt* and *The Devil on Two Sticks*, and of Shuter, Beard, and Dunstall, in a scene from

Bickerstaff's *Love in a Village*, are full of force and vivacity ; but perhaps his greatest skill in portraiture and management is found in the representation of Garrick, Burton, and Palmer in the characters of Druggier, Subtle, and Face. Those who had seen Garrick in the part gave the picture hearty praise. When the Royal Academy was founded in 1768, Zoffany was included amongst its first members. In 1770 he sent to the Academy—then situated in Dalton's print warehouse, close by old Carlton House,

Face. Sir Joshua agreed to give a hundred guineas for the picture ; Lord Carlisle, half an hour afterwards, offered Reynolds twenty to part with it, which the knight generously refused, resigning his intended purchase to the Lord and the emolument to his brother artist. He is a gentleman." James Northcote, Sir Joshua's pupil, adds his master told Zoffany "he had sold the picture at first below its real value."

It was not without regret Garrick played Abel Druggier for the last time. On the



MR. SHUTER, MR. BEARD, AND MR. DUNSTALL IN THE CHARACTERS OF JUSTICE WOODCOCK, HAWTHORN, AND HODGE.
From the Picture by ZOFFANY.

Pall Mall—three pictures, one of which was the scene from *The Alchemist*. Concerning this canvas the town had much to say, and Miss Mary Moser, one of the two lady Academicians, wrote of the exhibition to Fuseli, then studying at Rome:—"Reynolds was like himself in pictures which you have seen ; Gainsboro' beyond himself in a portrait of a gentleman in a Vandyke habit ; and Zoffany, superior to everybody in a portrait of Garrick in the character of Abel Druggier, with two other figures, Subtle and

12th of April, 1776, not quite two months from the night when he bade farewell to the stage, he wrote to his brother George, then staying at Bath, these lines quoted from a hitherto unpublished letter:—"Last night I played Druggier for ye last time. The *Morning Post* will tell you the whole of that night. I thought the audience were mad, and they almost turned my brain."

But before his last hour on the stage had come, many and great were the theatrical events which happened during the brilliant

reign at Drury Lane of David Garrick, actor, manager, and author. Not satisfied with the fullness of his fame as a tragedian and comedian, he had likewise sought celebrity as a dramatic author. He had written farces, a dramatic satire, a musical drama, a speaking pantomime, and a comedy, none of which possessed vitality. He now, however, collaborating with George Colman, wrote a comedy, *The Clandestine Marriage*, which has continued to hold the boards unto our own day. George Colman, now known as the elder, had at this time reached his thirtieth year, and been for some time recognized as a man of wit, a contributor to the *Connoisseur*, and the author of a farce and of a comedy, *The Jealous Wife*, which, played by Mrs. Pritchard, Garrick, and Kitty Clive, drew crowded houses for near twenty nights. Moreover, he was nephew to my Lord Bath, had been called to the Bar, and was a member of the famous Literary Club before Garrick obtained that honour, sometime withheld, though eagerly desired by him.

Colman was therefore a man of consequence, entitled to consideration, and worthy of collaborating with the manager of Drury Lane. Looking one day at the first plate of Hogarth's *Marriage à la mode*, Colman thought it possible to place on the stage the characters represented in the picture, and conceived the idea of writing a comedy in which they, more or less altered to suit his purpose, might figure. The matter being mentioned to Garrick, it was resolved they should jointly produce a play; and *The Clandestine Marriage* resulted from their determination. What parts the respective writers took in the comedy remained for long a subject of curiosity, and a source of dispute with the public. Eventually literary jealousy arose betwixt the authors, an evil not unknown to modern times, when they had recourse to epistolary recrimination. Is there no new thing beneath the sun? Time reveals most secrets; tardily it may be and without pity, but with the passionless severity of justice. The story narrating the process by which *The Clandestine Marriage* was written, is now laid bare in the *Garrick Correspondence* and the *Memoirs of the Colman Family*. Briefly told, Garrick suggested "Hogarth's proud lord" should be converted into Lord Ogleby; the plot was outlined between them; and the *levée* scene at the beginning of the second act, and the whole of the fifth act were written by the manager. Colman completed the remainder, and asserts he was eager to bestow the highest polish on every part of the work, in hope of

perpetuating their joint labours by raising a monument to their friendship.

No doubt Garrick's skilful judgment had guided his less experienced fellow-worker from those pit-falls into which dramatists not unfrequently tumbling descend to swift damnation. The manager had given Colman to understand he would play Lord Ogleby, a veteran fop, aping the ways and manners of a juvenile beau, a character ever provocative of pitiless laughter from gods, theatrical or divine. But when the comedy was finished, Garrick, being needful of rest after twenty years of continuous labour and perpetual contest, decided on quitting England for a prolonged visit to the Continent. He left in September, 1763, and remained abroad until April, 1765. He did not, however, immediately return to the stage; indeed he expressed doubts as to whether he should ever act again, but declared if he did he would play in new pieces no more. This resolution grievously disappointed Colman, who expected him to represent Lord Ogleby, and a coolness sprang up between them. In November, Garrick by the King's command appeared in *Much Ado about Nothing*, and continued to delight and divert the public. But though regretting the want of an actor suited to personate Lord Ogleby, he hesitated to play the part. The production of the comedy was therefore postponed, much to Colman's dissatisfaction. Boaden considers that in resigning the character, Garrick's determination resulted from consideration, rather than from capriciousness. With his representation of Lord Chalkstone, in his own farce of *Lethe*, a character of which Lord Ogleby was a mere facsimile, his audiences were well acquainted; and he therefore resolved that another actor should personate a figure already familiar in farce and comedy. For this purpose he selected Tom King, a comely man, and an excellent comedian enjoying good favour with the town.

Tom King, the son of a gentleman, had been apprenticed to a lawyer, but preferring art and liberty deserted the notary and joined a company of provincial players, to find much misery and small profit. The brief triumphs and bitter hardships of a stroller's life, brightened by good comradeship and sweetened by freedom, were his. Contentment might have dwelt with him had not ambition stirred his heart; therefore he laboured painfully, and eventually succeeded greatly. In 1759 he was engaged by Garrick for the Drury Lane company, and was intrusted with important parts. And now was the highest point of his fame at hand,

but being mortal he was blind, and could not see the last step leading to that he most desired. He declined the rôle of Lord Ogleby, doubtless from fear of comparison with the greatest of comedians; but fate would lift him upwards though he held back. Garrick persuasively, yet firmly, requested him to essay the character, but he still refused, "even to the fourth time" as Tate Wilkinson writes. After much ado he reluctantly consented, and the manager, privately and with characteristic generosity,

under circumstances most favourable to its success on the 20th of February, 1766. The original cast contained the names of such excellent players as Yates, Powell, and Holland, Kitty Clive, Miss Pope, and Mrs. Palmer. Garrick superintended the rehearsals. On his return from abroad he had removed the six chandeliers containing twelve candles in brass sockets which had hitherto hung above and lighted the stage; and in their stead introduced lights invisible to the audience, which allowed the facial expressions



MR. KING AND MRS. BADDELEY IN THE CHARACTERS OF LORD OGLEBY AND MISS FANNY STIRLING.

From the Picture by ZOFFANY.

gave him his opinions regarding the manner in which Lord Ogleby should be played. One day when King rehearsed the part before him, Garrick declared himself well satisfied. "From following your own conception," quoth he, "you have struck out a manner that becomes you better than if you had imitated me, and I therefore beg you will persevere." Hearing these words from a master he loved and a teacher he trusted, King gathered hope.

The Clandestine Marriage was produced

and subtle movements of the actors, even when removed from the auditorium, to be seen. The comedy gaining interest because long talked of by the town, and much discussed in the green-room, was witnessed by a brilliant audience. Doubtless amongst them were the members of the Literary Club—who had blackballed a bishop and subsequently rejected a lord—anxious for the success of a piece written by two of their *confrères*: Dr. Johnson, in his suit of snuff-smear'd brown; Sir Joshua Reynolds, handsomely attired;

Oliver Goldsmith, proud of his illustrious friends ; Edmund Burke, glad to divert his mind from public business ; Topham Beauclerc, a scholar and man of fashion. Picture the boxes filled with ladies in powder and patches, attended by beaux with swords and spying glasses ; the pit filled with students from the Temple, critics from the coffee houses, and citizens from beyond the Bar ; apprentices and servants in the galleries ; sounds of gossip and gervants in the air, signs of expectation and excitement noticeable everywhere.

Withal the play was not certain of success this first night. Leslie says Kitty Clive, by her "bustle and humour" is recorded to have saved the fifth act of the comedy. Whatever the opinion regarding its merits, there was no doubt of King's fine performance. His manner of playing Lord Ogleby, says Wilkinson, was "one of the most capital and highly-finished pieces of acting with which any audience ever was treated, and will never be forgotten while a trait of Mr. King can be remembered." This is high praise, especially when we consider King as the original Sir Peter Teazle and Sir Anthony Absolute gained great renown. Garrick's admiration for him was honest and hearty, and on the manager's retirement he presented a foil to King with this note : "Accept a small token of our long and constant attachment to each other. I flatter myself that this sword, as it is a theatrical one, will not cut love between us, and that it will not be less valuable to you for having dangled at my side some part of last winter. May health, success, and reputation still continue to attend you." *The Clandestine Marriage* became a great success, and was the means of suggesting to Goldsmith that he might write for the stage with advantage to the public and profit to himself. Therefore *The Good-Natured Man* was planned and executed, and after much vexation to its unhappy author produced two years later at Covent Garden, of which house George Colman had become part proprietor and manager in 1767.

Mrs. Palmer had played Fanny on the first night of *The Clandestine Marriage*, but her place was subsequently filled by Mrs. Baddeley, famous alike for her beauty and her talent. Her regular features, large liquid eyes, the sweetness of her voice, and her graceful carriage rendered her an ideal Fanny. In this character her portrait has been painted with that of King, in the fourth act of *The Clandestine Marriage*.

Her popularity with a certain section of the town was remarkable, proof of which was given a few years later, to the satisfac-

tion of the lady and the triumph of her friends. On the establishment of the Pantheon, a building designed for the holding of polite assemblies and elegant concerts, it was resolved by the managers and proprietors to exclude from gatherings held within its walls women whose reputations were not beyond reproach. At Almack's, Madame Cornely's, or the Opera House masquerades, those were freely admitted whose lack of virtue was their highest commendation ; but with the new building a fresh order of things was to be observed. In this time men of pleasure wore their vices on their sleeves for the world to wink at, and many there were who heard of this new law with lowering brows. The Pantheon was to open with a brilliant assembly, for which a ticket was presented to Mrs. Baddeley by one of her admirers. Now it was known to the town she was a "woman of slight character" ; and there were those who predicted her refusal within the gates of this earthly paradise, were she bold enough to present herself for admission. However her admirers were many and fashionable, and they resolved she should be amongst the elect. Filled with the excitement a rencounter would insure, whilst certain of the victory her guardians must obtain, Mrs. Baddeley, powdered and painted, glittering with jewels and rustling in satins, descended to her chair, and accompanied by an escort numbering upwards of fifty, headed by Mr. Hanger, afterwards Lord Colrairie, and Mr. Conway, son of the Earl of Hertford, set out for the Pantheon. On Mrs. Baddeley reaching the entrance, the constables crossed their staves, and declared their orders were to admit no players. At this the escorts drew their swords as one man, and would have forced a way for her had not the constables, valuing their lives, speedily withdrawn, when Mrs. Baddeley flushed with conquest radiantly entered the room where some of the highest women of the land had already assembled. Mrs. Steele, who recounts this story, adds that the Duchesses of Argyll and Ancaster advanced and expressed their pleasure at receiving such an ornament to society amongst them ; a statement which might be doubted by those unacquainted with the times, had not Smith, a trustworthy authority, mentioned that Mrs. Baddeley's card parties were "attended by many ladies of the highest rank." But the scene at the Pantheon door had not yet ended. The blood of the escorts being roused, they refused to sheath their swords until the managers came forward and apologized to Mrs. Baddeley and to their prodigiously offended honours ; which desire being complied with,

a second slaughter of the innocents was averted.

Later on another brilliant comedy was produced at Drury Lane. Its author, Richard Cumberland, bequeathed to his kind the heavy legacy of four-and-fifty pieces. An Irishman by birth, and a person of quality, he was likewise member of a family distinguished for its piety and learning, his grandfather being Bishop of Peterborough, and his father Bishop of Kilmore. Having taken his degrees at Trinity College, he was

the house. The trembling author, seated at the back of an upper box, was aware of his presence, and soon, when in the epilogue Mrs. Yates made complimentary reference to "the immortal actor," Cumberland watching him "remarked his action of surprise." A friend who accompanied Garrick crossed the theatre to inform Cumberland the immortal one "was not displeased with the unexpected compliment from an author with whom he had supposed he did not stand upon the best terms."



MR. PARSONS AND MR. MOODY IN THE CHARACTERS OF VARLAND AND MAJOR O'FLAHERTY IN THE "WEST INDIAN."

From the Picture by MORTIMER.

made secretary to Lord Halifax, and subsequently appointed to a place in the Board of Trade. He then, in the phrase of the time, turned his attention to the stage; to such base uses will even hereditary ecclesiastical talent come. He therefore wrote a crime-stained tragedy in five acts, entitled *The Banishment of Cicero*, which Garrick promptly declined. His next venture was a ballad opera, and four years later he produced at Covent Garden a comedy called *The Brothers*. On the night of its first representation no less a personage than David Garrick was in

Between author and actor a friendship therefore began; the former visiting Garrick at his house in Southampton Street, or his villa at Hampton. He was still "hovering about the skirts of Parnassus without entering far enough to taste the Pierian spring." But the success of *The Brothers* inclined him to write a second comedy, and next year, when he visited his father at Clonfert, he began his most successful piece, *The West Indian*. It was written in a little closet, at the back of the episcopal palace, unfurnished, and affording no other prospect from its single



PEG WOFFINGTON AS MRS. FORD IN THE "MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR."

Engraved by O. LACOUR, from the Picture by E. HAYLEY.

window than a stack of turf, which will scarce be considered fuel for the sacred fire. On returning to London he presented the manuscript to Garrick, and without hesitation the manager undertook its production. Who has read *The West Indian* will remember the character of Major O'Grady, an Irish soldier in the Austrian service, courageous as became his nation, honourable as befitted his profession, proud, simple, jealous, blundering—a part of which an excellent comedian might make much. Barry was anxious to represent the Major, but on consideration Garrick decided the Irishman were best personated by Moody, a player of much less repute; explaining with delicate tact, which prevented the superior actor resenting the preference of his inferior *confrère*, that he was not certain the comedy would please the public, and were it a failure, Barry's lack of success would be more conspicuous than Moody's. The latter was accordingly cast for the Major. Moody had played tragedy and comedy, and as Sir Callaghan O'Brallaghan (a gentleman of Hibernian birth) in *Love à la Mode*, and Captain O'Cutter in *The Jealous Wife*, gained applause and distinction. Parsons, who represented Varland in this new play, was an actor of judgment and taste. The merry expression of his face and humorous inflection of his voice were irresistibly funny; none could be grave whilst he was gay. The very actors engaged with him in his scenes could scarce repress laughter. King likewise appeared in the cast of *The West Indian*, as did Mrs. Baddeley and Mrs. Abington.

The latter acted the indifferent parts of Crotchet in the epilogue, and Betty in the comedy, which she did not accept without protest. Beautiful and winning, graceful and piquant, she was no less a plague to her manager than a favourite with the public. Her gay humour and subtle archness, her charm and vivacity were seen to perfection in such characters as Lady Fanciful in *The Provoked Wife* and the Widow Belmour in *The Way to Keep Him*; whilst as the original Lady Teazle she subsequently gained universal applause. During her reign at Drury Lane her squabbles with Garrick were incessant, for she considered herself ill-used by the manager in having occasionally to act minor parts, and vented her grievances for the benefit of her friends.

The West Indian being announced, Cumberland states the "house was taken to the back rows of the front boxes for several nights in succession." On the evening of its first production, January 19th, 1771, the

theatre was crowded in all parts. Garrick sat in his private box with his wife and Mr. and Mrs. Cumberland. A rumour had gone abroad that the comedy was intended to satirize West Indian merchants, who were at this time many in number. They and their friends therefore filled the pit, prepared to resent such ridicule as might be cast upon their order. Accordingly whilst the prologue was being spoken a disturbance arose which lasted some time. Garrick, nervous and fearful, became agitated and whispered comments on the hostile appearance of the house; Cumberland felt assured, when the West Indian's character was revealed, those who had come to object would remain to applaud; and his words proved true, for the comedy proved an entire success. King's acting was excellent, Moody's all that could be desired, and he and Parsons were at the end of the fourth act rewarded by storms of applause.

Towards the end of this year Garrick revived *Twelfth Night*, with Mrs. Abington as Olivia, Miss Young as Viola, King as Malvolio, Dodd as Sir Andrew Aguecheek, and Love as Sir Toby Belch. Miss Young a versatile and graceful actress, whom Horace Walpole described as a mistress of dignity and passion, had at Garrick's request come over from Ireland to join the Drury Lane company. Sir Andrew's representative, Dodd, was an excellent good comedian. Hard work in the provinces had given him practice necessary to develop talent and ascertain its bent. At Bath his wonderful drollery in whatever character he assumed made him dear to the mirthful, and Garrick hearing of his popularity lured him to London. The potent humour of his features, the comic expression of his movements, his plaintive voice, were beyond compare; and in no character was he so peerless as in Sir Andrew Aguecheek. Love, whose real name was Dance, a son of the architect of the Mansion House, was a clever player, whose personation of Falstaff had received commendations from critics. He had began his career as a courtier at Sir Robert Walpoles *levées*, but finding little profit from such employment sought his fortune on the stage, at first as a stroller not unknown to barns, eventually as an actor under Garrick's management. So admirably was *Twelfth Night* played by this cast, that it drew crowded houses and was repeated fourteen times during the season.

During Garrick's farewell season in 1776, Miss Young and Mrs. Yates continually appeared with him. The latter at the outset of her career as an actress had failed to gain



MISS YOUNG, MR. DODD, MR. LOVE, AND MR. WALDRON IN THE CHARACTERS OF VIOLA, SIR ANDREW AGUECREEK, SIR TOBY BELCH, AND FABIAN.

From the Picture by FRANCIS WHEATLEY.

a place amongst public favourites. Yet in a single night she became famous by her playing of Mandane in *The Orphan of China*. The part had been written by Arthur Murphy for Mrs. Cibber, then a reigning favourite. As the time appointed for the production of the tragedy approached, Mrs. Cibber became seriously ill, but rather than postpone its representation Arthur Murphy selected Mrs. Yates to enact the heroine. Now, not only he and Garrick but the actress herself was doubtful of her success and fearful of her failure; but on the first night she not only surprised them by the talents she displayed, but established herself as a great actress with the public. This success she maintained—nay increased—when she played Margaret in *The Earl of Warwick*. On this occasion “she drowned the pit”; notwithstanding this fluidic tribute to her genius, Kitty Clive thought there was “too much tottering about and too much flumping down” in her acting. As Lady Macbeth, Jane Shore, and the Duchess of Braganza, she was great, whilst her Medea in Glover’s

tragedy was a part in which the great Mrs. Siddons feared comparison with her playing. Davis says her just elocution, noble manner warm passion, and majestic deportment excited the admiration of foreigners and fixed the affection and applause of Britons.

By the association of that last night on which she played Cordelia to Garrick’s *Lear* shall Miss Young’s name remain most memorable. In this character, on the 8th of June, 1776, he said farewell to tragedy, his last performance being in comedy. On this night all that was famous in the world of art and fashion crowded Drury Lane; those who had sneered at and envied him sat side by side with those who had loved and lauded him, held silent at such an hour by common admiration and equal regret. The tears he shed at Cordelia’s death were real. Blinded by their weight his eyes but dimly beheld a glare of upturned faces, sorrow-laden as his own heart, because what they witnessed now they might see no more. Thoughts of all that had been since five-and-thirty years ago, when he had first essayed the part, were

with him now. Then had he looked forward hopefully to what he in full had gained: now he looked back regretfully to all he since had lost. Ambition, being gratified, no longer lived; health had yielded under pressure of labour; youth had vanished; many of those who had aided his triumphs and shared his successes had lain down to sleep. Past and present were divided by a gulf where dead years lay. Was this parting but a prelude to that final farewell? Musing on such thoughts he was sad, and when the curtain descended, the cheers that rang through the house fell as mockery on his ears; neither did joy dwell in their tones, nor triumph sound in their echoes. Sadly, slowly, silently, Lear and Cordelia arose, and hand in hand walked towards the wings, their souls too full for speech; they who watched them wordless likewise, and grief-stricken. At last Garrick speaking, said:—"Ah, Bessie, this is the last time I shall ever be your father—the last time." "Then," said she, in a voice quivering from emotion, "give me your blessing," and she bowed her head. "May God bless you," he replied, tenderly; then, looking round, added, "May God bless you all," and without another word hastened to his dressing-room, where he remained long alone.

Whilst David Garrick at Drury Lane impressed the town with a sense of his power, Samuel Foote at the Haymarket diverted it with the sprightliness of his humour. This rare wit and clever satirist was one of the most remarkable men of an age royally rich in the production of genius. From first to last his career was notable. The son of a country gentleman and county magistrate, he came on the world's stage four years later than Garrick. In due time he was sent to Oxford, and subsequently entered as a student of law at the Temple, but a barrister's career had little interest for one of his temperament.

Therefore he became a young gentleman of fashion, who much frequented the Bedford Coffee House in Covent Garden; a shrine sacred to wit, invariably crowded with its votaries, who uttered jokes and *bons mots*, criticised plays, players and playwrights; books and pamphlets; preachers and politicians; leading the town in all matters of taste. Bright-witted, fluent-worded, severe of judgment, sarcastic of phrase, was this youth who made one amongst them. Moreover he was prodigiously nice regarding the shape of his sword, the length of his bag wig, the fineness of his lace, the quality of his muff, the colour of his bouquet, the appear-

ance of his green suit bedecked with silver lace. Guineas he had and to spare: not for his own service merely, but for those who would share the bounties ever procurable for gold. A wit by nature and a beau by art, he became a frequenter of coffee houses, a visitor at playhouses, a gambler at taverns. Bountiful in his hospitalities, boundless in his pleasures, the fortune he inherited quickly melted under the glare of his extravagances. Debt waylaid, and soon lodged him in the Fleet; but neither his keen wit nor high spirits deserted him in this prison-house devoted to the needy; a philosopher in soul, he had a heart for any fate.

Speedily he was liberated, but his ancient glory had departed from him, and he lacked that he had freely spent aforetime. Therefore he sought to earn money; and seeking, found what he desired. Garrick's success had made him desirous of likewise trying his fortune on the stage, and three years later he appeared before the public in the Haymarket Theatre as Othello, "dressed after the manner of the country." In no way was he suited to this part. His round face would have seemed heavy, save for the merry twinkle of his eyes; his low stature lacked the grace and ease of one born in the East. His most partial friends could not praise his most earnest endeavours. Yet like many another he was slow to perceive his abilities were not equal to his desires: therefore he played Hamlet, presenting the Dane as the most comical fellow who ever hid a merry heart under words of woe. In comedy he was more welcome, though scarce less unsuccessful.

In 1747 he conceived the masterly idea of writing a piece to suit his peculiar talents. This was entitled *The Diversions of the Morning*, and produced at the Haymarket Theatre, a house to which a patent had not been granted, therefore a play could not legally be performed within its walls. To meet this difficulty, Foote issued the following announcement on the 22nd of April in that year:—"At the Theatre in the Haymarket, this day will be performed a Concert of Music, with which will be given *gratis* a new entertainment called *The Diversions of the Morning*, to which will be added a farce taken from the *Old Batchelor*, called *The Credulous Husband*—Fondlewife by Mr. Foote: with an epilogue to be spoken by the B—d—d Coffee House. To begin at 7."

A prodigious crowd awaited the opening of the doors; much fun was expected, but more was enjoyed. Few things are more gratifying to most men and women than to behold those



MRS. ABINGTON.

Engraved by O. LACOUR, from the Picture by SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

the world lauds and admires held up to ridicule; save it be to hear and see their personal friends and near neighbours abused and ridiculed. Mr. Foote and his company undertook and successfully accomplished all the most exacting could desire in these respects. Players at both houses ranting in the agonies of tragedy; critics supremely superior to the common herd, each more wise than his learned fellow; quacks solemn in the assurance of their greatness; coffee house gossips, flippant, garrulous—were glaringly, forcibly, and humorously presented for public laughter. Sure, never had the town enjoyed such fun, roared so heartily, applauded so vigorously.

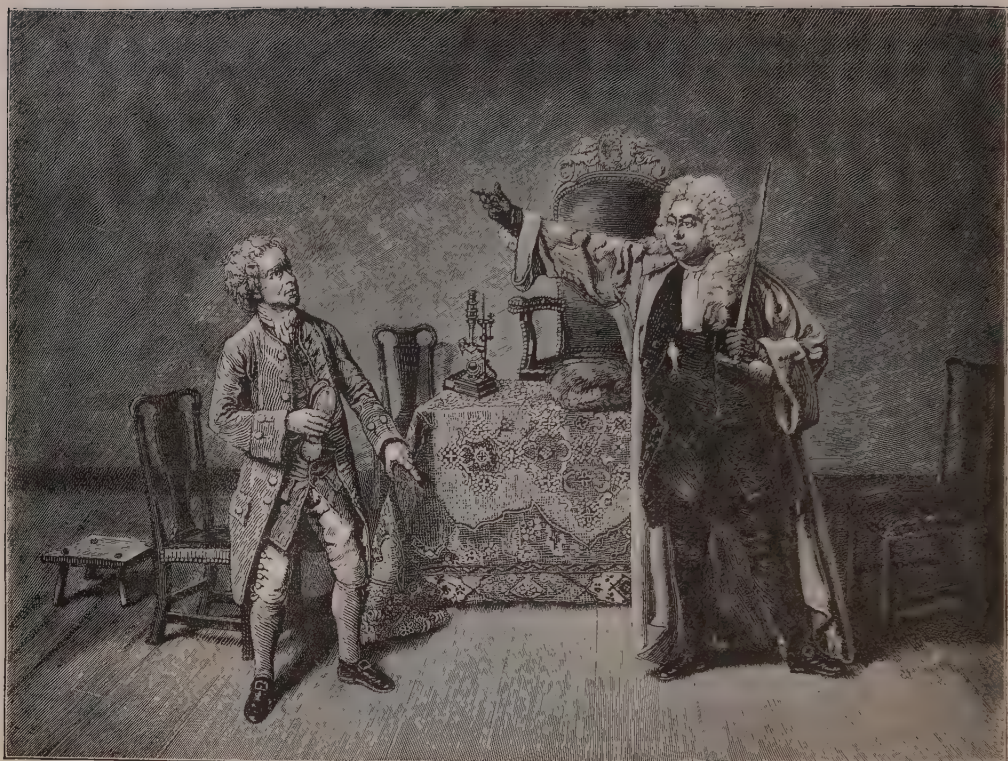
That Mr. Foote should be permitted to continue was impossible—the players could not withstand his ridicule; he had by performing a farce at this house infringed the law. Accordingly the licensing act was put in force, and on the second evening those who came to be amused were met by a *posse* of constables who refused them admittance. There was no play that night; but Foote was not a man to be killed by a single blow. The prospect of opposition excited him, a probable triumph elated him. Next morning an advertisement stated that “On Saturday morning, exactly at 12 o’clock, at the New Theatre in the Haymarket, Mr. Foote begs the favour of his friends to come and drink a dish of chocolate with him; and it is hoped there will be a great deal of Comedy and some joyous spirits. He will endeavour to make the Morning as Diverting as possible. Tickets for this Entertainment to be had at George’s Coffee House, Temple Bar; without which no person will be admitted. N.B.—Sir Dilbury Diddle will be there, and Lady Betty Frisk has absolutely promised.”

Crowds came in greater numbers than before; expectation rose on tiptoe when the curtain ascending Foote came forward and stated as he was training some young performers for the stage he would, with the permission of his audience, whilst chocolate was getting ready, proceed with his instructions before them. His pupils were a little band of players whom he made rehearse scenes from various favourite plays of the day, mimicking, in an absurd and extravagant fashion, as they proceeded, actors who had made certain characters their own. This feast of reason was garnished by shrewd, biting, and mirthful jests on prominent personages and topics of the hour. Success crowned him. In June, “at the request of several persons desirous of spending an hour with him,” instead of chocolate in the morning

his patrons were requested to drink a dish of tea with him, at half an hour after six in the evening, when Mr. Foote’s six o’clock teas became the fashion of the season.

In the winter he fulfilled an engagement at Covent Garden, but early in the new year he gave another series of entertainments, differing from those gone before. At his “Auction Rooms, late the Little Theatre in the Haymarket,” he purposed to exhibit a choice collection of pictures. Attendance at auctions was at this time a fashionable morning amusement. Here the gay and the gallant met to flirt and flatter; buy newly manufactured old masters; witness the sale of Lady Betty’s jewels, to pay her gambling debts or endow her favourite; or bid for the rubbish called curios, from the collection ’twas understood of a man of taste in distress. Foote hit at this fashion with all the force of his inimitable wit. The pictures he exhibited were of course verbal portraits of well-known personages, consisting, amongst other lots, of “a poet, a beau, a Frenchman, a miser, a taylor, a sot, two young gentlemen and a ghost, two of which are originals, the rest copies from the best masters.” Characteristics ever to be observed in our neighbours, but happily restricted to them, gross egotism, vulgar pretence, social hypocrisy, blatant foolishness, rampant conceit—offences harmless in themselves, yet smelling ranker in our nostrils than deadlier sins—were portrayed with delightful truth to nature. Here, as in his earlier performances, arrows steeped in gall were shot with unerring aim at follies of the day. The town laughed in public but shuddered in private, not knowing who might next be conducted to the pillory set up in the Haymarket. Davies says there was hardly a public man in England who had not entered Foote’s theatre with an aching heart, under the apprehension of seeing himself ridiculed. For the satire which at first was general now became particular, when individuals noted for originality, eccentricity, or foolishness, were boldly transferred to the stage.

Thus, in *The Author*, Foote played the part of Cadwallar, a man burly in form, slovenly of speech, proud of his pedigree, anxious for association with men of note, ignorant, incoherent, egotistical. This was indeed an exact copy of Mr. Ap Rice, a Welshman of large property well known to the town; an ungainly, dull-witted fellow, whose constant habit was to suck his wrist, and produce a peculiar noise with his lips. On the first night of Foote’s appearance as Cadwallar, the audience for a while failed to recognise his identity, so completely was it hidden



MR. FOOTE AND MR. WESTON IN THE CHARACTERS OF PRESIDENT AND DR. LAST.
From the Picture by ZOFFANY.

beneath the character assumed ; but soon peals of laughter rang through the house, which were mightily increased when Ap Rice was seen leaning out of a box heartily enjoying the caricature of himself on the stage. *The Author* was played continually throughout the season, during which Ap Rice bore himself philosophically ; but his patience was sorely tried, for he dared not venture abroad but he was greeted with the remark, "Here comes Cadwallar." Therefore he determined to stop Foote's performance, and call him out. Before doing so he consulted Garrick, when the latter persuaded him to peace : "For, my dear sir," said David, "he would shoot you through the guts before you had supped two oysters off your wrist." Ap Rice, being a man of wealth, commanded influence, and therefore the Lord Chamberlain prohibited Foote's caricature.

In *The Minor Foot* ridiculed the misleading fanaticism of the popular preacher Whitfield, and the oily effusiveness of Langford the auctioneer ; and in *The Patron* he burlesqued Bubb Dodington, afterwards Lord Melcombe, a man who by reason of his abundant wealth

and lack of intellect considered himself entitled to patronize men of worth and learning. The town readily recognizes Dodington under the manner and title of Sir Thomas Lofty ; a foolish creature devoid of judgment, lacking sense, eager for the praise of parasites, vain-glorious, ostentatious ; in all a type not unknown to our day. Hating humbug, Foote held it aloft for public scorn, and many laughed with him who dared in no other way express derision of so popular a feature in society.

In *The Orators* he mimicked George Faulkner, a Dublin alderman and newspaper proprietor, a fellow of many words, one given to folly. Advanced in years, plain-visaged, the possessor of a wooden leg, Faulkner was ever boastful of his fascinations with the fair ; of the favours they, because of his qualities, must perforce yield him. His reflection, under the name of Peter Paragraph, was presented by Foote's genius, and Faulkner, recognizing it and bringing an action against the mimic, received some trifling damages. The case was heard in the Dublin law-courts ; and on returning to town the

irrepressible satirist produced at the Haymarket a farce entitled *The Trial of Samuel Foote, Esq., for a Libel on Peter Paragraph*, in which the judge, counsellors, and lawyers connected with his case were mercilessly ridiculed; zest was added to the performance by the appearance of Foote in his proper person as defendant. In *The Mayor of Garratt*, the wittiest of his farces, his satire was showered upon the Duke of Newcastle, ex-Prime Minister of England, and on Mr. Justice Lamb, late militia major, under the names of Matthew Mug and Major Sturgeon. The Duke had served as a butt for many wits. Foote declared it seemed as if he had lost an hour in the morning which he pursued all day without finding. In contemporary correspondence he is presented as a ridiculous figure, a trembler at shadows, "literally ignorant," as much frightened at doing right as when doing wrong, persuasive, fawning, foolish. The Duchess kept a favorite on whom her sycophant friends lavished smiles and caresses—a pig, born and bred, like George II., at Hanover, and much petted, probably by reason of the honours it shared with his Majesty, whom both the Duke and Duchess were anxious to please.

The Mayor of Garratt was in the summer of 1763 first produced at the Haymarket Theatre, now for some time past a regularly licensed house. Foote doubled the parts of Matthew Mug, "a damned palavering fellow," fond of speaking, or, in other words, one who "hailed his muscles about," and of Major Sturgeon, late of the militia, a right gallant man, who in returning from Hounslow with Captain Cucumber, Ensign Tripe, and Lieutenant Patty Pan, was in common with them stripped and robbed by a footpad. The part of Sir Jacob Jollup was taken by Hayes, whilst Jerry Sneak was represented by Weston, of whom more anon.

Later than *The Mayor of Garratt*, came *The Devil on Two Sticks*, altered from La Sage's *Diable Boiteux*. Its satire is chiefly aimed at the pretensions and quakeries of the medical faculty. Like most of Foote's farces and comedies it has little plot, but mainly depends upon the humour and satire of its dialogue for interest. An English consul at Madrid, Sir Thomas Maxwell, in order to prevent his daughter marrying Invoice, keeps her in confinement. Invoice breaks into the consul's house, and eloping with the fair prisoner, seeks refuge in a chemist's laboratory. Here Invoice breaks a bottle from which the devil escapes. His satanic majesty conveys them to England,

and there represents Dr. Squib, and the President of the College in Warwick Lane; under whose names the town quickly discovered Dr. Brocklesby, and Sir William Browne, a prominent member of the College of Physicians.

An important part in the comedy, that of Dr. Last, was represented by Weston, one of the most remarkable actors of his day. A son of George II.'s head cook, he had received a good education and was intended for one of the liberal professions. Before attaining to this dignity he was made turn-broach and Clerk of the King's Kitchen, remunerative offices which he filled by deputy, after the manner of the times. Meanwhile he spent his days in the coffee houses and taverns round Covent Garden to which players most resorted; whilst his evenings were given to attendance at theatres and debating clubs, where he was held in repute. Becoming aware his inclinations were directed towards the stage, the good cook, his father, was horror-stricken, and immediately obtained him an appointment as midshipman on board the *Warspite*; from which the lad deserted at the first convenient opportunity. He then joined a company of strolling players whose fortunes he shared for many a day. His first appearance in London was at the Haymarket, under Foote's management, where he played an insignificant part in *The Minor*. It was not until he represented Jerry Sneak that his fame was established, in which character his infinite humour sparkled to admirable advantage. Cooke says the subdued and hen-pecked temper of Jerry was visible in every feature and movement, and adds, Weston divided the applause with Foote.

But as Last, by trade a doctor and by profession a maker of shoes, who in the twinkling of an eye would take out his "launcelot, open an artifice in the jugglers of his patient's neck and make him bleed like a pig," Weston was most excellent. His independence of artificial aid, his exquisite simplicity, raised his audience to the highest pitch of amusement, whereon his features became graver, more unconscious of exciting mirth than before. "It was impossible," Northcote says, "from looking at him, for any one to say he was acting. You would suppose they had gone out and found the actual character they wanted, and brought him upon the stage without his knowledge of it." Zoffany has painted Weston and Foote as Dr. Last and the President in this comedy; and has likewise represented Foote and Hayes as Major Sturgeon and Sir Jacob Jollup, in the first act of *The Mayor of Garratt*.



DAVID GARRICK AS ABEL DRUGGER.

Engraved by O. LACOUR, from the Picture by ZOFFANY.

The comedy of *The Devil on Two Sticks* became a prodigious favourite; and from first act to last was followed by hearty laughter and loud applause. In the first scene, Mrs. Catherine Macauley, an author of repute, and a woman of learning, was amusingly ridiculed. Hers was the privilege of living in an age when publishers awarded her a thousand pounds a volume for her *History of England*. Foreigners were carried to see her as one of the sights of London

them being Dr. Wilson, Rector of St. Stephen's, Walbrook, a creature of sweet, simple, and sycophantic nature, who distinguished himself by erecting a statue to her whilst she lived, in the chancel of his church.

Horace Walpole came from Strawberry Hill that he might witness *The Devil on Two Sticks*, but failed in obtaining a place within the crowded theatre. A week later, he being equally unsuccessful, was obliged to share Mrs. Cholmondeley's box, where he



MR. FOOTE IN THE CHARACTER OF MAJOR STURGEON IN "THE MAYOR OF GARRATT."

From the Picture by ZOFFANY.

town, where at her costly establishment in Berners Street they encountered the most talented, witty, and fashionable personage of the day. A republican at heart, she admired and corresponded with George Washington; and her reputation becoming widespread in the New World, an enterprising American visited England for the purpose of modelling her features in wax, for public exhibition. Her readers were numerous, her admirers many, her flatterers countless; amongst

found Mrs. Macauley waiting to see herself burlesqued; and when the curtain rose she beheld a strong-minded lady, who could not converse like the rest of the world; who had read Bacon, Hobbes, Harrington, and Hume, and come to the conclusion that woman was a free agent, a noun substantive entity. Later in the comedy, Sir William Browne was toasted to an accompaniment of boisterous laughter. There indeed stood his second self, arrayed in his favourite wig and loose

coat, with a glass stuck in one eye. The public thought the picture perfect, not so Sir William, who sending word to Foote he had omitted his muff, without which the portrait was incomplete, begged to forward that article with his compliments.

He had played in this merry comedy with a wooden leg. Two years and a half previously he had whilst riding been thrown from his horse, and one of his legs being fractured, amputation was found necessary. Even then his unflagging spirits seemingly did not desert him. When the limb was severed from the body he said he should be able to imitate George Faulkner better now than ever, and he need in future have no fear of corns or giped heels; and though to be sure he might feel himself a little awkward at running, yet he would hop with any man in England. A day or two later he writes to Garrick that he suffers incredible pain, is very weak, can gain no sleep save by the aid of opiates, and regards his hold on life as depending on a very slender tenure. His wit and sarcasm directed towards Garrick's parsimony, had in the past made the manager of Drury Lane frequently wince. Johnson, who delighted in laughing at "poor Davy," a liberty he resented in others, was wont to tell "a witty satirical story" of Foote. He had a bust of Garrick placed upon his bureau. "You may be surprised," he said, "that I allow him to be so near my gold; but you will observe he has no hands." And again, the satirist assured a friend that when the great actor retired from the stage he would certainly become a banker's clerk, for the mere pleasure of counting money. Now in his days of suffering, as later when greater need of friendship arose, Foote turned towards one who had ever behaved towards him with genuine kindness and willing help.

Eighteen months after his accident he was up and doing at the Haymarket again, where he delighted his patrons once more, jesting for public amusement on his misfortune, seeming in undiminished spirits. But O'Keefe, who knew him well and saw him nightly, says: "One could not help pitying him sometimes

as he stood upon his one leg, leaning against the wall, whilst his servant was putting on his stage false leg, with shoe and stocking, and fastening it to the stump. He looked sorrowful, but instantly resuming all his high comic humour and mirth, hobbled forward, entered the scene, and gave the audience what they expected—their plenty of laugh and delight."

Within the last years of his life he who had been the source of endless mirth to others was grieved at heart and broken in health. Paralysis had laid him prostrate; malignity had persecuted him; brightness had departed from his existence. The satire which had attacked others was now directed towards himself, evoking pity rather than causing glee. "Is a mutilated man," he writes to Garrick, "a miserable instance of the weakness and frailty of human nature, a proper object to excite those emotions which can only be produced from vacant minds, discharged of every melancholy or pensive taint?" In 1777 he let his theatre to Colman, and prepared to take his ease abroad. The day before he set forward on his travels he went from room to room of his house in Suffolk Street, examining the choice collection of pictures he had gathered there, and coming to the portrait of his favourite, Weston, who had died the previous year, he looked earnestly upon it: "Poor Weston," he said dejectedly; for thoughts of separation, be it for short or long, freighted his heart, and he was sore depressed. Then turning to his faithful Jewel, he added, "It will soon be 'Poor Foote,' or the intelligence of my spirits deceives me."

Next morning he reached Dover, the first stage of a journey he never completed. A week later, those who in the gray of an October evening watched his remains being carried to the cloisters of Westminster Abbey, followed by a black and silent procession, lighted with the red glare of wind-blown torches, sighed to think that poor Foote would henceforth be missing from their midst.

J. FITZGERALD MOLLOY.



THE MEDIATION OF RALPH HARDELLOT.

BY PROF. W. MINTO, AUTHOR OF "CRACK OF DOOM."

CHAPTER VIII.

THE MERCHANT IS ROBBED BY SIR RICHARD RAINHAM, AND RALPH IS CARRIED OFF PRISONER.



HE waggoners had seen Lawrence's gesture and the cause of it, and were making haste to drag some weapons from a secret repository under the waggon. The apprentices rode up to help. The waggoners had pulled out

two cross-bows, and the apprentices had possessed themselves of two simple-looking maces, when the mounted men swept round the corner on to the road, about a hundred yards in front of them, showing their full strength. There was a knight armed *cap-à-pie*, and about a dozen men-at-arms in mixed armour of plate and mail.

"Resistance is useless, if they mean robbery!" cried Simon to his men. "Put the weapons away. You will only give them an excuse for picking a quarrel."

"Nevertheless," said Ralph, "it is safer to have some means of defence if one is put to it, and with your leave I will borrow one of those maces."

Ralph glanced into the cart as he took the mace from the apprentice, who was obediently restoring it to its place, and saw a large heap of them in the locker underneath. They were of simple make—a ball of lead some seven or eight pounds in weight, with an ashen shaft about two feet long. "One could deal a fair blow with this, if necessary," he thought to himself as he felt the weight of the weapon and disposed of it under his cloak.

There being no time for remonstrance, the

merchant could only smile at this contempt of his orders. "Harry Hurst was right in saying you had mistaken your trade," he muttered; and directed the waggoner to draw to one side, and leave the party of horsemen full room to pass.

They came alongside at an easy pace, without any sign of hostility.

"Give you good day, master," cried the knight.

Ralph at once recognised the voice of his old enemy, Sir Richard Rainham. Even if they had not been in the neighbourhood of the good knight's dwelling, its rough, deep tones were familiar enough to be known again whenever heard. He braced himself up, every nerve on the alert, resolved not to be taken by surprise.

As the knight stopped to speak, some of his men passed on and halted beyond the waggon, out-flanking the merchant and his company on both sides.

"Bound for Stourbridge Fair?" the knight continued, when this manœuvre had been completed. "Methinks your load is too heavy. Your poor horses are steaming like furnaces. It were a charity to the poor brutes to relieve them of part of their burden. Our English hills are too steep for such loads."

"Thanks for your kind consideration, Sir Knight," returned the merchant. "We can make shift to drag along. Pray do not burden yourself on our account."

"Nay, nay," laughed the knight; "I could not permit it. Think of the horses. I warrant there is some good broadcloth in those bales. Here, you knaves!" he shouted to the apprentices; "dismount, and show us your wares."

The apprentices looked doubtful, but Simon signed to them to comply with the knight's

humour, which seemed from the broad grins of his retinue to be much appreciated by them.

The apprentices began to fumble with the knots on one of the packages. The knight called to some of his men.

"Come, help, you lazy rascals! Why do you stand gaping there? Lay to your hands and your knives, and help the honest lads."

Three or four of the men dismounted with alacrity, quickly ripped up several of the packages, and distributed webs of cloth and linen among their mounted companions. "They are not so neat-handed as your trained apprentices," the knight remarked; "but they work with a will, and you must grant they do their work with expedition."

They did the work noisily as well. "Come, you rogues," the knight shouted at last, "you have enough to keep you warm next winter! And now, Master Merchant, name your own price, and call for it next time you pass. I will uphold you against all penalties for forestalling the market, and your horses will travel to the fair more easily."

The merchant made no answer to this rillery. He had watched the proceedings with impassive composure, and once or twice had checked the more impetuous Ralph, and counselled him to silence. He only said, "You are content now to let us pass?"

The knight made an exaggerated gesture of acquiescence. "Do not forget to call for the price next time you pass," he said.

"I never forget my engagements," said the merchant.

There was more meaning in the tone than the knight altogether liked. "If you are to be so punctual," he cried, "we may as well make the bill a little larger. I saw your men busy behind the cart. See what there is in the locker, my good Nicholas," he called to the man who rode next to him, and seemed to be second in command. "Our knaves are not yet over-burdened. We should hate to deal scurvily with so brisk a merchant."

At this Ralph Hardelot lost patience. "Sir Richard Rainham," he burst out, addressing the knight by his name, "do you think it beseems your knighthood to play the common thief and robber? Is this how you fulfil your duty to your lord the king? Plundering where you are vowed to give protection, and trying to cover your shame with ribald buffoonery?"

"Ha! Sir Priest, are you there?" replied the unabashed law-breaker. "I marvelled that you forbore so long to give us a taste of your rhetoric."

"My rhetoric cannot hope to pierce your

shame-proof hide. But you will answer some day to a heavier indictment."

"In the meantime, since the spirit of prophecy is on you, you had better forecast what is to happen to yourself. You have put off your gown since yesterday——"

"What do you know about my gown?"

"Ah, my young Jeremiah," laughed the knight, "we are not so remiss about our duties as you are pleased to imagine. We have heard of your doings, though it is but yesterday. The king shall not find us wanting in vigilance towards troublers of the realm. You must come with me." He made a signal to his men, saying at the same time, "Take him, but do not hurt the tender youth. I have other purposes for him."

The men made a move to capture Ralph, but as the nearest converged upon him, they thrust their horses in each other's way, and gave him a moment's free play. Of this he took advantage with great alertness. Seizing the mace which he had hidden under his cloak, he shook his right arm free, and urging his pony forward, struck full at Sir Richard's helmet. The knight was too much taken by surprise to be able to parry the blow, and as he sat loosely in his saddle, never expecting any shock of the kind, it brought him clattering to the ground. It was perhaps as well for Ralph that his pony, hurtling against the heavy horse of the knight, lost his footing, and fell with Ralph under him: if the youth had been free to offer further resistance, the men would probably not have respected their leader's injunction to take him alive. As it was, his hands were secured before he could disentangle himself.

The blow administered to the knight was not a light one. The modern reader is apt to be incredulous of the stories told about mediæval knights, and their power to endure unharmed blows that would smash the skull of the sturdiest ox of our own times. But two circumstances may be mentioned in mitigation of modern incredulity: first, they were accustomed to rough usage; second, and chiefly, their helmets were padded.

Sir Richard Rainham did lie stunned and dazed for a minute or two. But by the time his myrmidons had bound his assailant securely hand and foot with cords taken from the merchant's packages, he was on his legs again, apparently little the worse for his overthrow.

Only his temper seemed to have been spoiled. He was no longer jocular in his manner of address. "Curse the hell-cat

priest!" he said in a surly tone. "You would have paid for it if he had slipped through your hands. Make him safe and bring him along." Then he muttered to himself, "This is the second time; we shall cry quits before long," and rode off by himself in surly solitude.

The myrmidons made their prisoner safe and portable by binding him on one of the four horses of the waggon, which they seized for the purpose. The freckled giant Nicholas, a coarser copy of his master, of whose humour he was a bold imitator, superintended this operation. The prisoner's legs were tied not too gently under the horse's belly, and his body also was bound firmly down. As they moved off, Nicholas flung back a jest at the despoiled merchant. "You may come to us for the horse," he said, "when you come for the price. We must keep our chaplain. We cannot part with him so lightly. We want a chaplain."

Simon d'Ypres made no audible answer to this and other rough remarks with which he was taunted by his spoilers. He had watched the wreckage of his goods with quiet composure, as a traveller might stand looking out on a storm and waiting for it to pass. Only once had he shown some concern, and that was when a package some eighteen inches square by a foot in depth was drawn from the locker under the cart. "You may as well leave that, my friend," he had said; "it is of no value for you." But he saw at once that it was in vain to remonstrate, and that his words served only to give the grinning robber a higher opinion of the value of his prize.

He said not another word till the band was out of sight. Then he turned to his henchman Lawrence, and said in a melancholy tone: "This will teach our young preacher the folly of seeking to convert such wolves with fair words. Now we must try to show him what the people can do for themselves under wise guidance."

After a few minutes' conference, Lawrence and one of the apprentices rode back towards Yeldham, while Simon and the others, rebinding their looted packages as well as they could, moved forward to Haverhill.

CHAPTER IX.

THE RECEPTION OF RALPH AT STURMERE—HE IS COMMITTED TO THE DUNGEON, AND GIVES HIMSELF UP FOR LOST.

Ralph Hardelot submitted to his fate in haughty silence. So far was he as yet from

being imbued with the meek spirit which Wycliffe inculcated on his poor priests, that he was mortified at the thought of having bandied words like a common scold with the ruffian knight, bitterly regretted that his blow had not been more effectual, and longed fiercely for a chance of repeating it. But knowing himself powerless, he would not make mirth for his truculent captors by any violent efforts to free his limbs from their bonds. He felt as if surrounded by a pack of wild beasts in the shapes of men, whose coarse delight in their rough life intensified rather than redeemed the horror of their character; but his own animal courage had been so excited by the tussle, that he opposed to their savage exultation a spirit not less resolute and contemptuous than their own.

That such a scene as we have described should ever have been possible in merry England; that a knight who had distinguished himself in the wars and held lands by royal gift as a reward for his prowess, should ever have condescended or dared to play the common highway robber within sixty miles of the capital, will doubtless appear to many an absurd exaggeration. But the chronicles of the time are full of outrages equally lawless and sordid. At this period, when the authority of the crown was in commission, and England was besprinkled with landlords who had learnt lawless habits and cruel contempt for the unarmed in the French wars, those who ought to have been the bulwarks of order in the feudal system were often its most active enemies.

Ralph reflected with some degree of bitterness on the passive attitude of Simon d'Ypres while his goods were being plundered before his eyes. It was true they had been outnumbered. Still they might have made some stand. They need not have submitted so tamely without venturing a blow in their own defence. The men seemed willing and stout-hearted enough: they had flown to their weapons at once. It was the leader who had restrained them. Three or four determined men, making a bold onset on an enemy who had come prepared for an easy prey, might have beaten them off—might have damped them from their enterprise, would at least have been able to take some satisfaction. Was it cowardice on the merchant's part? Was all his talk about the union of the poor commons, and the vanity of preaching, and the redress of wrong by force, worth no more than this when it came to the pinch? Was he an empty pretender? Were his professions of

interest in the reformation of the realm assumed to pass away the tedium of the journey? Was his conference with the beggar a sham? Was it possible that this cold-blooded merchant, who stood by so coolly while the robbers were busy, had deliberately betrayed him into Rainham's hands? This would account for his seeming indifference to the loss of his goods. Ralph grew hot with indignation as these suggestions passed through his mind, and in the gnawing violence of his remorse at not having taken the lead and acted for himself while his hands were free, it needed all his strength of will to keep from tugging furiously at his bonds. But with an effort he preserved an outward calm: his strong features, set in firm defiance of the worst, were rigid as if cut in stone.

His captors were favourably impressed by the young man's resolute look. They were soldiers enough to respect a spirit that showed no sign of flinching in the face of danger. But most of them had followed their lord in France, and had been brutalised by years of experience in frontier warfare. They were in high spirits over the plunder they had made; and all their respect for the prisoner's spirit did not prevent them from venting some of their mirth on him. He was too busy with his own thoughts to pay much heed to them; otherwise some of their remarks might have excited his curiosity.

"You will find sweet company at Sturmere, Sir Priest," said one.

"Worth walking miles barefoot to come at, while we are obliging enough to take you there on horseback," said another. Whereat a third roared out in a husky voice—

"There is no man
Whose wisdom can
Reform a wilful wife.
But only God
Who made the rod
For our unthrifty life."

A dropping fire of rough laughter greeted this familiar scrap of metrical wisdom.

"We shall all be reformed soon at Sturmere," laughed another, "now that we have got a chaplain. You will have to learn your evening song and morning song, Master Nicholas, keep your vigils, and fast on Fridays."

"He has a good back and strong limbs for a priest," said another who rode behind Ralph. He spoke in a kindlier tone than his comrades had used.

"A young and well-favoured priest can find

a market for his strength, as good and cheap as a man-at-arms," jeered another voice.

"Let the lad alone," said the kindlier voice. "I will back him against any man of the company if his hands were free. It was a well-delivered blow, though it did fall on our master."

"What will the master do with him?" asked another voice.

Nicholas, who rode at the head of the troop, heard this question, and shouted back to the speaker to mind his own business. By way of answer, the musician of the party trolled out—

"I have a bower in yonder tower
Full daintily bedight;
If thou'lt wend thither, my jolly young priest—"

"Stop that howling," shouted Nicholas in a voice that drowned the conclusion of the stave. "If you're too pert about Sir Richard's affairs, you may get a touch of the bower yourself."

"We shall be as mum presently as monks in Lent," muttered the speaker who had expressed sympathy with the prisoner.

The traveller who should look now for Sir Richard Rainham's castle in the valley of the Stour would lose his labour. It has completely disappeared: not a trace of it is now visible. It stood in the centre of the mere, to the south of Carford Green, on a patch of firm ground; but the mere has gradually encroached since it became a ruin, and swallowed up even the foundations.

Yet it was a strong place in its time, the surrounding marsh making it unapproachable except by a causeway, which was built out from the southern shore. The landward entrance to this causeway was protected by a strong gate and outwork; but the architect of course had not trusted entirely to this defence. A drawbridge was interposed between the causeway and the castle, so that if an enemy had succeeded in passing the gate, he would still have had to stand on the bare causeway exposed to the missiles of the besieged.

Ralph marked the strength of the place as he was carried in, and entered with the calmness of a man who knows his fate, and leaves all hope behind him.

"We have brought the priest safely," said Nicholas, entering the hall and respectfully saluting his master.

"Safely!" echoed the knight, who was not yet in the best of tempers. "Safely!

One would think the starveling clerk were a devil in disguise, a Bacon, or a Bungay. How could it be otherwise than safely, you freckled poltroon? You did not leave him a chance of escape!"

"Well, he is here," replied Nicholas in a surly tone.

"Bones of St. Peter," exclaimed the knight, "where else should he be?"

"On the road to Haverhill," thought Nicholas, "for all that you did to stop him." But he did not dare to give utterance to this thought. He only stared stolidly at his master.

"Why do you stand staring there?" shouted the knight. "Bring him in."

Ralph accordingly was brought in between two men-at-arms, his hands bound behind him.

"Welcome to Sturmere!" said the knight.

Ralph, looking him impassively in the face, made a slight bow.

"Ah, by my faith, most courtly. We have a high spirit. We trust your reverence is not much inconvenienced by this detour."

"If it pleases you to play the buffoon, my good sir," answered Ralph, "I am in your power."

"It grieves me much to displease you. But a poor knight must do his humble duty. We are under strict orders to question such as you."

"Orders from whom? Produce your orders, and I will answer any questions you choose to put."

"Did you not wear yesterday a different dress from this in which I have now the honour to see you?"

"I did."

"The ridiculous dress of the turbulent fellows who call themselves poor priests?"

Ralph made a gesture of assent.

"We have the dress here," said Nicholas. "We found it in his wallet."

"Ah!" cried the knight. "Then it was your purpose to wear it again? I was in hopes that you had repented of your folly. I will ask next on what treasonable errand you were bound?"

"I was bound on no treasonable errand. But I deny your right to question me."

"I will answer for my right," laughed the knight, looking round to catch the answering smiles of his retainers. "Do you not know that you poor priests, as you call yourselves, are under interdict?"

"I know the terms of the interdict," said Ralph coldly. "They give you no right to seize me on the king's highway, or bring me here for this mockery of examination."

"You will find it no mockery, my malapert young sir, if your answers do not satisfy me. With what purpose did you travel?"

"Show me your authority to put the question."

"Oh, ho! we stand on nice terms of law, do we?"

"We do," said Ralph.

The knight laughed mockingly. "My authority is that I have you here, and will keep you here till you account for yourself in a satisfactory manner."

"That is authority indisputable."

"I am glad your reverence admits so much. Your reverence may be in a more benign temper a few days hence. Meantime, we will consign you to such poor accommodation as our humble castle can furnish."

"Is this not a mean revenge for a knight of your prowess?" asked Ralph in a contemptuous tone. "I will not bandy words with you. Are you afraid to meet me man to man?"

"Man to man, braggart!" Sir Richard's face was contorted for an instant with passion.

"Remember, I am not your prisoner. Will you dare to meet me alone, without your rabble to save you from consequences beyond your own strength to avert?"

The knight gave a coarse, uneasy laugh. "The priest is wondrous valiant. Nay, nay, we have another way of bringing such insolent clerks to order. Nicholas, conduct his reverence to his lodging."

Nicholas stared in mute inquiry, pointing to the prisoner's legs.

"Have you not a tongue, dolt?" shouted the knight.

"Shall we bind his legs?" asked Nicholas sulkily.

"No; we will leave him the use of his legs. He may walk out if he can."

"But——" began Nicholas.

"What means this dog by his butts? Will you take him away?"

Ralph followed his conductor without a word. A mad impulse to denounce the brutal tyrant, to spring at him and tear him with his teeth, mounted for a moment to his brain; but he was still sufficiently master of himself to keep it down. If all hope was gone, if he must bear whatever came, better bear it with fortitude and dignity.

The lodging to which he was conducted was the dungeon of the castle, a damp ground floor, or cellar, on a level with the moat. Nicholas conducted him down the

corkscrew stair, turned the stiff key, undid the huge bolts, swung back the ponderous iron-studded oaken door, and ushered the prisoner in with the same burlesque ceremony that had been used in the hall by his master.

"There, now," he growled in as soft a voice as he could command, while Ralph stood by in monumental silence, waiting till he should turn the key. "Reasonable and gentle—what could be better? Gentle breeding is a noble thing and a convenient. Many a prisoner have I seen dragged down here, calling on all their saints to curse us, howling and writhing and biting like a rat in the mouth of a terrier, and all to no purpose, except to put honest men a little out of temper. Go thy ways in now," he concluded, throwing open the door, "go thy ways in like a peaceable gentleman. Talking of rats, you may find a few rats there, and other scratching company, but you have the use of your legs. Don't say that we are unkind at Sturmere."

Ralph walked a pace into the darkness and stood still while the door was locked and the creaking bolts shot into their places. Sounds of coarse laughter and retreating footsteps came faintly and more faintly through the thick door, and then all was still—still and dark as the grave. He moved back till his hands, still tied behind him, touched the door, and let himself sink down on the damp earth.

There was no bitterness in his reflections now. He felt like one entombed and at peace, sunk deep beneath the waves after a violent and distracting storm, enfolded but not oppressed by a great pall of restful sadness.

He sat for a time as in a trance, and then gradually his thoughts began to wander back over the events of his past life. But memory brought back no poignant feelings. The events of the last hour or two seemed as remote and passionless as the events of years ago—all separated from his present life by a dark, silent, impassable wall.

To be suddenly caught in the full swing of an eager and impetuous life, arrested in all the ardour of a great and generous ambition; to be paralysed and flung underground, deep beneath all chance of participation in life's activities—as hopelessly buried as if he were already dead—the very suddenness and decisive completeness of the change crushed out all the keener elements of pain. Despair dies with hope: such despair as his is sweet from its restfulness, there are no lingering sparks of hope to keep its pangs alive. He

had neither despair nor hope for the upper world from which he had been removed: with the deprivation of all part in its activities, he was delivered from the sharpness and harshness of its emotions. The whole past had become another world, a world decisively past, with no continuing future in prospect: not a world of dreams and shadows—the pulses of his own inner life still beat and the currents flowed too full and strong for that—but a world from which he was utterly cut off, and in which his memory dwelt with very much less agitating emotions than those of the active and hopeful participator. The retrospect was sad: his breast heaved with deep sighs as memory wandered back with slow and mournful step; but he had no desperate desires to cross and embitter his musings.

It was all past for him, irrecoverably gone—return impossible. The last words he had heard, the shooting of the bolts, the retreating footsteps, still fitfully haunted his ear, repeating the sequence through its gradual diminution, receding into blank, unfathomable silence. All past and gone for him. He accepted his lot with unquestioning faith in the Eternal Justice. But his thoughts ran upon the stirring scene from which the All-disposing Power had withdrawn him. Would men continue to stumble on as they were doing, crowding and struggling through their several appointed courses? He had vowed with others to proclaim to a heedless generation Christ's clear law of service and self-sacrifice: would they triumph speedily? How many of them would be permitted to fail as he had done before the great work was accomplished? That it would be accomplished in God's good time and way he believed with high and loyal assurance; but ah! how sad it was to think of the slowness of fulfilment, of the many warm hearts and fervent voices that might never be gladdened by the certain consummation of their hopes! Sad too, still more profoundly sad, to think of the iniquities of the world, and the mystery of God's indulgence of His creatures in the open defiance of His Son's clear law.

England as he had known it passed before him as in a vision, and high above the crowd of shifting figures he saw the stern features of his master Wycliffe, and heard as in a dream the tones of his strong, firm voice denouncing the sins of the followers of anti-Christ, the pomp of prelates, and the sensual vanity of worldly clerks. That voice took him back to the scenes of his first discipleship; and he sat once more on his bench in the lecture-room, pen in hand and

inkhorn at his girdle, eager to catch words that thrilled in the ears of youth. He sighed to think of that enthusiasm now.

Scene after scene from his past life slowly unfolded itself under the quickly shifting finger of Memory, all touched with ineffable sadness. His life at Cavendish Hall came back, and a keener thrill went through his blood as the dazzling figure of the girl whom he had worshipped flashed upon his mental vision out of the darkness of the past as vividly as if he saw her with his bodily eye. His whole being was flushed for a moment with wild rapture, and he half started from the ground. But he sank down again with a sigh, and saw the sweet vision retreating, watched with a strange, sad resignation as its brightness became dimmer and dimmer in the distance, making no effort to detain it.

For a minute or two this tranquil mood lasted, his heart stirring under sad memories like a stringed instrument under a gentle, wandering hand. But suddenly a harsher note was struck, and jarring vibrations took the place of soft music. What would become of her? How would she fare if she fell again into the hands of her brutal lord? This was a more disturbing thought, and he tried in vain to beat it back by saying to himself that she was safe in her convent. Why should so fair a life have been marred by a union so revolting? As the thought took possession of him, it brought back with it all the indignation and pity he had felt when first he heard of the ill-assorted match, all the agitation in which he had lived through the preparations for its celebration. The shroud of resignation in which he had lain before restfully, as if charmed out of all desire to move, was rent roughly asunder, and he tried in vain to regain his former mood. He could not banish from his mind the hideous apparition of the ruffian knight. It came between him and his visions of peace like some monstrous harpy, blotting out the sun, fluttering over him with its black wings, clutching at him with beak and claw. The question why God suffered such men to live forced itself upon his thoughts, and no satisfactory answer came to give peace to his troubled soul. Wrath, vindictive, heathen passion rose like a whirlwind out of the agony of his distracted feelings. He sprang to his feet, muttering through clenched teeth the words of the merchant—" *Deleantur ex libro viventium.*"

The silence that followed this passionate utterance, which seemed to fall dead on the surrounding darkness, and to reverberate

only within himself, was appalling, awakening all the horrors of solitude. For a moment he lost all self-control, stamped with insensate fury on the ground, and struck at the door with his heel.

CHAPTER X.

RALPH FINDS ANOTHER PRISONER IN THE DUNGEON.

Was it imagination, or did he really hear in the further corner of the dungeon, mingling with the heavy muffled sounds of his violence, a faint cry like a suppressed scream? He paused, and looked and listened intently, striving to control the wild beating of his heart.

He stamped again with all his force, but nothing was audible except the dull thud. The floor was too damp, and the walls too thick for any continuing resonance. Sound seemed to be devoured by the darkness and silence.

He remembered what Nicholas had said about the rats. It might be one of them that he had frightened. Even such company was better than none. Anything to escape from the horrible sense of solitude, which now invaded him to the exclusion of every other feeling. It did not occur to him at the moment that the rats might be troublesome companions later on. At least they were living things—to be in touch with life again was all his craving now.

As he peered all round him in the gloom, he became aware of a dim yellowish patch, high up on one side. So faint was it that he had not observed it before, and did not at first recognise it as light. But looking at it again and again, he concluded that it must be light from some small crooked opening in the wall, through which, probably, the rats found entrance. Leaving his position by the door, he began to advance in the direction of the faint light. An instinctive movement to spread out his arms reminded him sharply of the cords that tied them, but he was too much absorbed in his new purpose of taking the measure of his prison to pay more than a passing attention to this.

He had moved but a few steps when he was arrested by a faint rustling on his right. He paused and listened intently. Not a sound stirred: he could hear nothing but the violent beating of his own heart. He made another step, with expectation strained to the utmost. The sound of his foot fell dead;

the silence was otherwise unbroken. He advanced his foot again, and brought it down with a louder stamp. This time the rustling was distinctly audible: it sounded as if something were trying to pass him by the wall on the right.

A horrible suspicion crossed his mind, and filled him for an instant with panic. He remembered Nicholas's words—"rats and *other scratching company*." What if he had been shut up with some wild beast!

Abominable cruelties were practised on prisoners in those days. To incarcerate a man with a leopard or a tiger was not considered too barbarous a method of taking revenge on a hated enemy. Such things were done. Ralph Hardelot had heard of them, and the suspicion that this might be his fate filled him with momentary horror and dismay.

But it was only for a moment that his heart seemed to stop. Another moment and he hurled himself with fierce resolution at the spot from which the rustling had proceeded.

He encountered nothing but the wall. He impinged on this with his shoulder, having instinctively turned his right side to the unknown danger.

He could no longer doubt that there was some living thing in the cell with him. As it rushed swiftly out of his way, he had almost touched it, and he could hear it taking refuge at the other end of the cell. But having only the sound to guide his judgment, he was utterly at a loss to divine what it was that fled from him.

"My God! my God!" he cried, "would that my hands were free;" and saying this and trying with all his might to break the cords, or wrench his hands out of them he advanced again upon the mysterious companion of his imprisonment.

The few rays of light that struggled through the crooked aperture revealed no outline in the darkness of the dungeon. But the creature had now stationed itself at the far end directly opposite the light, and as Ralph advanced, straining his vision to penetrate the gloom, he became aware of a faint gleam from two eyes in the distance.

He was now able to interpret the rustling.

"If you are human," he cried, in a voice strangely unlike his own, "if you are human, speak!"

No answer was returned.

"Speak!" he cried again, advancing. "I will know what you are."

It was a woman's voice that answered, but the tones were deep and menacing. "You dare not! I am not human!"

"Then what are you? I will know." He advanced another step.

"I am a fiend! If you dare to come nearer I will tear you in pieces! Yes. I will tear you in pieces!"

There was a touch of frenzied terror in the voice, which belied the ferocity of the words; and there was a tell-tale rustling too, as if the speaker were shifting ground and preparing again to rush past.

"If you are a poor prisoner like myself," said Ralph, in a voice now relieved from the distortion produced by the darkness and exciting mystery of the situation, "have no fear, I will not harm you. But tell me who it is that speaks to me? There is something in that voice that I should know. But it cannot be! Oh, God, it can never be!"

"Ralph!" gasped the voice out of the darkness in an agony of astonishment. "Is it you?"

The answer was a groan. He staggered heavily against the wall.

"Oh, Ralph! Is it you? Is it you? Oh, the horror of this place! Speak again. Is it you? Let me hear you again! Where are you? Let me come to you, Ralph!"

"Clara, my darling," he half sobbed in reply. "Has Heaven no pity? It cannot be that she is in his power. It is not possible. It is some hideous mockery of her voice, sent here to torture me. Cruelty of-hell! how can God suffer it?"

"Ralph, Ralph," the voice answered, "I am here alas! in very truth. It is no mockery. My love, where are you? I cannot see you in this horrible darkness! Oh, let me come near you! Ralph, speak again, where are you?"

"Here," he answered in a calmer voice, making an effort to master the oppression of the despair forced upon him by the frightful discovery that Clara was his companion in captivity. The shock of the discovery, joined with his knowledge of his own utter helplessness, was overwhelming at first. His own fate he could bear with resignation, but that she should be treated with such barbarous inhumanity tore his heart with pity. And he was powerless to help her.

"I cannot stretch out my hands to you!" he cried, as she groped her way towards him. "They are tied. Would God they and I were free for an hour!"

The words were hardly uttered when he felt that to indulge in vain regrets and impossible longings would only double his companion's fears in the terrible situation.

The terror to which she had at last given way after bearing up bravely long past the natural endurance of women, would have been infectious for a weaker nature; but he

was not of the slack temper that easily succumbs to circumstances. His natural hardihood and elasticity quickly reasserted themselves. If he could not deliver Clara, if escape was absolutely hopeless—and his thought, flashing swiftly over all the elements of strength in their prison—the massive walls without a loophole; the heavily-locked and bolted door; the gates and warders beyond, could see no chance of escape—at least he would not aggravate her misery by communicating his despair to her. It was upon this, doubtless, that the cruel ruffian had counted in shutting them up together. So far his inhuman plans could be thwarted.

"I will free your hands, Ralph," she murmured, in her trembling voice. "Oh, joy, I have found you at last! It was terrible to think of dying in this dungeon alone."

She threw her arms round his neck and clung to him shuddering. "Ralph, you will not leave me here alone again! You will not let them take you from me!"

What worlds would Ralph not have given two years ago to feel that soft arm wound round his neck, and hear those pleading accents of absolute love and trust. But now in this dark and dismal imprisonment, with both their lives in uttermost deadly peril, was there any joy in the passionate revelation of her love? Yes: the love that comes to man when his hopes are at the lowest comes with tenfold force. For one rapturous moment the horrible danger in which they stood was obliterated. Beneath her thrilling touch joy ran through his veins like a tempest; the darkness round him glowed with the light and warmth of heaven; his whole soul was lifted as on a great wave to boundless heights.

"I do not fear death now!" she continued, "But to die alone in this darkness—Oh, Ralph, it was horrible! But I have you with me now, love. I am not afraid of death now."

"Death!" he exclaimed, "it cannot be that he menaced you with death! It can only be a devilish device to terrify you. He must release you presently."

"No, no. I will not be released now! You must kill me rather than let them take me away! I fear worse than death if he sends for me again!"

"But you are his wife, Clara."

"No, I am not his wife. I will never be his wife! He may kill me, but I will never yield to him! And now let me untie your hands, and you will promise not to let them take me alive?"

Ralph did not answer, but pondered with

new-born hope on the possibilities of escape. If only he had told the merchant to warn his brother relief might have come in time. Would the merchant himself acquiesce passively in the loss of his goods? He knew the depredator: would he have influence enough to obtain redress? Even if he had, they would take time—days, weeks, perhaps months. He had spoken of stirring up the commons against such men as Rainham. But Ralph well knew that a rabble, in whatever numbers they swarmed up to the gates of the castle, could do nothing to effect an entrance. There was little hope of relief from the outside, and Ralph turned with greater confidence to the chances of overpowering his gaolers when they came again, as they must come, to bring the defiant Clara before her lord.

Meantime Clara, cheered by her confidence in him, worked with industrious patience at the cords with which his hands were tied. Ralph asked her how long she had been a prisoner.

"I do not know," she answered. "It seems ages ago since they thrust me in. Even this gloomy solitude was a relief for a time. I was worn out, and fell asleep, and slept—I do not know for how long—on the damp floor. And what do you think awakened me? Oh, Ralph, it was horrible—a rat gnawing at my shoe." She shivered and drew her breath hard at the recollection. "It was some time before I knew where I was, and what the strange sensation at my foot meant. When I realised it, I started up and screamed wildly, and then I heard a pattering and scattering as if the floor were alive. I rushed forward still screaming, and they scrambled up the wall, and I saw the loathsome black things crowding out through the patch of light. It was horrible! How they frightened me! I did not sleep again, but stood at the further end watching the light, and whenever a glistening black thing appeared, I screamed and rushed at it! Oh, Ralph, how I suffered in this place. I often felt as if I should go mad!"

"What damnable cruelty!" cried he. "Oh, monster! miscreant! Surely the hottest fires of hell are reserved for him!"

"You cannot conceive," she said, "how cruel he is. When I would not yield to him, but defied him, he struck me, and drew his dagger, and would have slain me. Then when I looked him in the face and dared him to kill me, telling him that a heavy vengeance would be taken for me, he laughed, and after threatening me once or twice with his dagger, and seeing that I did not flinch, seemed

to change his mind, and called two of his men, threatening me with foul, unutterable things."

On hearing this, Ralph tugged so violently at the cords which she had now partially loosened, that he wrenched his right hand free, and quickly freeing the other, he threw the cords into the darkness, and began furiously to pace the floor of the dungeon.

"Oh, Ralph!" she cried, half smiling, half in tears, "surely you will not leave me now that you are free! I cannot see you in this darkness. Do not go away from me, or I shall begin to doubt whether you are here."

No daughter of Eve ever had a more daring spirit than this Clara Roos, or Rainham, but there was nothing masculine in her composition, she had all a woman's instinctive craving for protection.

Ralph mastered his agitation. There is nothing more admirable in the ethics of chivalry than its doctrine and practice of self-control. Like every good principle it may be carried to excess, and we see the excess of it in an artificial coldness and stiffness and reserve on occasions that demand the free expression of natural feeling. But when the habit of control is not used for the suppression of feelings that do honour to humanity, there is no habit that contributes more to lift man above the brutish level. Ralph was enraged at what he had heard, and for a moment carried beyond himself with fury. But the habit of self-suppression came to his aid. He saw that his fury was impotent, mastered it, and hastened to comfort his unhappy companion with a calm as perfect, superficially, as if they had been in a crowded assembly.

He knelt respectfully at her feet, and addressed her as his deliverer and his sovereign lady. "The hands you have freed," he said, "are yours. Do not fear. With Heaven's help all will yet be well. We shall find a way out of this dismal prison."

But she was still too agitated to accept the homage which the courtesy of those times paid to beautiful womanhood. Her recent

bitter experience of woman's real weakness had unfitted her for playing the part of artificial superiority. The woman nestled close to him and put one arm gently round his neck. "Ralph, my love," she murmured, "I feel safe when I know that you are here. You must swear that you will not let them separate us, and drag me back to him. You must rather kill me! I should not fear death at your hands."

What could he answer? He could only throw round her the arms whose freedom he owed to her. He pressed her for one brief instant to his heart, and vowed that death only should separate them.

"But do not think of death," he said tenderly. "I cannot believe that such iniquity will be permitted to triumph. It was a fiendish invention to immure you in such a prison as this, the spite of a brutal and dishonourable churl. It cannot triumph."

Clara shuddered. "But it was merciful compared with his first design. Oh, Ralph, when those brutal men whom he called came in with their ghastly leers, my brain took fire; I snatched the dagger from his belt, and would have killed myself, but the ruffians seized my hand, and wrenched the weapon from me. Then one of them took him apart and they whispered together, and he laughed his hideous laugh, and said he had changed his mind for the present, and ordered them to take me to the dungeon. 'I will bury you and your paramour alive,' he yelled after me as I was carried away, 'with toads and rats.' I did not know then what he meant, but I know now. Only what he intended for my torture has proved my comfort. It is cruel and selfish of me, Ralph, but I cannot find in my heart any sorrow that you are here."

"God has sent me here," he answered, "to comfort and deliver you. I feel in me the strength of ten men, and a confident assurance that some way will be opened up."

"I will die here without a murmur, Ralph," she said, "if it is God's will."

(To be continued.)





THE EXETER ROAD.—I.

WHEN the elegant and accomplished Barry Lyndon, about the 17th of May, 1773, and shortly after his marriage with the widow of the late Right Honourable Sir Charles Lyndon, K.B., set out to visit his estates in the West of England, where he had never yet set foot, he and his Honoria and suite left London in three chariots, each with four horses; an out-rider in livery went before and bespoke lodgings from town to town; the party lay in state at Andover, Ilminster and Exeter; and the fourth evening arrived in time for supper, "before that antique baronial mansion of which the gate was in an odious Gothic taste that would have set Mr. Walpole wild with pleasure."

Now this was good travelling in the days when full bottomed wigs were in wear, and the roads of England in the state that I have described them. It was natural however that the fine gentleman whose pocket permitted him to fly "Flying Machines" as a slow form of lingering death, should have made better time with the aid of outriders, constant changes, and the finest cattle that

could be procured, than the sad citizen whose wish was to pass from London to Exeter in the shortest time possible, and whose purse only permitted him to pass there behind six cart horses harnessed to a diving bell.

For such I take it was very much the sort of appearance that the Exeter Fly presented in 1773, as it set out for its weekly flight from The Bull and Gate in Aldersgate, at five o'clock on some wintry morning, with the snow already falling thickly. Nor did the passengers seated in it, or rather clinging to its inside, aspire to Barry Lyndon's good fortune. They did not look forward to lying in state at Andover the first night, at Ilminster the second, at Exeter the third. Far other were their dreams. The young lady of the party (Belinda, Leante, Lucinda—what you will) drew her furs round her, and nestled closer to her mother, who took snuff at short intervals, and returned with interest the opposing captain's impudent gaze. The captain had been at Dettingen, as he somewhat raucously informed the company on entering the coach, a fact of

which they appeared doubtful, though they agreed *nem. con.* that he had since been in liquor. Him (whenever, that is to say, he dared to look at the young lady of the party) the young man of the party—(Ranger Mirabel—what you will) eyed furiously as if he would eat him, sword, Dettingen and all; while the lawyer, who sat between these two men of mettle, tried his best to preserve peace, and wished himself on the other side of the coach. All this party were bound to Exeter; but none of them, I say, hoped to reach it in three days. The lawyer indeed, who was a great traveller, having made the journey three times in his life, blew his frozen nose and publicly revelled in a more moderate ideal. "If," he said, "in spite of highwaymen, snowdrifts, ruts a yard deep, and Bagshot Heath, we compass the 172 miles in six days, we may think ourselves lucky, and may thank our stars, when we are safe at The Swan at Exeter, that we are not wandering among the bustards on Salisbury Plain."

And so they rumbled and jolted along what is now Piccadilly, till they got to what is now Apsley House; there the coachman alighted for a drink at The Hercules' Pillars, the Hatchett's of the period, which stood where Apsley House now stands. Readers of *Tom Jones* will remember this Hercules' Pillars well, will fancy that they have stayed in the place, as they can fancy that they have stayed in every inn which Fielding has described. Was it not here that Squire Western alighted on his arrival in London in pursuit of the fair Sophia? Certainly it was; and it was here that he cursed the chairmen, who, true progenitors of our cabmen of to-day, asked him for another shilling. "D—— me," in point of fact, the immortal old gentleman exclaimed, "D—— me, if I don't walk in the rain rather than get into one of their hand-barrows again. They have jolted me more in a mile than Brown Bess would in a fox chase." The travellers in the Exeter Fly of 1773 did not regard The Hercules' Pillars from the Squire Western point of view, it is more than likely; but they were thankful for its light in the gray winter's morning; and as they saw the guard in the inn doorway somewhat ostentatiously getting his blunderbuss under control, recollected that they were near Knightsbridge, and experienced a qualm.

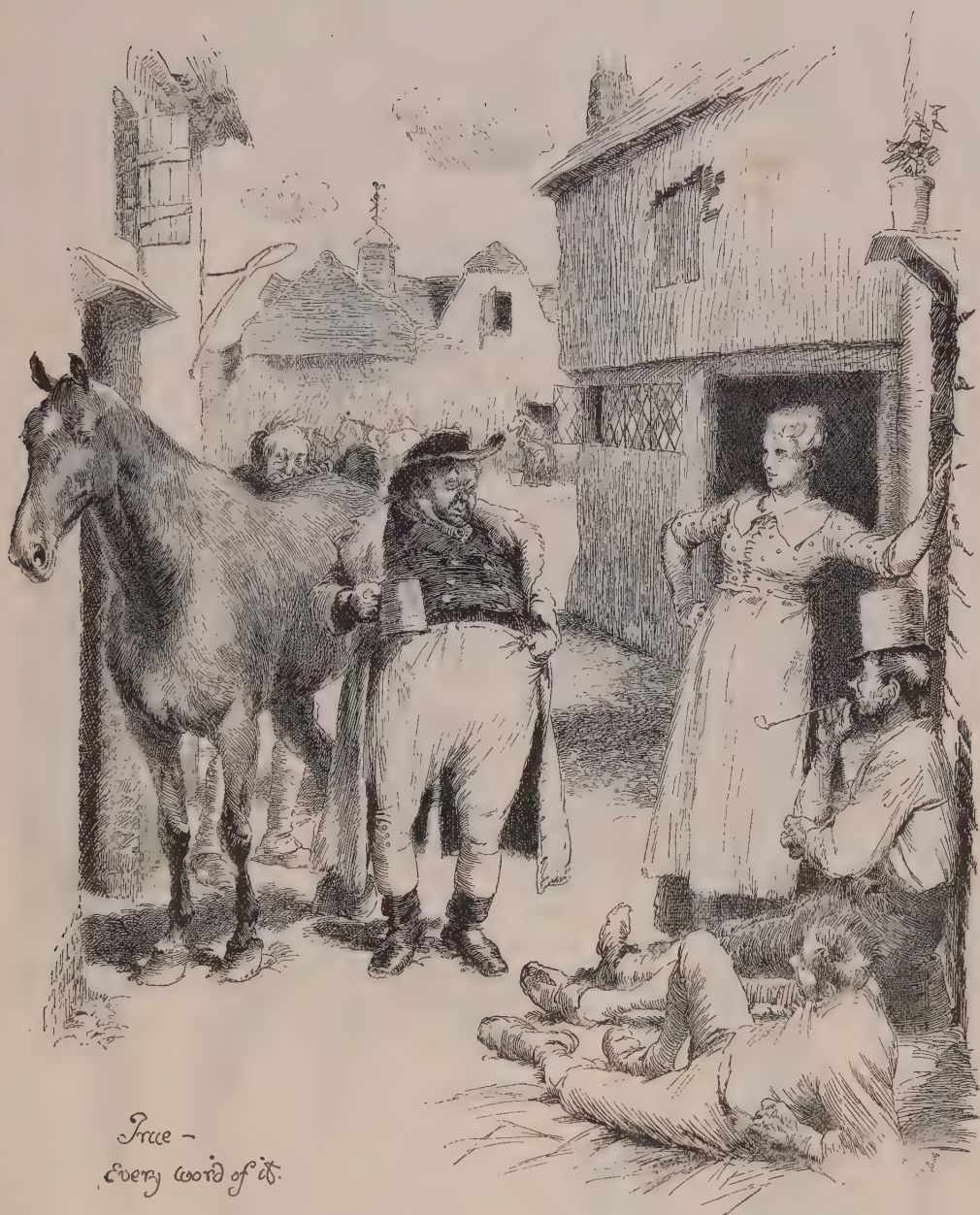
Considering that Knightsbridge is only two furlongs from Hyde Park Corner—measured to what was once the cloth manufactory—this early perturbation of our ancestors may seem strange; but the truth

is, that a little more than a century ago those who, on nearing Knightsbridge, sported prayer books, felt for pistols, and generally put themselves into a posture of defence, did the right thing in the right place. The Arcadian tract indeed, which we now associate with guardsmen and nurserymaids, was known to the travellers in the Exeter Fly as a place of bogs and highwaymen. For here the Great Western road crossed the stream—Where is the stream now?—and the stream's bed was composed, "especially during the winter months," as the advertisement has it, of impassable mud.

In the rebellion of 1544 Wyatt's men discovered this fact to their cost. After having marched all the way round by Kingston to cross the Thames, the stream at Knightsbridge proved a harder nut to crack, and utterly annihilated their reputation on entering town. Instead of being welcomed as Defenders of the Protestant Faith, the crowd saluted them as "Draggle-tails," and how, after such a reception, could they look for anything but defeat?

And, though this sort of thing may appear in keeping in the sixteenth century, Knightsbridge was no better place for travellers in 1736. "The road between this place and London," writes Lord Hervey, dating his letter from Kensington, "is grown so infamously bad that we live in the same solicitude as we should do if cast on a rock in the middle of the ocean; and all the Londoners tell us there is between them and us a great impassable gulf of mud."

Into this great impassable gulf of mud the Exeter Fly presently descended, and, after desperate flounderings which only made matters worse, stuck fast. To it, when thus safely anchored, entered a gentleman in a vizor and riding a dark chestnut mare, who good-naturedly recommended the coachman to alight, and offered to relieve the passengers of their purses. The first to take advantage of this amiability and give up his purse was the warrior from Dettingen, who had been loud in his contempt for highwaymen ever since the Fly left the city, and had sketched, with an elaborate garnishing of oaths, the horrid fate to which any marauder would be subject who ventured to bar the way. He spoke no more now of Dettingen, and of the standard he had taken from the musketeer of the French guard. Far from it! He gave his little all to the gentleman who asked for it, counselled submission to his companions, and disappeared to eat straw in the bottom of the coach. The highwayman now asked the



From a Drawing by HUGH THOMSON.

ladies to oblige, parenthetically observing that time pressed. The words were hardly out of his mouth when Mirabel, who had been biding his time, obliged him with a sudden blow on that jaw which he had somewhat ostentatiously intruded upon the company, and at the same moment jumped from the coach and seized the bridle of the chestnut mare. The highwayman now said "Zounds!"

and discharged his pistol; but as the chestnut mare reared and fell back with him just as he was firing it, the aim was not so true as the intention; in point of fact, instead of shooting Mirabel through the head, he shot the guard through the hat, who announced in stentorian tones that he was a dead man, and let off his blunderbuss at the morning star. Meanwhile the highwayman and



The Post Boys.

THE POST BOYS.

From a Drawing by HUGH THOMSON.

Mirabel had closed and were wrestling in the mud, the ladies viewing the progress of the strife in a state of pleasing suppressed excitement, and the coachman flogging his horses with a view of driving off and leaving Mirabel and his antagonist to decide their interesting difference in solitude and peace. This genial intention was frustrated by the mud which held the coach fast, and by the aimless insistence with which the guard kept discharging his weapon at nothing in particular, the horrid reverberation of which in the empty void of heaven, succeeded in waking some watchmen, who, by way of performing their patrol between Kensington and Knightsbridge, were lying in graceful sleep at The Half-way Public House. Suspecting there was something in the air, they came upon the scene just as Mirabel was binding the highwayman's hands behind his back, the man having yielded himself for worse when he felt eleven stone and a half kneeling on his chest, and saw that the chestnut mare had run away. The watch now with great intrepidity took charge of the bound prisoner, helped the Exeter Fly out of the ditch, and Mirabel into the coach, who joined his companions in a somewhat mudstained, flushed, and exhausted state, but not inwardly displeased at what he had done.

Those of my readers who may be surprised at such an affair having taken place a little more than a century ago in the immediate neighbourhood of the present barracks of life-guards, may be glad to learn that such adventures were, at the time I speak of, of almost daily occurrence. In April, 1740, the Bristol mail was robbed a little beyond this spot by a man on foot, who took the Bath and Bristol bags, and mounting the post-boy's horse, rode off towards London. On the 1st of July, 1774, William Hawke was executed for a highway robbery here, and two men were executed on the 30th of the ensuing November for a similar offence. In the same year, December 27th, Mr. Jackson, of the Court of Requests at Westminster, was attacked at Kensington Gore by four footpads, and even so late as 1799 it was necessary to order a party of light horse to patrol every night from Hyde Park Corner to Kensington, all of which strange facts will be found chronicled in Mr. John Timbs's pleasant work on the *Romance of London*, who at the same time tells a good

story of a footpad's capture at this very place.

It seems that during the year 1752, the chaise to Devizes had been robbed two or three times, and at last, the thing becoming no doubt monotonous, a gentleman of the name of Norton, not unknown to the authorities, was asked to try his hand at abating the nuisance. With this end in view he entered the post-chaise on the 3rd of June, and had got just as far as Knightsbridge on the way to Devizes, at half-past one o'clock in the morning, when a man came up on foot and said "Driver, stop." The driver, who was a post-boy, did as he was



From a Drawing by HERBERT RAILTON.

bid in the twinkling of an eye; and the man held a pistol tinder-box to the chaise and said, "Your money directly; you must not stay—this minute your money." Mr. Norton now commenced business. He took a pistol from his coat pocket, and from his breeches pocket a five shilling piece and a dollar, holding, it is unnecessary to say, the pistol concealed in one hand and the money in the other. He held the money pretty hard. This puzzled the footpad, who said, "Put it in my hat," a very gentlemanly request surely. Mr. Norton however preferred to

let him take the five-shilling piece out of his hand; but directly he had done so, was rude enough to snap a pistol in his face. The highwayman naturally incensed at this surprise, staggered back, held up his hands and remarked, "Lord! Lord!" He then incontinently ran away; hotly pursued by the indefatigable Norton who took him about 600 yards off. But how did he take him? It pains me to say that he hit him a blow in the back. To take his neckcloth off after

to urge against his being taken to Tyburn in an open cart. Said he, pointing to the indefatigable Norton, "Ask him how he lives!" To which question, meant to be insulting, the indefatigable Norton replied in these meaning words—"I live in Wych Street, and sometimes I take a thief."

But where is the Exeter Fly all this time? Why, the coachman has recovered his reins and his senses, and the Fly has resumed its flight, and while its passengers are busily



From a Drawing by HERBERT RAILTON.

this, and tie his hands with it, was a mere matter of adding insult to injury, but Norton did not disdain the deed. He then took his captive back to the chaise and told the gentlemen "that was the errand he had come upon" (which was surely an unnecessary confidence), and then he wished them a good journey, and brought his captive back to London.

The customary preliminaries at the trial which ensued having been adjusted, the prisoner was asked whether he had anything

discussing footpads from a personal experience, it passes, about a furlong further down the road, a noted house of entertainment at which footpads used to congregate. This was the celebrated Half-way House, an inn midway between Knightsbridge and Kensington, which stood on the present site of the Prince of Wales' Gate, Hyde Park, and which was pulled down in the autumn of 1846. Every highwayman of the period had drunk within its doors, a recollection of which fact did not incline the driver of the Exeter Fly to try

the quality of its beer. Meanwhile all the way through Kensington (just outside which charming village the Fly passes two blue nosed sportsmen, out snipe shooting), the passengers with much excitement and heat review the recent adventure. A scene from Smollett slips in so well here that I cannot refrain, a scene which I grieve to have to tone for ears polite.

"When," writes Roderick Random (after a similar adventure), "When I had taken my seat, Miss Snapper, who from the coach had seen everything that had happened, made me a compliment on my behaviour; and said she was glad to see me returned without having received any injury; her mother, too, owned herself obliged to my resolution; and the lawyer told me that I was entitled by Act of Parliament to a reward of forty pounds for having apprehended a highwayman. The soldier observed with a countenance in which impudence and shame struggling produced some disorder, that if I had not been in such a — hurry to get out of the coach, he would have secured the rogue effectually without all this bustle and loss of time, by a scheme which my heat and precipitation ruined. 'For my own part,' continued he, 'I am always extremely cool on these occasions.'"

"'So it appeared by your trembling,' said the young lady.

"'Death and the deuce!' cried he. 'Your sex protects you, madam; if any man on earth durst tell me so much I'd send him to — in an instant.'

"So saying he fixed his eyes upon me, and asked if I had seen him tremble. I answered without hesitation 'Yes.'

"'D—e sir,' said he, 'd'y'e doubt my courage.' I replied, 'Very much.' This declaration quite disconcerted him; he looked blank, and pronounced with a faltering voice, "'Oh, 'tis very well! I shall find a time.'

"I signified my contempt of him by thrusting my tongue into my cheek, which humbled him so much that he scarce swore another oath aloud during the whole journey"—or perhaps till he got as far as Brentford, let us say, where our travellers in the Exeter Fly, breakfasted at The Pigeons.

Brentford is seven miles from Hyde Park Corner, and is a noted town in the opinion of some experts, though others, I observe, prefer to describe it as a filthy place. The Pigeons was, at any rate in the old coaching days, a noted inn for post-horses, two of whom tired of life and the vile paving stones which adorned the streets, tried early in the century to drown themselves in the Grand Canal, in the decorous company of a clergy-

man from Buckinghamshire, who was seated in the chaise with twelve volumes of Tillotson's sermons, two maiden daughters, and their aunt. On being recovered from the waters, the Buckinghamshire clergyman sought his sermons, or rather Tillotson's, wildly, and when he found they had gone to improve the fishes, he lifted up his voice and said the strangest things. He told one of his daughters that he could better have spared her aunt, and spoke in monosyllables to the post-boy, who was duly discovered to be drunk.

This, however, has nothing to do with the Exeter Fly, which is standing before The Pigeons, refreshed as to men and horses, and ready to start. The snow is still falling, the coachman's nose beams a benignant purple, and the ostler recommends another glass as an antidote to the weather, of which he presages the worst. Recovered by the aid of Nantes brandy from his previous dejection, the captain hears these words of ill omen as he issues from the inn, and meditates falling back on the bar for further support. The guard however tells him that it is time to get forward, and the man of war somewhat sadly joins his company and the coach. The talk now among the passengers is of Hounslow Heath; and the ladies fearing as to what may happen there, in the way of highwaymen, the captain, full of a temporary valour, lets fall something about the cold which will make a little martial exercise enjoyable. He is instantly however reduced to abject silence by a glance from the hero of the recent episode, who at the same time eloquently squeezes the younger lady's hand. A delicious glance is exchanged. At the same time the coach begins to jolt unspeakably, and enters the town of Hounslow. Here they are advised by the landlord of The George not to go forward, as the Bath Flying Machine up to town has been snowed up beyond Colnbrook, and six beds at The George are aired and empty. As sole answer to this appeal, the coachman, full of valour, calls for more brandy, and two more horses, to take them comfortably over the heath, and the captain adjourns for a little something in the bar which may serve the same purpose. Inspired by a like exercise, the coachman now imagines himself to be Jehu, the son of Nimshi, and the Fly leaves Hounslow behind it at six round miles an hour. The first thing to be seen on the notorious heath is the Salisbury Fly in a terrific snow drift, or rather the coachman's hat, two horses' heads, the roof of the coach, and two passengers standing on their luggage bawling "Help."



In a Snow-Drift.

From a Drawing by HUGH THOMSON.

The driver of the Exeter Fly observes this catastrophe, but he does not regard it, or regards it purely as a landmark, and majestically avoids the pit into which his less fortunate brother has fallen. Surely in vain is the snare laid in sight of any coachman. But to see at all has become difficult by this time. The snow drives; the wind blows it full in their faces; the horses begin to show

signs of suddenly capitulating. The coachman now has recourse to all the dark arts of persuasion and the whip; "fanning" them, which in the tongue of coachmen is whipping them, "towelling them," which is flogging them, "chopping them," which is hitting a horse with the whip on the thigh (a barbarous practice very common among the coachmen of the Iceni, who, however, preferred a spear

head for the purpose), in vain!—absolutely in vain! The six horses fall into a walk, and can only be kept to that by incredible exertions and oaths. The passengers now give themselves for gone, in the expressive language of the day; but presently, when things are at their worst, the clouds break a bit, and the snow ceases driving. The coachman does the opposite with redoubled vigour, and presently draws up before The Bush, at Staines. The Exeter Fly has taken nearly three hours to come the seven miles from Hounslow. The landlord of The Bush, Staines, hearing this, follows the lead of the landlord of The George, and counsels rest and dinner; and the passengers, who to speak truly, have never before in their lives come so near to the experience of riding in the air in a hollowed-out iceberg, incline their ears to the advice. Success, stimulant, and the lull in the snow storm have, however, made the coachman daring. He observes thickly that *he* is an Englishman, and declares his intention of inking at Bagshot for the night, whether the passengers leave the coach or stick to it. Upon this the young captor of the highwayman says, blushing with ingenuous shame, that he is willing to go on; upon which the young lady, blushing also, says that she is willing too. This necessitates the mother also putting her neck in jeopardy, and she, too, re-enters the coach. The lawyer, seeing himself in danger of being divided from the proprietress of a snug estate in Devonshire, free from incumbrances, and perhaps divided from her for ever, takes his heart out of his boots, recites a by-law to the coachman on the subject of catastrophes, and drivers committed for manslaughter, and sits by the widow's side; the captain, for his very uniform's sake, feels bound to follow the lawyer's suit; and amidst faint hurrahs from half-frozen pot-boys, the Exeter



From a Drawing by HERBERT RAILTON.

Fly starts gallantly forward on its last flight. At Egham, one mile three furlongs on, it begins to snow again, and as the coachman pulls up at The Catherine Wheel, the lawyer desires the captain not to stare at the widow; the captain threatens to send the lawyer to a place where legal documents are not of the faintest use; the lawyer threatens the captain meanwhile, if he moves a finger, with an immediate action for assault. Upon this the captain, not being a man of immediate action, subsides, and the Exeter Fly enters upon the most perilous part of its journey. Now the snow falls as it should at Christmas time, when men are seated round blazing fires in snug inn parlours, and not braving the blasts in antediluvian flying machines. The coachman foreseeing the worst, and that every moment the snowfall is heavier, tries to

churn his horses into a canter as the gloom of a winter's afternoon begins to fall upon Bagshot Heath. The guard now fingers his blunderbuss delicately, and sees a highwayman behind every bush; but highwaymen are not such fools as to be out in such weather, and the driver, who can see nothing at all, drives into a rut a yard deep.

"Now shriek'd the timid and stood still the brave—"

among whom the captain may not be numbered. He bellows indeed like a bull, and

ner of the inhabitants of the island of Formosa, with his feet out of the window and his head under the seat; the coachman and guard are enjoying the experience of the Laplanders, who never think so deeply as when they are lying on their back in the snow; and the captain all the while is being rapidly converted into New Zealand mutton.

Having collected his scattered companions one by one, and propped them in various attitudes of frozen dejection against the side of the overturned coach, the young gallant of the party proposes that some one shall go



From a Drawing by HERBERT RAILTON.

jumping out of the coach, seeks refuge in a snow-drift, leaving his head exposed above it, to show how the land lies. The coachman sees, and double thongs his wheelers, who drag the coach out of the rut, to the side of the captain, and upset it in a gravel pit. The captor of the highwayman now tells Belinda not to be alarmed, and seats her with her mother by her side on the side of the overturned Fly, from which point of vantage they scream in concert, and look upon as dismal a scene as two upset women ever saw. A moan is heard from the lawyer, who is studying the laws of nature after the man-

on to The King's Arms at Bagshot and procure help—with which end in view he cuts the traces and leads up one of the wheelers for a charger. The only answer to his appeal comes from the guard, who raises his blunderbuss gravely and mistaking a too curious shepherd who approaches from behind a bush for a footpad, shoots him, before he has time for effectual flight, in the hinder parts. The shepherd has now to be dealt with. He is given brandy and placed on his chest beside the coachman who, still believing himself to be on the box, mechanically drives air-drawn horses. Despairing of the others,

the young man now commits Belinda and her mother to the care of the lawyer, who has lost all feeling in hands, feet, and arms, but declares he will look after the mother, mounts the patient wheeler and rides off for help to Bagshot. In under an hour the landlord of The King's Arms is seen approaching, with anticipation of a week's good company beaming in his eye, and surrounded by a goodly array of stable boys bearing torches, and ostlers armed with staves. There is also brandy for the frost-bitten, and a post-chaise for the wounded. The timely succour is

hams, gallons of old ale, bins full of old port and burgundy."

And here, in the midst of old English plenty, my travellers are snowed up for nearly a week. And Mirabel proposes to Belinda, and is accepted; and the man of law drinks a congratulatory bottle of port with the fortunate wooer; and proposes himself to the widow next day, and is refused; and Mirabel drinks a bottle of port with him—a consolatory one this time; and the guard is forgiven by the shepherd; and the captain is rude to Betty the chambermaid, and gets

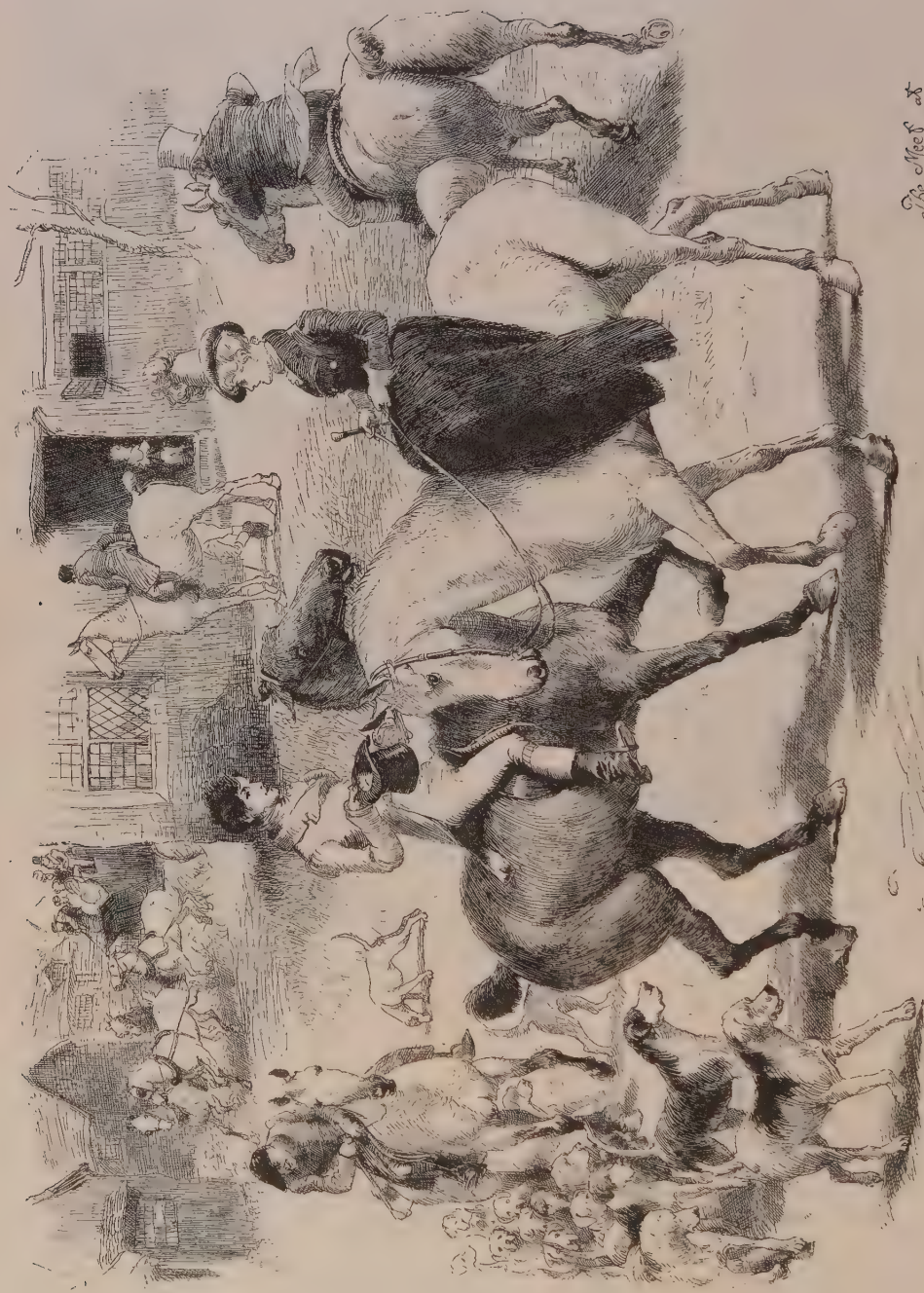


From a Drawing by HERBERT RAILTON.

greeted by the castaways with a faint cheer. Truth to say it has not come before it was wanted, or before the guard, still on high-waymen intent, has fired off his empty blunderbuss at the party of rescue. All the way to The King's Arms he babbles of the hundred pounds due to him for ridding the heath of a footpad; the shepherd consults the lawyer meanwhile as to damages and as to how an action would lie; the captain swears that his recent experience was nothing to what he has known in the Low Countries; Mirabel presses Belinda's hand, and the pressure is ever so faintly returned; the snow falls and falls as if it never intended to stop, and the party arrive finally at The King's Arms, Bagshot, where a wonderful display of good cheer oppresses a groaning table—"Iris-tinted rounds of beef, marble-veined ribs, gelatinous veal pies, colossal

his face slapped for his pains in a long oak corridor; and so in the old coaching days, when Exeter was five days' journey from London, and ladies wore hoops and farthing-gales, and gentlemen bag wigs and three-cornered hats, the old coaching world went round.

It went round at a very different pace though in another fifty years, when the dashing young Mirabel of 1771 was a septuagenarian with the gout and grandchildren, and the guard of the crazy old Exeter Fly was practising on a ghostly



*The Meet at
an Inn.*

THE MEET AT AN INN.
From a Drawing by HUGH THOMSON.



Giving them a Start.

From a Drawing by HUGH THOMSON.

horn by the banks of the Styx, and the coachman cracking empty jokes with pale insubstantial highwaymen destined never to cry "Stand and deliver" any more. Let us skip fifty years, I say, and imagine our Mirabel an old man of seventy, a stranger to reforms in coaching, and in 1823 making the same journey to Exeter again! The great and ingenious Nimrod has described such a scene with such extreme facetiousness and point, that I may well take a leaf from

his book, *The Chase, the Turf, and the Road* (Murray, 1852), with many acknowledgments and thanks.

Full of scepticism then, but guided by a friend, our Mirabel of the Exeter Fly takes his stand outside The Gloucester Coffee-house, now the St. James's Hotel, on a winter's morning near Christmas 1823. His life since he married Belinda has been passed out of England in the great new world beyond the sea, and he has come back to see his grandchildren

and the old home in the west country before the allotted time arrives for him to leave off travelling for ever. Behold him then with much of 1773 about him in dress, deportment, and speech, set down suddenly in Piccadilly. The street is crowded. Bucks about to travel are hurrying into The White Horse Cellar for a last rum and milk, or lolling outside the doors attired somewhat after the manner of our more modern masher, but having broader shoulders, curlier hats, longer hair dressed à la George the Fourth, parted behind, and distilling the subtle odours of Macassar the Incomparable to the morning air. They stare at the old-fashioned cut of the once fashionable Mirabel's clothes with fatuous credulity, over collars à la Brummell half-a-yard high. The newest things in the way of exclamations are abroad; "zounds" have had their day. The talk is of the six bottles drunk over night, of the recent battle on Crawley Down, and Lord Byron's expedition to Missolonghi. Mirabel listens with ears intent, and is at the instant accosted by a ruffianly-looking fellow, made after the manner of the desperadoes who pursue our cabs for miles when we return with our families from the sea-side, and insisting upon tendering assistance with the luggage. Their progenitor of 1823 snatches Mirabel's portmanteau out of his trembling hands, breathes upon him brandy, and says, "What coach, your honour?" betraying, I fear, a Celtic origin.

"I wish to go home to Exeter," says Mirabel mildly. Upon which the desperado tells him he is just in time, and that in point of fact, "Here she comes! Them gray horses!"

Pleased at having timed the thing so well, Mirabel looks in the direction thus grammatically indicated. He expects to see the Exeter Fly—a trifle improved upon possibly—but still the Exeter Fly. And what does he see in its stead rapidly approaching? Why, a turn-out drawn by four spanking greys, which he takes to be a gentleman's carriage, and which would do credit to a crowned head. He communicates this impression to the desperado, who remarks "Bah!" or "Yah!" (a more common use). "It's the Comet, and you must be as quick as lightning;" with which words he projects his victim into the coach, his victim's luggage into the boot, pockets his fee without a thanksgiving, and remorselessly attaches himself to another innocent.

Before he got into the coach Mirabel has stared at the coachman, and as soon as he is seated, asks what gentleman is going to drive. "He is no gentleman, sir," says a

person who sits opposite to him, and who happens to be the proprietor of the coach; "he is no gentleman! He has been on the Comet ever since she was started, and is a very steady young man." "Pardon my ignorance," Mirabel replies. "From the cleanliness of his person, the neatness of his apparel, and the language he made use of, I mistook him for some enthusiastic Bachelor of Arts, wishing to become a charioteer, after the manner of the illustrious ancients." At which piece of simplicity the coach proprietor suspects Mirabel of *delirium tremens*, but says, "You must have been in foreign parts," and at the instant the wheels begin to go round. In five minutes they are at Hyde Park Corner: but where is The Hercules' Pillars? Never to be seen by Mirabel again, who remarks somewhat pointlessly, "What, off the stones already!" He is informed that they have never been on the stones, and that there are no stones in London now. [This seems strange to me—I seem to have met some in my wanderings in hansom cabs!] Wrong however as regards stones and coachmen, the next thing Mirabel remarks is that they seem to be going very fast; but here also he is hopelessly out of his bearings. "Fast!" says the proprietor. "We never go fast over this stage. We have time allowed in consequence of being subject to interruptions, and we make it up over the lower ground. Notwithstanding which apology for lack of speed, in five and thirty minutes, the Comet careers into Brentford.

At the jolting of the coach on the old familiar paving stones Mirabel becomes young again. The past reappears. He is in the Exeter Fly once more, with the blooming Belinda—whose bright eyes are dimmed now; with her mother, who has long since vanished off the face of the earth; with the lawyer who, whilst she was upon it, had aspired to keep her company; with the blue-faced warrior from Dettingen, intoxicated and timorous to the last.

"Wounds bleed anew; the Complaint pursues with
tears
The wanderer through life's labyrinthine
waste;
And names the Good already past away,
Cheated alas! of half life's little day,"

as Goethe sings of a similar condition of affairs. To be brief, the old man feels sad, and looks it; but when his companions ask him what the matter is, and whether they may prescribe, he observes, "Hah! What! . . . No improvement in this filthy

place? Is Old Brentford still here? A national disgrace." In answer to which somewhat splenetic attack on a perfectly respectable town, he is informed that Old Brentford *is* here; and a second after it could only have been described as *there*, for the Comet leaves it at ten round miles an hour, and fifty-five minutes precisely from leaving Hyde Park Corner draws up at Hounslow.

Mirabel is delighted, for he wants some breakfast. "Thank heaven," he says, "we

while he was putting on his spectacles. "Only one minute allowed for it at Hounslow, sir, and it is often done in fifty seconds by those nimble-fingered horse keepers." The coach at this moment begins to rock violently, bounding about the road like a pea on a drum, and showing other outward signs of being attached to runaway horses, which phenomena having been remarked upon by Mirabel (who clings to his seat as tenaciously as ever he did fifty years before to the seat of the Exeter Fly), are thus explained by the



From a Drawing by HERBERT RAILTON.

are arrived at a good-looking house," with which words he stands up for the purpose of alighting at it; but he is violently and with horrid suddenness reseated, and the waiter, the inn, and indeed Hounslow itself, disappear in the twinkling of an eye. By and by, when he has recovered from the painful shock of nearly swallowing his teeth, he eyes the proprietor sternly, and says, "Sir, you told me we were to change horses at Hounslow," searching meanwhile for the address of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals—or its equivalent in those days. The proprietor, smiling superior, blandly tells him that they have changed horses

omniscient proprietor, in words full of darkness and doubt.

"Oh, sir, we always 'spring them' over these six miles. It is what we call the 'hospital ground'"; which fateful phrase being interpreted, turns out to mean that it is ground particularly adapted to horses suffering from the varying peculiarities of (1) having backs which are getting down instead of up in their work; (2) of not being able to hold an ounce down hill, or draw an ounce up; (3) of kicking over the pole one day, and over the bars the next; all of which gifts qualify them to work these six miles, because here they have nothing to do but to gallop. This they

proceed to do in the fullest acceptation of the term. Some expletives in vogue when George the Third was king are now heard inside the coach, and seem to come from the old gentleman's corner. He looks out and sees death and destruction before his eyes, the horses going at the rate of a mile in three minutes, and the coachman in the act of taking a pinch of snuff. The last of these three sights tends to reassure him, and he remarks to the coach proprietor that fortunately for their necks the road seems excellent. "They are per-

his seat again just as the artist on the box says, "Let 'em go, and take care of yourselves." All goes well for a while till they reach what is termed on the road a long fall of ground, when the coach presses upon the horses. The thoroughbred at once breaks into a canter, and by doing so disqualifies himself from being of any service as a wheeler, and this done there is nothing for it but to gallop. The coach rocks awfully, nevertheless she is not in danger; the master hand of the artist keeps her in a direct line,



fection, sir," says the proprietor. "No horse walks a yard in this coach between London and Exeter, all trotting ground now." "But who has effected this improvement in your paving?" says Mirabel. "An American of the name of M'Adam," is the reply, "but coachmen call him the colossus of roads. Great things likewise have been done in cutting through hills and altering the course of roads; and it is no uncommon thing nowadays to see four horses trotting away merrily down hill on that very ground where they were formerly seen walking up hill."

When the Comet arrives at Staines, Mirabel, reassured by this soothing syrup, alights to see the horses changed. On seeing a fine thoroughbred led towards the coach, with a twitch on his nose, he experiences a slight feeling of nausea; but recollects his inside friend's assurance that the next stage requires cattle strong and staid, and takes

and meeting the opposing ground, she steadies and is all right.

Not so old Mirabel, who feels extremely sick and shaken, and leaves the Comet at Bagshot for good and all, congratulating himself on the safety of his limbs. He once more after a lapse of fifty years enters The King's Arms, recalls the night of the snow-drift in 1773, finds the place much changed, rings the bell for the waiter and mistakes the well-dressed person who answers it for the landlord. "Pray, sir," said he, "have

From a Drawing by HERBERT RAILTON.



COURTYARD OF THE CHURCH HOUSE, SALISBURY.

From a Drawing by HERBERT RAILTON.

you any slow coach down the road to-day?"

"Why yes, sir," replies John; "we shall have the Regulator down in an hour."

Upon which Mirabel remarks that the Regulator will do, as it will enable him to breakfast, which he has not done that day. Upon which John breaks into lamentations, which must often have been heard in those days when fast coaches had come into fashion and were killing old inns.

"These here fast drags," he cries, "be the ruin of us. 'Tis all hurry, scurry, and no gentleman has time to have nothing on the

size. Mirabel now asks what room there is in the coach. "Full inside, sir, and in front," is the answer, "but you can have the gammon board all to yourself." "Ah!" says Mirabel, "something new again I suppose;" and mounts up the ladder to inspect it. He finds himself on a seat which enables him to sit back or front to the horses as he may like best, thinks himself lucky, and at the same moment the Regulator leaves the village of Bagshot at a steady pace, to the tune of "Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled," and continues at that steady pace for the first five miles. Mirabel now congratulates him-



From a Drawing by HERBERT RAITON.

road." Here he breaks off. "What will you take, sir? Mutton chops, veal cutlets, beef-steaks, or a fowl?" (to kill.)

Having duly breakfasted off tough beef-steak and memories of the past, old Mirabel sees the Regulator draw up at the door. He sees also that it is a strong well-built drag, painted chocolate, bedaubed all over with gilt letters, a bull's head on the doors, a Saracen's head on the hind boot, and drawn by four strapping horses. Amongst other sights which inspire him with confidence the coachman must be numbered, who has neither the neatness nor the agility of the artist of the Comet, but is nearly double his

self; but his song of gladness is soon, unlucky man, to be turned into a dirge. For the Regulator, though a slow coach, is timed at eight miles an hour through a great extent of country, and has therefore, to borrow an illustration from poetry—to make play when she can. This occurs after she has left The Golden Farmer and Blackwater behind her, and entered upon a very dreary and dismal tract of country known as Hartford Bridge Flats. To the lover of scenery this place affords few attractions, but it is as a sweet smelling savour in the nostrils of old coachmen, being known indeed as the best five miles for a coach in all England.

The ground being firm, the surface undulating, and the Regulator being timed twenty-three minutes over the five miles, the coachman proceeds to "spring his cattle." The coach being heavily laden forward, rolls in a manner which it is quite impossible to find a simile for, and Mirabel utterly gives himself for gone. In the midst of one of its best gallops the Regulator meets the coachman of the Comet driving his up coach. He has a full view of his quondam passenger, and thus described his situation:—

"He was seated with his back to the

"Oh, yes," he says, "we shall have one here to-night that is not allowed to carry a band-box on the roof; the Quicksilver mail, sir, one of the best out of London. Jack White and Tom Brown—picked coachmen over this ground; Jack White down to-night."

"Guarded and lighted?"

"Both, sir; blunderbuss and pistols in the sword-case, a lamp each side of the coach and one under the footboard—see to pick up a pin the darkest night of the year."

"Very fast?"



From a Drawing by HERBERT RAILTON.

horses, his arms extended to each extremity of the guard irons, his teeth set grim as death, his eyes cast down towards the ground, thinking the less he saw of his danger the better;" and in this state he arrived at Hartford Bridge. Here he dismounted from the Regulator with the alacrity of lightning. "I will walk into Devonshire," he cries. Then he thinks better of this, and says he will post; then he is told that posting will cost him twenty pounds; then he says this will never do, and asks whether the landlord of The White Lion can suggest no coach to his notice that does not carry luggage on the top.

Here he lays himself open to the unkindest cut of all, which the landlord hastens to avail himself of with all the unbending remorselessness of his kind.

"Oh no, sir! JUST KEEPS TIME, AND THAT'S ALL!"

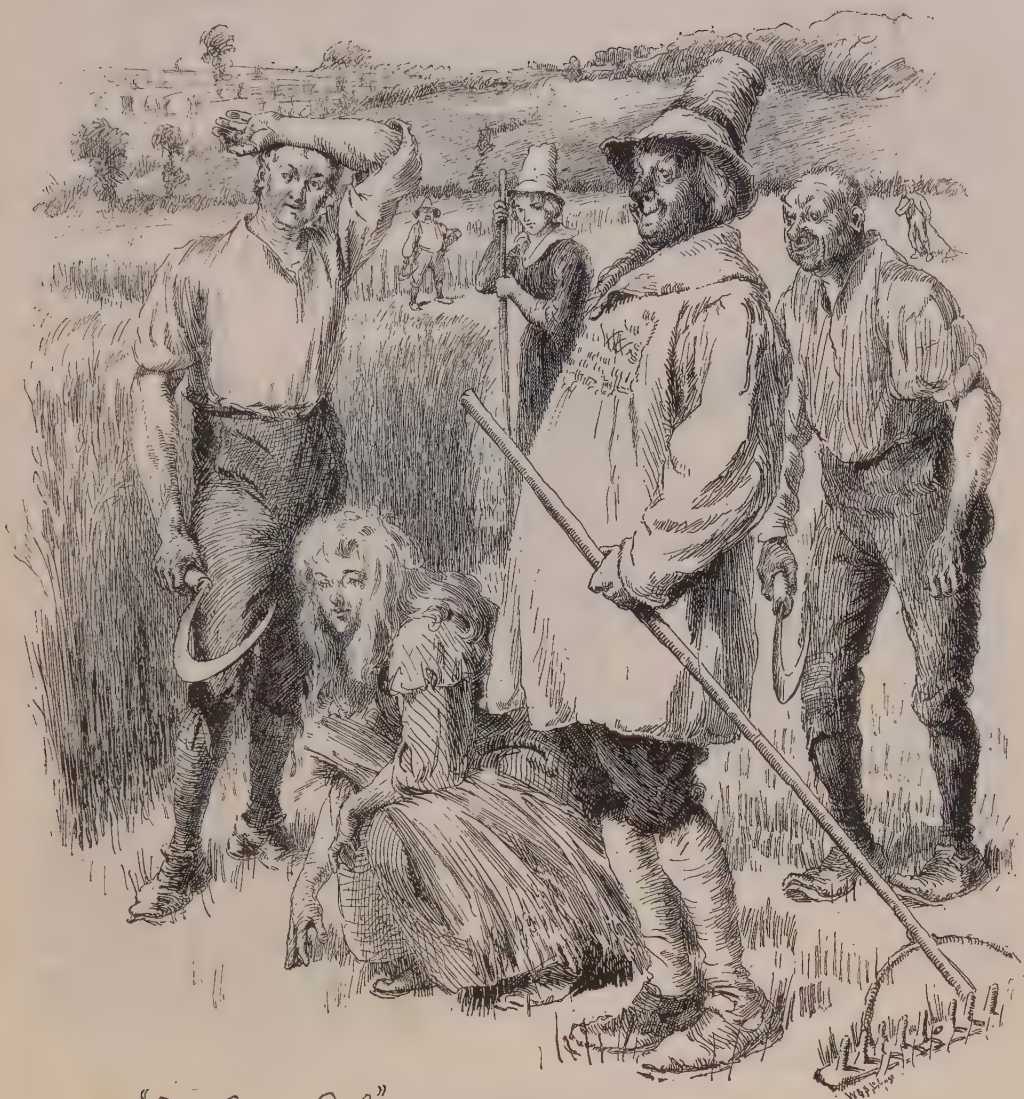
"That's the coach for me!" says the credulous Mirabel; "and I'm sure I shall feel at my ease in it. I suppose it is what used to be called the Old Mercury?"

Alas! not at all. The Devonport, commonly called the Quicksilver, mail, is half-an-hour faster than most in England, and is indeed the miracle of the road. She has no luggage on the top, it is true, but she is a



CRANE BRIDGE, SALISBURY.

From a Drawing by HERBERT RAITON.



"The Lanyon Coach"

From a Drawing by HUGH THOMSON.

mile in the hour quicker than the Comet ; at least three miles in the hour quicker than the Regulator ; and she performs more than half her journey by lamplight. Imagine Mirabel's condition when he discovers into what sort of coach he has been beguiled ! Past Hartley Row he flies, past Hook, where in The White Hart there was and is a splendid old inn ; but it is the dead of night now, and the inn is shut up if the Quicksilver stopped at it, which it didn't. The climax comes when old Mirabel awakens from the

sleep of exhaustion on a stage which is called the fastest of the journey—it is four miles of ground, and twelve minutes is the time. Mirabel now loses his head, and in spite of the assurances of the passengers that all is right, thrusts it out of the window to see where the deuce they are going to, sees nothing but dust and whirling wheels, and loses his wig. The unfeeling passengers remark, "I told you so," according to invariable recipe. Mirabel cries, "Stop, coachman !" The coachman hears him not. In



From a Drawing by HERBERT RAILTON.

another second the broad wheels of a road waggon have done the accursed thing; and a short time after the Quicksilver mail thunders through Basingstoke, which is forty-five miles one furlong from Hyde Park Corner, and as uninteresting a town as can be seen in a day's march.

And at Basingstoke I shall leave Mirabel and the Exeter mail, and go down the rest of the road in slower and more historic company.

Amongst the most distinguished of these must be mentioned Cromwell, who was extremely busy on this part of the Exeter road in 1645, taking Basing House (which

had defied the Parliamentarians for four years), stripping lead off the roof of the Abbey for casting bullets for the purposes of the siege, and generally impressing his iron personality on everything about. Little remains, thanks to him and time, I regret to say, of Basing House, except a ruined gateway and the indelible memories of its gallant defence for the king; but a great deal remains of the town of Basingstoke, which is a modern growth from old Basing, and which, though I understand it had once a large share of the silk and woollen trade, is chiefly remarkable, from my point of view, as being

the place where many of the West of England coaches stopped for their passengers to dine.

The road between here and Andover, about eighteen miles, runs through a desolate country, which already begins to anticipate in its lonely monotony some of the more engaging peculiarities of Salisbury Plain. Through this tract (it being give-and-take sort of land) the fast coaches made fast time; past Worting, once famous for its White Hart; past Overton, six miles and a half further on, famous for its trout stream and foxhounds—the celebrated Vyne; and so on

which, though a small place, has a railway junction and a history. Here Henry VII. rested from his labours after suppressing the insurrection of Perkin Warbeck; but whether the miserly Tudor put up at The Star and Garter, or the everlasting White Hart, or their mediæval equivalents, if there were any, is more than I can say. It was upon Andover, to link another royalty with the place, that James II. fell back, after the breaking-up of the camp at Salisbury. Here it was that he was deserted by Prince George, remarkable for his impenetrable stupidity



From a Drawing by HUGH THOMSON.

to Whitechurch, which is fifty-six miles six furlongs from Hyde Park Corner, and is not the bustling place now that it was when the coaches from London to Salisbury, and from Oxford to Winchester, crossed each other here, as they used to. It may be perhaps unnecessary for me to say that the inn at Whitechurch is The White Hart, but what adds interest to the fact is that it was here, while waiting for the down mail to Falmouth, that Newman began the *Lyra Apostolica*, with the lines, "Are these the tracks of some unearthly friend?"

Seven miles further and we are in Andover,

and his universal panacea for all contingencies in a catch-word. Whatever happened, "Est-il possible?" was his exclamation. He supped with the king, who was at the moment overwhelmed naturally enough with his misfortunes, said nothing during a dull meal, but directly it was over slipped out to the stable in the company of the Duke of Ormond, mounted, and rode off. James did not exhibit much surprise on learning the adventure, being used to desertion by this time. He merely remarked, "What, is 'Est-il possible?' gone too! A good trooper would have been a greater loss;" and left

for London—I was going to say by the next coach. At The Lion inn, readers of Thackeray will remember, the ingenious Barry Lyndon lay on the first night of his journey to Hackton Castle, county Devon; here he called up the landlord to crack a bottle with him in the evening; here Lady Lyndon took umbrage at the proceeding; and here the great Barry, “who hated pride,” “overcame,” as he delicately puts it, this vice in his haughty spouse.

To become geographical for a moment, it is at Andover, or, to be quite accurate, half a mile out of the town, that the two great coaching roads to the West of England diverge—one going by Little Ann, Little Wallop, Lobcombe Corner, and Winterslow

Hut (celebrated as the residence of Hazlitt, and as the scene, on the evening of October 20, 1816, of an attack by an escaped lioness on the Exeter mail) to Salisbury; the other route being by Weyhill, Mullens Pond, Park House, Amesbury, and thence to Exeter by Mere, Wincanton, and Ilminster. Of this road, which was the one taken by the Telegraph, more anon. The Quicksilver, the other crack coach on the Great Western road, which was timed eighteen hours for the 175 miles, changed horses at Salisbury, which is one of the most picturesque towns in the south of England, and will make a convenient halting-place for me, it being situate almost exactly half way between Exeter and London.

W. OUTRAM TRISTRAM.

AT MOONRISE.

How hushed and quiet the gaunt poplars spring
Beside the lake,
Where the song-weary thrush, head under wing,
Is nestling half-awake!

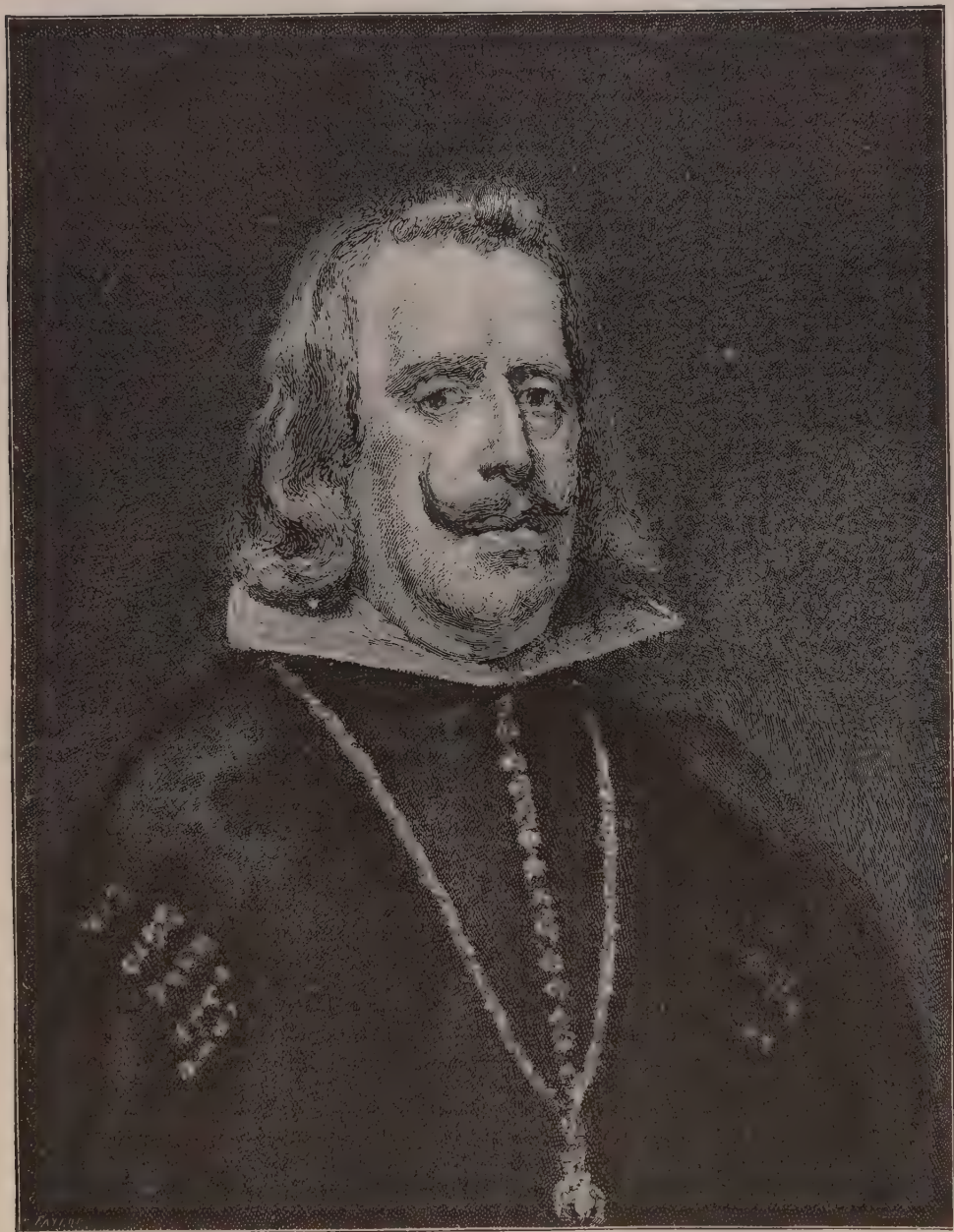
The warm grey lights of evening linger there
Or gently pass
Along the dappled water, and the air
No voice nor music has.

Low on the night's marge yonder, a big moon,
Cleaving the blue,
Comes up and silvers the broad shades which soon
The bats flit darkly through.

And visions, born of fancy and the night,
Glide to and fro,
Move with dream-feet amid the solemn light,
And softly come and go.

Across the moor—else silent over earth
And sky's wide range—
Steals the low laughter of two lovers' mirth:
How sweet it sounds, yet strange!

SIDNEY A. ALEXANDER.



PHILIP IV.

Engraved by R. TAYLOR, from the Painting by VELASQUEZ



"THAT GIRL IN BLACK."

BY MRS. MOLESWORTH.



HE was spoilt—deplorably, absurdly spoilt. But, so far, that was perhaps the worst that could fairly be said against him. There was genuine manliness still, some chivalry even, yet struggling spasmodically to make itself felt, and—what was practically, perhaps, of more account as a preservative—some small amount of originality in his character. He had still a good deal to learn, and something too to unlearn before he could take rank as pastmaster in the stupid worldliness of his class and time. For he was neither so *blasé* nor so cynical as he flattered himself, but young enough to affect being both to the extent of believing his own affectations real.

He was popular; his position and income were fair enough to have secured this to a considerable extent in these, socially speaking, easy-going days, even had he been without the further advantages of good looks and a certain arrogance, not to say insolence of bearing, which, though nothing can be acquired with greater facility and at less expenditure of brain tissue, appears to be the one not-to-be-disputed hall-mark of the period.

Why he went to Mrs. Englewood's reception that evening he could scarcely have told, or perhaps he would have vaguely shrunk from owning even to himself the real motives—of sincere though feeble loyalty to old associations, of faintly stirring gratitude for much kindness in the past—which had prompted the effort. For Mrs. Englewood was neither very rich, nor very beautiful, nor—worst of "nors"—very fashionable; scarcely, indeed, to be reckoned as of *notre monde* in any very exclusive sense of the words, though kindly, and fairly refined, irreproachable as wife and mother, and so satisfied with her lot as to be uninterestingly free from social ambition.

But her house was commonplace, she herself not specially amusing.

"If she'd be content to ask me there when they're alone—I like talking to her herself well enough," thought Despard, as he dressed. In his heart, however, he knew that would not do. He was more or less of a lion from Mrs. Englewood's point of view; she was not above a certain pride in knowing that for "old sake's sake" she could count upon him for her one party of the season. And for this, as she retained a real affection for the man she had known as that delightful thing—a bright, intelligent, and unspoilt boy, and as she thought of him still far more highly than he deserved to be thought of, her conscience left her unrebuked.

Year after year, it is true, her husband wet-blanketed her innocent pleasure in seeing the young man's name on her invitation list.

"That fellow! In your place, my dear Gertrude"—and an expressive raising of the eyebrows said the rest.

"But, Harry," she would mildly expostulate, "you forget. I knew him when he was——"

"So high—at Whipmore. Oh, yes; I know all about it. Well, well, take your way of it; it doesn't hurt me if you invite people who don't want to come."

"But who always *do* come, you must allow," she would reply triumphantly.

"And think themselves mighty condescending for doing so," Mr. Englewood put in.

"You don't do Despard justice. It's always the way with men, I suppose."

"Come now, don't be down upon me about it," he would say good-naturedly. "I don't stop your asking him. It isn't as if we had daughters. In that case——" but the rest was left to the imagination.

And this particular year Mrs. Englewood had smiled to herself at this point of the discussion.

"One can make plans even though one *hasn't* daughters," she reflected. "If Harry would let me ask him to dinner now—but I know there's no chance of that. And, after

all, a good deal may be done at an evening party. I should like to do Despard a good turn, and give him a start before any other. If I could give him a hint! But then there's my promise to her father,—and Despard is sure to be sensitive on those points. I might spoil it all. No; I shall appeal to his kind-heartedness; that is the best. How tender he used to be to poor Lilly when she was a tiny child! How he used to mount her up on his shoulders when she couldn't see the fireworks! I will tell Maisie that story! It is the sort of thing she will appreciate."

It was a hot, close evening. Though only May, there was thunder in the air, people said. Despard's inward dissatisfaction increased.

"Upon my soul it's too bad," he ejaculated while examining the flowers in his button-hole. "Why, when one's made up one's mind to do a disagreeable thing, should everything conspire to make it more odious than it need be, I wonder? I have really—more than half a mind—not to——"

Poor Gertrude Englewood, at that moment smilingly receiving her guests! She little knew how her great interest in the evening was trembling in the balance!

It was late when he arrived. Not that he had specially intended this. He cared too little about it to have considered whether he should be late or early, and, as he slowly made his way through the crowd at the doorway, he was conscious of but one wish—to get himself at once seen by his hostess, and then to make his escape as soon as possible. As to the first part of this little programme there was no difficulty. Scarcely did the first syllables of his name, "Mr. Despard Norreys," fall on the ear, before Mrs. Englewood's outstretched hand was in his, her pleasant face smiling up at him, her pleasant voice bidding him welcome. Yes, there was something difficult to resist about her; it was refreshing, somehow, and—there lay the secret—it brought back other days, when poor Jack's big sister, Gertrude, had welcomed the orphan schoolboy just as heartily, and when he had glowed with pride and gratification at her notice of him.

Despard's resigned, not to say sulky, expression cleared; it was no wonder Mrs. Englewood's old liking for him had suffered no diminution; he did show at his best with her.

"So pleased you've come, so good of you," she was saying simply.

Her words made the young man feel vaguely ashamed of himself.

"Good of me!" he repeated, flushing a little, though the same or a much more fervent greeting from infinitely more exalted

personages than Gertrude had often failed to disturb his composure. "No, indeed, very much the reverse. I'm sorry," with a glance round, "to be so late, especially as——"

"No, no, you're not to begin saying you can't stay long, the very moment you've come. Listen, Despard," and she drew him aside a little; "I want you to do something to please me to-night. I have a little friend here—a Miss Fforde—that I want you to be very good to. Poor little thing, she's quite a stranger, knows nobody, never been out. But she's a nice little thing. Will you ask her to dance? or—" for the shadow of a frown on her favourite's forehead became evident even to Mrs. Englewood's partial eyes—"if you don't care to dance, will you talk to her a little? Anything, you know, just to please her."

Despard bowed. What else could he do? Gertrude slid her hand through his arm.

"There she is," she said. "That girl in black over there by the fireplace. Maisie, my dear," for a step or two had brought them to the indicated spot, "I want to introduce my old friend, Mr. Despard Norreys, to you. Mr. Norreys—Miss Fforde;" and as she pronounced the names she drew her hand quietly away, and turned back towards her post at the door.

Despard bowed, and, with the very slightest possible instinct of curiosity, glanced at the girl before him. She was of middle height, rather indeed under than above it; she was neither very fair nor very dark; there was nothing very special or striking in her appearance. She was dressed in black; there was nothing remarkable about her attire, rather, as Despard saw in an instant, an absence of style, of finish, which found its epithet at once in his thoughts—"countrified, of course," he said to himself. But before he had time to decide on his next movement she raised her eyes, and for half an instant his attention deepened. The eyes were strikingly fine; they were very blue, but redeemed from the shallowness of very blue eyes by the depth of the eyelashes, both upper and lower. And just now there was a brightness, an expectancy in the eyes which was by no means their constant expression. For, lashes notwithstanding, Miss Fforde's blue eyes could look cold enough when she chose.

"Good eyes," thought Despard. But just as he allowed the words to shape themselves in his brain, he noticed that over the girl's clear, pale face a glow of colour was quickly spreading.

"Good gracious!" he ejaculated mentally, "she is blushing! What a bread-and-butter miss she must be—to *blush* because a man's introduced to her. And I am to draw her out!

It is really too bad of Mrs. Englewood;" and he half began to turn away with a sensation of indignation and almost of disgust.

But positive rudeness where a woman was concerned did not come easy to him. He stopped and muttered something indistinctly enough about "the pleasure of a dance." The girl had grown pale again by this time, and in her eyes a half startled, almost pained expression was replacing the glad expectancy. As he spoke, however, something of the former look returned to them.

"I—I shall be very pleased," she said. "I am not engaged for anything." "I should think not," he said to himself. "I am *quite* sure you dance atrociously."

But aloud he said with the slow, impassive tone in which some of his admirers considered him so to excel that "Despard's drawl" had its school of followers—

"Shall we say the—the tenth waltz? I fear it is the first I can propose."

"Thank you," Miss Fforde replied. She looked as if she would have been ready to say more had he in the least encouraged it, but he, feeling that he had done his duty, turned away—the more eagerly as at that moment he caught sight in the crowd of a lady he knew.

"Mrs. Marrinder! What a godsend!" he exclaimed.

He did not see Miss Fforde's face as he left her, and, had he done so, it would have taken far more than his very average modicum of discernment to have rightly interpreted the varying and curiously intermingling expressions which rapidly crossed it, like cloud-shadows alternating with dashes of sunshine on an April morning. She stood for a moment or two where she was, then glancing round and seeing a vacant seat in a corner she quietly appropriated it.

"The tenth waltz," she repeated to herself with the ghost of a smile. "I wonder ——" but that was all.

The evening wore on. Miss Fforde had danced once—but only once. It was with a man whom her host himself introduced to her, and, though good-natured and unaffected, he was boyish and commonplace; and she had to put some force on herself to reply with any show of interest to his attempts at conversation. She was engaged for one or two other dances, but it was hot, and the rooms were crowded, and with a scarcely acknowledged reflection—for Miss Fforde was young and inexperienced enough to think it hardly fair to make an engagement even for but a dance, to break it deliberately—that if her partners did *not* find her it would not much matter, the girl withdrew quietly into

a corner, where a friendly curtain all but screened her from observation, and allowed her to enjoy in peace the dangerous but delightful refreshment of an open window hard by.

The draught betrayed its source, however. She was scarcely seated when voices approaching caught her ears.

"Here you are—there must be a window open, it is ever so much cooler in this corner. Are you afraid of the draught?" said a voice she thought she recognised.

"No—o—at least—oh, this corner will do beautifully. The curtain will protect me. What a blessing to get a little air!" replied a second speaker—a lady evidently.

"People have no business to cram their rooms so. And these rooms are—well, not spacious. How in the world did you get Marrinder to come?"

The second speaker laughed. "It was quite the other way," she replied. "How did he get me to come? you might ask. He has something or other to do with our host, and made a personal matter of my coming, so, of course, I gave in."

"How angelic!"

"It is a penance; but we're going immediately."

"I shall disappear with you."

"You! Why you told me a moment ago that you were obliged to dance with some *protégée* of Mrs. Englewood's—that she had made a point of it. And you haven't danced with her yet, to my certain knowledge," said the woman's voice again.

A sort of groan was the reply.

"Why, what's the matter?" with a light laugh.

"I had forgotten; you might have let me forget and go off with a clear conscience."

"What is there so dreadful about it?"

"It is that girl in black I have to dance with for my sins. Such a little dowdy. I am convinced she can't waltz. It was truly putting old friendship to the test to expect it of me. And of all things I do detest a bread-and-butter miss. You can see at a glance that this one has never left a country village before. She——"

But his further confidences were interrupted by the arrival of Mr. Marrinder in search of his wife.

"You don't care to stay any longer, I suppose?" said the new comer.

"Oh, no; I am quite ready. I *was* engaged for this dance—the tenth, isn't it? But I am tired, and it doesn't matter. My partner, whoever he was, can find some one else." Good-night, Mr. Norreys."

"Let me go with you to the door at least,"

he replied. "I'll look about for that girl in black on my way, so that if I don't see her I can honestly feel I have done my duty."

Then there came a flutter and rustling, and Miss Fforde knew that her neighbours had taken their departure.

She waited an instant, and then came out of her corner.

"He is not likely to come back to look for me in this room," she thought; "but in case he possibly should, I—I shall not hide myself."

She had had a moment's sharp conflict with herself before arriving at this decision; and her usually pale face was still faintly flushed when, slowly making his way in the direction of the sofa where she had now conspicuously placed herself, she descried Mr. Norreys.

"Our dance—the tenth—I believe," he said, with an exaggeration of indifference, sounding almost as if he wished to irritate her into making some excuse to escape.

In her place nine girls out of ten would have done so, and without troubling themselves to hide their indignation. But Maisie Fforde was not one of those nine. She rose quietly from her seat and took his arm.

"Yes," she said, "it is our dance."

Something in her voice, or tone, made him glance at her with a shade more attention than he had hitherto condescended to bestow on "Mrs. Englewood's *protégée*." She was looking straight before her; her features, which he now discovered to be delicate in outline, and almost faultlessly regular in their proportions, wore an expression of perfect composure; only the slight, very slight, rose-flush on her cheeks would have told to one who knew her well of some inward excitement.

"By Jove!" thought Despard, "she's almost pretty—no, pretty's not the word. I never saw a face quite like it before. I suppose I didn't look at her, she's so badly, at least so desperately plainly dressed. I don't, however, suppose she can talk, and I'd bet any money she can't dance."

As regarded the first of his predictions, she gave him at present no opportunity of judging. She neither spoke nor looked at him. He hazarded some commonplace remark about the heat of the rooms; she replied by a monosyllable. Despard began to get angry.

"*Won't* talk, whether she *can* or not," he said to himself, when a second observation had met with no better luck. He glanced round the room; all the other couples were either dancing, or smiling and talking. He became conscious of a curious sensation as disagreeable as novel—he felt as if he were looking ridiculous.

He turned again to his partner in a sort of desperation.

"Will you dance?" he said, and his tone was almost rough; it had entirely lost its usual calm, half-insolent indifference.

"Certainly," she said, while a scarcely perceptible smile faintly curved her lips. "It is, I suppose, what we are standing up here for, is it not?"

Despard grew furious. "She is laughing at me," he thought. "Impertinent little nobody. Where in Heaven's name has Gertrude Englewood unearthed her from? Upon my soul, it is the very last time she will see me at her dances!"

And somehow his discomfiture was not decreased by a glance, an almost involuntary glance, at Miss Fforde as they began to dance. She was certainly not striking in appearance; she was middle-sized, barely that indeed; her dress was now, he began to perceive, plain with the plainness of intention, not of ignorance or economy. But yet, with it all—no, he could not honestly feel that he was right; she did not look like "a nobody."

There was a further discovery in store for him. The girl danced beautifully. Mr. Norreys imagined himself to have outlived all enthusiasm on such subjects, but now and then, in spite of the *rôle* which was becoming second nature to him, a bit of the old Despard—the hearty, unspoiled boy—cropped out, so to speak, unawares. This happened just now—his surprise had to do with it.

"You dance perfectly—exquisitely!" he burst out when at last they stopped. It was his second dance that evening only; neither he nor Miss Fforde was the least tired, and the room was no longer so crowded.

She looked up. There was no flush of gratification on her face, only a very slight—the slightest possible—sparkle in the beautiful eyes.

"Yes," she said quietly; "I believe I can dance well."

Despard bit his lips. For once in his life he felt absolutely at a loss what to say. Yet remain silent he would not, for by so doing it seemed to him as if he would be playing into the girl's hands.

"I *will* make her talk," he vowed internally.

It was not often he cared to exert himself, but he could talk, both intelligently and agreeably, when he chose to take the trouble. And gradually, though very gradually only, Miss Fforde began to thaw. She, too, could talk; though her words were never many, they struck him as remarkably well chosen and to the point. Yet more, they incited him to further effort. There was the restraint of

power about them; not her words only, but her tone and expression, the quick play of her features, the half-veiled glances of her eyes, were full of a curious fascination, seeming to tell how charming, how responsive a companion she might be if she chose.

But the fascination reacted as an irritant on Mr. Norreys. He could not get rid of a mortifying sensation that he was being sounded, and his measure taken by this presumptuous little girl. Yet he glanced at her. No; "presumptuous" was not the word to apply to her. He grew almost angry at last, to the extent of nearly losing his self-control.

"You are drawing me out, Miss Ford," he said, "in hopes of my displaying my ignorance. You know much more about the book in question, and the subject, than I do. If you will be so good as to tell me all about it, I——"

She glanced up quickly with, for the first time, a perfectly natural and unconstrained expression on her face.

"Indeed—indeed, no," she said. "I am very ignorant. In *some* ways I have had little opportunity of learning."

Despard's face cleared. There was no question of her sincerity.

"I thought you were playing me off," he said boyishly.

Miss Fforde burst out laughing, but she instantly checked herself.

"What a pity," thought Mr. Norreys. "I never heard a prettier laugh." "I did, indeed," he repeated, exaggerating his tone in hopes of making her laugh again.

But it was no use. Her face had regained the calm, formal composure it had worn at the beginning of the dance.

"She is like three girls rolled into one," thought Despard. "The shy, country-bred miss she seemed at first," and a feeling of shame shot through him at the recollection of his stupid judgment, "then this cold, impassive, princess-like damsel, and by fitful glimpses yet another, with nothing in common with either. And, notwithstanding the *rôle* she has chosen to play, I—I strongly suspect it is *but a rôle*," he decided hastily.

The riddle interested him.

"May I—will you not give me another dance?" he said deferentially. For the tenth waltz had come to an end.

"I am sorry I cannot," she replied. The words were simple and girlish, but the tone was regal. "Good-night, Mr. Norreys. I congratulate you on your self-sacrifice at the altar of friendship. You may now take your departure with a clear conscience."

He stared. She was repeating some of his

own words. Miss Fforde bowed coldly, and turned away. And Despard, bewildered, mortified even, though he would not own it, yet strangely attracted, and disgusted with himself for being so, after a passing word or two with his hostess, left the house.

An hour or two later Gertrude Englewood was bidding her young guest good-night.

"And oh, Maisie!" she exclaimed, "how did you get on with Despard? Is he not delightful?"

Miss Fforde smiled quietly. They were standing in her room, for she was to spend a night or two with her friend.

"I—to tell you the truth I would *much* rather not speak about him," she said. "He is very good-looking, and—well, not stupid, I dare say. But I am not used to men, you know, Gertrude—not to men of the day, at least, of which I suppose he is a type. I cannot say that I care to see more of them. I am happier at home with papa."

She turned away quickly. Gertrude did not see the tears that rose to the girl's eyes, or the rush of colour that overspread her face at certain recollections of that evening. She was nineteen, but it was her first "real" dance, and she felt as if years had passed since the afternoon only two days ago when she had arrived.

Mrs. Englewood looked and felt sadly disappointed. She had been so pleased with her own diplomacy.

"It will be different when you are a little more in the way of it," she said. "And—I really don't think your father should insist on your dressing *quite* so plainly. It will do the very thing he wants to avoid—it will make you remarkable."

"No, no," said Maisie, shaking her head. "Papa is quite right. You must allow it had not that effect this evening. No one asked to be introduced to me."

"There was such a crowd——" Gertrude began, but this time Maisie's smile was quite a hearty one as she interrupted her.

"Never mind about that," she said. "But do tell me one thing. I saw Mr. Norreys speaking to you for a moment as he went out. You didn't say anything about me to him, I hope?"

"No," said Mrs. Englewood, "I did not. I would have liked to do so," she added honestly, "but somehow he looked queer—not exactly bored, but not encouraging. So I just let him go."

"That's right," said Maisie; "thank you. I am so glad you didn't. I do hope I shall never see him again," she added to herself.



ET CÆTERA.



THE very latest returned of Cockney tourists has by this time had at least a month in which to repent of his holiday; and out of the hundreds of thousands who set out annually in pursuit of recreation from London

alone, every August and September, there must in the nature of things be many scores, perhaps many hundreds, who afterwards wish they hadn't. But is it not just possible that the judicious reader may agree with me in thinking that the practice of deriding the blunders and sufferings of this class of our fellow-creatures is indulged in nowadays to a somewhat ridiculous excess? When the gravest of grave daily newspapers takes to poking its stately, not to say stilted, fun at the "overdriven tourist," and to contrasting the *convée* of Mr. Cook's personally conducted parties with the more gracious state of him who religiously refrains from visiting any of the "show places" in the localities which he honours with his vacation visit—when, I say, the humble follower of the harmless necessary Cook is reduced to that most unhappy of all objects, the target for the jests of the serious, the butt of the jokes of those who "jock wi' deeficulty," it is surely time to put in a word for him. "Overdriven tourists," quotha! Yes, good Mr. Sniff, there is no doubt an abundance of well-merited satire to be got out of a certain class of continental travellers, who suffer themselves to be overdriven, or rather who overdrive themselves. But I am not so sure that you find them in the greatest numbers among the *clientèle* of Messrs. Cook & Son. I rather think that the archetypal tourist of this description is he whom some inspired collector of human specimens classified once

for all as the "globe-trotter," and the true globe-trotter is to be found among those who take their holiday by the year, and not by the month, and whose bear-leader is not the professional tourist agent, but the private courier, assisted by the *laquais de place*. Surely it is far less offensive to good sense and good taste, to compress into a brief and hardly-earned vacation a little more sight-seeing than can be adequately enjoyed within its limits (even though for economy, both of time and money, it be necessary for the holiday maker to place himself in the hands of an expert), than it is, say, for an American blessed with an abundance of wealth and leisure, to hurry round the world at railroad speed, in order to be able merely to return the more speedily to the oil-wells (Mycenæ, Pa., U.S.A.), and to say that he has done it. Nor perhaps, dear satirist of Printing House Square, is the toil which you ridicule so intolerable as to your superior personality it doth appear. The countenances of the personally conducted may seem to you expressive rather of pain and weariness, as you face them across the hotel breakfast-table, than of pleasurable anticipation: but then, neither are the countenances of them who take their stand at the pit or gallery door of a theatre at six P.M. indicative (at six fifty-five P.M.) of perfect happiness. Yet do they nevertheless consider that the entertainment which awaits them in a few minutes hence will amply repay the hour's "scrowdging" which they have undergone from a throng of other expectant playgoers: and the mental attitude of many a follower of Mr. Cook does not differ materially from that of the eager popular patron of one of Mr. Irving's latest productions. Do not reply, I beg of you, that that is not the mood in which to take a *holiday*—emphasising the word with all the articulatory italics of contempt. For there

are holidays and holidays, as there are pleasure-takers and takers of pleasure. Think it not strange that the whirl of constant travel, the din of outlandish languages, the confusing panorama of cities, churches, galleries, monuments, mountains, waterfalls, should fill some simple minds with a delight not diminished, I had almost said actually enhanced, by the chaos of impressions which they leave behind. Such a mind is not yours, I know, dear critic of the overdriven tourist, nor perhaps is it mine. It belongs to the ardent and untiring temperament of that golden day of youth which—if I may without impertinence claim you as a contemporary—we have both left behind us. The time will come, and come all too soon to the hurrying tourist, when he will no longer find it pleasant—nay, when he will no longer find it possible—to rush through Europe in the train of Mr. Cook; when it would be no pleasure but rather pain and grief to him to do a continental capital in a couple of days, a continental province in a week, a continental empire in a month; and when he will find it more satisfying to his bodily and mental needs to dream away his autumnal holiday in some quiet English village, unhaunted by the “tripper,” or—if such a thing can now be found—in some still maiden nook among the Highland glens. Assuredly the day will come when he will say to himself sadly but firmly: “No: it is true that I am unacquainted with this or that Italian lake; that I should greatly enjoy a few weeks’ holiday in this or the other untrodden corner of Switzerland, but I will not, for the sake of seeing either the one or the other—I will not consent to eat fowl for thirty-five evenings in succession between the hours of six and seven o’clock.” And it is because this day comes some time or other to all of us, that the wise man will have his answer ready for such as gird, in the well-known formula, at those who hurry off yearly to the Continent before they have made acquaintance with “the manifold beauties of his own country.” His answer is that the proper age for foreign travel is when the spirits are high and the digestion vigorous: and that the manifold beauties of one’s own country should be reserved for the slacker energies, the more fastidious appetite, and the increasing indolence of middle age.

France, at any rate, has found her “book of the season.” The *Napoleon et ses Détracteurs* of Prince Napoleon has had, it appears, a *succès fou*. No fewer, it is said, than eight editions of the work were already bespoken

before the “advance sheets” of the volume had issued from the press. The interest in “Plon Plon’s” performance—executed, as he observes, in a sentence which will tickle many a Republican spleen, in “a retreat from which I behold the mountains of that Savoy which I assisted in adding to the dominions of my country”—is natural enough as a tribute to his political personality and family connection; but it can hardly be said to be merited by any qualities of the book itself. To begin with, the author has selected his opponents with too manifest an eye to facilities of refutation and with too careful avoidance of the most formidable critics, and the most damaging criticisms of his hero. His examination of Bourrienne, Madame de Rémusat, Miot de Melito, the Abbé de Pradt, and Prince Metternich is able enough; but what is to be said of a champion who enters and quits these particular lists without venturing to touch the shield of M. Lanfrey? And, after all, there are certain *détracteurs* of the first Napoleon with whom no human critic of his career, however powerful or hostile, can possibly compete, but to whom his nephew has studiously refrained from giving battle. Where these detractors are to be looked for is sufficiently indicated in the passage which the Prince has himself quoted from one of the utterances of the exile of St. Helena. “Ma mémoire,” said he, “se compose des faits, et de simples paroles ne sauraient les détruire.” History may well be content to accept the issue thus tendered to her, and so far from attempting to “destroy” Napoleon’s “deeds” by words, it would be sufficient for her to rest her case against him upon certain of his admitted deeds alone. The names of the real *détracteurs* with whom no apologist for the life of Napoleon has been able successfully to grapple are not Bourrienne or Miot or Prince Metternich or Madame de Rémusat. They are the names of a Nuremberg bookseller and of a French prince of the blood. The accusers whom it behoved Napoleon’s nephew to silence are the unhappy Palm before his military judges and the Duc d’Enghien facing the firing party in the ditch of Vincennes. But of these *détracteurs* Prince Napoleon has nothing to say. Nor has he a word to bestow on such a wretched business as his uncle’s legacy to Cantillon, the French officer who was tried for an attempt on the life of the Duke of Wellington—perhaps the most hopelessly ignoble bequest which has ever found its way into any testamentary document on record. On the whole, it is to be

feared, I think, that the pious "nephew of his uncle" has undertaken an impossible task. The world has pretty well made up its mind as to the character of the great Napoleon, and it is both too late and too early to attempt the operation of white-washing him with any prospect of success. There has been time enough for the glow of romance which surrounds the figure of the departed hero to fade, while there has not been time enough for the facts to become uncertain and indistinct. And the immediate political object of this latest performance in the whitewashing kind is sufficiently palpable to render Prince Napoleon's *plaidoyer* somewhat damagingly suspect. In his rhetorical closing chapter, under the heading of "L'Homme et son Œuvre," the purpose of the author is a little too plainly displayed. As Mr. George Meredith observes, in a note now lying before me, "It is an example of the betraying cleverness of the devil to ruin a cause partly gained by so blushless an exhibition of the cloven hoof of Cæsarism."

It is with diffidence that I hazard conjecture, but there really does appear to be a sign that one of the silliest of the so-called educational "movements" of the day is beginning to shame its supporters into a sense of its obscurantist fatuity. The Spelling Reform Association, which has its head-quarters in America, and has just started a quarterly magazine, under the original and picturesque title of *Spelling*, is to be heartily congratulated on having involuntarily struck one of the severest of all possible blows at the crack-brained cause which it represents. When once the Fonetie Fanatic fales in the curriage of his convicshuns, wen wunce he hezitates to go the hole hog with Mr. Pitman, it is all up with him. The Fonetie Fanatic who compromises is lost, and the statement with which the Spelling Reform Association have prefaced their what they should, but apparently dare not describe as their "nu vencher," simply bristles with compromises. Its concessions to usage so enormously outnumber its revolts thereagainst, that the latter almost escape notice; and a sentence from the journal of this Association, instead of looking, as it ought to look, on phonetic principles, like so much "printer's pie," resembles only a piece of ordinary English typography, after a mischievous boy has amused himself by stealing a few "e's" out of it, and here and there substituting an "f" for a "ph." "Spelling," says the artless *exposé des motifs*

which these gentlemen have put forth—"spelling is the representation, by visibl symbols, of the sounds of human speech, in the order of their articulation. To distinguish and describe these sounds and the mode of their articulation is the business of fonetics; to devise and apply intelligibl symbols for them is the business of spelling. Spelling is the grafic and visibl form, as pronunciation is the fysiological and audibl form of language." It is fortunate for the Association that the very proposition from which they start is false: for if it were true it would signally condemn their practice. If spelling were really nothing more than the representation by visible symbols of human speech, it would not only be right to spell visible, "visibl," but it would be perfectly legitimate to spell symbols, "cymbals." Spelt in the latter way, the word is not a whit less exact—while "representashun" is a more exact—representation of its particular "sound of human speech" than it would be if spelt in the former way. But the truth is, of course, that spelling is not a "cymbal," but a "symbol": it is intended to symbolise instead of merely "cymbalising," to convey an idea and to record its history, as well as to guide the vocal utterance of a mere unmeaning sound. Orthography, in other words, according, at least, to any enlightened conception of it, has a message to the eye and mind as well as a message to the ear, and the superior importance of that message to the eye and mind increases in direct proportion to the antiquity, the vocabular wealth and the literary perfection of the language with which we may have to deal. And it is precisely for these reasons that "movements" such as that which the Association represents, will always encounter the uncompromising, and it is safe, I hope, to predict the victorious opposition of every person of taste, knowledge, and culture outside the narrow circle of the little band of misguided doctrinaires, made mad on the subject by their too much learning, who have been foolish enough to lend the Fonetie Fanatics the encouragement of their more or less distinguished names.

"I stood," once wrote a little boy of my acquaintance, aged nine, in a letter describing to his affectionate parents a visit to Canterbury,—“I stood by the tomb of Thomas à Becket—a memorable moment for a thinking mind.” It is the proud function of national monuments to provide little boys with moments of this kind; and certainly no country supplies the thinking mind of nine more

abundantly with such food for reflection than our own. Not that there are very many, or that there could in any country be very many spots so peculiarly stimulative of Tommy's matured powers of meditation as Canterbury Cathedral. It is one of the comparatively few places which preserve the memory, not only of great historic figures, but at the same time of famous or infamous historic deeds connected with their names. The exact *locus in quo* of such deeds is rarely to be fixed with accuracy. Even when they have occurred within four walls, the edifices which witnessed them (at least if secular or below the rank of a palace) *habent sua fata*; and even when the lapse of time does not lay them in ruins, they may be turned to modern purposes which sadly mar their ancient associations. Few minds are so robustly romantic as to be able to withstand the shock of finding the goal of a reverent pilgrimage in the tap-room of a pothouse or in the back parlour of an establishment dedicated to the accumulation of marine stores. Cathedrals and palaces, prisons and fortresses, are the only buildings which can count with any approach to certainty on perpetuating the identification of historic spots, in the minutely localised sense of the word; and even with them the certainty is not absolute. When we have listened deferentially to the lecture of the Holyrood *cicerone* and duly stared at the (so-called) blood-stain on the floor of Mary's (reputed) ante-chamber, can it be said that we feel entirely confident of having stood on the very spot on which "Master David" expired under the fifty-six dagger-thrusts of his assassins? Are we even quite certain of the famous "window in the Banqueting House at Whitehall," or rather of the space between the upper and lower centre windows, of about seven feet in height and four in breadth, through which a way was broken for the last doleful passage of fallen royalty on the 30th of January, 1649? The precise and unmistakable localization of the scene of Becket's murder therefore was well calculated to make a visit to his tomb produce a deep impression on my thoughtful young friend—to say nothing of the fact that assassinations of prelates are rare, assassinations in sacred edifices perhaps rarer, and a crime which combines both these characteristics possibly unique. The Scotch, curiously enough, are one ahead of us in the prelate-assassination competition, as the names of Cardinal Beaton and Archbishop Sharp will remind those who have not got Lord Macaulay's schoolboy at their elbow; and the Scotch having got this clear

lead, we are not likely now, I suppose, to catch them up. But in the matter of political murders in sacred edifices, the game—if the levity of the expression may be pardoned—is, to the best of my knowledge, "one all" between the Scotch and ourselves. The slaying of the Red Comyn, however, in the Grey Friars Church of Dumfries, by Robert Bruce and Kirkpatrick of Closeburn, does not compare for a moment with Becket's murder at Canterbury—the murder not of a layman but of a priest, nor of a priest only but of a prelate, nor of a prelate only but of a primate, nor only in a place of worship but in a cathedral, nor only in a cathedral but at the very metropolitan *cathedra* of the victim's primacy, nor there alone but on the very steps of its altar. No wonder that the place was hallowed indeed to the imagination of the ages of faith, and that the track of the foreign pilgrims, travelling from Southampton to the shrine of St. Thomas, should be still visible on our Surrey downs.

Out of doors, however, the scenes of historic incidents almost inevitably lose their identity in the course of time; and though here and there the forest tree, a shaft of nature's cathedral, may occasionally perpetuate, or profess to perpetuate, the memory of some deed performed centuries back beneath its shade, even here the evidence is seldom quite above suspicion. "Charter Oaks" and "King's Oaks" and the like have met with their doubters, who have had many disagreeable arguments to allege on behalf of these doubts. One of the oldest, and certainly not the least interesting of these outdoor memorials, has perhaps as good a historic pedigree as any—I mean that by which the most mysterious of all English royal deaths has for nearly eight centuries been commemorated. Deep in the heart of the noblest of our forests, in a spot as sequestered from the foot and as undisturbed by the voice of man as it was in those far-off days themselves, there stands a stone, on which, in English leaving something to be desired, the legend runs: "Here stood the oak tree, on which an arrow shot by Sir Walter Tyrell at a stag glanced and struck King William II. (surnamed Rufus) in the heart, of which he instantly died, on the 2nd day of August, 1100." Here, at least, I think that it is tolerably safe, on the evidence, to indulge our historic emotions, and that there is no reasonable fear of our wasting them on the wrong object. The spot on which William's body was found must have been matter of common local knowledge; the oak is a long-lived tree, and Lord Delaware, who erected

the stone, had himself seen it growing in the spot in 1749. Add to this that down till Henry VIII.'s time the place was further marked by an oratory in which masses for the peace of Rufus's soul were sometimes said, and we may without misgiving allow our historic imaginations to "play freely" round the scene. Especially so at evening-tide, when the rays of the setting sun strike as straight and level down this glen as Tyrrel's deadly shaft itself; and we can fancy the Red King gazing, with his bridle hand raised, as in the narrative of Orderic, to shade his eyes from the sunset glare, and uttering the fatal summons, "Shoot, Walter, shoot, in the devil's name!" In these sylvan solitudes, with trees whose growth is of ages around one on every hand, and no other sight or sound within vision and hearing than such as must have fallen that day on the eye and ear of this doomed hunter, the intervening centuries easily disappear, and it needs but the merest modicum of imagination to re-people this forest with the Red King's wild, half-drunken followers, and to re-enact the scene.

To pass to a subject which has its affinities with the foregoing, I venture to suggest that it will tend to the assistance of this and similar efforts of the imagination to dispense as far as possible with the services of the guidebook. I do not wish to be ungrateful to these useful compilations, from which I, in common, I suppose, with most other people, have occasionally derived real and valuable information. But I have seldom done so without wishing that my instructor had been almost any one else in the world than the ingenious author of the handy manual in my knapsack or the more bulky volume which travels in my portmanteau. Has the ideal guide-book yet been—will it ever be—written? Will the glaring sins of omission and commission which deface the average guide-book ever disappear? Will its manifold defects ever be corrected; its irritating redundancies ever be retrenched? How easy it is to make a list of more or less serious faults of one or other of which the authors of these maddening manuals are wont to be guilty! And how difficult it is to find

a guide-book which is guiltless of them! What varieties of evil, as the old Greek pentameter has it, are there to be set against the "simple singleness of good"! There is the inaccurate guide-book, the ill arranged guide-book, the mapless guide-book, the unindexed guide-book, the vague, the too minute, the too allusive, the two timidly non-political, the obtrusively controversial, the gushing, and last and worst of all, the facetious guide-book. Do not we all know the man whose references never "come off" who is under a constitutional incapacity to refrain from writing or printing "p. 96" when he means "p. 69"?—the man whose letterpress, with its routes and branch-routes, beginning from half a dozen different points at once, forms a "mighty maze," and is quite (as Pope originally wrote) "without a plan"; the man who cheerily tells you that a "twenty minutes' walk in a south-westerly direction through a pinewood," to be entered by a path "somewhat difficult to find, but which will be pointed out to you by any native whom you may come across," (in a region miles away from any human habitation) "leads to," &c. &c. Are we not all too familiar with the two opposite types of guides,—the one who never by any chance mentions the date of any historical event, and the other who cannot refer even to Queen Anne without adding the parenthetical statement, "(died A.D. 1714)." As to the allusive, the gushing and the facetious varieties, it would be too painful to give illustrations of them—of the last especially—even if I felt equal to the task. Sometimes, though happily not often, characteristics of all these three last varieties are found combined in the author of a single guide. At the top of the page he will show you by a dozen elegant extracts and graceful allusions what terms of familiarity he is on with the best literature of all ages, and then after a paragraph or so of masterly "word painting" descriptive of the lake or mountain he is taking you out to see, he will walk home with you to your inn, joking on the way with all the playful humour of the maddest wag who has left his mark on the visitors' book. Of all guides this is the most depressing; let my readers pray that they fall not into his hands.

H. D. TRAILL.



A CHRISTMAS VISITOR.

From a Drawing by HUGH THOMSON.

The English Illustrated Magazine.

JANUARY, 1888.

"THAT GIRL IN BLACK."

By MRS. MOLESWORTH.

PART II.



HOPE not destined to be fulfilled.

For though Maisie wrote home to "papa" the morning after Mrs. Englewood's dance, earnestly begging for leave to return to the country at once instead of going

on to her next visit, and assuring him that she felt she would never be happy in fashionable society, never be happy *anywhere*, indeed, away from him and everything she cared for, papa was inexorable! It was natural she should be homesick at first, he replied; natural, and indeed unavoidable, that she should feel strange and lonely; and, as she well knew, she could not possibly long more to be with him again, than he longed to have her; but—there were all the reasons she knew full well why she should stay in town as had been arranged; the very reasons which had made him send her now made him say she must remain. Her own good sense would show her the soundness of his motives, and she must behave like his own brave Maisie. And the girl never knew what this letter had cost her invalid father, nor how he shrank from opposing her wishes.

"She set off so cheerfully," he said to himself, "and she has only been there three days. And she seemed rather to have enjoyed her first dinner-party and the concert, or whatever it was, that Gertrude Englewood took her to. What can have happened at the evening party? She dances well, I know; and she is not the sort of girl to expect or care much about ball-room admiration."

Poor man! it was, so far, a disappointment to him. He would have liked to get a merry, happy letter that morning as he sat at his solitary breakfast. For he had no fear, no shadow of a fear, that his Maisie's head ever could be turned.

"I have guarded against all dangers of that kind for her, at least," he said to himself, "provided I have not gone too far and made her too sober-minded. But no; after all, it is erring on the safe side—considering everything."

Three or four evenings after Mrs. Englewood's dance Despard found himself at a musical party. He was in his own *milieu* this time, and proportionately affable—with the cool, condescending affability which was the nearest approach to making himself agreeable that he recognised. He had been smiled at by the beauty of the evening, much enjoying her discomfiture when he did *not* remain many minutes by her side; he had been all but abjectly entreated by the most important of the dowagers, a very great lady indeed, in every sense of the word, to promise his assistance at her intended theatricals; he had, in short, received the appreciation which was due to him, and was now resting on his oars, comfortably installed in an easy chair, debating within himself whether it was worth while to give Mrs. Belmont a fright by engrossing her pretty daughter, and thus causing to retire from her side in the sulks Sir Henry Gayburn, to whom the girl was talking. For Sir Henry was rich, and was known to be looking out for a wife, and Despard had long since been erased from the maternal list of desirable possibilities.

"Shall I?" he was saying to himself as he lay back with a smile, when a voice beside

him made him look up. It was that of the son of the house, a friend of his own; the young man seemed annoyed and perplexed.

"Norreys! oh, do me a good turn, will you? I have to look after the lady who has just been singing, and my mother's fussing about a girl who's been sitting all the evening alone. She's a stranger. Will you be so awfully good as to take her down for an ice or something?"

Despard looked round. He could scarcely refuse a request so couched, but he was far from pleased.

"Where is she? Who is she?" he asked, beginning languidly to show signs of moving.

"There—over by the window—that girl in black," his friend replied. "Who she is I can't say. My mother told me her name was Ford. Come along, and I'll introduce you, that's a good fellow."

Despard by this time had risen to his feet.

"Upon my soul," he ejaculated.

But Mr. Leslie was in too great a hurry to notice the unusual emphasis with which he spoke.

And in half a second he found himself standing in front of the girl, who, the last time they met, had aroused in him such unwonted emotions.

"Miss Ford," murmured young Leslie, "may I introduce Mr. Norreys?" and then Mr. Leslie turned on his heel and disappeared.

Despard stood there perfectly grave. He would hazard no repulse; he waited for her.

She looked up, but there was no smile on her face—only the calm self-composedness which it seemed to him he knew so well. How was it so? Had he met her before in some former existence? Why did all about her seem at once strange and yet familiar? He had never experienced the like before.

These thoughts—scarcely thoughts indeed—flickered through his brain as he looked at her. They served one purpose at least, they prevented his feeling or looking awkward, could such a state of things be conceived possible!

Seeing that he was not going to speak, remembering, perhaps, that if he remembered the last words she had honoured him with, he could scarcely be expected to do so, she at last opened her lips.

"That," she said quietly, slightly inclining her head in the direction where young Leslie had stood, "was, under the circumstances, unnecessary."

"He did not know," said Despard.

"I suppose not; though I don't know. Perhaps you told him you had forgotten my name."

"No," he replied, "I did not. It would not have been true."

She smiled, very slightly.

"There is no dancing to-night," she said. "May I ask——?" and she hesitated.

"Why I ventured to disturb you?" he interrupted. "I was requested to take you down stairs for an ice or whatever you may prefer to that. The farce did not originate with me, I assure you."

"Do you mean by that that you will *not* take me down stairs?" she said, smiling again as she got up from her seat. "I should like an ice very much."

Despard bowed without speaking, and offered her his arm.

But when he had piloted her through the crowd, and she was standing quietly with her ice, he broke the silence.

"Miss Ford," he began, "as the fates have again forced me on your notice, I should like to ask you a question."

She raised her eyes inquiringly. No—he had not exaggerated their beauty.

"I should like to know the meaning of the strange words you honoured me with as I was leaving Mrs. Englewood's the other evening. I do not think you have forgotten them."

"No," she replied, "I have not forgotten them, and I meant them, and I still mean them. But I will not talk about them or explain anything I said."

There was nothing the least flippant in her tone—only quiet determination. But Despard, watching keenly, saw that her lips quivered a little as she spoke.

"As you choose," he said. "Of course, in the face of such a very uncompromising refusal, I can say nothing more."

"Then shall we go up stairs again?" proposed Miss Fforde.

Mr. Norreys acquiesced. But he had laid his plans, and he was a more diplomatic adversary than Miss Fforde was prepared to cope with.

"I finished reading the book we were speaking of the other evening," he began in a matter-of-fact voice; "I mean ——," and he named the book. "At least, I fancy it was you I was discussing it with! The last volume falls off greatly."

"Oh, *do* you think so?" said the girl in a tone of half-indignant disappointment, falling blindly into the trap. "I on the contrary felt that the last volume made amends for all that was unsatisfactory in the others. You see by it what he was driving at all the time, and that the *persiflage* and apparent cynicism were only means to an end. I do

hate cynicism—it is so easy, and such a little makes such a great effect."

Something in her tone made Despard feel irritated. "Is she hitting at me again?" he thought. And the idea threw him, in his turn, off his guard.

The natural result was that both forgot themselves in the interest of the discussion. And Despard, when he, as it were, awoke to the realisation of this, took care not to throw away the advantage he had gained. He drew her out, he talked as he but seldom exerted himself to do, and when, at the end of half-an-hour or so, an elderly lady whom he knew by name only, was seen approaching them, and Miss Fforde sprang to her feet, exclaiming,

"Have you been looking for me? I hope not"—he smiled quietly as he prepared to withdraw—he had succeeded!

"Good-night, Mr. Norreys," said Maisie simply.

"Two evenings ago she would not say good-night at all," he thought. But he made no attempt to do more than bow quietly.

"You are very—cold, grim—no, I don't know what to call it, Maisie, dear," said the lady, her cousin and present chaperone, as they drove away; "in your manner to men; and that man in particular—Despard Norreys. It is not often he is so civil to any girl."

"I detest all men—all young men," replied Maisie irritably.

"But, my dear, you should be commonly civil. And he had been giving himself, for him, unusual trouble to entertain you." "Can he know about her? Oh, no, it is impossible," she added to herself.

Miss Fforde closed her lips firmly. But in a moment or two she opened them again.

"Cousin Agnes," she said, half smiling, "I am afraid you are quite mistaken. If I had not been what you call 'commonly civil,' would he have gone on talking to me? On the contrary, I am sadly afraid I was far too civil."

"My dear child," ejaculated her cousin, "what do you mean?"

"Oh," said Maisie, "I don't know. Never mind the silly things I say. I like being with you, Cousin Agnes, but I don't like London. I am much happier at home in the country."

"But, my dear child, when I saw you at home a few months ago you were looking forward with pleasure to coming. What has changed you? What has disappointed you?"

"I am not suited for anything but a quiet country life—that is all," said Miss Fforde.

"But, then, Maisie, afterwards, you know, you will *have* to come to town and have a house of your own and all that sort of thing. It is necessary for you to see something of the world to prepare you for——"

"Afterwards isn't *now*, Cousin Agnes. And I am doing my best, as papa wished," said the girl wearily. "Do let us talk of something else. Really sometimes I do wish I were any one but myself."

"Maisie," said her cousin reproachfully, "you know, dear, that isn't right. You must take the cares and responsibilities of a position like yours along with the advantages and privileges of it."

"I know," Miss Fforde replied meekly enough; "but, Cousin Agnes, do tell me who was that very funny-looking man with the long fluffy beard whom you were talking to for some time."

"Oh, that, my dear, was Count Dalmiati, the celebrated" so-and-so, and once launched in her descriptions Cousin Agnes left Maisie in peace.

Two days later came the afternoon of Lady Valence's garden party. It was one of the garden parties to which "everybody" went—Despard Norreys for one, as a matter of course. He had got more gratification and less annoyance out of his second meeting with Miss Fforde; for he flattered himself he knew how to manage her now—"that little girl in black, who thinks herself so wonderfully wise, forsooth!" Yet the sting was there still; the very persistence with which he repeated to himself that he had mastered her showed it. His thoughts recurred to her more than they were in the habit of doing to any one or anything but his own immediate concerns. Out of curiosity, merely, no doubt; curiosity increased by the apparent improbability of satisfying it. For no one seemed to know anything about her. She might have dropped from the skies. He had indeed some difficulty in recalling her personality to the two or three people to whom he applied for information.

"A girl in black—at the Leslies' musical party? Why, my dear fellow, there were probably a dozen girls in black there. There usually is a good sprinkling of black frocks at evening parties," said one of the knowers of everybody whom he had selected to honour with his inquiries. "What was there remarkable about her? There must have been something to attract *your* notice."

"No, on the contrary," Despard replied, "she was remarkably *unremarkable*;" and he laughed lightly. "It was only rather absurd. I have seemed haunted by her once

or twice lately, and yet nobody knows anything about her, except that her name is Ford."

"Ford," said his companion; "that does not tell much. And not pretty, you say?"

"Pretty, oh, yes. No, not exactly pretty," and a vision of Maisie's clear cold profile, and—yes, there was no denying it—*most* lovely eyes, rose before him. "More than pretty," he would have said had he not been afraid of being laughed at. "I don't really know how to describe her, and it is of less than no consequence. I don't suppose I shall ever see her again," and he went on to talk of other matters.

He did see her again, however, and it was, as will have already been supposed, at Lady Valence's garden party that he did so. It was a cold day, of course. The weather, with its usual consideration, had changed that very morning, after having been, for May, really decently mild and agreeable. The wind had veered round to the east, and it seemed probable that the rain would look in, an uninvited guest, in the course of the afternoon.

Lady Valence declared herself in despair, but as nobody could remember the weather ever being anything but highly detestable the day of her garden party, it is to be hoped that she in reality took it more philosophically than she allowed. Despard strode about feeling very cold, and wondering why he had come, and why, having come, he stayed. There was a long row of conservatories and ferneries, and glass-houses of every degree of temperature not far from the lawn, where at one end the band was playing, and at the other some deluded beings were eating ices. Despard shivered; the whole was too ghastly. A door in the centre house stood invitingly open, and he turned in. Voices near at hand, female voices, warned him off at one side, for he was not feeling amiable, and he hastened in the opposite direction. By degrees the pleasant warmth, the extreme beauty of the plants and flowers amidst which he found himself, the solitariness, too, soothed and subdued his irritation.

"If I could smoke," he began to say to himself, when, looking round with a half-formed idea of so doing, he caught sight amidst the ferns of feminine drapery. Someone was there before him—but a very quiet, mouse-like somebody. A somebody who was standing there motionless, gazing at the tall tropical plants, enjoying, apparently, the warmth and the quiet like himself.

"That girl in black, that sphinx of a girl

again—by Jove!" murmured Despard under his breath, and as he did so, she turned and saw him.

Her first glance was of annoyance; he saw her clearly from where he stood, there was no mistaking the fact. But, so quickly that it was difficult to believe it had been there, the expression of vexation passed. The sharply contracted brows smoothed; the graceful head bent slightly forward; the lips parted.

"How do you do, Mr. Norreys?" she said. "We are always running against each other unexpectedly, are we not?"

Her tone was perfectly natural, her manner expressed simple pleasure and gratification. She was again the third, the rarest of her three selves—the personality which Despard, in his heart of hearts, believed to be *herself*.

He smiled—a slightly amused, *almost* a slightly condescending smile, but a very pleasant one all the same. He could afford to be pleasant now. Poor silly little girl—she had given in with a good grace, a truce to her nonsense of regal airs and dignity; a truce, too, to the timid self-consciousness of her first introduction.

"She understands better now, I see," he thought. "Understands that a little country girl is but—ah, well—but a little country girl. Still, I must allow"—and he hesitated as his glance fell on her; it was the first time he had seen her by daylight, and the words he had mentally used did not quite "fit"—"I must allow that she has brains, and some character of her own."

"I can imagine it's seeming so to you," he said aloud. "You have, I think you told me, lived always in the country. Of course, in the country one's acquaintances stand out distinctly, and one remembers every day whom one has and has not seen. In town it is quite different. I find myself constantly forgetting people, and doing all sorts of stupid things, imagining I have seen some one last week when it was six months ago, and so on. But people are really very good-natured."

She listened attentively.

"How difficult it must be to remember all the people you know!" she said, with the greatest apparent simplicity; indeed, with a tone of almost awe-struck reverence.

"I simply don't attempt it," he replied.

"How—dear me, I hardly know how to say it—how *very* good and kind of you it is to remember me," she said.

Mr. Norreys glanced at her sharply.

Was she playing him off? For an instant the appalling suggestion all but took

his breath away, but it was quickly dismissed. Its utter absurdity was too self-evident; and the expression on her face reassured him. She seemed so innocent as she stood there, her eyes hidden for the moment by their well-fringed lids, for she was looking down. A faint, the very faintest, suspicion of a blush coloured her cheeks, there was a tiny little trembling about the corners of her mouth. But somehow these small evidences of confusion did not irritate him as they had done when he first met her. On the contrary. "Poor little girl," he said to himself. "I see I must be careful. Still, she will live to get over it, and one cannot be positively brutal."

For an instant or two he did not speak.

Then: "I never pay compliments, Miss Ford," he said, "but what I am going to say may sound to you like one. However, I trust you will not dislike it."

And again he unaccountably hesitated—what was the matter with him? He meant to be kindly encouraging to the girl, but as she stood beside him, looking up with a half-curious, half-deprecating expression in her eyes, he was conscious of his face slightly flushing; the words he wanted refused to come, he felt as if he were bewitched.

"Won't you tell me what you were going to say?" she said at last. "I should so like to hear it."

"It's not worth saying," he blurted out. "Indeed, though I know what I mean, I cannot express it. You—you are quite different from other girls, Miss Ford. It would be impossible to confuse you with the crowd. That's about the sum of what I was thinking, though—I meant to express it differently. Certainly, in the way I have said it, no one by any possibility could take it for a compliment."

To his surprise she looked up at him with a bright smile, a smile of pleasure, and—of something else.

"On the contrary, I do take it as a compliment, as a very distinct compliment," she said, "considering whom it comes from. Though, after all, it is scarcely *I* that should accept it. The—*the* circumstances of my life may have made me different—my having been so little in town, for instance. I suppose there are some advantages in everything, even in apparent disadvantages."

Her extreme gentleness and deference put him at his ease again.

"Oh, certainly," he said. "For my part, I often wish I had never been anywhere or seen anything! Life would, in such a case, seem so much more interesting. There would be still things left to dream about."

He sighed, and there was something genuine in his sigh. "I envy people who have never travelled, sometimes," he added.

"Have you travelled much?" she asked.

"Oh, dear, yes—been everywhere—the usual round."

"But the usual round is just what with me counts for nothing," she said sharply. "Real travelling means living in other countries, leading the life of their peoples, not rushing round the capitals of Europe from one cosmopolitan hotel to another."

He smiled a superior smile. "When you have rushed round the capitals of Europe you may give an opinion," his smile seemed to say.

"That sort of thing is impossible, except for Bohemians," he said languidly. "I detest talking about travels."

"Do you really?" she said with a very distinct accent of contempt. "Then I suppose you have not read——" and she named a book on everybody's table at the moment.

Despard's face lighted up.

"Oh, indeed, yes," he said. "That is not an ordinary book of travels;" and he went on to speak of the volume in question in a manner which showed that he had read it intelligently, while Miss Fford, forgetting herself and her companion in the interest of what he said, responded sympathetically.

Half unconsciously as they talked, they strolled up and down the wide open space in front of the ferns. Suddenly voices, apparently approaching them caught the girl's ear.

"Oh, dear," she said, "my friends will be wondering what has become of me! I must go. Good-bye, Mr. Norreys," and she held out her hand. There was something simple and perfectly natural in her manner as she did so, which struck him. It was almost as if she were throwing off impulsively a part which she was tired of playing.

He held her hand for a quarter of an instant longer than was actually necessary.

"I—I hope we may meet again, Miss Ford," he said, simply but cordially—something in her present manner was infectious—"and continue our talk."

She glanced up at him.

"I hope so, too," she said quickly. But then her brows contracted again a little. "At least—I don't know that it is very probable," she added disconnectedly, as she hastened away in the direction whence came the voices.

"Hasn't many invitations, I dare say," he said to himself as he looked after her. "If

she had been still with Gertrude Englewood I might, perhaps, have got one or two people to be civil to them. But I daresay it would have been Quixotic, and it's the sort of thing I dislike doing—putting one's self under obligation for no real reason."

If he had heard what Maisie Fforde was thinking to herself as she made her way quickly to her cousin!

"What a pity," she thought. "What a real pity that a man who must have had good material in him should have so sunk—to what I can't help thinking vulgarity of *feeling*, if not of externals—to such contemptible self-conceit and affectations! I can understand, however, that he may have been a nice boy once, as Gertrude maintains. Poor Gertrude—how her hero has turned out! I must never let her know how impossible I find it to resist drawing him out—it surely is not wrong? Oh, how I should *love* to see him thoroughly humbled! The worst of it is, that when he becomes a reasonable being, as he does now and then, he can be so nice—interesting even—and I forget whom I am talking to. But not for long! No, indeed—'Mrs. Englewood's dowdy *protégée*,' the 'bread-and-butter miss,' for whom the tenth waltz was too much condescension, hasn't such a bad memory. And when I had looked forward to my first dance so, and fancied the world was a good and kind place! Oh!" and she clenched her hands as the hot mortification, the scathing *désillusionnement*, of that evening recurred to her in its full force. "Oh, I hope it is not wicked and un-Christian, but I should *love* to see him humbled! I wonder if I shall see him again. I hope not—and yet I hope I shall."

The "again" came next at a dinner-party, to which she accompanied her cousin. Mrs. Maberly was old-fashioned in some of her ideas. Nothing, for instance, would persuade her that it was courteous to be *more* than twenty minutes later than the dinner-hour named, in consequence of which she not unfrequently found herself the first arrival. This in no way annoyed Maisie, as it might have done a less simple-minded maiden, indeed, on the contrary, it rather added to her enjoyment. She liked to get into a quiet corner and watch the various guests as they came in; she felt amused by, and yet sorry for, the little perturbations she sometimes discerned on the part of the hostess, especially if the latter happened to be young and at all anxious-minded. This was the case on the evening in question, when fully half an hour had been spent by Miss Fforde in her corner before dinner was announced.

"It is too bad," Maisie overheard the young *châtelaine* whisper to a friend, "such affectation really amounts to rudeness. But yet it is so awkward to go down—" then followed some words too low for her to understand, succeeded by a joyful exclamation—"Ah, there he is at last," as again the door opened, and "Mr. Norreys" was announced.

And Maisie's ears must surely have been preternaturally sharp, for through the buzz of voices, through the hostess's amiably expressed reproaches, they caught the sound of her own name, and the fatal words "that girl in black."

"You must think me a sort of Frankenstein's nightmare," she could not help saying with a smile, as Despard approached to take her down to dinner.

But she was scarcely prepared for the rejoinder.

"I won't contradict you, Miss Ford, if you like to call yourself names. No, I should have been both surprised and disappointed had you not been here. I have felt sure all day I was going to meet you."

Maisie felt herself blush, felt too that his eyes were upon her, and blushed more, in fury at herself.

"Fool that I am," she thought. "He is going to play now at making me fall in love with him, is he? How contemptible, how absurd! Does he really imagine he can take me in?"

She raised her head proudly and looked at him to show him that she was not afraid to do so. But the expression on his face surprised her again. It was serious, gentle, and almost deprecating, yet with an honest light in the eyes such as she had never seen there before.

"What an actor he would make," she thought. But a little quiver of some curious inexplicable sympathy which shot through her as she caught those eyes, belied the unspoken words.

"I am giving far more thought to the man and his moods than he is worth," was the decision she had arrived at by the time they reached the dining-room door. "After all, the wisest philosophy is to take the goods the gods send us and enjoy them. I shall forget it all for the present and speak to him as to any other pleasant man I happen to meet."

And for that evening, and whenever they met, which was not unfrequently in the course of the next few weeks, Maisie Fforde kept to this determination. It was not difficult, for when he chose, Despard Norreys

could be more than pleasant. And—"Miss Ford" in her third personality was not hard to be pleasant to; and—another "and"—they were both young, both—in certain directions—deplorably mistaken in their estimates of themselves; and, lastly, human nature is human nature still, through all the changes of philosophies, fashions, and "*mœurs*."

The girl was no longer acting a part; had she been doing so, indeed, she could not so perfectly have carried out the end she had, in the first fire of her indignation, vaguely proposed to herself. For the time being she was, so to speak, "letting herself go" with the pleasant insidious current of circumstances.

Yet the memory of that first evening was still there. She had not forgotten.

And Despard?

PART III.

THE London season was over. Mr. Norreys had been longing for its close; so, at least, he had repeated to his friends, and with even more insistence to himself, a great many, indeed a very great many, times, during the last hot, dusty weeks of the poor season's existence. He wanted to get off to Norway in a friend's yacht for some fishing, he said; he seemed for once really eager about it, so eager as to make more than one of his companions smile, and ask themselves what had come to Norreys, he who always took things with such imperturbable equanimity, what had given him this mania for northern fishing?

And now the fishing and the trip were things of the past. They had not turned out as delightful in reality as in anticipation somehow, and yet what had gone wrong Despard, on looking back, found it hard to say. Nothing had gone wrong was the truth of the matter. The weather had been fine and favourable; the party had been well chosen; Lennox-Brown, the yacht's owner, was the perfection of a host.

"It was a case of the workman, not of the tools, I suspect," Despard said to himself one morning, when, strolling slowly up and down the smooth bit of gravel path outside the drawing-room windows at Markerslea Vicarage, he allowed his thoughts to wander backwards some little way. "I'm sick of it all," he went on, with an impatient shake, testifying to inward discomposure. "I'm a fool after all, no wiser, indeed a very great deal more foolish, than my neighbours. And

I've been hard enough upon other fellows in my time. Little I knew! I cannot throw it off, and what to do I know not."

He was staying with his sister, his only near relation. She was older than he, had been married for several years, and had but one trouble in life. She was childless. Naturally, therefore, she lavished on Despard an altogether undue amount of sisterly devotion. But she was by no means an entirely foolish woman. She had helped to spoil him, and she was beginning to regret it.

"He is terribly, quite terribly *blasé*," she was saying to herself as she watched him this morning, herself unobserved. "I have never seen it so plainly as this autumn," and she sighed. "He is changed, too; he is moody and irritable, and that is new. He has always been so sweet-tempered. Surely he has not got into money difficulties—I can scarcely think so. He is too sensible. Though, after all, as Charles often says, perhaps the best thing that could befall the poor boy would be to have to work hard for his living"—a most natural remark on the part of "Charles," seeing that he himself had always enjoyed a thoroughly comfortable sufficiency,—and again Mrs. Selby sighed.

Her sigh was echoed; she started slightly, then, glancing round, she saw that the glass door by which she stood was ajar, and that her brother had arrested his steps for a moment or two, and was within a couple of yards of her. It was his sigh that she had heard. Her face clouded over still more; it is even probable that a tear or two rose unbidden to her eyes. She was a calm, considering woman as a rule; for once she yielded to impulse, and, stepping out, quickly slipped her hand through Mr. Norreys' arm.

"My dear Despard," she said, "what a sigh! It sounded as if from the very depths of your heart, if," she went on, trying to speak lightly, "if you have one that is to say, which I have sometimes doubted."

But he threw back no joke in return.

"I have never given *you* reason to doubt it, surely, Maddie?" he said half reproachfully.

"No, no, dear. I'm in fun, of course. But seriously—"

"I'm serious enough."

"Yes, that you are—too serious. What's the matter, Despard, for that there is something the matter, I am convinced?"

He did not attempt to deny it.

"Yes, Madeline," he said slowly, "I'm altogether upset. I've been false to all my own theories. I've been a selfish enough brute always, I know, but at least I think

I've been consistent. I've chosen my own line, and lived the life, and among the people that suited me, and—"

"Been dreadfully, *miserably* spoilt, Despard."

He glanced up at her sharply. No, she was not smiling. His face clouded over still more.

"And that's the best even you can say of me?" he asked.

Mrs. Selby hardly let him finish.

"No, no. I am blaming myself more than you," she said quickly. "You are much—much better than you know, Despard. You are not selfish, really. Think of what you have done for others; how consistently you have given up those evenings to that night school."

"One a week—what's that? And there's no credit in doing a thing one likes. I enjoy those evenings, and it's more than I can say for the average of my days."

But his face cleared a very little as he spoke.

"Well," she went on, "that shows you are not at heart an altogether selfish brute," and now she smiled a little. "And all the more does it show how much better you might still be if you chose. I am very glad, delighted, Despard, that you *are* discontented and dissatisfied; I knew it would come sooner or later."

Mr. Norreys looked rather embarrassed.

"Maddie," he began again, "you haven't quite understood me. I didn't finish my sentence. I was going on to say that at least I had done no harm to any one else: if no one's any the better through me, at least no one's the *worse* for my selfishness—oh, yes, don't interrupt," he went on. "I know what you'd like to say—'No man liveth to himself,' the high-flown sort of thing. I don't go in for that. But *now*—I have not even kept my consistency. You'd never guess what I've gone and done—at least, Maddie, *can* you guess?"

And his at all times sweet voice, sweetened and softened as he spoke, and into his eyes stole a look Madeline had never seen there before.

"Despard," she exclaimed breathlessly, "have you, can you, have fallen in love?"

He nodded.

"Oh, dear Despard," she exclaimed, "I am so very glad. It will be the making of you. That's to say, if—but it must be somebody *very* nice."

"Nice enough in herself—nice," he repeated, and she smiled. "Yes, if by nice you mean everything sweet and womanly, and

original and delightful, and—oh, you mustn't tempt me to talk about her. But what she is *herself* is not the only thing, my poor Maddie."

Mrs. Selby gave a start.

"Oh, Despard," she exclaimed, "you don't mean that she's a married woman."

"No, no."

"Or, or any one very decidedly beneath you?" she continued, with some relief, but anxiously still.

Despard hesitated.

"That's exactly what I can't quite say," he replied. "She's a lady by birth, that I'm sure of. But she has seen very little. Lived always in a village apparently—she has been in some ways unusually well and carefully educated. But I'm quite positive she's poor, really with nothing of her own, I fancy. I'm not sure—it has struck me once or twice that perhaps she had been intended for a governess."

Mrs. Selby gasped, but checked herself.

"She has friends who are kind to her. I met her at some good houses. It was at Mrs. Englewood's first of all, but since then I've seen her at much better places."

"But why do you speak so doubtfully—you keep saying 'I fancy'—'I suppose.' It must be easy to find out all about her."

"No, that's just it. She's curiously, no—not reserved—she's too nice and well-bred for that sort of thing—but, if you can understand, she's *frankly* backward in speaking of herself. She'll talk of anything but herself. She has an old invalid father whom she adores—and—upon my soul, that's about all she has ever told me."

"You can ask Mrs. Englewood, surely?"

Despard frowned.

"I can, and I have; at least, I tried it. But it was not easy. She's been rather queer to me lately. She would volunteer no information, and of course—you see—I didn't want to seem interested on the subject. It's only just lately, since I came here in fact, that I've really owned it to myself," and his face flushed. "I went yachting and fishing to put it out of my head, but—it's been no use—I won't laugh at all that sort of thing again as I have done, I can tell you."

"He's very much in earnest," thought Mrs. Selby.

"What—you don't mind telling me—what is her name?" she asked.

"Ford—Miss Ford. I fancy her first name is Mary. There's a pet name they call her by," but he did not tell it.

"Mary Ford—that does not sound aristocratic," mused Mrs. Selby. "Despard, tell

me, Mrs. Englewood is really fond of you. Do you think she knows anything against the girl, or her family, or anything like that, and that she was afraid of it for you?"

"Oh, dear no. Quite the contrary, Mai—Miss Ford is a great pet of hers. Gertrude was angry with me for not being civil to her," and he laughed.

"Not being civil to her," she repeated. "And you were falling in love with her? How do you mean?"

"That was afterwards. I was brutally uncivil to her at first. That's how it began somehow," he said, disconnectedly.

Mrs. Selby felt utterly perplexed. Was he being taken in by a designing girl? It all sounded very inconsistent.

"Despard," she said after a little silence, "shall I try to find out all about her from Mrs. Englewood? She would not refuse any information if it was for your sake."

He considered.

"Well, yes," he said, "perhaps you'd better."

"And—" she went on, "if all is satisfactory——"

"Well?"

"You will go through with it?"

"I—suppose so. Altogether satisfactory it can't be. I'm fairly well off as a bachelor, but that's a very different matter. And—Maddie—I should hate poverty."

"You would have no need to call it poverty," she said rather coldly.

"Well—well—I'm speaking comparatively of course," he replied, impatiently. "It would be what *I* call poverty. And I am selfish, I know. The best of me won't come out under those circumstances. I've no right to marry you see—that's what's been tormenting me."

"But if she likes to face it—would not that bring out the best of you?" said Mrs. Selby hopefully, though in her heart rather shocked by his way of speaking.

"Perhaps—I can't say. But of course if she did——"

"And you are sure she would?" asked Madeline, suddenly awaking to the fact that Miss Ford's feelings in the matter had been entirely left out of the question.

Despard smiled.

"Do you mean am I sure she cares for me?" he said. "Oh, yes—as for that——"

"I don't like a girl who—who lets it be seen if she cares for a man," she said.

Mr. Norreys turned upon her.

"Lets it be seen," he repeated angrily. "Maddie, you put things very disagreeably. Would I—tell me is it likely that *I* would

take to a girl so utterly devoid of delicacy as your words sound? And is it so improbable that a girl would care for me?" He smiled in spite of himself, and Mrs. Selby's answering smile as she murmured: "I did not mean that, you know," helped to smooth him down. "She did her best to make me think she detested me," he added. "But——"

"Ah, yes, but—" said his sister fondly, "Then it is settled, Despard," she went on. "I shall tackle Mrs. Englewood in my own way. You can trust me. You don't know where Miss Ford is at present?" she added.

He shook his head despondently.

"Not the ghost of an idea. I didn't try to hear. I thought I didn't want to know, you see. But—Maddie," he added, half timidly, "you'll write at once?"

"As soon as I possibly can," she replied kindly, for glancing at him she saw that he looked really ill and worn. "And," she went on, "as my reward, you will go with me to the Densters' garden party, this afternoon. Charles can't, and I hate going alone. I don't know them—it is their first year here, though everybody says they are very nice people."

"Oh, dear," said Despard. "Very well, Maddie. I must, I suppose."

"Then be ready at a quarter to four. I'll drive you in the pony-carriage," and Madeline disappeared through the glass door whence she had emerged.

"I wonder if she will write to-day," thought Mr. Norreys, though he would have been ashamed to ask it. "I should like to know it's done—a sort of crossing the Rubicon. And it's a good while now since that last day I saw her. She was never quite so sweet as that day. Supposing I heard she was married?"

His heart seemed to stop beating at the thought, and he grew white, though there was no one to see. But he reassured himself. Few things were less likely. Portionless girls, however charming, don't marry so quickly nowadays.

Madeline's feelings were mingled. She was honestly and unselfishly glad of what she believed might be a real turning point towards good for Despard. Yet—"if only he had not chosen a girl quite so denuded of worldly advantages as she evidently is," she reflected. "For of course if she had either money or connection Mrs. Englewood would not have kept it a secret. She is far too outspoken. I must beg her to tell everything she knows, not to be afraid of my mixing her name up in the matter in any way. When

she sees that Charles and I will not disapprove she will feel less responsibility."

And it was with a comfortable sense of her own and "Charles's" unworldliness that Mrs. Selby prepared to indite the important letter.

She saw little of her brother till the afternoon. He did not appear at luncheon, having left word that he had gone for a long walk.

"Provided only that he is not too late for the Densters," thought Madeline, with a little sigh over the perversity of *mankind*.

But her fears were unfounded. At ten minutes to four Mr. Norreys made his appearance in the hall, faultlessly attired, apologising with his usual courtesy, in which to his sister he never failed, for his five minutes' delay, and Mrs. Selby, feeling pleased with herself outwardly and inwardly, for she was conscious both of looking well in a very pretty new bonnet, and of acting a truly high-minded part as a sister, seated herself in her place, with a glance of satisfaction at her companion.

"Everybody will be envying me," she said to herself, with a tiny sigh as she remembered former air-castles in Despard's behoof. "The Flores-Carter girls and Edith and Bertha Ryder, indeed all the neighbourhood get quite excited if they know he's here. He might have had his choice of the best matches in this county, to my own knowledge, and there are several girls with money. Ah, well!"

The grounds seemed already full of guests when the brother and sister drove up to the Densters' door. Mrs. Selby was at once seized upon by some of her special cronies, and for half-an-hour or so Despard kept dutifully beside her, allowing himself to be introduced to any extent, doing his best to please his sister by responding graciously to the various attentions which were showered upon him. But he grew very tired of it all in a little while—a curious dreamy feeling began to come over him, born no doubt of the unwonted excitement of his conversation with Madeline that morning. He had gone a long walk in hopes of recovering his usual equanimity, but had only succeeded in tiring himself physically. The mere fact of having put in words to another the conflict of the last few months seemed to have given actual existence to that which he had by fits and starts been trying to persuade himself was but a passing fancy. And even to himself he could not have told whether he was glad or sorry that the matter had come to a point—had, as it were, been taken out of his own hands. For that Madeline had already written to Mrs. Englewood, he felt little doubt.

"Women are always in such a desperate hurry," he said to himself, which, all things considered, was surely most unreasonable. Nor could he have denied that it was so, for even as he made the reflection he began to calculate in how many, or how few rather, days they might look for an answer, and to speculate on the chances of Mrs. Englewood's being acquainted with Maisie's present whereabouts.

"Maisie," he called her to himself, though he had somehow shrunk from telling the name to his sister. It was so sweet—so *like* her, he repeated softly, though truth to tell, sweetness was not the most conspicuous quality in our heroine. But Despard was honestly in love after all, as many better and many worse men have been before him, and will be again. And love of the best kind, which on the whole his was, is clairvoyant—he was not wrong about Maisie's real sweetness.

"I do care for her, as deeply, as thoroughly as ever a man cared for a woman. But I don't want to marry; it's against all my plans and ideas. I didn't want to fall in love either, for that matter. The whole affair upsets everything I had ever dreamt of."

He felt dreaming now—he had managed to leave his sister and her friends, absorbed in the excitement of watching a game of lawn tennis between the best players of the county, and had stolen by himself down some shady walks away from the sparkle and chatter of the garden party. The quiet and dimness soothed him, but increased the strange unreal feeling, of which he had been conscious since the morning. He felt as if nothing that could happen would surprise him—he was actually, in point of fact *not* surprised, when at a turn in the path he saw suddenly before him, advancing towards him, her cloudy black drapery—for she was in black as ever—scarcely distinguishable from the dark shrubs at each side, the very person around whom all his thoughts were centering—Maisie—Maisie Ford herself!

He did not start, he made no exclamation. A strange intent look came into his eyes, as he walked on towards her. Long afterwards he remembered, and it helped to explain things, that she too had testified no surprise. But her face flushed a little, and the first expression he caught sight of was one of pleasure—afterwards, long afterwards, he remembered this too.

They met—their hands touched. But for a moment he did not speak.

"How do you do, Mr. Norreys?" she said then. "It is hot and glaring on the lawn, is

it not? I have just been seeing my father off. He was too tired to stay longer, and I was glad to wander about here in the shade a little."

"Your father?" he repeated half mechanically.

"Yes—we are staying, he and I, for a few days at Laxter's Hill. I am so sorry he has gone—I would so have liked you to see him."

She spoke eagerly, and with the peculiar, bright girlishness really natural to her, which was one of her greatest charms.

Despard looked at her; her voice and manner helped him a little to throw off the curious sensation of unreality. But he was, though he scarcely knew it, becoming inwardly more and more wrought up.

"I should have liked to see him exceedingly," he began, "any one so dear to you. I may hope some other time perhaps, to do so? I—I was thinking of you when I first caught sight of you just now, Miss Ford—indeed, I have done nothing—upon my word, you may believe me—I have done little else than think of you since we last met."

The girl's face grew strangely still and intent, yet with a wistful look in the eyes telling of feelings not to be easily read. It was as if she were listening, in spite of herself, for something she still vaguely hoped she was mistaken in expecting.

"Indeed," she began to say, but he interrupted her.

"No," he said, "do not speak till you have heard me. I had made up my mind to it before I met you just now. I was just wondering how and when it could be. But now that this opportunity has come so quickly I will not lose it. I love you—I have loved you for longer than I knew myself, than I would own to myself——"

"From the very first, from that evening at Mrs. Englewood's?" she said, and but for his intense preoccupation, he would have been startled by her tone.

"Yes," he said simply, yet with a strain of retrospection in his eyes, as if determined to control himself and speak nothing but the unexaggerated truth—"yes, I almost think it began that first evening, rude, brutally rude as I was to you. I would not own it—I struggled against it, for I did not want to marry. I had no thought of it. I am selfish, very selfish, I fear, and I preferred to keep clear of all ties and responsibilities, which too often become terribly galling on small means. I am no hero—but now—you will forgive my hesitation and—and reluctance, will you not? You are generous I know,

and my frankness will not injure me with you, will it? You will believe that I loved you almost from the first, though I could not all at once make up my mind to marrying on small means? And now—now that I understand—that—that all seems different to me—that nothing seems of consequence except to hear you say you love me, as—as I have thought sometimes—Maisie—you will not be hard on me?——"

He stopped; he could have gone on much longer, and there was nothing now outwardly to interrupt him. She had stood there motionless, listening. Her face he could scarcely see, it was half turned away, but that seemed not unnatural. What then caused his sudden misgiving?

"Maisie," he repeated more timidly.

Then she turned—there was a burning spot of red on each cheek, her eyes were flaming. Yet her voice was low and quiet.

"Hard on you!" she repeated. "I am too sorry for myself to think or care much about you. I am—yes, I may own it, I am so horribly disappointed. I had really allowed myself to think of you as sincere, as, in spite of your unmanly affectations, your contemptible conceit, an honest man, a possible friend. I was beginning to forgive your ill-bred insolence to me as a stranger at the first, thinking there was something worthy of respect about you after all. But—oh, dear! And to try to humbug me by this sham honesty—to dare to say you did not think you could have cared for me enough to risk curtailing your own self-indulgences, but that now—it is too pitiful. But, oh, dear—it is too horribly disappointing!"

And as she looked at him again, he saw that her eyes were actually full of tears.

His brain was in a whirl of bewilderment, bitterest mortification and indignation. For the moment the last had the best of it.

"You have a right to refuse me, to despise my weakness if you choose—whether it is generous to take advantage of my misplaced confidence in you in having told you all—yes, *all*, is another matter. But one thing you shall not accuse me of, and that is, of lying to you. I have not said one untruthful word. I did—yes, I *did* love you, Mary Ford—what I feel to you now is something more like——"

He hesitated.

"Hate, I suppose," she suggested mockingly. "All the better. It cannot be a pleasant feeling to hate any one, and I do not wish you anything pleasant. If I could believe," she went on slowly, "if I could believe you had loved me, I think I should

be glad, for it would be what you deserve. I would have liked to make you love me from that very first evening if I could—just to—but unluckily I am not the sort of woman to succeed in anything of that kind. However——"

She stopped; steps approaching them were heard through the stillness. Maisie turned. "I have nothing more to say, and I do not suppose you wish to continue this conversation. Good-bye, Mr. Norreys."

And almost before he knew she had gone, she had quite disappeared.

Despard was a strong man, but for a moment or two he really thought he was going to faint. He had grown deathly white while Maisie's hard, bitter words rained down upon him like hailstones; now that she had left him he grew so giddy that had he not suddenly caught hold of a tree, he would have fallen.

"It feels like a sunstroke," he said vaguely to himself, as he realised that his senses were deserting him, not knowing that he spoke aloud.

He did not know either that some one had seen him stagger, and almost fall. A slightly uneasy feeling had made Maisie stop as she hurried off and glance back, herself unobserved.

"He looked so fearfully white," she said; "do—do men always look like that when girls refuse them, I wonder?"

For Maisie's experience of such things actually coming to the point, was, as should be the case with all true women, but small.

"I thought—I used to think I would enjoy seeing him humbled. But he did seem in earnest."

And then came the glimpse of the young fellow's physical discomfiture. Maisie was horribly frightened, throwing all considerations but those of humanity to the winds she rushed back again.

"Perhaps he has heart-disease, though he looks so strong," she thought, "and if so—oh, perhaps I have killed him."

She was beside him in an instant. A rustic bench, which Despard was too dizzy to see, stood near. The girl seized hold of his arm and half drew it round her shoulder. He let her do so unresistingly.

"Try to walk a step or two, Mr.

Norreys," she said, "I am very strong. There, now," as he obeyed her mechanically, "here is a seat," and she somehow half pushed, half drew him on to it. "Please smell this," and she took out a little silver vinaigrette, of strong and pungent contents, "I am never without this, for papa is so delicate, you know."

Despard tried to open his eyes, tried to speak, but the attempt was not very successful. Maisie held the vinaigrette close to his nose; he started back, the strong essence revived him almost at once. He took it into his own hand and smelt it again. Then his face grew crimson.

"I beg your pardon a thousand times. I am most ashamed, utterly ashamed of myself," he began.

But Maisie was too practically interested in his recovery to feel embarrassed.

"Keep sniffing at that thing," she said, "you will soon be all right. Only just tell me—" she added anxiously, "there isn't anything wrong with your heart, is there?"

"For if so," she added to herself, "I must at all costs run and see if there is a doctor to be had."

Despard smiled—a successfully bitter smile.

"No, thank you," he said. "I am surprised that you credit me with possessing one," he could not resist adding. "The real cause of this absurd faintness is a very prosaic one, I fancy. I went a long walk in the hot sun this morning."

"Oh, indeed, that quite explains it," said Maisie, slightly nettled. "Good-bye again then," and for the second time she ran off.

"All the same, I will get Conrad or somebody to come round that way," she said to herself. "I will just say I saw a man looking as if he was fainting. *He* won't be likely to tell."

And Despard sat there looking at the little silver toy in his hands.

"I did not thank her," he said to himself. "I suppose I should have done so, though she would have done as much, or more, for a starving tramp on the road."

Then he heard again steps coming nearer like those which had startled Maisie away.

They had apparently turned off elsewhere the first time—this time they came steadily on.

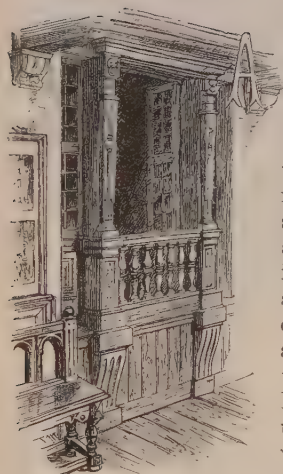
(To be continued.)



ANTWERP.

From a Drawing by T. R. MACQUOID.

ANTWERP.



WINDOW, INTERIOR OF MUSÉE
PLANTIN.

From a Drawing by T. R.
MACQUOID.

ANTWERP is a city which lies so near home that we English have accustomed ourselves to regard it as a mere place of passage. And yet, although modern improvement has already greatly changed its appearance and character, there is still much left to interest a traveller; and if we want thoroughly to enjoy a first impression of this old-world city, let us go by water, from Harwich, by one of

refreshed, at our usual hour; and have a good breakfast on board; and between nine and ten o'clock we shall find ourselves nearing the wonderful tower of Antwerp Cathedral, which looks as if it stood almost alone in a vast plain.

From a distance we have seen this delicate tower and spire piercing the clouds—there has been hardly any sign of a large town; but, as the steamer turns a corner of the Scheldt, suddenly the low-lying city, with its multitude of towers, spires, and houses, shows above the shipping and the quays, dwarfed, however, by the splendid cathedral; and, soon after Antwerp has thus suddenly revealed itself, the silvery chimes float out on the wind from that lofty, richly sculptured tower, with pleasant greeting as the steamer glides swiftly past to the landing-stage.

the steamers of the Great Eastern Railway Company.

These boats are large, swift, and very comfortable. We can dine in London, leave Liverpool Street Station by the continental express at eight o'clock, and, if we be reasonably fortunate in weather, we shall next morning, soon after passing Flushing, get up

What a bustle and excitement, what a babel of voices there is among the swarms of *facteurs* when the passengers begin to step on shore. Many of these *garçons* welcome you garrulously in English—eager to carry your luggage, if not you and your friends, to the nearest fly.

While the luggage is being brought out of the steamer we can look at the broad Scheldt flowing peacefully along, and think of some of the associations that connect it

with the historic town we have reached. We think of the terrible giant Druon Antigon, who, the legend says, dwelt in the old castle on the banks of the river, and caused great terror to all, far and near. He kept watch from the top of the castle, and levied mail on the merchants going up or down the river to the extent of one half of their goods; but if any had the boldness to defy him, or tried to cheat him as to the amount of their possessions, woe betide them! the giant seized everything they had, and cut

Antwerp—"Dives Antwerpia," as it was called—was at the height of its glory, perhaps the proudest and most important commercial city in Europe; between two and three thousand ships could be seen lying at anchor at one time in the river, and it would be several weeks before those lying farthest off could unlade their goods.

A few years later, Antwerp was besieged by Alexander Farnese, Prince of Parma, and incendiary fleets were constantly sent by the enterprising citizens down the Scheldt, to set



MILK-WOMAN, ANTWERP.

From a Drawing by T. R. MACQUOID.

off their right hands, which he threw into the Scheldt.

At last, the legend says, Salvius Brabo, the husband of Swana, who was the cousin of Julius Cæsar, challenged the giant to single combat, and, after a fearful struggle, Brabo slew him and served the giant as he had served so many others, by cutting off his right hand and throwing it into the river.

From this legend comes one derivation of the name Antwerp, from "Hand" and "Werpen" to throw, and hence also, add the chroniclers, the castle and the two cut hands found in the arms of Antwerp.

In the middle of the sixteenth century,

fire to the bridge of boats which the Prince had made a few miles away to cut off the access of supplies to the hard-pressed city.

A shout from the driver disturbs our reveries. The luggage is all on the fly, and our *cocher* is impatiently waiting for us.

The quay where the steamers stop is some distance from the old and busy part of Antwerp; and at first the drive through the modern, quiet-looking streets is rather dreary.

As we get nearer the middle of the town we pass a milk-woman and her cart and brass cans; she is a bronzed, merry-looking woman, and her costume is probably much the same as it was in the days of the famous siege.



THE STATUE OF RUBENS, IN THE PLACE VERTE.

From a Drawing by T. R. MACQUOID.

She wears a white cap and large gold earrings; she carries a huge brass pitcher on her arm, and her milk-cart, drawn by two big, good-tempered-looking dogs, harnessed and muzzled, is filled with bright, quaintly shaped brass pitchers resting in hay.

She looks pleasantly at us as we pass.

In a few more minutes we reach the corner of the Place Verte.

On the opposite side of it we see the splendid cathedral towering above the trees and the quaint houses, and then we stop at the hotel St. Antoine, and the master and the cunning-looking Dutch porter close by come out to receive us.

After settling with the driver—a task of no small difficulty owing to his exorbitant demands—we are shown our rooms, which, to our satisfaction, look into the Place Verte.

We walk out into this Place. It is Sunday, and the square is crowded with merry, chattering groups, chiefly peasants and others on their way to the cathedral. This is on the other side, and at close quarters looks more imposing than ever.

It is a bright scene: the people wear varied coloured clothes—their Sunday best; many of the women have white caps and some of them massive gold ornaments. There are rows of stalls covered with brilliant flowers

made into bouquets of all sorts and sizes ; these stalls are just in front of the quaint, but defacing little houses under the shadow of the cathedral. People buy, chatter, and laugh in front of the grand cathedral, with its beautiful tower and spire of lace-like stone, rising more than four hundred feet into the air, high up above the crowd, and as we gaze the chimes ring out, giving us a hearty welcome to Antwerp.

A triple row of young trees is planted round the Place Verte. In the middle we see Geef's imposing bronze statue of Antwerp's most celebrated citizen, Peter Paul Rubens, painter, statesman, courtier, exemplary husband and father. The statue was not erected until 1840. Rubens stands erect, colossal in size, and looks thoughtfully before him, his right hand held out. He wears a tunic, trunk hose, and sword of the period, an ample cloak is over his left arm and shoulder, his palette set with colours is at his feet. He is a grand-looking man in every way, and the indication of power in the face and general bearing strikes us at once.

Rubens appears to have enjoyed great wealth and honour, yet we are told that his way of living was simple, regular, almost austere.

Every morning he went to early mass, then he worked till eleven o'clock ; often while painting he would have read to him one of his favourite authors—Virgil, Plutarch, or Seneca. He dined at midday, frugally ; then he went to work again till five or six o'clock ; after which, when practicable, he went out riding, his favourite exercise. He kept several fine horses, which served him alternately for riding and for models. He spent the evening quietly with his family or friends.

Before we had been an hour in Antwerp we became thoroughly imbued with the idea of Rubens. We pictured the handsome, rather portly painter, well dressed and courteous, giving a gracious welcome to the stranger in Antwerp, and we wondered that the city had been content to remain so long without a statue of him in its principal square.

On our way to the cathedral, as we pass the flower-stalls, their buxom owners vociferously entreat us to buy, and for a few sous we get a beautiful nosegay.

We go inside the cathedral with the crowd ; the atmosphere is oppressively laden with thick clouds of incense.

It is High Mass ; the church is one sea of heads.

We see many curious and picturesque costumes here and there ; close by us sits a

very old woman wearing a cap of elaborate metal-work, below which are lappets of the finest Mechlin lace.

The service is splendid. From the organ loft at the west end, the fine voices and music of the full choir and orchestra come grandly swelling and pealing through the spacious nave and many aisles.

Then a vast procession of lanterns mounted on poles is formed in the choir, and, going right down the centre of the nave, marches out by the west door into the town. As a large crowd follows the procession we are better able to look about us. The effects of light and shade across the nave and six aisles as the sun strikes through the painted windows are very grand. Notre Dame d'Anvers is, we believe, the only church of importance in Europe which has six aisles, and these give great impressiveness to the otherwise plain interior.

No doubt in former days, before the devastations it suffered by fire and pillage, the church was sumptuously ornamented. But it makes up in pictures for its lack of other decorations.

The pictures are uncovered to-day, and we can enjoy them at leisure. Rubens's magnificent *Descent from the Cross* hangs in the south transept, and is a convincing testimony to the genius of the master. His *Elevation of the Cross* and *Assumption* are also in this church, but these are considerably inferior to the *Descent*, which remains, and will remain, as long as the pigments endure and the canvas holds together, one of the finest pictures in the world. There are several other paintings worthy of notice.

The first church in Antwerp was built in the precincts of the old castle, and, says the legend, contained a miraculous statue of the Virgin.

When the Northmen in the ninth century seized the castle, they threw this statue into the neighbouring swamp. After the barbarians went away the statue was found half embedded in the mud, and to secure it was tied by some pious hand to the stump of a willow. Many miracles were worked by the statue, and soon it became an object of pilgrimage and worship. The people christened it *Onze Lieve Vrouw op het staakske* (*Notre Dame sur le poteau*) ; and out of the offerings of the pilgrims a chapel was built on the spot where the statue was found. This chapel was soon after enlarged into a handsome church, and the wonder-working statue was placed on a sumptuous altar, at the foot of which the offerings of the faithful still poured in.

One night a matron named Baet Soetkens, with the help of the sacristan, managed to get herself shut up in the church, and fled at daybreak to Brussels, carrying with her the holy image. The canons of Notre Dame, not to be daunted, replaced the statue with another, and it was soon found that the marvellous properties of the new statue were not one whit inferior to those of the old.

We came out of the cathedral by the west door and passed Quentin Matsys' elaborate and beautiful iron canopy covering a well. The canopy deserves careful attention, for it is a masterpiece of early iron work. At the top of it is a figure of a knight in armour, said to represent Salvius Brabo; the figure holds up a gauntlet.

We went into the handsome sixteenth-century Hôtel de Ville in the Grande Place close by, to see the beautifully sculptured Renaissance chimney-piece in the room used by the burgomaster. The Hôtel de Ville was formerly one of the richest buildings in Europe, but in 1576, during the "Spanish Fury," the fiendish Spanish soldiers speedily converted it into a blackened ruin. A few years afterwards it was restored as we see it now.

The Grande Place has been the scene of many interesting events, some of them terrible and bloody. In the Grande Place the guilds assembled in war time, and gathered round the town banner. We looked with much interest at the picturesque old guild houses still standing round the Place; they date from the sixteenth century.

By this time we were beginning to feel hungry, and one of us spying out a restaurant in the Place Verte, we went in to get some luncheon. We had a little room, or rather alcove, to ourselves. The alcove next to ours was engaged by a party of Belgians. We could not actually see them, but in the large looking-glass opposite we caught glimpses of what they were doing, and we could hear all they said.

The entertainment began with speeches and wine, interspersed with songs. Healths were drunk and compliments exchanged. After a quarter of an hour or so spent in this way the soup appeared, and the worthy Belgians became a little quieter, though one of them, a stout little tub of a man, between his spoonfuls of soup would break out into a snatch of some familiar air, putting his hand on his heart as he sang.

We left soon after, so we did not know how the party ended, but as, while the dinner progressed, the merry-makers seemed to be growing more and more excited, it was perhaps as well that we did not wait till the end.

We next set out to find the Musée Plantin, which we had been told was the most curious of all the interesting places in Antwerp. It is close to the Scheldt, and stands on one side of the Place du Vendredi.

Outside, the house is ordinary-looking enough, but when we were once inside we found much difficulty in forcing ourselves to come away—the place is such a storehouse of beautiful and old-world things.

The house originally belonged to the famous printer, Christophe Plantin. Plantin was a Frenchman—he was born in 1514 near Tours. He made a tour in France, picking up all the knowledge about printing that he could, and came to Antwerp in the middle of the sixteenth century, where he established himself as a bookseller and binder. A few years later on, in 1555, he started business as a printer, and began to produce his wonderful books. They were at first few in number, but gradually they grew more and more numerous, until Plantin's printing presses became the most famous and productive in the Netherlands. It was not however till 1579 that he bought the building in the Place du Vendredi.

Plantin was a learned and accomplished man, and the author of several books; he was essentially practical, an indefatigable worker, and possessed great penetration.

Every book that he printed was most carefully and accurately done, and he appears to have fully deserved the great success he obtained, though the establishment was never a financial success, for, owing to his thoroughness and liberality of spirit, he was often in money difficulties.

The first book was issued from his Antwerp press in May, 1555; it bears the title *L'Institution d'une fille de noble maison; traduite de langue Tuscanne en François*.

The most celebrated book Plantin printed was the polyglot Bible for Philip II., begun in 1568, and finished in 1573. It was in eight folio volumes, and it is said that forty workmen were employed for nearly five years in its production.

Plantin excelled as a bookbinder and worker in leather. He was commissioned by Philip II.'s secretary, Gabriel de Çayas, to make a casket to contain some jewellery which the secretary wished to send to Philip. Plantin made a beautiful little leather box, a perfect work of art, and as soon as it was done, not caring to trust a workman, he went out himself to take it to the secretary. It was night, and as the streets were very dark, Plantin got a servant to carry a lantern before him. On the way, close to the Place

de Meir, they were suddenly attacked by several men with drawn swords. The terrified servant dropped the lantern and fled; before Plantin could even speak or attempt to escape he was run through the body, and fell senseless to the ground, where he was left for dead. When Plantin came to his senses he managed somehow to crawl home, and lay for several days at the point of death.

It came out afterwards that a party of riotous merry-makers, some of whom had

oppression under Philip II. were ever growing greater. During the siege of Antwerp by Farnese, Plantin fled to Leyden and founded there a branch printing establishment, having left the Antwerp one in charge of his son-in-law, François Raphelengius.

When Antwerp surrendered to Farnese in 1585, Plantin returned to the city; he died there in 1589.

By his will he left the Antwerp establishment to his son-in-law Jean Moretus, who had married Plantin's second daughter Mar-



COURTYARD, MUSÉE PLANTIN.
From a Drawing by T. R. Macquoid.

been disturbed the previous night by a wandering musician, had set out after dinner vowing vengeance against the minstrel, and in the dark, mistaking Plantin for the object of their wrath, they had fallen on him at once.

From this time Plantin had to give up binding and caset-making, and turn his whole attention to printing.

He had come to Antwerp shortly before the abdication of Charles V. The city was then in the height of its glory, but the religious disputes which led to the terrible scenes enacted during the period of the Spanish

time. The house remained in the Moretus family until it was purchased in 1875 by the town for 1,200,000 francs, and soon after opened as a public museum.

It is worth while to make the journey to Antwerp only to see the Musée Plantin—there is nothing quite like it in Europe.

But we will go in and walk through its multitude of rooms. The first room is hung round with splendid tapestry; the floor is parqueteried, in the middle of the room stands a table made entirely of the choicest tortoiseshell.

The next rooms contain family portraits by Rubens, Vandyck, and others, besides copies (many of which are by Rubens) from the Italian masters. In the middle of the rooms, in glass cases, are specimens of beautiful illumination and early printing; and there are fine oak cabinets with china, and some quaint old chairs.

From this suite of rooms we pass into the spacious oblong courtyard. As we enter the courtyard we are greeted by silvery music coming from we know not where. Can it be that the Musée Plantin possesses these melodious chimes? Then we hear that they are some way off, and we remember that they must come wafted down from the belfry of that wonderful tower amongst the clouds in the Place Verte.

On one side of the courtyard a huge vine entirely covers the wall of the house with beautiful luxuriant foliage. For three hundred years this vine has steadily put forth leaves and fruit as the seasons come round. A bust of the fine head of Jean Moretus peeps out from amidst the thick foliage. There are three other busts of the family on the arcaded side of the courtyard. Behind these arcades are the shop and some of the working rooms.

All is set in order in these rooms, and we almost expect to see Plantin himself rise courteously from his desk and ask us what he can do for us; but a giggling staring Flemish girl in a huge white cap and bright green shawl, with her strutting boy-soldier lover, soon dispel this illusion, and we walk on quickly so as to lose sight of them. We go on till we find ourselves in a suite of rooms on the opposite side of the house. Several of these rooms have oak dados, and, above the oak, beautiful old stamped Cordovan leather. Then come a long range of printing presses and implements—they all look arranged and ready for use, everything is perfectly orderly and workmanlike—and we spend a long time in examining them.

The broad staircase leads us up to numbers of delightful rooms tastefully fitted; most of them are full of china, etchings, and engravings; the walls are dadoed with carved and panelled oak, surmounted by gorgeous stamped leather.

One room was particularly attractive to us. A fine Turkey carpet covered the middle of the floor; the beautiful stamped leather above the oak panelling was gold and greenish-blue in colour. On this hung some pictures and choice engravings, in the middle of the room stood a massive carved oak table covered with a cloth, soft in texture, and a delicate blue in colour. A chandelier of sparkling

glass pendants of quaint shape hung from the ceiling. One side of the room looked through the small square panes of the stone ribbed windows on to the courtyard and the other sides of the house; while from an end of the room we had a vista of other rooms beyond.

There is a delightful little state bedroom, containing a beautifully-carved oak bedstead, with faded rich green silk hangings and counter-pane.

The chief library is very fascinating—one can fancy it as old as the time of Plantin; the shelves are filled with rare old books bound in white vellum, over which we longed to linger. The air of quiet and repose in this room is delightful; one half of it catches the afternoon sun; a bookworm could live and die here with utter content. In fact the whole house has such an old-world air and charm that it is difficult to conceive how the last owner, Monsieur Moretus, could ever have brought himself to part with it. And the sum for which he eventually did sell it seems so trifling to us English for such an inestimable storehouse of treasures. It is impossible to give any idea of the Musée Plantin in a short article; it must be seen and visited many times to fully appreciate it.

Early one morning we went into the fish market. We found the fish auction going on. The auction is generally held between seven and nine o'clock in the morning.

A solemn-looking man sits in a little erection in the middle of the market; just below him is a slab of stone, on which the fish are thrown or hooked out of barrels. The buyers stand round in a circle.

The auctioneer begins in a rapid monotone to name the price; he starts at a high figure, and quickly reduces it until one of the buyers throws up a hand, or calls out, and becomes the owner of the fish. One bid decides the matter. But this scene, though curious, is trying for squeamish people; the fish are sometimes only skate, and on every side the operations of skinning and cleaning fish go on vigorously.

The old fish market was close to the venerable picturesque building called the Steen. This was formerly part of the castle of Antwerp, and it is said that some of the work of the Northmen, who in the ninth century were masters of Antwerp for nearly sixty years, can still be seen. The Steen is now used as a museum for curiosities.

After breakfast we ascended the great tower of the cathedral. On the way up we paused to look at the belfry and its ninety-nine bells, the king of which is Carolus—



THE HOUSE OF CHARLES V., ANTWERP.
From a Drawing by T. R. MACQUOID.

Charles V.'s godchild ; it weighs eight tons ! Suddenly the whole air clashed and clanged with sound, the tower seemed to rock, and we thought for an instant that some frightful

accident must be happening.

"It is only the bells, messieurs," said the custodian, laughing at our awestruck faces. At least we were told afterwards that he said this, for the noise was so deafening that we hurried on up the steps with our hands to our ears. The interested traveller, if he has any nerves, will do well not to stop to examine the belfry just at the moment the bells are likely to ring !

The view from the summit of the tower well repays the rather laborious ascent. On a fine day a great part of Belgium can be seen, while of course a perfect idea is gained of the shape and size of Antwerp itself.

From the cathedral we walked round by the Boucheries, a fine specimen of civil architecture of the beginning of the sixteenth century, now used as a warehouse

for corn.

Striking up through crooked rambling streets to the middle of the town, we soon found our way to the picture museum. Just

outside it is a handsome statue of Vandyck, another of Antwerp's most distinguished sons. He seems to invite you to enter the museum and see what he and his famous brother artists have done.

The pictures are chiefly by painters of the Flemish school, and they give a great idea of the strength of that school in bygone days.

There are splendid pictures by Rubens, Vandyck, and others. Rubens's *Christ between the Two Thieves* is wonderful for realistic force. Perhaps the most interesting picture in the gallery is the *Dead Saviour* of Quentin Matsys, painted in 1508—his principal picture. The care and minuteness of the execution are startling, while the expressions of some of the faces are intensely full of pain and sorrow.

Vandyck's very beautiful *Pieta*, and his awe-striking *Crucifixion* will surprise those who have only seen his portraits.

It is not far from the museum to the church of St. Jacques; outside, this is a massive fifteenth-century building of handsome proportions, but inside it is magnificent—a veritable museum of pictures and splendid monuments in black and white marble. There is a fine altar-piece by Rubens—the picture in which he is said to have introduced the portraits of his two wives as the Virgin and Mary Magdalene—and the tomb of the great painter himself is here.

Keeping on down the Longue rue Neuve we passed the Flemish theatre and came to the Place de la Commune, a large open space. On our right we saw before us a circular, dull red brick building, inside which, on coming close up to it, we found there was a panorama of the battle of Waterloo. On the principle that there is nothing like variety, we went in, going through a gloomy winding passage, very dimly lighted, and, after going up some steps, we suddenly found ourselves in the midst of a far-reaching plain; a fearful battle was raging all round us. The whole scene made a vividly realistic picture of the horrors of war. The effect of space is wonderfully given. The panorama is by a Belgian artist named Charles Verlat, and is considered to be the finest thing of the kind in Europe.

After a few minutes' further walk we reached the Zoological Gardens; they lie at the back of the railway station. These gardens are pretty, and contain a very complete collection of animals, birds, &c. All the creatures look very healthy and lively. One of the giraffes, a giant fellow of some twenty feet high, was gambolling

up and down his enclosure like a frolicsome pony. The lion and carnivora-house is well stocked and well kept. There are a good number of snakes, and the collection of pheasants is an unusually perfect one. There is also an interesting series of domestic dogs.

The Zoo seemed to be well frequented; on Sundays it forms a fashionable lounge. Although it is much smaller, it is in many ways superior to our own Zoo in the Regent's Park. There appears to be more system generally, and the creatures are kept in better condition.

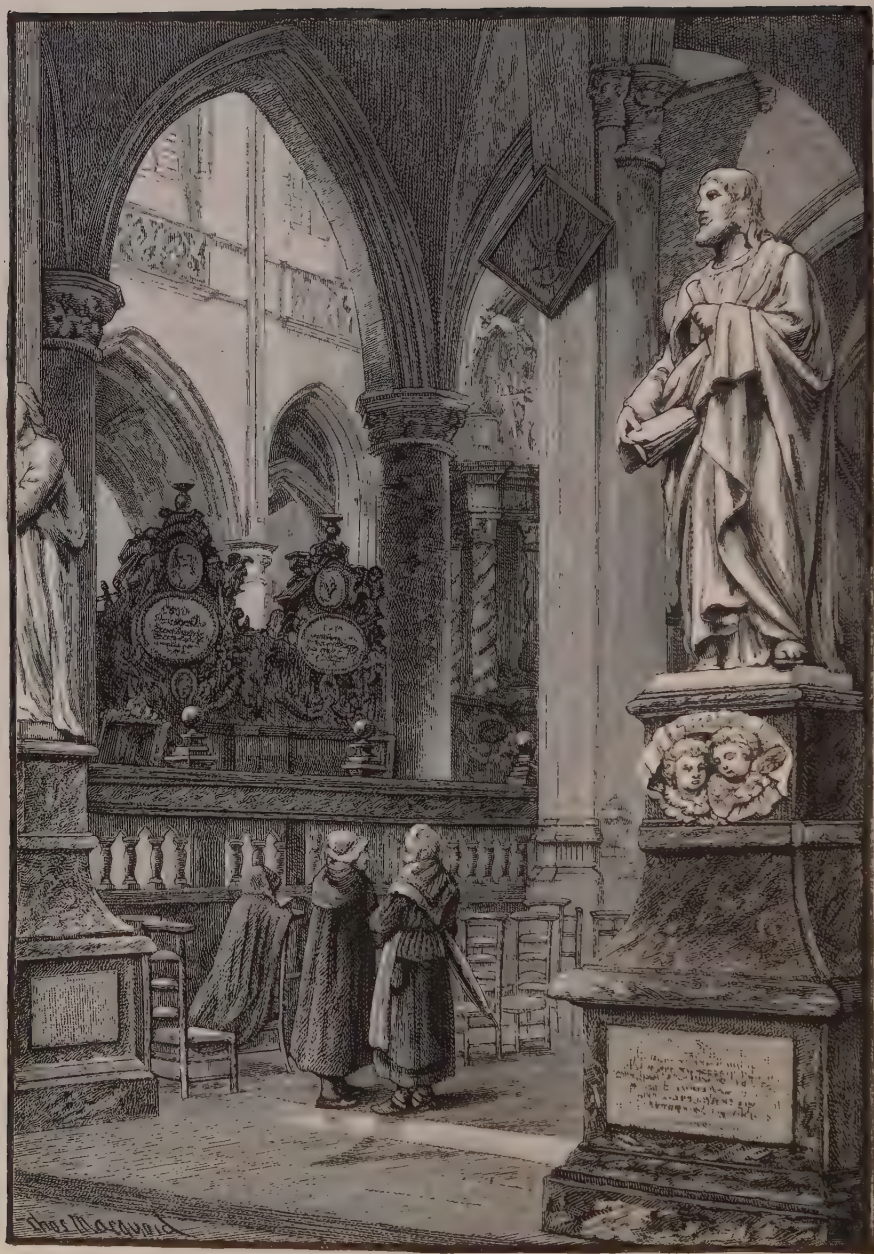
Coming back we passed Rubens's house in the Place de Meir, a handsome building designed by the great painter. Rubens is essentially the genius of the place; his finest works are at Antwerp, and it is not just to form an estimate of his truly great powers without having been there. So many people judge Rubens by his pictures in England and at the Louvre; certainly his best work is at Antwerp, and as he passed the greater part of his life there, surely that is the place in which alone a just estimate can be formed of him.

We saw many other beautiful and interesting things during our stay at Antwerp, but there is not space here to do more than just mention some of them.

The Hotel van Liere or La Maison Charles-Quint is a finely sculptured relic in the midst of comparatively modern houses. This was the house that Albert Dürer said was finer than any house in Germany.

The church of St. Paul contains several good pictures, the most striking of which is the *Scourging of Christ* by Rubens. There are also remarkable pictures in the churches of St. Antoine, St. Andrew, and the Augustinians—but the celebrated *Marriage of St. Catherine* by Rubens in the last is much faded.

The quays and docks of Antwerp are very handsome and extensive. In the Maison Hydraulique there is a wonderful old room called the Salle des Brasseurs. It still has the old golden leather hangings, the brass sconces, the quaint oak chairs, tables, and the general air of three centuries ago. In this room the corporation of brewers used to meet. La Maison Hydraulique was built by Van Schoonbeke to supply with water the breweries he had established. This good man was one of Antwerp's greatest benefactors. In a few years he changed the whole appearance of the town: he renewed the fortifications, planned new quarters and streets, and built, or was mainly instrumental in building, more than 3,000 new houses. Yet, in spite of all this—



ST. JACQUES, ANTWERP.
From a Drawing by T. R. MACQUOID.

owing to the greedy jealousy of a few brewers, who considered that the Maison Hydraulique would interfere with their gains, and who incited the citizens to revolt, telling them that the water conducted by the Maison Hydraulique engendered a sort of worm in

the beer—Van Schoonbeke was forced to fly for his life to the Hôtel de Ville, and soon afterwards he retired to Brussels, where he died in 1556 aged only thirty-eight, disheartened, and in exile from the town he had loved so well.

KATHERINE S. MACQUOID.



LAGO DI COLBRICON—EVENING.
From a Drawing by J. TALMAGE WHITE.

SAN MARTINO DI CASTROZZA.

SOUND asleep in the "Golden Ship," snuggest and quaintest of hostelrys, why do I dream of the Italian Opera in old Covent Garden? Why am I listening to Meyerbeer's Curfew Chorus, why watching the march of the Paris patrol? I wake with a start to find myself standing on the floor in the dark. Am I still dreaming? Where am I? What strange chant is ringing in my ears?

"*Vigilate pel fuoco ; son battute le due ; sia lodato il nome di Gesù Cristo.*"¹ This is what I hear. I am in Tirol, at Predazzo, and the town watchman is going his rounds! I return to bed shivering and happy. Two days' leisurely travel through woods and valleys towards the heart of the Dolomites, with enticing glimpses of the summits for which we are bound, have already tuned me to holiday pitch. So, now this voice of the night completes the enchantment. In some topsyturvy, illogical way, Predazzo's dread of blazing rafters makes the work-a-day world forgotten, and transports me into fairyland. And South Tirol is indeed the fairyland of Europe. Of course, as happens to most of us at first sight of long-desired regions, it is a struggle to adjust actual impressions to

those derived from books. All the mental pictures gleaned from Gilbert and Churchill, Ball, Freshfield and Tuckett, Miss Edwardes and Walter White have all to be shaken up, like pieces in a kaleidoscope, and fitted to reality. Fortunately, almost everywhere in Tirol reality surpasses expectation. No eloquence can exaggerate the grandeur of the drive to San Martino by Paneveggio and Rolle, no word-painting do justice to its beauty of colour! What more romantic approach to the weird splendours of the Cimone range than the slow ascent past flower-strewn meads, through the wild Travnolino gorge—musical with the rush of waters—where now and again spectral peaks and glittering ice fields appear in mid-air above the trees, to the mighty forests on the slopes of the Costonzella Pass! What a fascinating medley of romance and rusticity at Paneveggio, where the mid-day halt is made! The inn seems to have dropped out of the pages of Grimm's *Household Tales*. Its wonderful kitchen with the bow-windowed circular hearth must surely be "redded up" by elves at night; and the pigs and geese, cows and mules outside seem properties, as *knechte* and *kellnerinnen* are personages, of the same dear old tales. But for the stronger attraction of the beckoning peaks beyond

¹ "Beware of fire. 'Tis two in the morning. Praised be the name of Jesus Christ."

one would willingly spend weeks among the scented glades, sawmills, and torrents of these enchanted woods.

Up and on for hours amid ranks of stately pines, where squirrels frisk from branch to branch, and past flowery glens and flashing cascades, until at last the summit of the Pass is won.

The air is exhilarating as champagne out on this wild upland; we are on the top crust of the globe, and on all sides lies "a tossing world of stone." Companies of tall, faint peaks are ranged in the distance—but where is King Cimone, whose grey and yellow horns have been our beacons for days? Straight ahead of us is nothing but a blank wall of mist! Presently an icy wind rushes over the moorland; the mist wall parts and discloses the whiter white of snows surmounted by jagged pinnacles, and buttressed by precipitous cliffs. But Cimone's royal head remains wrapped in his cloud-mantle. Only at intervals just a fold of the drapery falls aside, revealing an orange flank and some magnificent crags.

A sharp shower now drives us to shelter in the little wooden post-house at Rolle, but it is soon over, and the sun shines over the weird landscape. There at last is Cimone in his full majesty, with his rugged consort, the Cima di Vezzano, by his side. Their snow-throne is guarded by bristling, twisted cliffs, where lines of glittering limestone, alternated with stripes of red and yellow sandstone, seem like colossal versions of the Alum Bay sand-bottles so dear to our infancy.

The descent to San Martino reveals fresh marvels at every turn, for southwards, beyond Cimone, extends a range of towers and pinnacles above perilous slopes of snow-white *détris*. We wind down into an amphitheatre of greenery, seamed by numerous ravines, encircled by forests of fir and larch. Above the zone of trees to the right are the granite crags of Colbricon and Tognazzo. Far ahead at the end of the valley rise the Vette di Feltre, delicate, opalescent, southern heights, whose Italian colours, luminous grey and peacock and purple, are in lovely contrast with the sterner tints and dazzling white of the Dolomite chain and the deep red of granite Colbricon. The soft curves of the Vette culminate in the broad pyramid of the Pavione, otherwise Col di Luna or Mountain of the Moon, whence all Venetia and the Adriatic may be seen. Minor details complete the beauty of the scene. Those rosy patches among bilberries and ferns tell us that the Alpine rhododendron is still in bloom; the arnica daisy flaunts its orange

petals on the turf, and Scotch blue-bells cluster thickly by the roadside. The dash of hidden water, the tinkle of cow-bells, and the voice of the wind in the trees form a fitting accompaniment to this mountain symphony. And here at last is San Martino on the meadow-slope above the Cimone torrent. There is just one hotel at right angles with the picturesque eleventh-century hospice founded by a bishop of Trent for the use of pilgrims over the difficult pass, a pretty little church, a house for the priest, two or three cottages, and a few scattered barns and sheds. It is a delicious summer retreat, and no little gratitude is owed to the Alpinists who first proclaimed its delights and scaled its virgin peaks. The open space in front of the hotel is bordered by a low wall guarding a vegetable plot; there is no garden, no attempt at a pleasure ground; but who cares for the lack of these when you can exult in the sight of the mighty summits tossed against the sky? Mightiest of all is King Cimone, then come the glittering pinnacles of the Rosetta, divided by an ice-filled gully from the stern precipice of the Pala di San Martino. Beyond the snowy windings of the Passo Ball and the Cima, also christened by the accomplished mountaineer who first set foot on its peak, rise the formidable crags of the Sasso Maior striding southwards to the fantastic pillars and spires overhanging Val Canale. Seen from Primiero these crags resemble monstrous veiled figures, and it was a happy thought of Messrs. Gilbert and Churchill to give them the name of the "Procession Mountain." And at the base of this magic range are emerald pastures broken by wild ravines, where torrents foam amid Alpine roses and dark wedges of forest stream down into the valley.

Now that the new road by the Fonzaso Pass brings San Martino almost within a day's journey from Venice, it will soon become a fashionable resort, and be overrun by tourists. Already we hear that it is to be managed by an enterprising hotel-keeper from Trent, and fitted with every luxury and comfort. But in the summer of 1881 life was idyllic at San Martino. Two pleasant ladies excepted, our own family and friends were the only permanent boarders, and the perfect freedom was more than sufficient compensation for the roughness of the fare. Our host was paying the penalty for his attempt to starve his guests of the previous year, but his bad season was a delightful one for us. Now and then a carriage would arrive, bristling with alpenstocks, and filled with gaitered mountaineers. Then,

for a day or so, the table would be enlivened by tales of mountain feats ; there would be much stamping of nailed boots overhead in the small hours, and young men, standing about the front door with their legs well apart, as if spanning some *crévasse*, would learnedly discourse, telescope in hand, of the route trodden, or to be trodden, to this or that summit.

But these were only occasional breaks in our tranquil existence. The seclusion of San Martino was not the least of its charms, and the daily post-cart brought us sufficient news of the outer world. Was there not endless variety on the face of our mountains,

rocky torrents, through miry bogs, and up and down steep and stony paths, we suddenly emerged on the longed-for shores of the lovely Colbricon tarn, and recognised in certain far-away, dark peaks the familiar forms of the Rosengarten ! Yet after all such excursions we always hurried homewards with the feeling of spectators who have carelessly missed part of a great play. For what words can describe the endless drama of effects to be seen in our valley ? How catalogue the changing aspects of its guardian peaks ? On sunny mornings they stand clean carved against the sky—an army of spires and pinnacles, towers and teeth. Then, their



NEAR SAN MARTINO DI CASTROZZA—EARLY MORNING.

From a Drawing by J. TALMAGE WHITE.

endless excitement in exploring this ravine or that glen, in wandering through the silent woods, following the windings of water-courses, or climbing to distant *malghe* (dairies) to feast on bowls of cream ! What harvests of mountain flowers we gleaned ! Arnica and aconite, and gentians of every kind, rare ferns and fragrant nigritella, familiar English weeds, and now and then a cluster of splendid edelweiss ! What feasts of wild fruit—bilberries and strawberries, raspberries and delicate *canestrelle* (*Rubus saxatilis*) ! And what a memorable day was that, when after hopelessly losing our way among dank, dark glades, and stumbling across

prevailing tints are whitish-grey and yellow ; their powdering of crystalline detritus seems the hoariness of age ; blue-gleaming ice-caves can be seen in the recesses above their snows. They seem to lean forward over the valley ; a stone from your hand, you think, might almost strike their flanks. As the day grows, they faint in the quivering light, are half dissolved into pale, translucent ghosts. Soon perhaps vapour wreaths float slowly up, hover about across their dim shapes, while massive cumuli assemble in the sky. Sometimes the vapours thicken, ragged rain-clouds drape our giants' sides, their tops are closely veiled. Then, all of a sudden, the August



CIMONE DELLA PALA, FROM THE ROLLE PASS.

From a Drawing by J. TALMAGE WHITE.

sun breaks out, strikes perhaps Cimone's summit, and behold a huge golden radiance throned on cushions of mist! At sunset our peaks burn with orange light, and then when shadows begin to darken the valley, and the forest walls are densest black, they are rosy flames piercing the heavens, every spire and pinnacle ablaze with the after-glow.

Presently the colours fade, and our Dolomites, cold as Despair, rear their fantastic forms against the pale evening sky. But in a short time there is a brightness to the east, and long before the moon has mounted high

enough to touch the foremost peaks, the Pala is bathed in its radiance, and soon needle and horn and spire exult in the new splendour, and the valley is flooded with silvery light.

Bad weather brings sights of a wilder sort. Mists sweep hither and thither with an almost audible swirl; storm clouds do battle overhead; the forest-clad hills are phantoms in black and grey. The wind howls and moans through the woods, and its recurrent bursts, mingled with the voice of the torrent, sounds like the rush of the tide on a rock-bound shore. The rain pelt steadily for hours, the fog curtain draws closer and closer.

Then, all at once, the north wind comes tearing over the Pass; the rain ceases, shutters flap and casements tremble. The turmoil goes on all night; in the morning sunshine greets you, but summer has fled. There is snow on all the mountains down to the edge of the pines; ruddy Colbricon and verdant Tognazzo are like frosted cakes, and every level inch and cranny of the Dolomites are also dazzling white. Contrasted with these glittering patches, Cimone's greys and yellows are tawniest orange and black, and the red-sand strata of the Rolle cliffs are the colour of raspberry jam.

On Sundays and holidays San Martino is a centre of gaiety. Herdsmen and haymakers from the neighbouring Alps come trooping in with their families, and rest on the low wall before the hotel until the mass bell rings. It is pretty to see the reverent crowd flocking up the slope to the church, the women hat in hand like the men, and tiny children toddling in the rear! Cheery Don Cirillo, the priest, who on week days is constantly lounging about, chatting or playing at bowls, and with a dot of a black dog like a full stop at his heels, is invisible on holy mornings. Only at the last stroke of the bell he issues from his back door in full canonicals, and slowly crosses the turf to the church porch. His dog accompanies him even to the altar, and thence emits feeble barks at any strange face among the congregation. Worn by age, with a crippled leg and a weak constitution, this comic animal answers to the name of Hercules. Evidently his master has a streak of humour in his composition. A kindly social man too is Don Cirillo, well pleased to enliven his dull days by doing the honours of San Martino to Italian-speaking guests. His winters must be terribly dreary, for often his church is buried in snow-drifts, he has to say mass in his little pink house by the hospice, and during eight months of the year the hotel is closed. No wonder that the good man makes the most of summer visitors, and winks at the gaieties of his flock! Sometimes, when an accordion player can be got from Primiero, the lads and lasses dance in the *osteria*, and the rival beauties, fair-haired Anna of the hotel, and the dark-eyed girl of the inn, divide the gallant attentions of herdsmen and guides.

The inhabitants of this valley are cheerful and friendly, and have a grace of manner that is distinctly Italian. One day, on the seven miles' walk to Primiero, we stopped to rest by a wayside cottage. The cool forest had been long left behind, and we were in the full blaze of the August sun. A pretty

young girl, with little black ringlets escaping from her felt hat, espied us from her potato patch above, and instantly came speeding down to bid us welcome, and invite us into the house. We bought a few eggs, and asked for water, and the girl attended to our wants with pleasant alacrity. Soon her smiling mother came in from the fields, and seating herself on the bench by the bed began to chat with the ease of a lady hostess. She was interested to learn that we lived in Italy, had once been there, she said, to the shrine of St. Antonio, at Padua. Mother and daughter loaded us with good wishes when we rose to take leave. I told the pretty girl that I hoped she would soon find a good husband. Thereupon, with a quick smile and blush, she replied that she need not return the compliment, since I already had one.

Whenever we passed that cottage on subsequent walks the whole family would turn out to greet us, and pretty Lisa never failed to offer us a glass of water from the spring. The town of Primiero, its sights and excursions must be reserved for a future paper, but our first visit there made us acquainted with one of the most interesting of its inhabitants.

We naturally went to the comfortable, wainscoted inn of the brothers Bonetti, whose names are so honourably recorded in all books on Tirol. Rested and refreshed, we had barely started on our up-hill drive back to San Martino, when our handsome young coachman began to hum snatches of song in a singularly sweet voice. We pricked up our ears, asked a few questions, and found that this was the Bonetti with the wonderful tenor mentioned by Miss Edwardes and Walter White. Would he sing us something? The young man was delighted to meet with appreciative listeners, and readily poured forth song after song. Truly it was a wonderful voice, pure and sweet and powerful, with no defects save those of imperfect training. Whether trudging up hill beside his horses, or seated on the box, this born artist sang with equal ease. He gave us many operatic airs in succession, and wound up with an Ave Maria admirably suited to the time and place. We were climbing the road through the forest, evening was at hand, and the radiant peaks and snows of Cimone were shining high in air beyond the firs. It was a culmination of delight to hear those sweet, grave notes in such a scene!

Then our tenor told us his tale—a simple tale of hardship and renunciation. In his boyhood he had hoped to be a professional

singer, even "perhaps to tread the boards." A friendly maestro who often came to Primiero promised to try to gain him admission to the Conservatoire of Milan. Meanwhile he went to Italy and began to study his art in earnest. But after a few months his father died suddenly, and the youth was recalled to Primiero to help his mother and brother in the hotel. All hope of a musical career seemed at an end, yet he did not despair, but worked and waited. Then came a harder blow. He was drawn for the conscription, and had to serve three years in the Austrian cavalry. Fortunately, being nearly always quartered in Vienna, he heard much excellent singing, with the further good luck of a musical captain who gave him much teaching and encouragement. Accustomed to horses, and a capital rider, young Bonetti had grown quite reconciled to his military life when an unlucky accident changed it to a martyrdom. One day his charger, an extremely vicious and hard-mouthed brute, bolted with him through the suburbs of Vienna, and was only pulled up after a wild gallop of nearly an hour. Bonetti was instantly arrested, tried, and condemned to three months' *carcere duro*, i.e., to imprisonment in irons, with bread and water and a plank bed. Thanks to the intercession of his friendly superior, the sentence

was commuted to one month; but those terrible thirty days half killed the youth. The injustice of the punishment cut into his soul as the irons into his flesh, and he came out of prison a changed man. When his three years were ended the good captain tried to tempt him to remain in the service, and assured him of speedy promotion. But Bonetti refused. "How could I stay," he said, "when I had been treated like a felon?"

So now he has come back to his valley for life. He is quite happy, he says, and sings a great deal. A maestro from Munich comes every year to Primiero, gets up concerts, and teaches him new songs. What more could he desire? Yet he sighed as he expressed his content. He pressed us to come to the Primiero church to hear the musical mass of the 15th of August, and before we rattled over the wooden bridge to the lighted door of our hotel he had taught one of our party the words and music of the national song given below, and that is sung by all the peasants of San Martino.

LINDA VILLARI.

NOTE.—The hotel is now much improved. An excellent table is kept, there are two posts daily, and numerous improvements are promised by the enterprising new proprietor.—L. V.

MORETTINA.

♩

Ia sta - gion la! la! del - le mo - ret - te - te L'è l'a -
Mo - ret - ti - na - na! non far - mi sgru - gno - gno. Mo - ret -

pri - le - le mag - gio e giu - gno - gno. Le mo - Gi - ug - no.
ti - na - na dim - mi di si si si. Si si si.

ret - te so - no tut - te gen - ti - li! Le bion - di - ne so - no tradi - trici.

Fine.

Da Capo ♩ *al fine.*



THE MEDIATION OF RALPH HARDELLOT.

BY PROF. W. MINTO, AUTHOR OF "CRACK OF DOOM."

CHAPTER XI.

RAINHAM VISITS HIS PRISONERS, AND IS
DETAINED BY THEM AGAINST HIS WILL.



HAT Rainham had said about living burial gave rise in Ralph's mind to disquieting suspicions. Was it his intention to starve them to death together in this underground hole? And what

would their fate be when their strength became too feeble to contend with the rats? A vision of these creatures swarming about them, and becoming bolder and bolder as his power of resistance waxed fainter, passed before his mind and filled him for an instant with horror. His heart was stout enough to face even this prospect for himself, but the mere possibility as affecting his tender companion chilled his blood, and such an icy shudder ran through him that he had much ado to keep his teeth from chattering. In a moment he had controlled the weakness, and resolutely dismissing all thought of such a contingency, buoyed himself up with a confident hope that before then their gaolers would certainly visit the dungeon to watch the behaviour of the prisoners and gloat over their sufferings. Then would his opportunity come when he could rush upon them out of the darkness, and overpower them before they were aware that he was no longer bound and helpless.

"Their curiosity will not allow them to leave us alone," he said to Clara. "They are certain to come and look in on us, and then the darkness will be all in our favour. I will be on them before they know that I am free."

She clapped her hands with glee like a child, and her joy lifted him into the seventh heaven of delight. Nature is merciful to creatures in extreme peril, and often dulls the sense of it; so that dangers of the most appalling proportions are faced with as light a heart as if they were trifles. The leader of a forlorn hope will march as gaily to the breach as he would to a bridal.

"Let us secure that rope," Ralph said, "it may be useful. I remember that when they wound it round and round me they laughed, and said that it cost nothing. It may cost some of them more than they thought of."

The rope was found, and they sat down to unravel it as light of heart as if they had been lovers "under the greenwood tree." As they sat there in the darkness and untied the knots, she told him in answer to his questions how she had fallen again into Rainham's power.

He had carried her off only the day before from Dartford Priory by a mixture of force and stratagem. The priory lay in the deep valley of the Darent. To the west rose a steep heath, covered with bracken and furze and hawthorn. A little door in the western wall of the priory gave on to this heath, and there the inmates often walked in twos and threes when they wished to breathe the fresh air on the heights and hear the birds sing and gossip undisturbed. Clara was walking here with a young girl, a pupil and pet of the nuns of the priory, and the two were deep in talk, when suddenly they became aware of half a dozen armed horsemen moving down from the highway which crossed the valley to the south of the priory. They thought little of the circumstance, but in obedience to the rules of the convent Clara lowered her veil and they made quietly for the postern, not hurrying at all, for perhaps

they would not have objected to a nearer view of the riders. But as they began to walk down the horses were put to the trot, as if with the intention of cutting off their retreat. They quickened their pace, and so did the horsemen, and then they began to be alarmed in earnest, and ran at full speed. Too late, however, for the mounted men reached the door before them, and Clara recognised Sir Richard Rainham and some of his retainers.

The father of Clara's companion, a tiler, chanced to be at work on the priory buildings. Seeing the occurrence, and hearing his daughter's screams, he gave the alarm to the armed retainers of the priory, who occupied a small house outside the principal western gate; and himself ran up with his lathing-staff in his hand. Clara heard him call as she fled up the hill, and saw him running to her assistance; but before assistance came she was overtaken, seized, gagged, bound, and thrown on Rainham's saddle before him, and the whole troop rode off at the gallop.

Clara could remember very little of the journey, except that, as she lay helpless on her lord's saddle she thought it would never come to an end. The tramp of the horses' feet beat into her brain at first with maddening monotony, but after a time the very monotony had a benumbing effect, and she dozed uneasily as in a feverish sleep. From the eager, excited manner of her captors and their frequent looking back, she could gather that they were pursued in the first stage of their ride, but after they crossed the Thames by the ferry they rode more at their ease. It was dark before they reached Sturmere. Sir Richard was most ceremoniously polite at first, made profuse apologies for his violence, pleaded in his defence the uncontrollable love that had driven him to this rough method of regaining his wife. Supper was prepared for them, and she was conducted in state to her chamber. It was when he visited her in the morning and found her still obdurately defiant that he blazed out in fury, cursed her and the trouble she had given him, and conceived his brutal scheme of revenge.

Harpin, the fowler, instructed by Docket, at Sudbury, had brought the news that the merchants would pass Sturmere on their way to Cambridge, and that Ralph HardeLOT would be in their company.

In shutting up the two together in the dungeon, it was undoubtedly the brutal ruffian's intention that neither should ever come out alive. He was of coarse composition by nature, and his natural coarseness

had been still further brutalised by a long course of warfare, in which there had been at least as much of heartless rapine and murder as fair fighting. Rough strength, cunning, and courage had advanced him to the rank of knighthood, as a serviceable instrument for the rough work of the time; but he had risen without acquiring any of the refinement of chivalry. Success had only confirmed the reckless violence of his passions.

He had calculated that companionship would add to the misery of his victims, and he gloated over the despair that they would feel as they saw one another dying by inches, and could no longer keep the rats at bay. It was truly a fiendish conception.

Ralph was right in his conjecture that they would not be left undisturbed, and that the spectacle of their misery would be too tempting to be foregone.

But his hope that Rainham and his men would come down to the door of the dungeon and expose themselves to his advantage was not gratified at once.

Towards nightfall, when the patch of light that was the sign of day in the outer world was almost indistinguishable, the prisoners heard a noise in the roof above them, and looking up saw that a small trap-door had been lifted in the top of the vault. Such openings are found in many mediæval dungeons. They were used for letting down food to prisoners. But this use was not contemplated on the present occasion.

Presently Sir Richard's face appeared, peering down. He was visible to them, but they in the darkness beneath were invisible to him. He seemed disappointed, as if balked of an expected pleasure, and called for lights. Meantime he amused himself with jeering at his prisoners.

"Ho! How goes it, my birds? . . . Billing and cooing? . . . Speak, or I will leave you to bill and coo on empty stomachs. . . . Is it not kind of me to leave you in the dark? The kindest Pander could not be more obliging. . . ."

This disgrace to knighthood became fouler and fouler in his language as no answer was returned. Ralph burned with wrath that his lady's ears should be subjected to such indignity, but he judged that if their tormentor neither saw nor heard them he might be tempted to come down to the door, and thus offer the ardently-desired opportunity. He whispered this stratagem to Clara, and they bore the knight's insults with patient silence.

By and by a lamp was brought and lowered by a rope.

Ralph waited till it had nearly reached the ground; then, keeping his hand behind him so that he should still appear to be bound, extinguished the lamp with a kick, and seizing the rope dragged it down with a jerk out of the holder's hands.

A volley of curses came from the knight above.

They could hear various plans suggested for illuminating the dungeon. Nicholas suggested that a blazing faggot of tow and pitch should be thrown down. This plan was approved of, and at once carried into execution.

Ralph and Clara withdrew to the corner of the dungeon next the door. "They will not be able to see much through the smoke," he said to her by way of comfort. She was quite delighted with their triumph so far.

The plan failed ignominiously, as they might have foreseen if they had been less eager. Such a volume of smoke came through the trap as the knight put down his head to look, that he drew back at once, sneezing and coughing and rubbing his eyes. In his rage he seized the author of the contrivance, and held his head down over the opening till he was half suffocated. Ralph extinguished the faggot at his leisure.

The knight continued to swear for some time, but no other plan suggesting itself, they adjourned to supper. Before they closed the trap he shouted down, "Good-bye, dicky birds. We will visit you anon."

"Nothing could give us more pleasure," muttered Ralph in an undertone, and proceeded to rehearse in his mind his plans for taking advantage of the visit.

More than two hours passed before there was any sign that Sir Richard meant to fulfil his promise. At the end of that time muffled sounds of footsteps and coarse laughter were heard on the dungeon stairs. The visitors, from the noise they made, seemed to be in high spirits, and had not been abstemious at supper.

"So much the better," thought Ralph, as he drew this inference. He stationed Clara at the further end of the dungeon, and took his stand in readiness by the door. He had two ropes now, and he had provided each with a running noose.

The bolts were drawn, the key was turned, and the door was swung back. Two men with torches entered in advance of the knight, and held their torches high. The knight stepped in with easy swagger, his hat on one side, his loose quilted surcoat open,

his right hand resting lightly on the dagger in his belt, the left ready to point at the prisoners in time with the jest on his lips. The red light of the torches gave a deeper glow to his inflamed countenance, broadened in coarse mirth.

Just as he crossed the threshold, and before he could see anything in the strange light, Ralph leapt lightly on him with the rope, passed the noose over his head, and ran it tight upon his arms, pinioning them to his sides before he had recovered from his surprise. And he had dragged the knight back a few paces into the dungeon, and had drawn the dagger from his side before the retainers realised what was going forward. Every man in the castle—there were about a dozen ruffians in all, picked men, of the same feather with their master—was tramping down the corkscrew stair to see the fun, all at their ease, in high spirits, well lined with beer. The huge Nicholas came next to his master, and he was lounging lazily in, stooping to enter, when suddenly he heard suppressed oaths and a hurried trampling and scuffling, and saw the knight in the grasp of the prisoner.

Ralph held the dagger to the knight's throat.

"A step and I strike!" he shouted to the men at the door. "He is in my power!"

The fact was obvious. It was a wild scene under the torchlight, the flames leaping and the deep shadows quivering. The torch-bearers were open-mouthed with astonishment, and stared at their master mutely inquiring what was to be done, leaning forward as if they would fain do something. The face and gesture of Nicholas in the doorway expressed the same surprise and hesitation. Surly defiance sat on the knight's features: the practised soldier had been taken unawares, but he had a self-reliant look, as if measuring the situation. For an instant all the figures were fixed in their attitudes like a group of statuary.

"Bid them retire, or I strike," said Ralph in a distinct, low voice. "All but the torch-bearers retire."

Clara, who stood in the shadow behind Ralph and the knight, drew nearer.

Sir Richard hesitated.

"Confirm my order or I will keep my word," said Ralph.

"I guess I must," growled the knight at last, with a forced laugh. "There is no other way. It is a clever trick," he continued in an easier voice, as if acquiescing. I never saw anything more deftly done. It reminds me of a cautel practised by that

worthy knight——." Then suddenly breaking off and changing his voice, he shouted, "Look to the damsel!"

The ruse so far succeeded. He had counted that Ralph would take his eyes off him for an instant, and as he spoke he dashed his shoulder with all his force against the youth, and starting forward jerked himself out of grasp, and made for the door. Nicholas saw the manoeuvre, and launched himself to meet his master, and the torch-bearers also started to close in.

But Ralph had the advantage in swiftness of movement. He was not driven far by the push, and he was on his enemy again like lightning, and caught him by the collar.

Still it seemed as if the odds were too much for him. Nicholas had just reached his master, and was almost touching him, and one of the torch-bearers, converting his torch into a weapon, was aiming a blow at Ralph's head.

But the next instant, in the rapidly-shifting scene, showed a complete change in the balance of advantages. Ralph had jerked back the knight between him and the torch-bearer, and the latter, on turning his blow aside to avoid hitting his master, caught Nicholas with the blazing pitch full in the face. The giant threw his hands on his face, and rolled on the floor in agony, yelling like a demon.

Then help came to Ralph at the same instant from an unexpected quarter. The sudden movement had passed before Clara's eyes with electric abruptness. There was no time to think: only a sense of the danger leapt to her brain: instinctively with a cry she ran forward, and seizing the rope with which the knight's arms were pinioned, pulled with all her might. Her frenzied tug came at an opportune moment: the knight was staggering under the arrest of Ralph's powerful arm, and it brought him three paces back clear of the men who had run to his assistance.

Ralph, with the dagger at his throat, was again master of the situation.

Sir Richard sullenly ordered his men to withdraw. Only one torch-bearer was left by Ralph's directions, and he had to part with his weapon. The blinded giant was led up the stairs blaspheming.

"It is some devil's magic," Sir Richard said. "But you do not get lightly out of this castle, though I am in your power!"

"If you move again by way of resistance," returned Ralph, "I will despatch you without further parley!"

"As you please," he muttered doggedly,

"but you will not easily pass my men and my gates."

"Meantime, I will bind you more securely." And he proceeded, with the aid of the other rope, to make his prisoner safe, hand and foot.

But what was to be done next? What Sir Richard had said was perfectly true. It was not easy to devise any means of escape from the castle. He could not trust Sir Richard's word that they might depart in safety, even if the knight had been willing to pledge it in return for his own life. Ralph knew that the pledge would be worthless, and did not ask it. If he had been alone, he might have locked up Sir Richard in his own dungeon and tried to force his way out. That would have been a desperate undertaking, but Ralph might have ventured it if he had been alone. As it was, he was in the position of a conqueror who cannot see how to utilise his victory.

Sir Richard watched his look of perplexity with grim humour, reckless of his own fate. "It is a hard knot, Sir Clerk," he said with a mocking laugh. "You are not free yet. I won't pledge my word to let you go, not if you had all the devils in hell at your beck."

Ralph made no answer, but taking the torch from the attendant, motioned him to retire.

"Do not fear, Clara," he said. "We have not gone so far to fail at last. But we must not take our next step rashly."

As he spoke, the sound of heavy blows on the outside wall above seemed to make the whole dungeon shake. A minute afterwards and the trap-door was hurriedly lifted. A face appeared at the opening. Its first look of eager and determined inquiry passed rapidly into one of astonishment.

"Is Ralph Hardelot there?" asked a voice from behind this apparition.

But before Ralph could answer, the trap-door was shut violently down, and they heard the sounds of a struggle overhead, and another series of knocks that made the walls vibrate. While Ralph and Clara stood looking at one another in bewildered mute inquiry, there came a crash like thunder, and then they could hear a confused and furious shouting, followed by a heavy and hurried tramping overhead as of a crowd of men rushing into the castle. Presently they heard footsteps descending the dungeon stairs.

But to explain what had happened we must go back to Simon d'Ypres and his companions.

CHAPTER XII.

SIMON D'YPRES PROVES THAT HE IS NOT
WITHOUT RESOURCES.

WE mentioned that Simon d'Ypres and his henchman Lawrence rode different ways. We will follow Lawrence, for he was more fortunate than his leader in his search for help.

He and the apprentice rode down the hill where they had been robbed, till they came opposite the church of Wixoe; then turning to the right, they made for Yeldham.

As they entered the village, they heard the musical ring of a blacksmith's anvil.

"We are in luck!" cried Lawrence, trying to catch and hum the notes struck by the hammer.

They dismounted at the door, and tying their sweating horses to certain rings in the wall, entered the smithy. They found the smith standing by the forge, one hand stuck in his side, the other on the handle of the bellows. The fire rushed and blazed angrily under his steady strokes, as if wishing to assure him that it was as eager as himself to get the work done, and resented each fresh stimulus to its energies.

"Give you good-day, Barnaby," said Lawrence, "I see you are busy."

The brawny smith left the handle to fall by its own weight, and tossed out of his eyes the matted curling brown hair which grew low down on his forehead. "Never so busy, messers," he answered, "but I am willing to be busier. What is your pleasure?"

Lawrence made a gesture with his forefinger over his right shoulder. "We are going to the pageant."

"I am with you," returned the smith, wiping his brow as he left the forge and came nearer. "But I had a messenger here only yesterday, who fixed the day some nine months hence. He told me to have my men in readiness by midsummer next. There is no change in our plans?"

"None that I know of," said Lawrence. "But we have been sent to get your help in another matter." And he proceeded to tell how they had been robbed by the Knight of Sturmere, and to ask whether it was possible to raise the neighbourhood and rescue Ralph Hardelot. "Certain papers also have been carried off," he added, in concluding the story, "which my master wishes to recover, as he had a use for them at Stourbridge Fair."

Barnaby, the smith, heard him to the end with a grave, meditative air, then asked:—"But how am I to know that your master has authority to command our services in this matter?"

Lawrence drew from his pocket a small silver coin about the size of a groat, with a crown on the obverse side, and on the reverse the letter C with the figure of a husbandman holding a plough.

"He sends us in the name of king and commons," said Lawrence, holding out this token.

The smith looked at it respectfully. "Well," he said, after pondering for a moment, "we might do something. But Sturmere is a strong castle, and Sir Richard Rainham more than an apprentice in the art of defence."

"Yet you have seen stronger castles taken in your time, and stouter knights foiled."

Barnaby had seen foreign service in the train of the neighbouring lord of Hedingham Castle, Thomas de Vere, Earl of Oxford. In the middle of the "Hundred Years' War," as it is called, there was hardly a parish in England that did not contain some such men of experience, and they were naturally chosen as local heads in the great organisation of the commons, which was now being formed throughout the country.

"I have seen stronger castles taken and stouter knights foiled," he answered slowly. "but the assault was strong and skilful also. Our men are willing enough, but they have neither force nor skill to tackle high walls and iron gates with armed men behind them."

"Then you think it hopeless?"

"No, I do not. We will do what we can, and it will show us what we can do. Besides, we may get help."

"From what quarter?" asked Lawrence, whose spirits had been rather lowered by the experienced soldier's reception of the enterprise.

"There is a band of men here from the Priory of Dartford after this same Sir Richard Rainham. It seems he has stolen a novice from the Priory, and they arrived here this morning in pursuit. They rested here when they found he was several hours ahead of them, and I know not whether they have stomach to go further. But I will take you to them. I know something of their leader. I knew him in France. If they turn back, it will not be his fault."

The leader of the party of rescue was a man whom circumstances forced into a lead-

ing position in the troubles that ensued, but at that time, some nine months before the great rising, he was little known outside the valley of the Darent, and the little towns on the Thames where he practised the trade of a tiler. He was a man of some substance, one of the most thriving copyholders of Dartford Priory, giving employment to two or three journeymen, and two or three apprentices, in company with whom, putting his own hand to the work, he often went as far as Gravesend to execute a job. Certain feats of strength and courage in the wars, and his own silence about them, had made him somewhat of a hero among the common people within his own little world, and the general respect for him was increased by his steady carriage, and fair and kindly co-operation with his workmen.

He was engaged with his men, as we have already mentioned, on one of the roofs of the Priory when Clara Roos was carried off; and we may as well tell our readers at once what it was that moved him to take so active a part in her rescue.

He had saved her father's life in the battle of Navaretta, where he had fought as a bowman; and afterwards in some skirmishing on the Gascon frontier had received a valuable return for this service. He was in Sir Robert Roos's train there as a mounted man-at-arms, and in one of the daily *chevauchées* made when the struggle for the possession of Aquitaine was at its hottest, had had the good fortune to make prisoner of a Gascon knight. But Sir Richard Rainham happened to be in the same expedition, and had domineeringly tried to take the prisoner off him, and hold the Gascon knight to ransom for his own behoof. Wat had resented this, and there had been an angry quarrel, the result of which was that the Tiler, instead of being punished for his presumption as Rainham wished and threatened, had, through Sir Robert's intervention, obtained the price paid by the knight for his freedom. The Tiler of Dartford had thus kindly memories of Sir Robert Roos, and, when his daughter took refuge in the Priory, discovering who she was, he made himself known to her, and she had often taken opportunity to talk to him. Another link between them was the Tiler's own daughter, a girl of thirteen, whom the ladies of the Priory patronised, and to whom Clara was particularly kind as knowing that he had once saved her father's life.

Thus it came about that when Wat the Tiler saw Clara carried off by a man whom he had no reason to remember with good

will, he had a double motive for reaction, and he was not a man to easily desist once he had taken a thing in hand. There were eight or ten men on guard at the Priory, efficient men, all the more on the alert that the Thames was at the time threatened by the French; and the Abbess had at once given her sanction to the pursuit.

They had crossed the Thames by the ferry to Purfleet, and had ridden hard by way of Chelmsford and Braintree, taking for granted that Rainham, who had crossed the Thames higher up, had made for his castle, and hoping to come up with him or intercept him. But they had found no trace of their quarry till they reached Great Yeldham, and there they found that the knight, coming by the road from Dunmow, had passed the village several hours before them, just as night began to fall, and by that time was safe in Sturmere.

When Simon d'Ypres' lieutenant Lawrence arrived at Yeldham, they were still resting themselves and their horses, undecided in their plans, but disposed to regard any further attempt as hopeless.

Wat the Tiler—we may at once make a proper name of his designation and call him Wat Tiler—had urged them in the morning to ride up with him to Sturmere and reconnoitre on the chance of getting some surprise advantage; but the excitement of the chase had died out, they pleaded the fatigue of their horses, and left him to make the expedition by himself. He had seen Rainham and his men ride out, and had come back inwardly fretting over an opportunity missed. But he was a silent, self-contained man; he did not abuse the party for their supineness, but put them to shame with the simple aphorism, uttered with Stoic resignation. "In war it is better always to be on the move: you never know when a chance may come."

He had returned to Yeldham only a few minutes in advance of Lawrence, and when that emissary was introduced, he was seated at the table of the hostelry among the Priory retainers, drumming abstractedly with his fingers. He had just told them what he had seen, winding up with the above aphorism, and they looked rather crestfallen.

"More news about Sir Richard," said the smith, introducing Lawrence, who at once proceeded to explain the purpose of his coming, and to beg them to lend their aid in an attack on Sturmere, if he and the smith could raise the neighbouring villages.

They heard him to the end of his tale in silence, and all looked to Tiler to make

answer. There was nothing very remarkable at first glance in Tiler's appearance. Not at least as he sat; his height when he stood, and the poise of his head over a massive throat, gave him a certain distinction. His hair was of a light, auburn colour, and straight, the beard trimmed close; the eyes were steel blue, neither noticeably large nor noticeably small, well set in their sockets, quiet and steady in their regard. The frontal bones over the eyes were large and prominent, showing a great development of what phrenologists call the bump of weight, the forehead itself rather retreating, and the head on the whole small by comparison with its massive support. But so quiet and self-contained was the expression of the whole face as he sat at the table, occasionally touching the steel hat which lay before him, and apparently giving but slight attention to the narrative, that Lawrence had not specially remarked him till the company looked at him as the one from whom the first word on the proposal was expected. When he did speak, the voice was so singularly deep, powerful and resonant in spite of the speaker's quietness of utterance, that Lawrence almost started.

"You must be but green in war, my friend," he said, "to dream of taking a castle like Sturmere with a rush of half-armed and untrained countrymen."

"Just what I told him!" cried Barnaby the smith.

"But," stammered Lawrence, "we have some trained men within call, like Barnaby here, and we counted on your assistance. There are not above a dozen men in Sturmere."

"A dozen women," Tiler answered lightly, "with such gates and walls would be more than enough to keep us all at bay. But," he added, after musing for a little, while Lawrence looked at him in dismay, "we have no time to waste. Can you gather your trained men by the cross-road at Wixoe two hours before midnight? Bring as many of a rabble as you like if you can keep them quiet till the word is given."

"And you will attempt the castle?" cried Lawrence joyfully.

"Barnaby and I will try to let you in," answered Tiler. "But the assembly must be in silence. If any begin to hoot and shout we may as well go back home. Let every man know this, and take an oath to be silent. An oath, mark you! and to be as still as a prowling cat, for it is often harder to keep the tongue quiet than to keep the heart firm and true."

By ten o'clock there was a considerable muster at Wixoe. Messengers from Yeldham had been busy all the afternoon and evening in the neighbouring villages, and gathered the men in from Bumpstead and Birdbrook, from Ridgewell, Tilbury, Belchamp, Ovington and Stoke. Simon d'Ypres brought a party from Haverhill; there was a contingent also from Kiddington and the Stour Valley above: in all about a hundred men. Sir Richard Rainham was not a popular neighbour, and when it was known that a blow was to be struck at him they came with a will.

Not more than a third of them had regular armour and weapons. But in the light of the shield-lanterns carried by Tiler and Barnaby their equipment of scythes, axes, and hedging bills looked ugly and formidable enough. Those who had more special weapons and regular defence of plate, or sword-proof leather, were marshalled by Tiler in front. The injunction of silence was well observed; the mystery of the armed gathering, the darkness, the flashing of the uncovered lanterns on face and weapon, the suspense of the issue held them mute.

When all was ready, the slides of the lanterns were shut, and Tiler, who had noted the ground carefully in his morning's excursion, led them to within a hundred yards of the outer gate, exhorting them to move as stealthily as possible. Then, after again repeating the injunction of silence, he went forward alone into the darkness.

Presently, while the men stood hardly daring to draw breath, he returned, and told Barnaby, in a voice just audible to all in the hushed silence, that all was right. Then the order was given, and repeated in whispers by the subordinates in command, that no man was to move till a messenger should return with the signal. Then Tiler went forward cautiously again, taking Barnaby with him, and Lawrence, and one of the apprentices. Tiler this time carried a scaling ladder, with iron crooks at one end. Barnaby had a heavy hammer and a crowbar. To a modern eye, accustomed to the apparatus of less simple warfare, it would have looked more like an intended burglary than an operation of war.

Tiler had taken nobody but Barnaby into his confidence. He knew that success depended wholly upon the completeness of the surprise. If the garrison were on their guard an army might beat against such strength for days in vain.

The castle stood, as we have already said, in the middle of a mere, connected with the land by a causeway, protected at the land-

ward end by a fortified gate. This gate was first to be passed.

Tiler had half hoped that this outwork might be unguarded. It was not as if Sir Richard lived in a hostile country, or had any reason to apprehend an attack. But in his reconnoitring the cautious leader had observed a figure pacing sentry wise on the battlemented roof. How to get rid of this sentry was the first question. An arrow might miss him, or strike against his armour, or only wound him so that he might still give the alarm. They could not afford to risk this. A surer way must be found.

Tiler instructed the apprentice to creep to the other side of the gate, and throw a small stone into the water to attract the sentry's attention. He was to throw another at an interval of a minute, and another if necessary.

At the first splash the weary sentry looked listlessly over the parapet, wondering whether it was a rat. Just as he was turning away a second came, and he looked again, this time with quicker curiosity. As he peered into the darkness, the gleam of the water just visible, there was a third splash, and he began to suspect human agency.

"It must be some frolicsome wench," he thought, and looking keenly along the shore, and smiling to himself, he called in a soft voice of inquiry, "Moll?"

There was another light splash in response.

The sentry was convinced. "Moll!" he cried, "is it you?"

This was too much for the apprentice's gravity. "Yes," he squeaked in a falsetto voice, "it am I. Let me in."

Just at that moment the sentry heard a light footstep behind him, and turned. But he was too late to defend himself. In enterprises of this kind human life was held of light account.

Tiler was master of the gate, but it was a more serious business to get inside the castle. For this also, however, he had laid his plot.

The main plan of the castle was the same as that of Rochester Castle—a familiar type of the early feudal stronghold. There was no aperture in the first story big enough to admit a man. The main entrance was high up in one of the sides, and was approached by an outside stair leading up from the causeway and terminating in a drawbridge. The bridge from the stair led on to the first floor, if it may be so called, of a bit of substantial masonry built out square from the main entrance. The first floor of this outbuilding thus served as a landing for the entrance, and an outpost from which the

garrison might defend themselves against an enemy that had reached as far as the stair. The windows were tolerably large, larger than any other on the same floor, to permit of the free play of missiles on an attacking party.

It was by one of those windows that Tiler had planned to gain entrance. It was true that even if he got in there he would still be outside the castle, for the square outbuilding before the entrance lay practically outside, separated from the interior by a strong door, with a portcullis that could be let down if necessary. But the dungeon lay underneath, being the ground floor of the outbuilding; and he could get into the dungeon through the trap-door, and from the dungeon make his way into the interior. Moreover, once into the landing room, he could cut down the drawbridge for his followers.

It was a daring plan, and he had no hope of success unless he could gain the window unobserved by the garrison.

Once master of the outer gate, he sent Lawrence back to the main body for a raft, which he and the smith had constructed that afternoon for passing the moat. He told him also to bring up the men, and order them to be more silent than ever.

They advanced as quietly as possible over the causeway, and launched the raft by the side of the stair. Tiler, Barnaby and Lawrence embarked on it, the scaling ladder, the hammer, the crowbar, all in readiness.

It was fortunate for the enterprise that the inmates of the castle were all so absorbingly engaged. The first intimation of visitors that reached them was the sound of the smith's blows on the iron grating of the window. Barnaby was a strong man and skilful in his craft, and he soon made room for himself to scramble in. Tiler followed. It was Lawrence's business to hold the ladder firm, but he was so excited by the adventure that he went beyond his instructions and mounted after his leaders.

It was his voice that called Ralph Hardelet's name down the trap-door from behind Tiler. The smith was otherwise engaged. He was climbing up to break the chains of the drawbridge.

Lawrence's impulsive zeal proved of service for once, at least, in the history of that maligned quality. If he had not spoken, Tiler was so wrapt in astonishment at the inexplicable scene beneath him, the knight lying bound in his own dungeon and a young man and a damsel standing by, that he would not have raised his head; and so would have failed to see that one of the garrison had opened the

main door with a torch in his hand to learn the meaning of the strange knocking that had been heard, and seeing two strangers kneeling at the trap-door, was making for them with a drawn dagger in his hand. Tiler had not time to draw his own dagger, but he seized the man's wrist, and after a brief struggle disarmed him.

Meantime, the smith's sturdy blows had severed the chains of the drawbridge, and it fell with a loud resounding crack into its place. Barnaby leapt on to it and shouted to the men now gathered on the causeway:—

"Now, my boys, up as if the devil was behind you, and roar like fiends!"

Up the steps they rushed pell-mell, and, headed by Tiler, poured into the hall. Rainham's men were overpowered almost before they knew that they were attacked.

CHAPTER XIII.

AN EMBARRASSING CAPTIVE.

THE castle was won, but what was to be done with its owner, Sir Richard Rainham? This question, forgotten during the hurry and fury of the assault, and the short, sharp struggle, presently became urgent.

Among the rough neighbours who had rushed into the castle when the smith cut down the drawbridge, only one answer was likely to suggest itself. Rainham was detested for miles round, and with good reason. The tenants and serfs on his lands got little from him of that protection in their industry which the Christian polity of the Middle Ages prescribed as the obligation of the lord of the soil. They were constantly at loggerheads with his bailiffs over the terms of their tenure, and if he demanded sixpence where he was entitled to a groat, or three days labour instead of two, or double the stipulated number of eggs, or chickens, or capons, they might grumble, but they could rarely escape the extortion. Sturmere Castle was one of those virtual nests of robbers which the parliaments of the time denounced but could not suppress. Every hamlet had its tale to tell of insolent pillage and outrage by Rainham and his lawless gang.

The victims had now the upper hand, and were not in a mood to lose their opportunity.

Towards the end of the hundred years of disorder, in which feudalism in England expired, or was at least fundamentally modified, a great constitutional lawyer tried to disabuse

the upper classes of a prevalent idea that their only safety lay in keeping the commons poor. If they were kept poor, as the French were, it was argued that they would not rebel, and that their rebellions would not be dangerous, for they would have neither weapons, nor armour, nor money to buy these necessities of successful rebellion. A fatal error, argued Sir John Fortescue. Poverty does not make a people contented. It is poverty that breeds rebellion. "For nothing may make a people to arise but lack of goods or lack of justice. But yet certainly when they lack goods, they will arise, saying that they lack justice. Nevertheless, if they be not poor, they will never arise, but if their prince so leave justice that he give himself all to tyranny."

As for the submission of the poverty-stricken commons of France, "it is not poverty," he said, "but it is lack of heart and cowardice that keepeth the Frenchmen from rising. But the Englishman is of another courage. For if he be poor, and see another man having riches, which may be taken from him by might, he will not spare to do so."

There is no doubt that the acute mediæval lawyer judged his countrymen rightly. And if they have not the grace to sit hungry and contented in the midst of plenty, still less are they disposed by nature to suffer the fraudulent appropriation of what they believe to be their own.

The commons in Sir Richard Rainham's neighbourhood had been stript as bare as the cupidity of himself and his followers dictated. But the operation had not improved their temper. They hated him cordially for it. And when the emissaries of the pretended Flemish merchant went round with the news that a friend of John Trueman's was in the hands of Sir Richard Rainham, and invited them to help in the rescue, they were not slow to respond to the summons.

The gathering was not a mere rabble. There was some organisation in it, and this organisation was based, oddly enough, and yet not inappropriately, upon the established machinery for the conservation of the peace. The use made of this machinery in the great Rebellion of the Peasants is one of the most curious features in it, and the least generally understood. The machinery was simple, and it may be worth while to describe it in a word or two, seeing that it is one of the main clues to the formidable character of the rebellion.

In the fourteenth century we were of course still very far from the modern institution of a police force. If you were robbed

in open day, or had your house forcibly entered and pillaged, or were violently assaulted on your way to church or market, there was no civic soldier in blue on the spot, or, as it might be, at some distance from the spot, to protect or pursue. And yet there was a certain guardianship of the peace, an arrangement by which all the able-bodied men of a district were constituted into a sort of reserve police force. Every man, villain and freeman, between the ages of fifteen and sixty, from the poorest son of the soil to the substantial freeholder, was bound by law to possess arms of some sort. Officers were periodically appointed to make tours of inspection, and see that every man was provided with arms according to his means, from rough dagger-knife, or iron-pointed stake, to sword and spear, helmet, and coat of mail. Then in every township there was a constable, and in every hundred a chief constable, whose duty it was to keep the roll of this reserve force and call them out upon occasion. Every man was bound under penalties to respond to the call. When a flagrant breach of the peace was committed, and a hue and cry raised, the force was put in motion through the constables, and criminals were chased from township to township with an ardour proportioned to the unpopularity of the offence. There was thus a simple but effective military organisation, strengthened by long-established tradition, available for the preservation of order.

When the feudal chiefs began to neglect their duties, and became, many of them, the enemies, instead of the leaders and protectors of the commons, this organisation stood ready to the hand of the widespread discontent. It was this that made the insurrection so formidable.

But to return to the armed gathering that had stormed Sturmere Castle. It was not, as we have said, a mere rabble—not so, at least, till the final rush was made. The men from each township stood shoulder to shoulder as they marched on to the causeway.

Why did not Simon d'Ypres, as this agitator of many *aliases* called himself, on his present journey, raise the hue and cry against Rainham in the regular way? A high-handed robbery had been committed in broad day on the king's highway. Why did he not appeal at once to the chief constable of the hundred? For the best of reasons. Sir Richard Rainham was himself chief constable. The *custos pacis* was the sturdy law-breaker. This was the reason why the plundered traveller appealed to the organisation which for some time he and his friends

had been secretly building up within the lines of the regular legal organisation.

From the moment that the assembled peasants crossed the drawbridge they became a rabble, a rabble infuriated, possessed with the savage instincts of lynch law. The whole affair had been so sudden that there had been no time for such drill as alone can keep in check the irregular, bloodthirsty impulses of excited men with arms in their hands, collected in the name of justice. Justice thus embodied, furious as well as blind, is apt to strike wildly.

Neither Simon nor Tiler had any fixed plan as regarded Rainham himself. Their first and main purpose was the rescue of the prisoners. Simon also wished to recover certain papers, of which he proposed to make use at Stourbridge Fair, his outfit as a Flemish merchant being a blind to his real mission there. Further, he was glad of the chance of testing the efficiency of the new organisation. What might become of Rainham in the conflict they had not fully considered.

But the time, as we have said, soon came when they were obliged to consider this point, and to decide in the midst of a very turbulent council. Five or ten minutes sufficed to extinguish the last remnant of resistance on the part of Rainham's followers. If they had thrown down their arms at once their lives might have been spared. But they were taken by surprise, obeyed the natural instinct to defend themselves, and fought with the desperation of men who expected no quarter. Their want of armour put them on an equality, man for man, with their assailants, who had greatly the advantage in numbers, and pressed in with reckless fury and bloodthirsty cries. Two or three were struck down at the entrance: three or four made a vain stand on the stairs leading up to the hall: the rest ran for their lives, and were chased and hacked down on the stairs and in the passages as they fled.

Ralph HardeLOT stood at the door of the dungeon with the torch in one hand, and listened in breathless wonder and suspense to the frightful tumult overhead. Clara stood by him, her lips parted, trying to read in his eyes confirmation of the wild hope with which her own were sparkling. Hardened as Ralph was to the chances of war, his cheek was blanched by a passing qualm of terror as he realised the possible significance of the cries that rang down the dungeon stairs.

Their suspense did not last for minutes, but it seemed hours. Presently, through the din a step was heard descending the dungeon

stairs at a sedate pace. Simon d'Ypres appeared. He had not placed himself in the forefront of the battle. It was not his province. He had followed in at his leisure. He looked a picture of composure, and while Ralph and Clara gazed in speechless attention, and the knight raised his head from the floor, where he lay bound, to stare and listen, he proceeded to assure his friends that they had no cause for alarm and to explain what had happened.

But before he had gone far in his explanation, the clamour overhead, which had somewhat died down, suddenly swelled up again. The insurgents, pausing in the slaughter, had become aware that Rainham was missing, and the word that he was in the dungeon once uttered had passed from man to man in a second. A rush was made for the dungeon, and with confused yells of "Havoc!" "Slay him!" "Hack him in pieces!" pell mell down the steps they came.

Ralph, Clara, and Simon had barely time to draw back hastily when a terrific figure in a tattered tabard, swinging a blood-stained axe above flaming eyes and dishevelled hair, leapt into the dungeon. He stared round for an instant, shouting, "Where is he?" and almost as he spoke, discerning Rainham on the ground, brandished his axe and sprang forward.

Ralph was just in time to arrest his arm.

"He is here, my friend. But there has been enough of bloodshed."

The man paused for an instant and looked back at the wild crowd behind him.

"Leave him to justice. He is my prisoner," pleaded Ralph, endeavouring to push him back a pace.

"Enough of bloodshed!" echoed Simon, facing the crowd. "He is bound and a prisoner. We have him safe."

"Slay him!" "Make him safer!" came from the crowd.

The first comer shook Ralph's hand angrily from his arm, and menaced him with the axe. "I know not who you are," he cried, "but the devil shall not stand between me and him!"

Clara pulled Ralph back with a cry. The knight set his teeth and prepared for the worst.

"He has wronged me," shouted the man, turning with fierce gesture to the crowd, rendered stationary for the moment by the unexpected interference. "All here know it. Has he not wronged me?"

"You shall have justice," said Ralph, standing between him and the knight.

"Justice!" he cried with a wild laugh.

"I am justice! Will you stand between him and justice? By what right? Make way, I say!" And he again made a menacing gesture with his axe. "Stand aside."

But an authoritative voice from behind cried, "Hold!" and Tiler pushed his way through the crowd, followed by Barnaby Smith and the men from the Priory. Things had already gone quite far enough for them. They were mixed up in more than they knew how to answer for.

Tiler took hold of the handle of the up-lifted axe. "Stay, my friend," he said. "Everything in order. This man shall have his deserts, but we must not put ourselves in the wrong. We are but the dogs of justice, not the executioners. We have followed the hue and cry, and caught the criminal, but it is not for us to punish him. We have caught him, and we will see that he is delivered over for punishment."

"He has broken every law of God and man," said a voice from the crowd. "He is a devil in disguise. Let him have his doom at once!"

"At once!" echoed the tatterdemalion. "Let him have his doom at once, I say!" And he struggled to free his axe.

But Tiler held firm. "Have no fear," he said. "He shall be called to account."

"Who will call him to account?" cried the voice from behind.

"Ay, who will call him to account?" said another, in tones of bitter incredulity.

"I will," said Ralph. "I will seek audience of the King himself, if the King's officers refuse to execute justice."

Simon d'Ypres smiled, but said nothing. With the bulk of the rustic audience this bold protestation had its weight.

"Be ruled by wise advise," Ralph continued, in earnest entreaty and expostulation. "We should do wrong to put this miscreant to death in a corner, as if for private vengeance. God has not delivered him into our hands for this end. His crimes have been heinous, open, flagrant; let open and terrible punishment be meted out to them by the rulers whom God has set over us to administer justice and hold transgression in awe. We should rightly incur anger if we usurp an office which is not ours. We should defeat His ends if we make the retribution less apparent in all men's eyes than the crimes have been."

Ralph's solemn appeal steadied the wild passions to which it was addressed. There was after all a certain instinct of order in the turbulent crowd; their sturdy, solid English nature was not wholly beside itself. But

one savage heart was too infuriated to be restored to its balance. The call to order seemed to increase the rage of the man who had led the race for vengeance.

"This ceremony is but a trick!" he cried. "Hear me. I am appointed for retribution. I know this wolf too well. I was his slave. I toiled and saved and bought my freedom. He took my charter from me and tore it before my eyes, chained me and beat me—yes, beat me, a freeman, here in this dungeon. Here, I say, let the accursed wolf die, here and now, in his own dungeon. I had a wife, too, a fair wife. Let my hands loose. He dishonoured her. Fiend of hell, I want no king to avenge me! Let my hands loose!"

Thus the poor man raved and struggled, gnashing his teeth, and murmurs of sympathy came from the crowd. But those who had suffered less cruel outrage were rather awed and subdued by his violence than instigated to take his part. No movement was made in his favour, while his axe was taken from him by Tiler and Barnaby with the gentleness of greatly superior strength. But the sympathy found vent in various expressions, with which the onlookers sought, as it were, to apologise to themselves for their inaction.

"I would not stand by another time," said one, "and see poor Jannequin thwarted."

"Nor I," echoed another, and a third and a fourth.

"But if he is taken before the King, he cannot be let off."

"Ay, he must be hanged."

"Tortured first. I would have him tortured!"

"Burnt with hot irons!"

"Hanged by the heels!"

"If he should be let loose again, it will be an evil day for us."

"Ay, if he should bribe the assize."

"Men," cried Tiler, "you know your own power now. If the King's justices take bribes to let off such worthless carrion as this, you must take the law into your own hands."

"We will, we will," they responded.

"This good young priest has told us that we must trust to our superiors for justice. But if crime is too strong for them, we must strengthen their hands. We must have justice somehow."

"They have not the will to do justice," cried a voice.

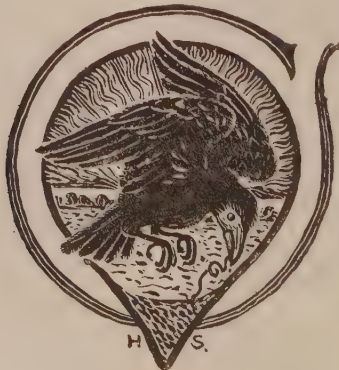
"Yes," cried another. "That is the root of the matter. It is not want of strength but want of will. They love their own ease and profit better than justice."

"Means must be taken to pour a better spirit into them," said Simon d'Ypres. "This night's work should be a useful lesson. You have shown such tyrants as Sir Richard Rainham, that even in a strong castle they can be called to account."

"You have shown too," Ralph added, "by your forbearance that it is justice and not vengeance that you seek."

The insurgents were thus diverted from their first purpose of making short work of their local tyrant. But confidence in the equitable administration of the law was not strong at the time. Many of them had misgivings as to whether they had done well to lose the opportunity. To have Sir Richard Rainham let loose among them again, made ten times worse by the indignities he had suffered, was not a pleasant prospect. Still it was some consolation to them that they had shown their power to keep such men as he in check.

(To be continued.)





From a Drawing by HERBERT RAILTON.

COACHING DAYS AND COACHING WAYS.

II.—THE EXETER ROAD.

THE town of Salisbury, which is eighty miles seven furlongs from Hyde Park Corner, is chiefly remarkable for its cathedral; and it owes this agreeable notoriety to the north wind. This may sound strange in the ears of those who have not, attired as shepherds, highwaymen or huntsmen, braved the elements in the surrounding plain. Those however who have enjoyed this fortune, will not be surprised to learn, that when the winds raged in the good old days of 1220 round the original church of Old Sarum, which was quite unprotected and perched upon a hill, the congregation was utterly unable to hear the priests say mass; and no doubt they were unable to hear the sermon too. This fact much exercised the good Bishop Poore; and so, a less windy site having opportunely been revealed to him in a dream by the Virgin—he got a license from Pope Honorius for removal. Which done—with a mediæval disregard for the safety of the local cowherd or

government inspector—he aimlessly shot an arrow into the air from the ramparts of Old Sarum, and (unlike Mr. Longfellow's hero), having marked where it fell, there laid the foundations of the existing beautiful church.

To pass from ecclesiastical matters, with which we have really little to do, Salisbury, from the fact of its position on the great thoroughfare to the west of England, has always played a prominent part in the history of the road—in times of civil commotion indeed, a part perhaps second to no other provincial town of its size and commercial insignificance. And so, long before coaches were built or flying machines dreamed of, this part of the Exeter road was trod by kings and queens, and courtiers and statesmen, who made at different times in their august and calculating lives, the town of Salisbury their headquarters, cracked their mediæval old pleasantries in the quaint



From a Drawing by HERBERT RAILTON.

old streets, caracoled along them, not in coaches and four, but on such gallant steeds and so caparisoned, as our eyes are feasted with on Lord Mayor's Day, gorgeous without and within, resplendent with velvet, and cloth of gold, and ermine, and stiff embroidery.

First perhaps among the royal visitors to Salisbury was Richard the Second, who was here immediately before his expedition to Ireland, where he should clearly never have gone. But his visit does not seem to have been a success. There was I fear, not enough largesse about during the last of the Plantagenets' stay, not enough tournaments and junketings, and conduits running rhenish, and cakes and ale; for the good inhabitants seem to have been impressed so little with

what was to be got out of Richard, that they a short time after expressed their thanks for his visit, by, with almost indecent alacrity, espousing the cause of Henry. Perhaps though it was the other way, and the disappointment of the good men of Salisbury at Richard's visit was caused by contemplation—not of how little they got out of Richard, but of how much Richard got out of them. For the kind king had an amiable inclination towards charging his subjects with his outings; and as his household consisted of ten thousand persons, three hundred of whom were cooks, and as this enormous train had tables supplied them at the king's expense; some good quarters of an hour were spent by the purveyors, whose action was one of the chief reasons of public discontent, and who, no doubt, gave Salisbury good reason for recollecting their activity.

The next arrival of importance at Salisbury was one of the four quarters of Jack Cade, a fifteenth century politician, of Irish origin, who held views on deep questions of rent and labour extremely in vogue at the present day but which in 1450 were, unfortunately for Cade, premature. Yes, like all really great men, Cade was considered to be before his time! And so instead of being returned to Parliament as a Home Ruler, a price was set on his head, and he was killed by a Liberal Unionist of the period, one Iden a gentleman of Sussex. Not however before Cade had had a good time of it with the fifteenth century unemployed, who saying (and quite correctly) in their hearts, "There are no police," demonstrated in London for some time, unopposed by law and the

authorities, till a rich house or two was broken into, and plundered, when the Londoners felt that the time was come for action, and took the law into their own hands.

Thirty-four years after Cade had suffered for advanced political principles by having one of his legs exposed in a cathedral town, the hunchbacked Richard honoured Salisbury with his presence; but he was not I expect in the best of tempers, for here to him was brought the Buckingham we have all read of in the play, who had just seized the fleeting opportunity to head an

insurrection against the king, in an unprecedentedly wet season in Wales. The result was that he was unable to cross the Severn, and this misfortune brought him too, to Salisbury, where Richard was waiting to superintend his execution at what is now The Saracen's Head.

In the courtyard of this inn, which was then called the Blue Boar, and not "in an open space," as Shakespeare has described it (as if he was speaking of Salisbury Plain), Buckingham had his head cut off according to contemporary prescription. We have none of us seen the episode presented on the stage, but we have read the carpenters' scene, which Shakespeare wrote in, to give the gentleman who originally played Buckingham a chance, and allow a few moments more preparation for Bosworth Field. And we may recollect that it consists principally in Buckingham asking whether King Richard will not let him speak to him, and on being



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told not at all, informing the general company, at some length, that it is All-Souls' Day, and that as soon as he has been beheaded, he intends to commence "walking."

After Richard and Buckingham, there came to Salisbury in the way of kings, Henry VII in 1491. Henry VIII in 1535 with Ann Boleyn, already in all probability engaged in those sprightly matrimonial differences as to men and things which culminated the year following on Tower Green. Next in order, came to Salisbury, Elizabeth, bound for Bristol, bent, as on all her royal progresses, on keeping her nobility's incomes within bounds, and shooting tame stags that were induced to meander before her bedroom windows. After the virgin queen came

James I., who liked the solitudes which surrounded the Salisbury of those days, for the two-fold reason, firstly that they saved him in a large measure from the invasion of importunate suitors (who were afraid of having their purses taken on Salisbury Plain before they could proffer their supplications), and, secondly, that they were well stocked with all sorts of game on which he could wreak his royal and insatiable appetite for hunting. The "open" nature of the country might perhaps be added as another reason

a greater presence to the place, and associated the old cathedral town with a genius whose head James cut off, but in whose presence he was not worthy to stand. For here came Raleigh on his last journey to London, broken down by the shameless ingratitude of princes, pining with the sickness of hope deferred. Here he sought a last interview and explanation with James, who sent word that he was sorry, but was hunting; here he tried to gain time for his suit (foreseeing the Tower at the end of his journey to London) by feign-



From a Drawing by HUGH THOMSON.

for the sporting king's liking for the place: for James was no horseman, and as he was in no danger of meeting a hedge in an area of thirty miles, the going must have suited him down to the ground. Indeed I do not doubt, but that in ghostly form he still follows the celebrated Tedworth on their down days, riding on an invisible horse, propped on a well pillowed and invisible saddle, and having an invisible bottle of Greek wine dangling on either side. His royal preference for Salisbury however drew

ing sickness by the aid of a French quack; failing of course to move his drunken and hunting master's compassion in the least; here he wrote his apology for the voyage to Guinea; and hence he started on his last journey from Salisbury to London, the last of many journeys up the Exeter road, from that west country which saw his birth—as it saw the birth of the best and greatest of English manhood—which fed his stirring genius with many a wild tale of sea romance and adventure, and whose pleasant green



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hollows "crowned with summer sea," still hold the decapitated head, in which that wonderful, wild, restless brain throbbed, and schemed, and laboured.

It is a long way from Raleigh to Charles II., though not so far from Raleigh to Cromwell, who was at Salisbury and on the Exeter road on October 17, 1646, after the taking of Basing House, as I have already remarked. The merry monarch was here twice, but on neither occasion, I suspect, was he peculiarly merry; for after the battle of Worcester,

when he lay concealed near the town for a few days, and his companions used to meet at the King's Arms in John Street, to plan his flight, the Ironsides were much too close on his track to allow opportunity for jesting; and when he came here as king in 1665, all but the most forced mirth was banished from a court which dreaded every day to be stricken by the plague.

I have already recalled the fact that it was from Salisbury that James II. fell back upon Andover, when the army which he had



The broken brace

From a Drawing by HUGH THOMSON.



From a Drawing by HERBERT RAILTON.

concentrated there to bar the way of William of Orange, departed on the more pastoral errand of conducting him in triumph to London; and this episode in the Revolution closes, I think, Salisbury's historical account, which I am rather glad of, as I am tired of kings, and pine for the more congenial society of guards, horses, hosts, footpads, and stage-coachmen.

And Salisbury was, of course, a big coaching centre. Apart from the Quicksilver Mail, the wonder of foreigners, the envy of rival coach proprietors, which did the 175 miles in eighteen hours, and caused rustics to stand in turnip fields, motionless, gaping,

paralytic with surprise, for minutes after it had passed—when they set with trembling hands the correct London time on Brobdingnagian watches; apart from the Devonport Mail, I say, a large number of coaches halted at and passed through Salisbury, some bound for Exeter, others bound no further, others bound for places like Weymouth, on the south-western coast. I have a list before me of some of these crack turn-outs, which constantly used to enliven the streets of the now sleepy old town with the clanging of horses' hoofs on macadamised roads, the sounding of horns, the objurgations of passengers irritable after a long journey and in



Taking out the Leaders.

From a Drawing by HUGH THOMSON.

a hurry to start on another, with the friendly greetings of rivals of the whip as they passed each other on their journeys up and down the great Exeter road.

In 1821, then, there set out for Salisbury, from the Angel, St. Clement's, what was known as the Post Coach, which started at 7 in the morning daily, and arrived at the White Hart, Salisbury, at 7.30 in the evening; from the Bell and Crown, Holborn, the new and elegant Post Coach, which left London every evening at 6.15, and arrived at the Black Horse, Salisbury, at 6.15 next morning; from the same inn in Holborn also departed at 3.30 daily, Saturdays excepted, what was known as the Old Coach, which arrived at 7 the next morning at the same Black Horse. Besides these, all more or less known to fame, there passed through Salisbury the Royal Auxiliary Mail, which started every afternoon at 6.15 from the Bell and Crown, Holborn, and arrived at the New London Inn at Exeter at 7 next night; the Eclipse, which left the Golden Cross, Charing Cross, daily at 7.30 a.m. for Exeter, going by Salisbury, Blandford, Dorchester, and Bridport; also the Royal Mail to Exeter, which left the Swan with Two Necks, Lad

Lane, every evening at 7.30, and going by the same route as the last coach, arrived at the New London Inn at Exeter at 9.30 next morning; also the Regulator, whose acquaintance we have made already, which reached Exeter from London in twenty-six hours, starting daily at 3 o'clock in the afternoon from the same celebrated London house. Nor was the Weymouth Union, which left the Saracen's Head, Snow Hill, every afternoon at 4, less known in the streets of Salisbury than any of these former; and with it the Accommodation post coach from the Swan with Two Necks entered into brilliant rivalry, and leaving London an hour earlier in the afternoon, arrived at 9 o'clock next morning at the same seaside resort.

The names of many celebrated coaches will be found missing from this list, some of which were not running at the time it was made, others of which were; but it is not in my design to compile coaching statistics, for statistics I abhor, and those on coaches, as on all other subjects, whether in the heavens above or on the earth beneath, may be sought by students in the British Museum, where, if due pertinacity be theirs, they will, after many months, be voluminously found. No!

statistics are neither my object nor my *forte*. I wish only as I hurry along them (and this reminds me that Exeter is still ninety-one miles seven furlongs off) to give faint glimpses of the old life on the old roads, looking upon that life from all possible different points of view, and trying more to render its sentiment perhaps, than to write its history.

My readers, then, who have been loitering with me all this while at Salisbury, may remember that had they been travelling to Exeter in the finest age of coaching by the Telegraph, the fastest coach of the age, or nearly so, they would not have been at Salisbury at all; for the Telegraph diverged from the Salisbury road at Andover, and went to Exeter by Amesbury, Deptford, Wincanton, and Ilminster. I propose to follow this route as far as Deptford Inn, which is, or was, for its days are gone, a very celebrated house, standing about twenty-four miles from Andover, on the middle of Salisbury Plain. And then I shall leave the Telegraph to go on to Mere and Wincanton alone, and returning to Salisbury once more from Deptford (it is only eleven and three-quarter miles on the worst branch-line in Europe), shall go down to Exeter by the route taken by the Telegraph's great rival, the Quicksilver, which did (I never can sufficiently impress my readers with the astounding fact) the 175 miles from London in eighteen hours, and went by Shaftesbury, Sherborne, Yeovil, Crewkerne, and Chard.

Meanwhile we have to do with the Telegraph, and the first thing that the Telegraph coach did after leaving Andover was to turn to the right, and do a three-mile stretch of collar work to Weyhill, at which place is annually held a fair, which would make those people who have never seen one stare. This festivity, which is indeed quite an un-English and out-of-the-way sight, begins on October 10th (Michaelmas Eve), and goes on for six days, during which all the country-side seem to have broken loose, and high junketings are to be seen. Besides junketings (which prevail chiefly on the last day of the fair in connection with peep-shows of the most blood-curdling description, whirligigs, merry-go-rounds, rifle galleries, and gingerbread), are also to be seen wonderful shows of sheep, magnificent cheeses, the finest hops in England displayed in the Farnham Row, great exhibits of machinery and enormous cart-horses, and enveloping all, a Babel indescribable. The whole thing is curious in the extreme and antique into the bargain—indeed the line in *Piers Ploughman's Vision*,

“At Wy and at Winchester I went to the fair,”

is supposed to allude to Weyhill, and I have no doubt that it does, though I leave the decision of the point to the wise.

After leaving Weyhill, the Telegraph went by way of Mullen's Pond, where in the good old days there was a turnpike to give you pause (if you had no coppers), to the Park House four miles further on, in old days an inn of some importance, now a solitary beer-house, standing on the verge of desolate downs—on the verge of Salisbury Plain, in fact—across which, the road runs under the side of Beacon Hill, a windy place celebrated for its hares, coursing meeting, and some time since for a march past held at the close of autumn manœuvres; then across the Bourne river into the extremely ancient town of Amesbury, which is fourteen miles from Andover and seventy-seven miles seven furlongs from Hyde Park Corner.

Over this bleak and inhospitable country, between Amesbury and Andover, the great snow storm of 1836 raged in a way, which those who have seen a snowdrift on Salisbury Plain, may best be able to realise. And the Telegraph coach passed through the very thick of it. The guard of the mail who travelled with it on that memorable December 27, 1836, from Ilminster to London, had an experience to retail when he reached Piccadilly. The snow began to fall when the coach reached Wincanton, and never left off driving all the way to London. Nor did the coachman either, to his credit, be it said; though over this tract of ground we are discussing, two extra pairs of leaders were put on, and could only with the utmost difficulty and after much tooling get, even in that reinforced state, through the mountainous snowdrifts. It must have been an awful drive that, I know; for I know the country.

For the present however we have safely arrived at Amesbury, where we can alight at the George and conjure up a celebrity or two before we go to supper. Amesbury indeed is rich in these, from the time when Guinevere arrived here somewhat late at night, after a ride across the Plain (which is more unlike Doré's representation of it than anything I have ever seen in my life, but this by the way), up to the time when the charming Duchess of Queensberry played the Lady Bountiful in the place, and by entertaining Prior and Gay at the Abbey, graced the quaint old Wiltshire town with the memories of two of the not least celebrated of the English humorists.

But indeed Amesbury is so ancient that if we cared to enter the sacred garden of



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the antiquary, and if Guinevere were not perhaps legendary enough, we might start the history of Amesbury further back than Guinevere. As an antiquity however I think that Guinevere may pass. After the unfortunate lady had retired from Amesbury

"To where beyond these voices there is peace,"

hither came Queen Elfrida in 980 in search of it, after her murder of her stepson Edward at Corfe; and bent, like all mediæval murderers suffering from a temporary mental depression, on building a church. When she came to the point however and had interviewed the architect and the abbot, she went

the whole hog, and built an abbey. In 1177, I regret to say, all the ladies of this establishment were dismissed without a month's warning by Henry II. for staying out all night; and twenty-four nuns and a prioress from Fontevrault in Anjou, all with personal characters, filled the vacant places. Within the walls of this abbey a whole bevy of royal, hipped, and unfortunate ladies of all ages sought shelter from a wicked world. I must chronicle these, because they are all, from my point of view, memories of the Exeter road, though the Exeter road at that time was but a mediæval cart-track, and a very bad one too. At Amesbury then lived, and for the most part died, Eleanor of Brittany, sister of Prince Arthur; Mary, sixth daughter of Edward I., with thirteen ladies to

keep her company. This was in 1285. In 1292, Eleanor, Queen of Henry III., died here, and Katharine of Aragon stayed for a while here on her first arrival in England in 1501.

Shortly after this came the dissolution, when a somewhat similar fate befell the old abbey as that which turned the castle at Marlborough into a posting inn and a public school. In point of fact, the abbey of Amesbury became Amesbury Abbey, and passed from the Earl of Somerset, to whom it was granted by Henry VIII., into the respective hands of the Aylesburys, Boyles, and Queensberrys, till, after the death of the fourth Duke of Queensberry, the estate was bought by Sir Edmund Antrobus, in the possession of which family it still remains.

Under the hospitable roof of the Duke and Duchess of Queensberry, when they were in possession at the abbey, the genial Gay passed the latter years of his epicurean life, "was lapped in cotton," as Thackeray has it,



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and "had his plate of chicken and saucer of cream, and frisked, and barked, and wheezed, and grew fat, and died." It was here that he wrote the *Beggar's Opera* (inspired by how many personal recollections of highwaymen, I wonder, gleaned on journeys between Amesbury and the capital?) and in the garden, there is shown, or used to be, a curious stone-room, built in a bank and overlooking the Avon (here famous for its trout), which is said to have been the poet's study. But I dare say that this is an allegory. The dining room would have been a more likely place for it I should have said.

The Exeter road after leaving Amesbury mounts straightway on to Salisbury Plain again, and two miles from the town passes on the right Stonehenge, which I shall not write about, because everybody has written about it, and most people have read what has been written. If anybody however who has not seen it, should chance to be in the neighbour-



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hood, I would advise them (without troubling themselves much beforehand as to whether it is Druidical, or post Roman, or built by the Belgæ) to approach it from Amesbury about sunset, when they will see what they will see, and return home—or I am in error—well-pleased with what they have seen. From Stonehenge it is a run of little more than eight miles through Longbourne Cross, Stoke and Shrewton, to the once celebrated Deptford Inn, of which, as I have said before nothing is to be seen now, except its site, which is an exceedingly pretty one, looking over the valley of the Wily.

And here I shall leave the Telegraph to continue its eagle flight, as Mr. Micawber would say, alone, merely remarking by the way that it went from Deptford to Hindon, sixty-four miles four furlongs from Hyde Park Corner, which is an ancient market town, and was once a rotten borough contested

successfully by "Monk" Lewis of *The Castle Spectre* renown and Henry Fox afterwards Lord Holland; and unsuccessfully contested by Lord Beaconsfield; from Hindon the Telegraph went on to Mere, 101 miles 2 furlongs, noted for its Ship Inn, and a mediæval house of plain perpendicular in one of its streets; and so on to Wincanton 108 miles 3 furlongs noted for its Bear Inn, for a visitation of the Black Death in 1553, and for the first blood shed in a slight skirmish in the Revolution; and thence by Holton, and Sparkford Street, to Ilchester and Ilminster which former place was once represented by Sheridan, and the neighbourhood of which was the scene of an amusing difference between a toll-keeper and a guard, thus pleasantly told by Mr. James Hissey in his justly well-known work *The Coaching Age*.

"The Exeter Defiance, one of Mrs. Anne

Nelson's coaches from the Bull Inn Aldgate, went through the gate at Staines; all the tolls at the gates below were paid by the guard every Monday, amounting to about £30. It so happened that the keeper of the gate near Ilchester had got in arrear with his payments to the trustees, and accordingly their clerk served a notice on the guard of the coach not to pay him any more tolls. The gatekeeper to counteract this move, shut the gate before the time for the arrival of the coach. When the coach came in sight therefore, he blew his horn to no purpose, and couldn't get through till he had paid three shillings. Meanwhile with the assistance of a horse and trap, the pike keeper reached the next toll, which the coach also found barred against it. This keeper being more obdurate than the other, the guard produced his tool-



From a Drawing by HERBERT RAILTON.

box with the object of breaking through the outwork. This led to fisticuffs between himself and the keeper, in which the keeper came off second best. The bout ending in the gate's being opened."

Ilminster, to conclude, as readers of Thackeray may remember, was graced by the presence of Barry Lyndon in 1773, who lay at the Bell (now the George or the Swan presumably, for the Bell is at Ilchester) on his third night from town, where, as he had previously done at Andover, he engaged himself in the pleasing distraction of cracking a bottle with the landlord, and overcoming by this recipe, Lady Lyndon's natural vice of pride. There is nothing after this to notice in the fifteen miles between Ilminster and Honiton, where this Wincanton route joins the mail road from Salisbury to Exeter, down which I now propose to travel.

And I think that I will not go by the Quicksilver as I said I would, though it took the shortest route by Shaftesbury, Sherborne, Yeovil and Chard, but will go instead by the



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old mail road *viâ* Blandford, Dorchester and Bridport, by which such well-known coaches as the Eclipse, the Royal Mail, and the Regulator used to travel. And I select this route not only because it is the old mail road, but because it runs to my mind through a more interesting and storied country. At ten miles three furlongs from Salisbury, then, this road, to begin with, brings us to the once celebrated Woodyates Inn, and at the same time enters the delightful county of Dorset. And here we are surrounded on all sides with memories of that fatal rising which culminated on the bleak plateau of Sedgemoor, and crushed for ever the daring hopes of the brilliant young nobleman who was for so long the darling of the West. The memory of Monmouth is still preserved about Woodyates. It was close to the Woodyates Inn that the giving in of the desperately ridden horses stopped the flight of Monmouth, Grey, and Buyse to the sea. Here the fugitives turned their horses loose, concealed the bridles and saddles, disguised themselves as rustics, and made their way on foot towards the New Forest; and quite close by they fell into the hands of James's troopers. Monmouth himself was taken on the Woodlands Estate near Horton, his captors failing for some moments to recognise in the gaunt figure, crouching in a ditch, dressed like a shepherd, with a beard of three days' growth, already prematurely grey, the once brilliant

and graceful son of Charles II. and Lucy Walters. The ash-tree under which he was discovered still stands.

Three miles further down the road is Thorney Down Inn; two miles beyond it stands Cashmoor, famous in the coaching days for post-horses, victuals, rum and milk, snug bars, and general accommodation of the best old English quality for man and beast; and another seven miles and three furlongs brings us into Blandford 103 miles 4 furlongs from Hyde Park Corner, celebrated for a disastrous fire in 1731, to which it owes its present handsome appearance, and also for having been the scene in 1760 and 1762 of some of Gibbon the historian's outings with the Hants Militia; or, as he more aptly describes it, of "his wandering life of military servitude." It was on the downs round pleasant and hospitable Blandford, in short, that "the discipline and evolutions of a modern battalion" gave the future historian



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of the Roman empire a clearer notion of the phalanx and the legion, or would have done, may I add, if the captain of Hampshire grenadiers had not passed so much of his time in the Crown and the Greyhound; for a page further on he speaks of the dissipations of pleasant, hospitable Blandford, in a strain of deeply philosophical regret.

There is not much to be said for any place between here and Dorchester, which is sixteen miles down the road. At Winterborne, Whitchurch, however there is a church with

of any interest, and so on to Dorchester, (inns, the Antelope and the King's Arms,) which was a posting town of great importance, and is 119 miles 6 furlongs from Hyde Park Corner.

Dorchester has been remarkable for all time for its extreme healthiness, and was remarkable during the great Civil Wars for its antipathy to the king: two extremes in the way of qualities which may cause wonder, but which are well vouched for nevertheless. For on the first peculiarity the celebrated Dr.



Charles
recognised by the Gaffer

From a Drawing by HUGH THOMSON.

a curious font in it, of which the grandfather of John Wesley, founder of Methodism, was vicar; but he does not seem to have had a very pleasant time of it, either by reason of having married the niece of Thomas Fuller, author of the *Worthies*, or because, not having been properly ordained, apparently for some reason or another, he was much hunted up and down like a partridge on the mountains, when the king enjoyed his own again. Four miles beyond Whitchurch, at Dewlish, there was a turnpike gate I notice, but there does not seem to have been much else there

Arbuthnot — Arbuthnot the learned, the fascinating, the friend of Pope, Gay, and Swift—who was here in his young days, remarks “that a physician could neither live nor die at Dorchester,” commenting on his own experience; and on the second peculiarity, lack of loyalty, no less weighty an authority than Clarendon reports, that when the great Rebellion broke out, no place was more entirely disaffected.

Less pleasant celebrities however than the brilliant author of the *Art of Sinking in Poetry, Law is a Bottomless Pit*, and the



From a Drawing by HERBERT RAILTON.

Effects of Air on Human Bodies, haunt the streets of this almost aggressively healthy town. Recollections of Monmouth's rising spring up on all sides, terrible episodes of blood and cruelty, too, and the memory of a universally execrated monster. Dorchester was the second place Judge Jeffreys reached on the Bloody Assize.

"The court," writes Macaulay, "was hung, by order of the chief justice with scarlet, and this innovation seemed to the multitude to indicate a bloody purpose. It was also rumoured that when the clergyman who preached the assize sermon enforced the duty of mercy, the ferocious countenance of the judge was distorted by an ominous grin. These things made men augur ill of what was to follow.

"More than three hundred prisoners were to be tried. The work seemed heavy, but Jeffreys had a contrivance for making it light. He let it be understood that the only chance of obtaining pardon or respite was to plead guilty. Twenty-nine persons who put themselves on their country and were convicted, were ordered to be tied up without delay. The remaining prisoners pleaded guilty by scores. Two hundred and ninety-two received sentence of death."

Jeffreys, after this amiable display of judicial activity, retired to his lodgings in High West Street (Duffall's glass-shop), where he no doubt partook of brandy, according to his convivial wont, slept the sleep of the conscienceless carouser, and left for Exeter next day.

And by the same road that we are on now, by Winterborne Abbas, through Winterborne Bottom, past Longberry turnpike gate, 540 feet above the sea, then down a descent of two miles to the Travellers' Rest, 253 feet above the sea, and then down into Bridport, 134 miles 4 furlongs.

The inns in Bridport proper, used to be in the coaching days, the Bull and the Golden Lion; but half a mile distant on the quay, there is a house called the George where Charles II. was nearly seized in 1651, by reason of an ostler recognizing his face. A compliment at the moment not appreciated by our future king who made the best of his way to Salisbury *viâ* Broadwindsor—a very out of the way route surely, but main roads at the time were not Charles's fancy. He would have preferred tunnels had they been in vogue. Meanwhile we must go on to Exeter, past Chidock, where there used to be ruins of an old manor house, belonging to a

family of the same name, but which now is not, thanks to Time and Colonel Ceely, Governor of Lyme in 1645. At Charmouth which is one of the most charming places on the Southern coast, Charles II. was nearly caught, before he was nearly caught at Bridport in the manner already described; but while at Bridport the fatality almost occurred through an ostler's recognizing the fugitive's face; here at Charmouth, a village blacksmith got upon the scent by observing with much curiosity that the horse's three shoes had been set in three different counties, and one of them in Worcestershire; which considering that the Battle of Worcester was in everybody's mouth, was too near the mark to be pleasant, and caused the much hunted Charles to get instantly to horse.

At Hunters' Lodge Inn, about four miles on, the road enters the pleasant town of Devon, and then passing through Axminster, (occupied by Athelstan in 938, after the battle of Branesdown, and by Monmouth in 1685, a few days after his landing at Lyme) runs through Honiton (visited by Charles I. in 1644), and thence by Fenny Bridges, Fair Mile Inn, Honiton Clyst into the town of Exeter, which by this route is 172 miles 6 furlongs from Hyde Park Corner.

Much might be written about Exeter, its history, its site, its castle, its promenade on Northernhay, its beautiful cathedral. I shall content myself however with remarking that the town has been besieged more times than I can remember, that Perkin Warbeck, one of the many claimants who troubled Henry VII.'s digestion, was in 1497 led through the picturesque streets clothed in chains as in a raiment; and with that I shall pass on to the inns, of this terminus of the great western road, and to the coaches and the great coachmen who haunted them. For

I have not touched upon the coachmen on the Exeter road yet, and yet they were mighty men in the land.

The principal coaching inns at Exeter then were the Old London, and the New London and the Half Moon, kept by a Mr. Stevens, who immortalized himself by putting on the celebrated Telegraph, which used to leave Exeter at 6.30 A.M., breakfasted at Ilminster, dined at Andover, and reached Hyde Park Corner at 9.30 P.M. In the way of coaching this record of the Exeter road was hardly if ever beaten; and as for the coachmen who performed this and kindred feats of different character, but all of the highest style of art, I cannot end my article more appropriately than by solemnly, and in the place of honour inscribing their great names. First then let mention be made of the incomparable Charles Ward, who drove the Telegraph out of London; and after him, let there be ranged in no narrow spirit of rivalry, but in the order which chance and my note-book dictates, the following masters of their art: Jack Moody, who worked on the Exeter Mail, an out and outer, whose fine performances on the road were interrupted at last by ill health, whose retirement was the signal for general mourning, and whose appearance and execution on the box were as superior to other coachmen as night is to day; of "Pop," a coachman on the Light Salisbury, whose father hunted the Vyne Hounds; of Mountain Shaw, the respectable, the scientific, who drove Monk's Basingstoke coach to London one day and down the next; of Jackman of the Old Salisbury, who was a great favourite with his master, whose cattle were always of unequalled size and condition, and than whom no one in England who sat on a box-seat better understood the art of saving horses under heavy work.

W. OUTRAM TRISTRAM.





ET CÆTERA.



It does not seem advisable to me to thrust a walking-stick into a hornet's nest as a way of diversifying a country stroll, I would rather not say much in these peaceful pages about a subject which has some interest

for me—I mean the academical controversy concerning the teaching of English literature. The pot of dispute, I see, is bubbling away as merrily as ever at Oxford, and occasionally, in moments of peculiar ebullience, spurting a jet into the newspapers and reviews. Some Swift ought to write a new *Battle*, not of the books, but of the bookmen. The quarrel so innocently stirred up by Sir William Temple was not more remarkable for violent prejudice on both sides. The philologists can see nothing in the *belle-lettrists* but a coterie of fribbles, and the *belle-lettrists* refuse to see anything in the philologists but a congregation of dry-as-dusts. To the “literary” disputant it seems impossible to admit that his learned adversary can possess the slightest taste or feeling for the æsthetic side of language: while the man of linguistic erudition finds it inconceivable that the “æsthetic criticism” of literature should be anything but a convenient excuse for the encouragement of a frivolous preciosity. The situation is full of comedy, and only wants its Aristophanes. Even the conflict between Just and Unjust Discourse in the *Clouds*, which the late Dean Mansel imitated so happily in his *Phrontisterion*, is hardly more full of dramatic contrast than is the opposition of these two schools. Imagine each of them represented by a chorus in the style of the Athenian Old Comedy, and advocating their respective claims before their common academical mother. The Chorus of Critics might begin somewhat in this style:

“Mother of Students! ‘Alma’ hight,
Thou stately presence and benign,
Who, ever watchful for the light,
Makest the cause of Culchaw thine!

“Awake! arise! Set to thine hand!
And, ere it utterly departs,
Oh, rescue from a dullard band
The ancient glory of thine Arts!”

To which, no doubt, the Chorus of Philologists would reply:

“Mother of Students! only mild
Where modest toils thy favour gain,
Who, fostering the assiduous child,
Spankest the idle and the vain!

“Awake! arise! Set to thine hand! [With meaning.]
And teach, by salutary smarts,
These dilettants to understand
That Learning is the first of Arts!”

Alma Mater would not, of course, employ the lyrical form. She would use the nearest English equivalent to the iambic. As thus:

“What sounds of strife are these? Methinks I hear
A clamour as of Doctors, and a din
Such as I knew of old, when, term by term,
Schoolmen with schoolmen clashed, and all my halls
Rang with the disputations of my sons.
Speak ye the first! Since clenching of the fists
Skills not, nor angry lightnings of the eyes.”

Thus adjured, the C. of C. might answer:

“We are the sayers of beautiful things
In a lingo more beautiful yet;
Like jewels on rings or like pearls on their strings
Are the words that we polish and set!

“With beauties, our own, we can so interlard
Any poet whose charms we disclose,
That it mostly goes hard but we beggar the bard
With our richly exuberant prose.

“So give us our heads! for ’twas ever our dream
To discourse of poetical truths,
Or to skim off the cream of some poet supreme
For a band of ingenuous youths.

“Our pupils his genius through each of its phases
Shall trace by our guidance, and roam
Through delectable mazes of exquisite phrases
Until it is time to go home.”

Now would be the turn of the C. of P. And

they might set forth their rival claims after this wise :

"We are the thinkers of accurate thought,
And presume that no others exist :
No one else has been taught how to think as he
ought
Save only the Philologist.

"Nay more, we may say, we're in private agreed
That precision's a virtue annexed
Almost wholly indeed to the power to read
'Beowulf' in th' original text.

"Nor can language be ever known thoroughly
while
'Tis believed to bear blossom and fruits,
And we hear with a smile about flowers of style,
For we recognise nothing but roots.

"Well armed with these missiles we think we
can scatter
That coterie vanity-born
Whose frivolous chatter on flimsiest matter
Will bring English letters to scorn."

Whereupon probably the amœbæan contest
would assume an even more closely hand to
hand form :

C. of C. Detestable pedants !
C. of P. Contemptible fribbles !
Both. Ye gods ! shall the care of our literature go
C. of C. To the grubber who plods ?
C. of P. To the smatterer who scribbles ?
Both. No ! no ! We repeat it with emphasis, No !

And then, of course, the two contending
choruses should fall, *more Aristophanico*, to
fisticuffs :

C. of P. Out ! ye chatters about Shelley,
We will beat you to a jelly.
C. of C. Get you to your Anglo-Saxon,
Lest we lay our sticks your backs on.
C. of P. Punch 'em, pound 'em and up double 'em,
Take *that* for the "Harriet problem !"
C. of C. Here's for *you* ! D'y'e find that tingly ?
Maunderers over "Middle English !"

and so forth, and so forth, Alma Mater of
course intervening just at the turning-point
of the fray, and deciding for—well, whichever
party the taste and fancy of the Aristophanic
imitator may incline to.

What is dulness ? I do not mean in a
sermon, or a book, or an article—Heaven
forbid that I should raise such questions !—
but in a town. What makes a town dull ?
Not scantiness of population, nor seclusion
of site, nor tameness of surroundings, though
plenty of dull towns do of course obtrude
one or other or all of these characteristics
on the dispirited visitor. Not scantiness of
population, for I have known many a town
hardly above the dignity of a village which
has nevertheless seemed to smile a lively

welcome from every window of its houses,
and to breathe cheerfulness from its very
chimney-pots ; while, on the other hand, I
have sojourned in not a few cities of 50,000
inhabitants which have begun after two or
three days' stay in them to whisper gentle
suggestions of suicide. Not seclusion of
site, for of that one is hardly conscious when
the urban population is sufficiently large.
Not tameness of surroundings, for the
genuinely dull town is often duller at its
centre than in its outskirts. No : a town
may be fairly populous, and may be pleasantly
situated, and may lie within easy reach of
places in themselves the reverse of dull, and
yet may be incarnate dulness itself. That
at least is my humble personal experience ;
but, inasmuch as preferences of this kind
may be wholly a matter of personal idiosyn-
crasy, it would perhaps betray me into mere
dogmatism if I were to insist on the universal
acceptance of the principles which I have
formulated. Accordingly I am not prepared
to frame a schedule of English towns of under
and over 10,000 inhabitants which may in
my opinion be properly described as dull,
though they have hitherto escaped that
reproach, so far as popular repute is con-
cerned. Still less willingly should I under-
take the converse operation, and compile a
catalogue of towns that have acquired a
character for dulness which they do not
deserve. But when I come across an indi-
vidual example of this injustice, as I conceive
it to be, I mean to protest ; and among towns
infamous upon the tongues of men for their
dreariness I will take one to which I have
recently had reason to pay several visits—I
mean the town of Droitwich. Of all the
persons whom I have heard speak of Droit-
wich, I can recall none who have not described
it as "a hole," and few who to that substan-
tive have not prefixed either a strong ad-
jective, or, if very emphatic speakers, an
impassioned participle. Yet I cannot for a
moment admit that, except in the sense of
being a brine-pit, Droitwich is a hole at all.
I am not blind to its faults. It is dirty
under foot ; it is smoky over head ; it is
horribly out of drawing. To gaze upon its
houses, inclined at every sort of gentle angle
to the horizon—some nodding as though in
drowsiness, others tilted rakishly to one side,
and yet others sinking voluptuously back-
ward—to glance at its bulging and fissured
church, full of yawns even on week-days, to
walk down its staggering and intoxicated
High Street—is to understand that a liking
for Droitwich may be an acquired taste.
There are people of so formal and precise, so

pedantically geometrical a taste, that it annoys them to see a row of houses standing at right angles to the plane of the hill on which they are erected, instead of to the horizon; while there are others fidgety enough to dislike the thought that a sharp dip in the roadway of a street is not a natural depression of the earth's surface, but has been caused by the withdrawal of sub-jacent portions of the soil. They may argue that such peculiarities do not add to the attractions of an otherwise squalid and meanly-built town, and that, as they do not, it is understood, portend even the possible excitement of a collapse, they do nothing to redeem the so-called dullness of the place. To this last objection I am afraid there is no answer. Every one assures me that, though the houses in the High Street sink, crack, lean, bow, recline, and so forth to a greater extent every year, they do not fall. And certainly the ways and demeanour of their inmates appear to show that that at any rate is *their* conviction. They do business in their slanting shops with as much equanimity as though the walls around them were not at least fifteen degrees out of the perpendicular, and square accounts across their counters as though no "settlement" in the builder's sense of the word was going on under their feet. Nor do the dwellers in those parts of the town in which the walls of the houses meet the tangent to the earth's surface at the old-fashioned and unadventurous angle of 90° express any anxiety on their fellow-townsmen's behalf. It seems to be supposed that the houses, though they seem distinctly making for complete horizontality, will assume that position so gradually and insensibly that their inmates will not be conscious of it. Anyhow, there is no chance, as I understand, of any sudden collapse; and the "skewness" of the houses, therefore, without imparting interest, only adds "asymmetry" to the general sordidness of a town overhung by a perpetual canopy of smoke from the crowded chimneys of the salt-works, and thus combining with the so-called dullness of the country a good deal of the grime and untidiness of a manufacturing centre. Yet though the presence of the salt industry is not enough to give life, in the Birmingham or Manchester sense of the word, to Droitwich, and though it is otherwise a petty and backward town, I protest against its being stigmatised as dull, and I deprecate its description as a "hole." Let any one who has so unkindly spoken of it approach it reverently from the railway station, and as he catches his first sight of the Raven Inn, one of the most

charming of all the many-gabled "black-and-white" buildings with which Worcester-shire abounds, I feel sure that, if he has any eye for the picturesque, and any feeling for rural quiet, that ancient peace of the countryside which differs so widely from dullness, he will have the grace to be ashamed of himself.

The Americans are said to be proud of Shakespeare, and they certainly crowd to Stratford-on-Avon in edifying multitudes. But it is curious that some of them should be so desperately anxious to make out that Shakespeare was Bacon. It is on the other side of the Atlantic that this Shakespeare-Bacon craze had its birth, and it is there only, to the best of my belief, that it makes any converts. I have indeed seen it stated that eight years after this solemn practical joke was first started by the ingenious Miss Delia Bacon it had taken in no less a personage than Lord Palmerston; but those who remember that evergreen statesman's remarkable fondness for fun will not be apt to take his adhesion as serious. Perhaps the best of the whole joke is that the Baconians from Delia downwards (it is a singular coincidence that a lady who assumed this Christian name should have herself deceived an eminent critic, Sir Lucius O'Trigger, as to the authorship of certain writings) discuss the question as though there were not, and could not be, any possible evidence on the question outside the writings of the two illustrious men in question. They maunder owlishly over their "cryptograms" and the "euphonic tests," and all the rest of it, for all the world as if they were investigating the authorship of works dating from 400 B.C. instead of from the end of the sixteenth and the beginning of the seventeenth century. If for instance it had been asserted that Aristotle, as I firmly believe to be the fact, and not Aristophanes was the author of the *Clouds*, which he wrote to annoy Plato through Socrates, it might then indeed be necessary to compare the *Ethics* or the *Politics* with an Aristophanic Chorus by means of the "euphonic test"; since the evidence of repute as to the respective authorship of the comedies and the philosophic treatise might not at the distance of time be worth much. But to begin and end with this test, or similar criteria of internal evidence, in the case of Shakespeare and Bacon is to show ludicrous blindness to the vast antecedent *historic* improbability that though all the contemporaries of the two men should have agreed in regarding the

actor Shakespeare as a remarkable poet, and the lawyer Bacon as a remarkable philosopher but no poet, they should all have been mistaken, and that it should have been left to an American lady at Newhaven to discover their mistake two hundred and fifty-nine years after Shakespeare's death. Fancy an American Professor skipping cheerfully over this break-neck difficulty in order to devote himself solemnly to the question whether Bacon, like Shakespeare, would have pronounced "ambitious" as a word of four syllables, and coming regretfully to the conclusion that "we have no means of ascertaining" whether he would or not. Or fancy the same authority gravely observing that though Bacon dealt in prose melodies "they have not the rhythm of the beat of the ocean on the sea-shore, like those of Shakespeare," but "resemble rather in some instances the formula of the Rule of Three." No doubt the distinction here indicated is sufficiently marked—or Cocker would be indistinguishable from Homer—but is it worth while to point it out at all? Is it really necessary to go beyond the fact that to all the contemporaries of both Bacon and Shakespeare—men of a particularly vocal and articulate age—Bacon was Bacon and Shakespeare Shakespeare? As to the theory that the Chancellor had an object in concealing his authorship of the plays (supposing that it would have been possible for him to conceal it even if he wished), and on that account passed them off under the name of an actor for fear of compromising his professional prospects and philosophic gravity, it cannot impose for a moment on any one even moderately acquainted with Elizabethan manners. It was not the slightest discredit to a man in those days to write plays, though it undoubtedly was to act them. Some of the Elizabethan dramatists, it is true, were seedy Bohemians; but quite as many more were scholars and gentlemen—men of academic culture, and members of learned professions. Beaumont and Fletcher were lawyers; Ford was a member and probably a Bencher of Gray's Inn; Marlowe had matriculated at Cambridge; Shirley had studied at Oxford; Lyly had been at both Universities; and that mirror of knighthood and *fine fleur* of courtly chivalry, Sir Philip Sidney, composed a masque. No; the theory that Bacon was ashamed to avow works which would gain him the highest place in one of the most honoured arts of the age inflexibly declines to "wash." And if Bacon's silence were not conclusive, Jonson's speech would be. When confronted with Ben's positive testimony to

his authorship, Lord Palmerston is said to have replied, "Oh, those fellows always stand up for one another, or perhaps Ben Jonson may have been deceived like the rest." A "jaunty viscount" indeed! I hardly know which is the more audacious suggestion—that a man who knew as much of Shakespeare as Jonson did should have been deceived like the rest, or that if not deceived he should have written of Shakespeare as he did. Perhaps the former is a little the more extravagant of the two. Imagine an average actor-manager—say Mr. Augustus Harris—fictitiously assuming the credit of having written Lord Tennyson's works, and continuing to *sustain* the character among his closest intimates throughout a life-time unexposed! Imagination collapses under the effort.

Events have reminded me that I omitted one centenary from the list I endeavoured to frame a little while ago of such festivals falling due in the year 1887. I refer to the centenary of *Don Giovanni*. It is as fresh as ever, the fine old opera; and as delightful in its old-world musical form as though Wagner had never been born. For some among us—ignoramuses of the I-know-what-I-like school—its vitality may have tended to confirm the heretical doubt whether music is after all the "progressive" art that its latest doctors maintain it to be, and in especial whether that particular variety of music known as opera is capable of the modern developments which the new school are endeavouring to force upon it. These however are high matters upon which it behoves the words of the uninitiated to be wary and few. The question however which the humble outsider may perhaps be permitted to ask is not of course whether the modern *illuminati* on the subject of music, the disciples of the most advanced musical school, are right or wrong in their theories—to ask such a question would be arrogance indeed—but whether it would add to the sum of his musical pleasures if he could acquire these exclusive tastes. Suppose such a man to feel a certain rude and untutored pleasure in the works of the new lights while delighting as much as ever in the rejected music of his childhood, would he gain by attaining to a keener and fuller appreciation of the former at the cost of losing his taste for the latter altogether? The Wagnerian, no doubt, would answer the question with the most decided of affirmatives; but then the Wagnerian has already cut off his own tail—that tail of associations which make *Don Giovanni*, for instance, appear sublime and not childish; and his testi-

mony therefore cannot be accepted as wholly impartial. On the whole, I disincline for my part to try the experiment; even supposing that it were within my power to make trial of it. I shall continue to believe that *quantity* of musical enjoyment—secured to him who has it by what he will complacently call catholicity, and his more critical friend vulgarity, of taste—is on the whole to be preferred to *quality*. To be able to listen to an opera of Wagner's without being compelled, as a contemporary humorist has imagined, to hurry from the opera-house and fling yourself in tears into the arms of the nearest organ-grinder with the passionate exclamation, "You at least have melody"—to listen, I say, to Wagner, without feeling an irresistible need of such relief as this, is something. I am even disposed to think it is enough—it being understood that to succeed in acquiring any very much higher appreciation of the master than this would necessitate the destruction of your most venerated idols, and the cultivation of contempt and distaste, not only for Mozart and Rossini, but also, and much more imperatively, for those sweet and touching if less powerful singers, Bellini and Donizetti. And meanwhile it must be remembered that a man who contentedly remains at this low musical level has nearly as much of the luxury of contempt for his inferiors as is enjoyed by his betters. He can look down from almost as lofty an altitude of disdain upon those musical agnostics who do not know one tune from another; on those hardened scoffers like Théophile Gautier, who regarded music as only "the most expensive kind of noise"; and even on the well-meaning but as yet musically unenlightened Red Indian who candidly confessed to preferring "what the fiddlers played first of all"—referring therein to the tuning of the instruments—to any of their subsequent performances.

Children appear, as indeed they naturally should, to be the soundest of all folk-lorists, for they show an instinctive preference for the oldest, and, mythologically speaking, the purest, form of the fairy-tale—the tale without a moral. Everybody knows that as soon as the narrator of a nursery-story "stoops to truth," and attempts to "moralize his song," no natural and healthy-minded child, no child who is worth his salt (and that is saying a good deal, for children require very little salt), will have the song at any price. Its infancy, in fact, is in sympathy with the infancy of the race, when morals (of all sorts) were regarded as a strange and unintelligible excrescence upon human life. Nothing, in fact,

appears to me to mark the legitimate and uncorrupted descent of a modern fairy tale from a piece of immemorial folk-lore more unmistakably than the fact of its tacitly concluding, in the words of a lamented humorist, with an "As for the moral, it's what you please." In a recent interesting lecture, Mr. Lang discussed the question whether one of the most famous, and perhaps *the* most delightful, of our nursery stories was or was not originally told for the moral's sake; and whether, consequently, the modern form beloved of every child, in which there is no moral, is or is not to be regarded as a degenerate version. Now Mr. Lang, a student of folk-lore *comme il y en a peu*, has doubtless thoroughly studied the genealogy of his "Puss in Boots," and if he is of opinion (though I rather gather from his language that he is not) that the oldest form of this particular story is the form with a moral, I should hesitate, as an inexperienced in such matters, to maintain the contrary. But I *should* venture to maintain, as a general rule, that where any folk-tale exists in two forms—a moralized and an unmoralized one—the presumption of superior antiquity is strongly on the side of the latter. In addition to the general presumption, it is much less easy to comprehend the process by which a moral could drop out of a story in the course of its dispersion over the world than to comprehend how the reverse of that process could take place. The latter phenomenon is a mere incident of ethical growth: the former would have to be accounted for by what is certainly the difficult hypothesis that some races of lower civilization have received the tradition of the particular myth from a more ethically advanced people. Meanwhile, let us all try and forgive Cruikshank for having re-written "Puss in Boots," because he considered that "it represented merely a series of successful falsehoods!" I have never seen this moralized version, but I should like to do so. "No, sir," replied Puss, "these fields are not the property of my master, the Marquis of Carabas—who indeed, to be frank with you, for we should always speak the truth, is not a marquis at all. But he is something much better than a nobleman: he is a most excellent though penniless young man, and you would do well to allow him to marry your daughter." I suppose it must be something in that style. But I know that I should not have liked that style so well as I did the other when I was a child, and I think too well of the children of the present day to believe that their taste would be different from mine.

H. D. TRAILL.



OLD LADY.

Engraved by R. TAYLOR, from the Picture by REMBRANDT, in the National Gallery.

The English Illustrated Magazine.

FEBRUARY, 1888.

THE MEDIATION OF RALPH HARDELOT.

By PROF. W. MINTO, AUTHOR OF "CRACK OF DOOM."

CHAPTER XIV.

RALPH PROCEEDS TO CAVENDISH HALL, THE RESIDENCE OF THE CHIEF JUSTICIAR, AND MEETS HIS BROTHER REGINALD THERE.



AFTER Reginald HardeLOT parted with his brother Ralph at Sudbury, he rode on to Cavendish with his message for the Chief Justiciar. This message was connected with the proposed summoning of a parliament to consider

the grave state of the kingdom, and to give its sanction to the necessary taxation. The Chancellor feared that the opinion of the towns would not be favourable to his new scheme. He proposed, therefore, that the meeting place of the parliament should be Northampton, to escape the influence of the citizens of London, whose hostility he had lately experienced on his attempt to call Wycliffe to account for his heresies. Further, it was the Chancellor's intention to summon very few of the burgh representatives—only such, in fact, as were of undoubted loyalty, and not more than could conveniently be overruled if they should prove recalcitrant. But on these points, and especially the last, the Chancellor wished to consult the practised sagacity of Sir John Cavendish.

The Justiciar took a day to consider his decision. Meantime Reginald remained at Cavendish Hall, courteously entertained. On the second morning after his arrival, a cast of "hobby" falcons, specially trained for partridges, was put at his disposal. He was delighted, and took the field between

Cavendish and Clare as happy as any boy in England, without a thought about discontented commons or frustrated expeditions, or anything else outside the fascinating sport.

For an hour or two he enjoyed himself thoroughly. Then the falcons began to get tired, and he resolved that the next kill should be his last for the day. The dogs put up a covey of partridges; he cast off his hobby with great dexterity, and followed gleefully after, with whoop and holloa. The flight of the birds took them right across the track from Clare to Cavendish, and in dashing after them Reginald narrowly escaped running into a traveller on horseback. He took his eyes off the birds for a moment to apologise, and they rested on his brother Ralph.

He pulled in his horse almost on to his haunches, and crossed himself with an exaggerated gesture of astonishment. There was a pallor and a fixed and woful look in Ralph's face that made him almost unrecognisable. Reginald stared for a second in mute wonder. "Whether you are my brother," he cried, "or the fiend in his shape, wait a moment and I will be with you anon."

He galloped after the birds and returned presently with the falcon on his wrist, feeding her with a portion of a slain partridge.

"I thought you were bound for Cambridge, my erratic brother," he cried gaily, as he came again within hearing, in high spirits with his successful sport. "If you pop out of the earth again in this miraculous way without warning, I shall begin to believe that you have studied black art as well as theology at Oxford, and that the shade of Friar Bacon has been your tutor more than the sage and saintly Wycliffe. You look more

haggard, too, than when I last saw you. Is it really yourself that I see, or only some simulacrum that you have compacted and sent in your stead?"

"My very self," said Ralph, smiling wofully; "and that I should be able to appear in my own proper person is almost as miraculous as that I should be able to send a simulacrum in my place."

"Why, what has happened to you? And why are you not at Cambridge?"

"If I were to answer you in your own vein, I might say that I am not yet deep enough in the black art to be able to be in two places at once. But this is very serious business, Reginald. I have come to see Sir John Cavendish."

"About Clara?"

"Rather about her husband, Sir Richard Rainham."

"Has anything happened to him?" asked Reginald eagerly.

"It is rather a long story. You had better send the falconer home, and I will tell you all about it."

The falconer was accordingly dismissed, and Ralph proceeded to give his brother an account of the previous night's adventures. When he came to his own intervention to save Rainham's life, Reginald interrupted him warmly:—

"You do not mean to say that you were fool enough to beg this ruffian off?"

"It was a weakness perhaps," said Ralph, with a faint smile at his brother's impetuosity, "but I plead guilty."

"He had richly deserved death. No doubt it looked well, magnanimous, charitable, Christian. Of course they did not listen to you?"

"I am glad to say they did."

"They did!" echoed Reginald. "And you are glad of it! I know some one who did not thank you. I will wager my best cloak to your russet priest's sack that Clara did not join you in pleading for her husband. But to have had such a chance and thrown it away—thrown it back when it was forced on you, it was sheer incomprehensible lunacy. I cannot understand you, my dear brother. I really cannot understand you."

"I could not be a consenting party to a murder, Reginald. No more could you, for all this wild talk."

"But nobody asked your consent. You had only to stand aside—in fact, you had no business not to stand aside. You had no right to stand in the way."

"You forget that he was my prisoner, and as such on any code of honour entitled to my protection."

"Sophistry, sophistry! Your prisoner in his own dungeon, where he had just been trying to starve you to death, and starve his own wife to death, too, the inhuman brute! Your prisoner! The merest sophistry! You admit that he had deserved death ten times over. You cannot deny that."

"I do not deny it, and I have promised to bring him to justice," said Ralph. "But human life, even when steeped in crime, is too sacred a thing to be taken by a private individual. For private men to usurp the power of life and death would be to throw mankind back into the state of savages."

"True, true, as a general rule. Excellent morality, and well put, worthy of a place in *Cato Major*. We all admit that. But—well, we need not argue the point. You have promised, you say, to bring him to justice. How do you propose to do that?"

"I have left him a prisoner in his own dungeon, and I have brought the key to the Chief Justiciar."

Reginald whistled. "It is lucky he happens to be so near," he said in a dry voice.

Ralph either did not perceive or ignored the irony of the tone. "It is," he said simply.

"Sir John Cavendish will be very much obliged to you," Reginald added. "What would you say if he should set Rainham free and put you in his place?"

"Why do you jest on such subjects, my dear Reginald?" said Ralph. "You do your good heart an injustice."

"Nay, Ralph," he answered lightly, "it is not fair to come round me in that way. I am not jesting—or if so, jesting with a very bitter leaven of truth. You are too simple-hearted for this wicked world. There now, I have returned your compliment. You will get yourself into trouble—and me too, which concerns me quite as nearly."

"How, dear brother?"

"What is Sir John Cavendish to do with your prisoner?"

"Have him put on trial before the proper tribunal, and judged according to his deserts."

"But the Chief Justiciar of the King's Bench has nothing to do with criminals. You might as well give your key for a plaything to the first boy you meet."

"The King's peace is too seriously in danger for a man in the position of Sir John Cavendish to stand upon trifling technicalities."

"Trifling technicalities!" echoed Reginald, and was about to continue in the same bantering tone when, arrested by the sad earnestness of his brother's voice, he looked at his

face more closely, and saw something in the dark fire of the eye and the firm set of the features that extinguished for the moment his light-hearted tendency to ridicule.

"I will tell him all the circumstances. I cannot believe that the chief of one of the King's courts will refuse to put the law in motion against such a law-breaker as Sir Richard Rainham. No man will persuade me of this till I have given him the opportunity of vindicating order and justice. If such offenders go unpunished, if men with honourable titles may pillage and rob and outrage humbler men with impunity, and the King's highest officers are afraid to bring them to justice, the very foundations of order are shaken—the State is on the high road to ruin."

"My dear Ralph!" gasped his brother, looking at him with wonder, "what change has come over you? You used to laugh at my sallies, and answer me in something of my own vein, even after you became Wycliffe's disciple. But now you speak these common-places of legal rhetoric as if you had a desperate purpose in saying them."

"I have a purpose, Reginald, but I trust it is not desperate."

"But why don't you laugh at my quips as you used to do? You did not look half so serious even in your priest's weeds."

"I don't know," he answered simply. "I dare say I have been frightened out of my mirth. I do not think I have got such a scare that I shall never smile again; but when you have been face to face with Death, as I have been, and come back to the living world, it seems as if a great change had passed over everything, and you were no longer the same man. At least, it seems so to me. I feel as if I had lived my old life and been brought back from the grave with a new life given me for a special purpose."

"And that purpose is?" said Reginald.

"To make known what I have seen. I have been down in the dark caverns beneath the fair surface of English life and had a vision—a fearful vision it was—of the demons that are chained there, and may break their chains and tear the whole fabric in pieces if they are not appeased by wise and merciful and just governance. You should have seen Jannequin Carter," he continued, shuddering. "Our men in power should have seen him, and heard the fierce growl, as of wild beasts, that rose in answer to his passion. They do not know the wrongs by which the poor commons are being maddened to take savage and relentless revenge. If they are not wise in time, the whole nobility of Eng-

land will be swept away in one wild flood of enraged and desperate men."

Reginald pondered for a moment, looking thoughtfully at his brother, and hummed another line from his favourite Deschamps—

"A l'homme expert creez, si dit le saige."

"I will try to get you an audience of the Chancellor," he said at length. "Meantime, you wish to see Sir John, I suppose. I start towards London this afternoon on my way back. You had better come with me. But I shall see you after you have had your interview—if Sir John," he muttered to himself, "does not put you under arrest."

CHAPTER XV.

THE CHIEF JUSTICIAR GRANTS RALPH AN INTERVIEW AND TAKES CHARGE OF THE KEY OF STURMERE CASTLE.

THE Chief Justice of the King's Bench, who afterwards perished so miserably in the Rebellion of the Peasants, came of legal stock, and was himself a lawyer of wide and varied experience. The records of his career show that he might have sat for the portrait of Chaucer's Man of Lawe:

"Justice he was ful often in assise
By patent, and by pleyn commission."

He had been early in his career a judge under the Statute of Labourers, by which labourers were prevented from taking advantage of the scarcity of hands after the devastation of the Great Plague—a fact which perhaps accounts in part for his unpopularity. At the time of our story he had been at the head of the King's Bench for more than eight years, and had "fulfilled his high duties," Mr. Foss says, "with great credit."

For a man so deep in affairs, a visit to his country house was a most refreshing change. He had been busy all the morning with his reeve, or bailiff, walking over his home farm, interesting himself in ditches and fences, and drinking in the smell of the fresh earth, rejoicing in his release from the atmosphere of Westminster. Then he had returned to his own chamber; his page had divested him of his thick shoes and short walking cloak, and given him his slippers and loose gown of damask silk; and he had sat down to hear the reeve's account of his stewardship. The reeve was filled with

admiration and awe at the rapidity with which the great man despatched business, hearing with great good humour the reeve's self-satisfied narrations of his own skill in defeating the wiles and tricks of the villains, and settling knotty points almost before the reeve had ended his statement of them. The Chief Justice was despatching this petty business with all the pleasant ease of a man accustomed to much weightier affairs, and blessed with a vigorous appetite for work, when he was interrupted by a message that Ralph Hardelot wished to speak with him.

"Go and see what he wants, and tell him to state his errand briefly," said Sir John to his secretary, and went on prosperously with the accounts of the farm.

The secretary presently returned with his version of Ralph's version of what had happened. But in labouring to be brief, in compliance with his lord's impatient injunction, he became obscure. The circumstances were certainly complicated as well as strange. The good-humoured smile faded from Sir John's large and flexible mouth as he listened, and he knit his heavy brows with a perplexed air. He raised his hand to his shaven chin, and half shut his eyes while he reflected for a moment. He was not a man to hesitate long.

"Yousay Sir Richard Rainham is a prisoner. Who attacked him?"

"The villagers, my lord, I understand," faltered the secretary.

"By what authority?"

"Without authority, as I understand, my lord."

"I thought you spoke of some men from Dartford Priory. Perhaps they had a warrant?"

"I don't know, my lord."

"H'mm. Call the next witness—I mean, bring in Ralph. What has he to do with it, do you know? Does he come to swear information, or what? He must know that I have no jurisdiction in the matter."

"He has brought the key of the dungeon of Sturmere Castle, my lord," said the secretary, permitting himself the liberty of a smile, which Sir John's severe glance extinguished as a puff might extinguish a flickering, newly-lighted candle. "Sir Richard is a prisoner there, my lord."

"Well, bring him in, and we will question him ourselves. By my truth," added Sir John, turning to the reeve with a wry smile and a twinkling in his black eyes, "this knight is a busy man in his unruliness. Rupture and breach of the liberties of a priory one day, followed by highway robbery next morn-

ing, and usurpation of the power of pit and gallows. Why did he not go with the Earl of Buckingham to Brittany? From all that I hear, he would have found scope enough for his energies there."

Sir John looked keenly at Ralph when he was brought in. The young man's modest and self-possessed bearing made a favourable impression. He had always been a favourite with Sir John, though his shrewish lady, the heiress of Cavendish Manor, had a mother's jealousy of natural powers that somewhat threw into the shade the more commonplace gifts of her own sons, and had disliked him the more the more he earned her lord's commendation.

"So, Ralph," said Sir John, in a tone of kindly banter, "you have received promotion since you left Cavendish Hall. Who gave you your commission to imprison a chief constable in his own dungeon?"

"May it please you, my lord," answered Ralph, "I left him there not as in a prison but as in a place of safety. I saved his life when the hue and cry burst into the castle. They would have killed him, but I persuaded them to spare his life on a promise that he would be delivered over to justice."

"Ah, the rabble would have killed him, and you saved his life, did you? Well, that was a generous deed on your part, seeing that, as I understand, he had practised against your own life; you did right, though perhaps the case would have been simpler if you had left them to take their way. Do you know if the men from Dartford had a warrant?"

"I did not hear them speak of one, my lord. I think they would have spoken of it if they had had one. I believe they followed upon him foot-hot."

Sir John mused for a little. "Why did they not," he said, half thinking aloud, "why did they not take him with them to the Sheriff of Kent, where the offence was committed? One at least of the offences," he added, passing his hand over his mouth to conceal a grim smile.

"I believe they did not dare, my lord," said Ralph, "if I may venture to speak. Sir Richard Rainham seemed to them to be too powerful a man for poor commons to tamper with. By this time they are frightened at their own daring in breaking into his castle."

"Yet they would have killed him?"

"Yes, my lord, in the heat of the moment, and more from fear of the revenge he might take than courage to brave the consequences."

Sir John was silent again. "Well," he

said, after a pause, "what do you want of me? The matter is not for my court. It is a case for the assize."

"I ventured to come to you, my lord," said Ralph, "because I know you, and have experienced kindness from you, and believe that you will pardon my presumption in seeming to take upon me more than my poor estate warrants. It was at my entreaty that they spared his life, and on my undertaking that he should be brought to a fair trial."

"But I cannot bring him to trial, my good Ralph. It is no affair of mine."

"Perhaps not directly, my lord. But you can put the law in motion with more effect than a poor clerk like myself."

"But why should I put the law in motion?" asked Sir John with a good-humoured smile. "My hands are full enough. The Chief Justiciarship is not a sinecure."

"Believe me, my lord," answered Ralph, "knowing as I do how weighty your lordship's cares are, I would not lightly intrude any matter on your attention. Will you permit me to state why I venture to think this matter of too serious consequence to be allowed to fall through from lack of such support as a great lord can give it?"

"Why, Ralph," said Sir John, smiling, "you are as full of fine phrases as a courtier. I understood your studies at Oxford lay rather in theology. In fact, now that I think of it, I had heard that you were sitting at the feet of Master Wycliffe, whose speech is sometimes not too fine filed. But I must not waste time," he broke off a little impatiently. "Proceed. Why should I take the matter up?"

"Because there is much danger in the fierce and turbulent spirit which I have seen close at hand among the poor commons. They complain that there is no justice for them, that strong thieves and robbers are allowed to plunder and maul them at will. They say that to take taxes from them and give them no protection in return is little better than robbery, and they threaten to take the law into their own hands."

"You are but young, Ralph. I knew of these complaints and threats before you were born. They never come to anything."

"But they are more united now—" Ralph began.

Sir John interrupted him with a wave of the hand. "I cannot enter into that, Ralph," he said lightly. "But for the other matter I may do something. I will take your deposition as to the circumstances and hand it to the Sheriff, who can take what action seems good to him. Philip," he said to his secre-

tary, "take Master Ralph with you, and write down what he says. You may leave the key of the dungeon with me. Give you good-day, Ralph. If you should ever think of trying your fortune in the law, let me know."

Ralph bowed and thanked Sir John for his courtesy. As he was leaving, the latter called after him, "By the by, your brother is in the Chancellor's service. If you know anything definite about the union of the labourers, you might communicate with him. They were strong enough to take Sturmere, after all."

With this the Chief Justice dismissed Ralph and the subject, and resumed his examination of his bailiff's accounts and plans.

CHAPTER XVI.

RALPH RESOLVING TO PROCEED TO COURT TRAVELS WITH HIS BROTHER TOWARDS LONDON.—THEY ARE STOPPED BY AN UNEXPECTED ENCOUNTER.

RALPH was not deceived by the *bonhomie* of the Chief Justiciar. He had little hope that Sir Richard Rainham would be brought to justice by such means. There were a dozen ways in which a criminal of such rank might slip through the hands of the Sheriff, and one sovereign way by which the grasp of those hands might be relaxed. He saw that something must be done at the head-quarters of authority, and resolved to proceed at once to court. He started with his brother at midday.

It was a hardy undertaking for a friendless youth to venture into that arena of mighty combatants. But his boldness was the happy boldness of ignorance. "Who cares not to turn back," as Donne says, "may anywhither come." The man who goes fearlessly forward, fearless because he is insensible to the rashness of his own action, often meets with a success that appears miraculous to the timid and calculating.

This, of course, cannot always happen. The blind adventurer may totter into a pit before he has gone half a dozen paces, or he may walk forward straight to his aim lightly and without a check, or he may stumble and struggle, and fall exhausted half way. It all depends upon circumstances, and the instinct, or chance, or Providence that directs him. He can succeed only if the forces of whose strength and tendencies he is ignorant,

are so disposed that on putting himself within their range he is caught by them, and pushed forward to success.

Ralph Hardelot had seen enough of affairs to be conscious that there were difficulties. But he was young, with energies still undaunted, and the difficulties did not weigh upon him. They were all solved in the fire of his enthusiasm. No misgivings crossed his mind. He had perfect faith in the reasonableness of human nature : entire confidence that others would think as he thought when they knew what he knew.

Such enthusiasms were found in the Middle Ages side by side with the opposite extremes of coarse and unashamed animal rapacity and self-indulgence, and the more humane selfishness of light-hearted and reckless gaiety. It was a period of violent and striking contrasts.

We are apt to think that contrasts are not so pronounced now ; that the passions are better under control ; that the age of pure and lofty enthusiasm is gone, and its place usurped by blatant vanity and vulgar hunger for notoriety. But this may be doubted. If more than the surface is changed, it is the comparative commonness of unselfish enthusiasm in modern times that has given it an air of vulgarity. Search the chronicles, and you will find the basest of motives assigned by contemporaries to the most honoured of historical enthusiasts.

However this may be, Ralph Hardelot's enthusiasm was as pure as it was ardent and fearless. One fear alone disquieted him, and plunged him in fits of gloomy silence as he and his brother rode along.

All through the morning he had striven in vain to keep Clara Roos out of his mind and heart. Memory would fly back to that moment in the dungeon when all hope on earth seemed gone for both of them, and she had thrown herself on his breast and clung to him, and he had flung his arms round her in a transport of passionate love. And this was the fear that haunted and tormented him, lest in that momentary surrender of himself to passionate rapture, he had committed mortal sin. Had he not vowed to put earthly love away from him ? The vow was between himself and God, but it was none the less binding that there had been no solemn ceremony of consecration. Had he not broken his vow ? Was he not guilty and dishonoured, convicted of treacherous weakness at the very outset of his new life ? The touch of her hand seemed to cling to his neck, and burn him like fire.

If he could have rooted the scene out of

his memory, and fixed his thoughts on his mission, he might have found peace. But he wrestled in vain. And to increase his perplexity and fear, strive as he would, no genuine conviction of sin would dwell with him. The touch of her hand was like fire, but it sent thrilling through him a wild revival of the ecstasy which conscience declared to be unlawful. It awakened a rebellious joy that conscience was powerless to banish.

Thus by fits was poor Ralph inwardly tormented. He fared best when he imaged the strife that raged within him as a struggle between his own will and the crafty suggestions of the devil. This gave him a more substantial antagonist to wrestle with. So vivid was the contest, and so powerful was the fiend's hold of his inner man through the treacherous strength of memory, that often in the broad daylight a mocking laugh seemed to ring in his bodily ear.

Resist the devil and he will flee from you. Ralph set himself with all his might to obey this injunction. It was the devil's craft that had set this snare for him, meaning to entangle him and hold him back from his purpose. If he was caught in the toils, was he tamely to yield himself a prey ? Where was his manhood ? He prayed fervently to Christ to strengthen him, and help him to keep his vow.

Amidst the whirl and tumult in which his soul was tossed, a new thought struck suddenly across him which shook him at first with terror. This thing that had presented itself by his side in the darkness and solitude of the dungeon, was it a real creature of flesh and blood, or only a semblance of human shape that the fiend had assumed ? Were its piteous cries for help a snare ? It had clung to him, caressed him, sought refuge on his breast, woven its arms round him in absolute, loving trust—were these endearments and appeals the embraces of the serpent ?

There was terror in the thought at first—panic dread of unseen power. Ralph shuddered at having been so near to destruction, in the embrace of soft warm arms that might have changed in an instant into clutches of steel, and torn and throttled him.

"You seem strangely disturbed," said his brother, who had marked his gloom and pre-occupation as they rode along side by side, and now saw his features suddenly pale, and fix themselves in an expression of horror.

Ralph started. So wrapped was he in his fantasies that his brother's voice seemed to belong to the supernatural world in which he had placed himself. But there is no deliver-

ance from the oppression of such terrors so potent as human companionship, and the sound of the human voice. Solitude is their nurse, their liberal and kindly nurse, if not their mother. His brother's presence recalled him to the world of open sunlight and cheerful colour, and moving things of firm shape and substance. The dark shadows were lifted from him. His will recovered its natural strength as with a bound.

He returned no answer at first. But in this last tussle with the enemy he had gained a distinct advantage. For what had moved him so much in the scene with Clara, what he could not, strive as he would, succeed in dislodging from his affections, was the tender, helpless, frantic woman's appeal to the superior strength of his manhood. Nature's fundamental law, assigning to the stronger creature the comfort and protection of the weaker, had asserted its authority, and would not be repudiated. But for the moment, at least, he had succeeded in throwing over that appeal a colour of treacherous and insidious temptation. It was a move in the game of an adversary whom he was pledged with his whole strength to defeat.

Soon, therefore, in this more cheerful and assured frame of mind, he emerged from his silent gloom, and, fixing his thoughts on his enterprise, began to question his brother about personages that might be able to further or impede its success.

But on this topic Reginald was most reluctant to dwell. He looked upon the enterprise as a madness, and at the same time he was convinced from previous attempts that it was hopeless to try to divert the enthusiast from his plans. His answers were curt, perfunctory, and discouraging.

A commission to sit on and punish Rainham ?

No ; not much likelihood of that. Powerful knights were too much in request. Besides, when every leader was trying to strengthen his own side, no man at court would care to take the responsibility.

A general commission to inquire into the grievances of the poor commons ? Absurdly unlikely. Their grievances were known well enough. The rich burgesses wanted to keep them down as much as the knights of the shires.

Relief to the poor commons from taxation ? Not by stripping shrines or seizing the possessions of religious bodies. Why, the Chancellor hated Wycliffe. The fact that Wycliffe advised such a thing would put the Chancellor against it.

And so on. Reginald gave his brother no

encouragement. Still his short, crisp, impatient answers gave him something to think about, and roused his natural combativeness. As long as their conversation kept in this channel, the effect was salutary.

But Reginald had no inclination to keep the conversation in this channel. The one topic on which, by strange perversity, he showed any desire to dwell, was Clara Roos and her plucky behaviour in the dungeon. This had enchanted him, and he would have Ralph repeat some of the details to make sure that he had not been mistaken.

"And she never blenched when they came swaggering down with the torches ? And did she really pull the ruffian back with her own hands ? Ah, what courage ! She charms me, this Clara. Ah, would that I, too, were bound, to be untied by her small soft, fingers !"

So he rattled on, much to Ralph's agitation. "Did it not thrill you," he suddenly asked, after a meditative pause, "to feel her fingers fumbling at the knots ?"

This was too much. "I pray you, dear brother," pleaded Ralph with a look of pain, "let us talk of other matters."

"Cold-blooded Lollard !" cried Reginald gaily, "what else should we talk of when here we have the best of all themes ? Come, confess. Were you not moved ? Would you not gladly be bound again, so that you were blessed with the same deliverer ?"

Ralph reddened, but received this railery in silence, and, strange as it may seem, found a certain comfort in it. He found that in face of his brother's light-hearted gaiety, he could recall the disquieting scene with much more composure than when he thought of it in the solitude of his own heart.

"Well, well," pursued Reginald, "if you will not confess to me, I will confess to you. I love this Clara devotedly. She has won my heart. I am wholly hers. I can never love another. Where is there such another to be found ? Such courage ! There is not a fair lady in the Temple of Fame worthy to be preferred before her. Camilla, Hypsipyle, Judith—I will champion my Clara against the best of them."

Ralph smiled at this rhapsody, and the next moment a serious interest showed itself in his face.

"You speak this in earnest ?" he asked.

"Earnest !" cried Reginald. "Mortal earnest. I adore her."

They rode a few paces in silence, silence on the part of Ralph at least, for his volatile brother was warbling like a bird.

"Have you ever seen Clara ?" asked Ralph at length, with a faint smile. "I forget."

"Have I ever seen the sun? Often. But a fortnight ago, when the French were threatening the Thames, I was the Chancellor's emissary to Dartford Priory, to comfort the poor ladies, and give them to know that there was no danger. I walked with the Prioress and Clara on those very slopes from which Clara was carried off by her gentle lord, to show the good Prioress how far her convent stood from the Thames, and how little she stood in danger of rapacious foragers. The good lady told her beads with a cheerful countenance when I showed her that a few good men and true might keep a host at bay in those marshes."

"And you love Clara?" repeated Ralph, looking at him earnestly with flushed face.

"Love her? Why do you ask? Have I not said that I can never love another?"

"And would protect her in case of need?"

"With my life!" cried Reginald. "I am her servant and slave for ever."

"Thank God!" said Ralph, with a fervour that took his half-serious brother by surprise.

Reginald looked at him with scrutinizing curiosity. "This is a strange gratitude," he said. "One would think I had relieved you of a burden." But by no mockery could he succeed in making Ralph explain his ejaculation.

This talk with his brother about Clara, though it threatened at first to be intolerable and agitating, had indeed restored Ralph to a composure that he was far from feeling when they left Cavendish together. But his new found equanimity was presently to be subjected to a severe test.

They were riding along by Castle Hedingham, the four turrets of the great square keep rising on their left, when two figures issued from the gate of the nunnery, some two hundred yards in front of them. Two figures in black advancing in their direction, and, as they drew nearer, it became apparent that one of the two was Clara Roos.

CHAPTER XVII.

RALPH TALKS WITH CLARA AND IS COMFORTED—

AS THEY ARE TALKING, A ROYAL HAWKING PARTY SWEEPS PAST THEM AND IN THE TRAIN THEY RECOGNISE THE FACE OF AN ENEMY.

THE nunnery at which Clara had been left by her rescuers on the previous night was founded by one of the ladies of the great family of De Vere, and stood amidst the beautiful

meadows to the west of Castle Hedingham, the ancestral seat of the De Veres—earls of Oxford through nineteen generations, the longest succession in the English peerage.

Not a foot of land in the Colne Valley is now owned by the name of De Vere. The end presaged by Chief Justice Crewe in his eloquent judgment in favour of a De Vere when the succession to the title was in dispute, has come at last. "Time hath his revolutions: there must be a period and an end to all temporal things, *finis rerum*, an end of names and dignities, and whatsoever is terrene. And why not of De Vere? For where is Bohun? Where is Mowbray? Where is Mortimer? Nay, what is more and most of all, where is Plantagenet? They are entombed in the urns and sepulchres of mortality."

But there was no sign of decadence in the great family at the period when our two brothers were riding past their ancient castle, which dominates over one of the prettiest villages in England, a monument of permanence in the midst of change.

There was no sign then of decadence. Robert de Vere was betrothed to a lady of the royal house; he was the young King Richard's favourite companion; and Castle Hedingham, as we have already mentioned, had the honour of entertaining the King and his train.

But this concerns a surprise that befell our travellers afterwards. Their first surprise was their encounter with Clara Roos, who, with all her nerve, had been too much shaken by what she had undergone to be equal to the fatigue of the long journey back to Dartford, and had been left therefore at the Hedingham nunnery.

Her appearance destroyed in a moment in Ralph's mind the comparative calm to which he had attained after prolonged and painful struggle, and threw him into a state bordering on consternation.

"Let us ride by," he said, with pale face and hurried, agitated voice, when he recognised her. "I must not stop to speak with her."

"Not stop to speak with her!" cried his brother in amazement. "Not stop to ask how she does after sufferings that would have driven nine women in ten out of their senses! You inhuman savage, you can do as you please!" And he jumped off his horse and advanced, bridle in hand, as soon as they came within hearing.

Clara was very constrained in her answer to the voluble courtesy of the young courtier's address. But the hardness of her tones was the only outward sign of the emotion she felt at this unexpected meeting.

The sub-Prioress answered briskly for her : "Our dear sister is so brave. She has not shed one single tear since she came, and she looked at me with positive contempt when I asked her whether she cried much in the dungeon. If it had been me I should not have been able to give over crying for weeks. It was so horrible." And she made a pretty grimace, and shrugged her shoulders, and shuddered.

Clara looked at her coldly. Not so the lively Reginald. The nun had made a show of covering her face with her wimple when the horsemen approached, and she held it aside as she spoke, displaying a bright, clear face, and two even rows of pearly teeth, inclosed by ripe red lips. The hand, too, that held the wimple aside was worth a moment's notice ; it was white, and soft, and well-kept. When she had ended speaking, she drew the wimple over three quarters of her face again, leaving only the right eye exposed, and a curl of fair hair which had escaped from the white band across her forehead. It was a large, clear, blue eye, and it met Reginald's with a most winning simplicity.

"Are you," she asked, casting the eye down after a steady gaze, "the brave young squire who was in the dungeon with Clara, and comforted imprisoned beauty in distress?"

"Nay," answered Reginald, "it was my brother here who had the pleasure of that adventure."

The lady turned to Ralph, who had been obliged to follow his brother's example and dismount, and was now coming forward in much inward agitation, afraid to trust his voice with the simplest words of courtesy to Clara.

"Ah," she said, again removing the wimple, "it was, indeed, an honourable adventure. Any knight might have been proud of it. We have talked of nothing else at the nunnery ever since."

Ralph bowed, and commanded his voice with an effort. "My share in the adventure," he said, "was nothing to boast of. Our relief was a gallant exploit."

"It was a miracle," said the nun, turning her blue eyes heavenward.

A quick glance from Reginald's face to Clara's told much to this lively observer. She concluded at once that they might be less embarrassed if left to speak together, and determined to give them the opportunity. She was of a kindly heart, and Reginald seemed much the more entertaining man of the two.

If nuns were inclined to flirt in the fourteenth century, they were not without excuse.

Many of them were not nuns of their own free choice. They had not secluded themselves from the world ; they had been secluded. Sister Eulalia, for example, left a widow three months after her marriage, had been half forced, half cajoled into taking the veil in order that a powerful brother-in-law might get possession of her property. A pretty blue-eyed chatterbox, she acquiesced after a time with cheerfulness, but breaches of conventual rule did not sit heavy on her conscience.

With lively chat she led Reginald on slowly towards the nunnery. "The only sign," she said, "that Clara gives of having been in the least frightened is that she is so silent. She answers all our questions—and we nuns are very inquisitive, you know—with the driest brevity. I believe it was to escape from us that she begged me to take her out, though the reason she gave was that she could hardly bear being within four walls—it reminded her of the horrible dungeon."

When Ralph and Clara were left alone, she was the first to speak. "Why did you leave me last night?" she said, after they had walked a few steps, he with eyes fixed sternly on the ground, fighting hard with rebellious thoughts.

She was no longer the Clara that he had known of old days, wilful, keen, satirical, sparkling with playful mockery of his earnestness. Her voice was low, constrained, and thrilling, with the faintest accent of tender reproach in it, a feeling more eloquently expressed in the soft and trembling lips. She had the subdued air of a woman in presence of a man whom she loves, admires and trusts. Ralph was troubled by the change. He had half hoped that if he ever met her again he should find her restored to her old scornful vivacity, like a bird after the storm has passed, as bright and gay as if it had never been.

"I remained," he stammered, "for a time at the door of the dungeon. I could not trust the prisoner's life with those wild men."

During that watch, as a matter of fact, he had been so under the spell of her uttered love, so overpowered by the transport of her sweet confession, so filled with joy and gratitude for her deliverance from the terrible danger, that the hours spent on the dreary dungeon steps stood out in his memory as the most blissful moments of his life. A turbulent impulse to tell her this almost mastered him. He clenched his teeth, and shut his lips firmly. He dared not open them.

There was a touch of her old spirit in

Clara's next question, though it was uttered in the same constrained and thrilling tone. "Why should you be so careful of him?"

"I had promised," he answered, as softly as he could in the agony of his struggle to keep rebellious impulse down. "His death would have been death to many of them."

"It may be worse for them if he escapes," she said.

"Forgive me, Clara," he burst out at last, after an embarrassed pause, during which his distracted look and the working of his features revealed the inner struggle between passion and will. "Forgive me. You cannot tell what remorse I should feel for ever if you suffered any want of respect." He spoke hurriedly, in a low tone, forcing the words through half-opened teeth, his eyes suffused with a tenderness which he was resolved not to utter.

His agitation kept her calm. She saw that he loved her, half divined the secret of his emotion, and was moved by a woman's sympathetic impulse to soothe his suffering. She hastened to assure him that she had been treated by the rough men with all kindness and respect.

Satisfied at heart with the unintentional revelation of Ralph's love for her, she spoke now with something of her old lightness and gaiety, and such was the sympathy between them that the young man's troubled spirit answered to her touch. For a minute or two their conversation sounded almost as gaily as that of the couple in front of them, though Clara's voice was the most audible, laughing in musical cadences over the troubles of the previous night, while Ralph listened smilingly with tears in his eyes.

Their sweet colloquy was suddenly interrupted.

Sister Eulalia, who had walked on with Reginald a little in advance, fluttered back in a very pretty state of excitement, bidding them look behind.

"Here comes the royal party from the river!" she cried.

Her call made them aware of a merry jingling of bells in the near distance.

They turned, and saw one of the most picturesque shows to be seen in that century of picturesque splendour—a hawking cavalcade, sweeping along towards them at brisk trot and amble. Even the King of England could not take his pleasure in the open country in those days without a retinue of armed men, and men-at-arms in complete steel formed the front and the rear of the procession. From the glitter of their polished armour, dazzling where the rays of the sun

caught it, the eye turned with relief to the bright colours of the sportsmen and sports-women, for the ladies were as keen at this pastime as the men, and each had a hawk on her wrist. Green was the prevailing colour, but the monotony was relieved by the red hats of the men and the red hoods of the ladies, the white silk lining turned up in places to increase the smartness of the effect.

The royal party were riding three abreast, the King in the first rank, a handsome boy, with a cast of melancholy in his face. By a curious incongruity, the father of Richard II., the hero of Cressy and Poitiers, is known as the "Black Prince," although his complexion was fair; and his mother as the "Fair Maid of Kent," although her complexion was dark. Richard had the dark complexion of his mother, and the features of his father, which were not so large and strong as the Plantagenet type. It was a face of delicate contour, the oval shape of the lower part, the comparative shortness of the chin and upper lip, adding to the general appearance of quick sensibilities. Yet there was an air of gravity and reserve in the expression, which indicated a possibility of wayward obstinacy to qualify affectionate impulse. There was much more of animal vigour in the dark eyes and firm features of his mother, the Fair Maid of Kent, who, though past the age of fifty, still retained those elements of beauty which time may modify but cannot destroy. Her eyes were still bright, though time had subdued their fire to an expression of indulgent benignity suited to her grey hairs; and though her face had lost the bloom of youth, its lines were still rounded and comely, and the surface was still smooth and unwrinkled. She was still a benign and handsome princess, to whom poets might address their flatteries without too violently suggesting that the charms sung by them belonged to the past.

Reginald eagerly, but with careful absence of gesture, indicated the great people to Ralph and Clara, as they came riding up. The young Earl of Oxford rode on the left of the Princess, on the opposite side from the King. As a mark of favour, Richard had given him a dress exactly like his own, the only distinction being the white ostrich plume in the King's red cap.

Robert de Vere, the favourite of Richard's youth, advanced to the dignities of Marquis of Dublin and Duke of Ireland, disgraced after a short career of power, driven abroad, and disheartened to death before he had reached the age of thirty, was a minor in the

year 1380. He was but a boy of nineteen, but he had already been betrothed for nine years to a child six years his junior, one of the granddaughters of Edward III.; and, thrown thus in contact with the royal family, he had already gained the affection of the boy King, whose favour afterwards proved a snare to him.

History, which hitherto has not found time to concern itself minutely with the affairs and characters of Richard II.'s reign, dismisses the Earl of Oxford briefly as an unworthy favourite of an unworthy King, putting him in the same category with Piers Gaveston, and Carr, Earl of Somerset. In particular, it has stereotyped a word of reproach to him for discarding his wife Philippa, and marrying one of the maids of honour of Anne of Bohemia. The reproach is possibly well enough deserved; but it should be remembered in extenuation that he was betrothed to her by her mother, who had obtained a grant of his marriage, at the age of ten; that the lady Philippa was then not quite four years old; that her father, the famous De Courcy, was in the service of the French King, with whom England was at war, and that there may have been at least as sound reasons of policy for the divorce as there had been for the premature betrothal.

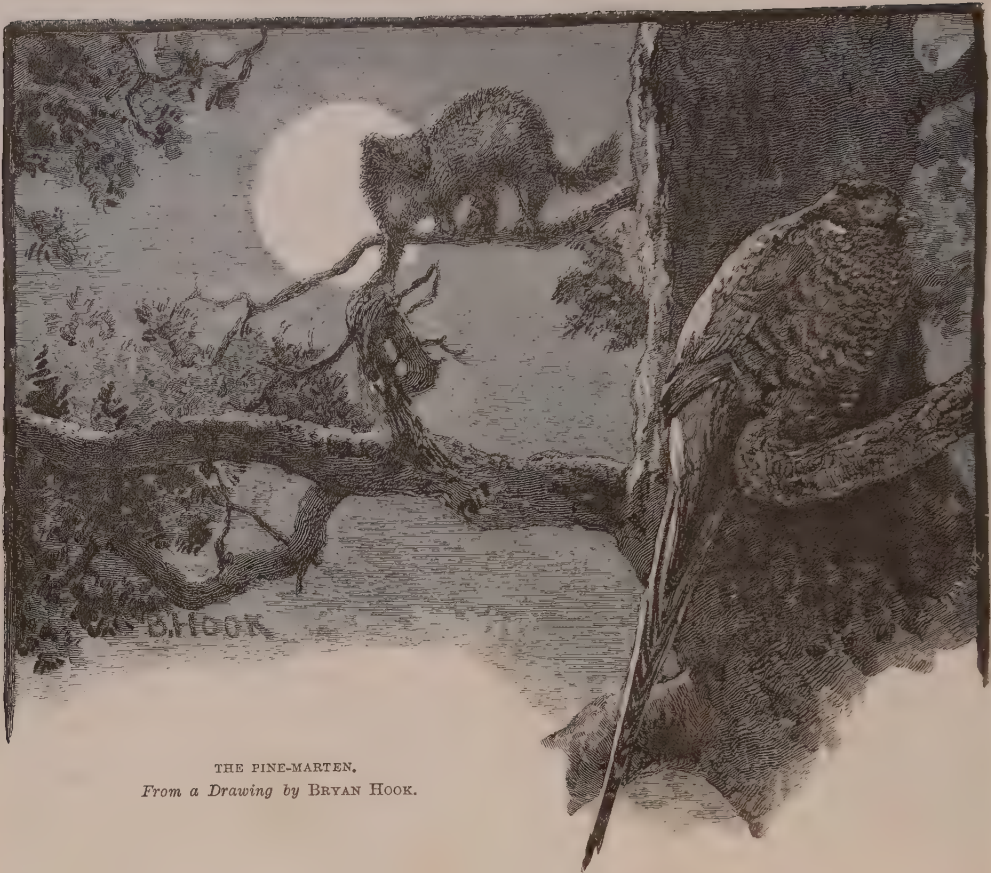
The second row in the procession was formed by the Dowager Countess of Oxford, supported right and left by the King's half-brothers. Then followed the little Countess Philippa, escorted by Burley and De la Pole.

Ralph devoured the faces thus unexpectedly brought before him with absorbed intensity of gaze, construing their features with involuntary eagerness, as if he could read in them with one searching look, his chances of success or failure. From the jaunty carelessness of Oxford's, the self-conscious importance of De la Pole's, and the resolute impressive gravity of Burley's, he returned to another rapid glance at the King's. There was some hope in its look of gentle sweetness, in the tender half smile on the lips, and the affectionate melancholy of the eyes. Bright and sprightly as the boy's face looked under the excitement of the exercise which had sent the blood into his dark cheek, tenderness was the prevailing expression.

From this rapt scrutiny he was roused by a cry from Clara. Following the direction of her horror-stricken eyes, he saw among the throng of knights, varlets, and pages behind the royal party the leering countenance of Sir Richard Rainham. The knight had recognised them, and bestowed on them a look of vindictive triumph as he rode past.

(To be continued.)





THE PINE-MARTEN.
From a Drawing by BRYAN HOOK.

THE WEASEL AND HIS FAMILY.¹

BESIDES the common weasel, *Mustela vulgaris*, the English representatives of its tribe are the stoat or ermine, *M. erminea*, the polecat, *M. putorius* or *Putorius fœtidus*, the beech-marten, *Martes foina* (*quasi aginea*), and the pine-marten, *Martes abietum*, the two latter being seldom seen in South Britain, except in the more mountainous parts of Wales and Derbyshire, though still far from rare in the Highlands and in Ireland. To these we may add, as allied species, the otter, *Lutra vulgaris*, and the badger, *Meles taxus*, which is stated on good geological grounds to be one of the oldest, if not the very oldest, of British mammals now existing. The ferret, *M. furo*, which in several points bears a close resemblance to the polecat, though long domiciled in this country, has never become properly acclimatised, and requires artificial protection to shield it from the effects of our northern air. It is commonly said to be a native of Africa. While the stoat and weasel adapt themselves with ease even to an arctic

temperature, the ferret, after many generations of existence upon English soil, is still in this respect a weakling.

A narrative which attracted my attention while the former part of this essay was in preparation, goes to show that not only in northern latitudes but even on the wintry heights of our loftiest mountains, where during more than half the year food must of necessity be scarce, the weasel can effect a lodgment. It has followed its persecutor, man, to the summit of Ben Nevis, and shares with the inmates of the new Observatory the privations incident to a life in that remote and elevated region. The *Daily News* of January 16th, 1884, contained a letter from Mr. R. T. Omond, Superintendent of the Ben Nevis Observatory, in which, after giving various interesting particulars concerning the daily life of the custodians, he says:—"Animal life, though scarce, is not altogether absent. A colony of weasels have established themselves in the outer walls of the Observatory. What they find

¹ See Vol. i. p. 619.

to eat it is difficult to see, unless they live on each other. But no doubt there are many smaller animals eking out a precarious existence here, that supply them with food. They can get little or nothing from the Observatory, for all the food used here is of course in the form of preserved articles, the empty tins and refuse of which are thrown over the adjacent cliff, safely out of their way and ours. The other day one of these weasels, with the impudence natural to its race, came and looked in at a window in the coolest way possible. It was a beautiful object in its arctic coat of white fur, tipped with black on ears and tail. In this, as in many other respects, living here strongly resembles an arctic voyage, with all its pleasures, few of its dangers, and none of its privations."

Judging from the description here given, that the animals in question were rather stoats than weasels—the tail and ears tipped with black being proper to the "ermine"—I wrote to Mr. Omond with the object of obtaining further evidence in support of this view. Postal communication with Scottish mountain-tops being naturally somewhat irregular, it was not surprising that more than a fortnight should elapse between the despatch of my letter and the receipt of a courteous reply from Mr. Omond. From his letter it appears that the name of stoat is unknown in the neighbourhood of Fort William; the fact probably being, that there, as in Ireland, animals of this class are called weasels indiscriminately. As the common weasel changes its coat partially in the more northern countries of Europe, it is possible that the little animals which have accompanied the astronomical fraternity to their mountain fastness are merely weasels, though the description given by Mr. Omond answers more nearly to that of the ermine.¹

The word stoat has been conjectured, I know not how correctly, to have had its

¹ Thomas Edward, whose experience as a field naturalist is unexampled, says decidedly, "*the true weasel never changes*;" and this may be regarded as conclusive so far as his own county is concerned. Professor MacGillivray, on the other hand, observes that, "white coloured ones are sometimes, though very rarely, met with. Whether albinos or not, is not ascertained. In sub-alpine situations it may become white in winter; I know it sometimes occurs, as I have killed one among stones on the mountain of Glamick in Skye, at an elevation of 1,500 feet."

The weasel in its winter dress was called by Linnæus *Mustela nivalis*, and was probably common enough in his native country.

It is worthy of remark that, as in the case of the ermine, the winter change does not extend to the fur at the tip of the tail, which retains its natural colour at all times.

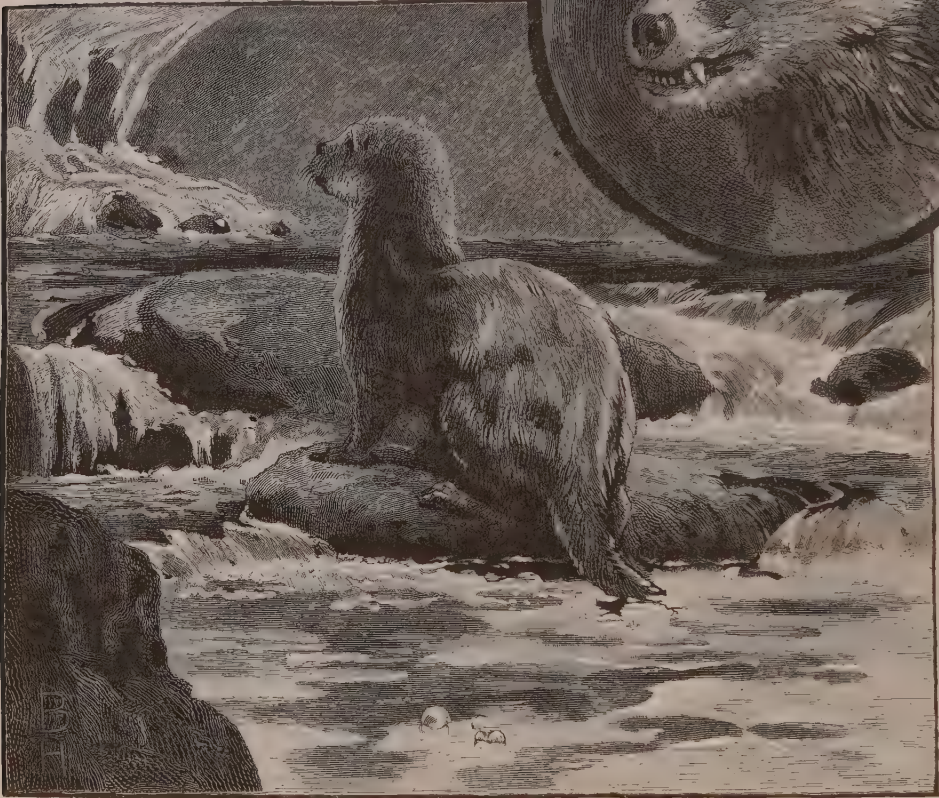
origin in the Danish *Stodhingst*,² a stallion, from a fancied resemblance. The graceful arching of the neck, characteristic of the weasel tribe, together with the bay-brown colour and great muscular development, may have been thought to yield points of analogy. Be this as it may, the stoat is even more elegant in form and more graceful in its movements than the weasel. It is also usually more shy, vanishing promptly at the approach of human footsteps, unless engaged in the chase, when it may sometimes be knocked over without difficulty, its attention being so completely fixed upon the movements of its victim. It is noteworthy, as showing that the influence which these animals exercise over their prey is of the nature of fascination, that any active interference which causes the chased creature to lose sight for a moment of its pursuer, seems to break the spell, and enable the hare or rabbit to put forth its natural speed and effect its escape.

When apprehensive of danger, the stoat will sit upright on its haunches for a moment, after the manner of a rabbit, peer cautiously around, and instantly vanish, not waiting, like its more diminutive relation, to bestow an inquisitive glance upon the human intruder. Hence it is difficult, at least I have found it so, to obtain a very close view of the animal. If pursued, it seeks the nearest hedge or covert, and except when hunting, is seldom seen far from shelter. Though nothing like so swift as a dog, the peculiarity of its running, which consists of a succession of leaps, will sometimes baffle the pursuer. From the quickness of its bounds it seems to be always in the air, while the dog, expecting to seize it upon the ground, is continually foiled by a fresh leap. A neighbour of mine having come upon a stoat in the middle of one of his fields, the animal made at once for the nearest hedge, but being continually outrun, it contrived by dodging quickly in and out between his legs to prevent my friend from setting his foot upon it, and by moving constantly in the direction of the hedge, at length gained its shelter and escaped.

Though thus successful in eluding the pursuit of dogs and men, the stoat often finds more than his match in the courage and adroitness of our domestic friend, the cat. It is said that puss will even condescend to eat a portion of the malodorous

² Perhaps with as much probability from the Belgic *Stout* = bold, or from the Armoric *Staat* = animal urine, from the offensive gland.

flesh, and give of the same to her kittens. I have seen a cat, not remarkable for size or apparent strength, that would not unfrequently bring home a stoat as the trophy of some nocturnal raid; but I believe she was content with merely killing this species of game, and doubtless preferred rabbit or leveret as an article of diet. A gentleman driving along a narrow lane in this neighbourhood a few years ago witnessed an en-



ALLIED SPECIES—THE OTTER, THE BADGER.

From a Drawing by BRYAN HOOK.

counter between a cat and a stoat, in which, judging by the sickening odour that filled the air, the latter seemed to be getting the worst of it. The approach of the vehicle, however, put both animals to flight, so that the battle must be counted as a drawn one.

When the hero of the *Water Babies* ventured on an inquiry concerning the nature of bees, he was fain to be satisfied with the gamekeeper's laconic reply—"What make honey." A small urchin of a farmer's boy whom I once catechised as to his knowledge of the natural history of stoats, answered with like brevity, "*They come for the ducks.*"

This impeachment is but too true, the destruction of ducks and fowls being as natural to the stoat as honey-making to the bee. The stoat not only "comes for" the ducks, but carries them away bodily, two of these animals having been seen to convey a full-grown duck between them to their nest in the hollow of a tree, six or eight feet from the ground—no insignificant achievement, considering the weight of the burden. When a young family is to be provided for, the quantity of hares, rabbits, and other articles of food which a pair of stoats will collect and lay by is only limited by the size of

their storehouse. At other times they are commonly supposed only to suck the blood of their prey, excepting in the case of rats. The brain of the rat affords a dainty morsel to the stoat and weasel. "Whether the rat be killed in his hole, in the water, or on land, by either stoat or weasel, I have carefully examined a great many, and have always found the brain completely cleared and the rest of the body untouched."¹ It is obvious that this exclusive predilection for so small a portion of the body—ininitely less than would suffice for a meal—must lead to the destruction of great multitudes of rats, upon whose indefinite increase no effort of man's ingenuity could impose so efficient a check. This much at least may well be pleaded on behalf of an animal which is too often condemned without a hearing. Every stoat nailed to the barn-door represents a rapid multiplication of the most voracious and destructive pests with which the farmer has to contend. No doubt the sight of a score of slaughtered ducklings may induce him to regard the murderer as anything but a blessing in disguise; but then it should be remembered that it is far easier to protect poultry at night than to secure corn-ricks from the constant depredations of the rat, which cause an incomparably heavier loss; while even as regards the feathered stock, the rat is a still worse neighbour, if possible, than the stoat.

However strongly such considerations as the foregoing may commend themselves to the theorist, the custodian of live-stock can rarely be induced to regard them as practical. Since the last paragraph was written my neighbour the bailiff has been telling me of a fine stoat which he shot not long since in his warren. Though a splendid specimen, and but little disfigured by the shot-wounds, it shared the common fate, being gibbeted upon a hedge, *pour encourager les autres*. The mole-catchers here, as elsewhere, are in the practice of festooning hedge and bush with the trophies of their warfare, this course being held to produce a salutary moral effect upon the survivors. Notwithstanding all that has been said, and said truly, with regard to the usefulness of the mole, agriculturists still remain incredulous, and the prevailing view concerning this energetic sub-cultivator is set forth in the benevolent aspiration with which a neighbouring farmer replied to some arguments of mine—"Well, I wish them had 'em as likes 'em!" So the mole hangs on the hedge, and the stoat

likewise, with a better chance, it is true, of being seen by his brethren; but I hope the next that falls to the bailiff's gun will be handed over to me, and preserved in a worthier fashion.

A story related by the Rev. J. G. Wood, whose informant heard it direct from the person principally concerned, seems to show that stoats, like weasels, will make combined attacks on human beings. Walking in the neighbourhood of Cricklade, a gentleman saw two stoats sitting upon the road, and taking up a stone he threw it and struck one of them; the other immediately uttered a peculiar cry, and a large number of stoats came forth and attacked their assailant, whose turn it now was to defend himself, or rather to seek safety in flight. Fastening his muffler well round his neck, and pressing down his hat over his temples, he set out for home; and on his arrival there, after a four miles' march, five of the little blood-suckers were found still clinging to his coat, several others having dropped off on the way. He had been severely scratched and bitten on his face and hands. As to the main facts of this narrative, endorsed by so high an authority, no doubt can be entertained; but I think it is fairly open to question whether the original narrator did not fall into the common mistake of confounding stoats and weasels. The latter are much more numerous, and according to general observation, more apt to associate together than stoats. They are also peculiarly bold and persistent in their attacks.

In this part of Worcestershire stoats are sometimes seen in pairs, but I have never heard of their joining together in packs, though, owing to the abundance of natural cover, the animals are very numerous. Mindful, however, of the danger of hasty generalisation, I will not venture to pronounce whether the creatures that gave the Cricklade gentleman so much trouble were stoats or common weasels.¹

The size of a well-grown stoat is scarcely inferior to that of a ferret, though the longer fur of the latter gives it a bulkier appearance. In general colouring, its winter dress excepted, the stoat resembles the weasel; but the throat and under parts, instead of being pure white, are more or less deeply tinged with yellow, and the red-brown of the upper parts, especially when the coat is beginning to change, is frequently less clear and deep than in the smaller

¹ *The Rats and the Mice*. By "Rusticus" (the late Mr. E. Newman).

animal. In form and movements both are eminently graceful, and they have not the sinister facial expression which marks the ferret and polecat. As in the case of the weasel, different specimens present great disparity in size and weight; unlike the weasel, however, the male stoat is generally rather smaller than his mate. The total length of a full-grown specimen, tail included, is from fourteen to seventeen and a half inches. Of two fine males which were recently trapped on Lord Windsor's estate, I measured the larger, and found the dimensions to be: total length from nose to end of tail, sixteen inches; length of tail alone, five and three-quarter inches, of which one inch was hair. About one-third of the tail is black.¹ In this specimen the fur on the lower jaw is pure white, forming a triangular patch, which contrasts quite vividly with the yellow of the throat and belly. As there has been hardly any severe weather during the past winter, this appearance cannot have been produced by continued cold. The other stoat has no white at all.

Professor MacGillivray observes that in Scotland the ermine is of more frequent occurrence than the weasel, he having met with at least five or six ermines for one weasel. With regard to the white winter coat of the ermine, the same naturalist is of opinion, founded upon examination of a multitude of specimens, that it is not produced by the bleaching of individual hairs, but by the growth of new ones; that the animal, in fact, sheds its coat gradually all the year round, and that so long as the weather is mild the growing hairs on the upper parts are brown, but white when it is very cold. There is reason to believe, nevertheless, that the brown hairs themselves, on the application of intense cold, become whitened.² That this change occurs without the growth of fresh fur in the case of the lemming, an animal nearly allied to the weasels, has been placed beyond question by a rather cruel experiment. During one of Ross's arctic voyages a lemming was exposed in a cage on deck for a week, the temperature being 30° below zero. The

change commenced during the first day, and by the end of the week nearly the whole of the poor animal's coat had become snow-white.

The whole question of the ermine's change of colour is curious and interesting. The late Professor Thompson, of Belfast, author of the *Natural History of Ireland*, after long observation and much inquiry, came to the conclusion that stoats never become white in that country, even in the severest winters. He never found a white one himself, nor ever heard of one having been seen; yet he had specimens sent to him from Ballantrae, on the coast of Wigtownshire, a point only about forty miles distant from the opposite shore of Antrim, and where the climate is not appreciably different. In England, again, even so far south as Cornwall, the winter change has been found to occur. Why this should not be the case in Ireland is at present an unsolved problem. We are equally in the dark as to why the change should take place during some comparatively mild winters, and not in others which have been much more severe. Something may, perhaps, depend upon the state of the fur and skin at the precise period when the cold weather commences. In England we have frequently but little frost or snow until Christmas time or the turn of the year, when the coats of animals are thickest and the skin consequently well protected. It may be that when the frosts set in earlier, before the autumnal shedding and renewal of the coat is completed, the change of temperature has a greater effect upon the skin and upon the growth of the new hair-cells. In this county the stoat occasionally appears in its winter garb of white. I have, not, however, been so fortunate as to meet with one. I have heard of a fine pair having been caught by a gamekeeper in Wyre Forest, near Bewdley, some few years ago. The change is sometimes only partial, giving the animal a pied or brindled appearance. Lord Windsor's keeper has met with an instance in which the tail alone (the tip of course excepted) was pure white. More generally it is remarked that the change commences with the face, which sometimes retains white patches after the natural colour has been restored to the rest of the body.

In the South of England the taxidermists are fond of mounting stoats in the act of fencing with mimic swords, their antagonists being squirrels or rabbits, which never succeed in parrying the fatal thrust.

From the *Natural History of Ireland* I

¹ The measurement of my stuffed weasel, a fair-sized male, is as follows:—length of head, 1½ in.; length of neck and body, 5½ in.; length of tail, 2½ in., of which half an inch is hair; total, 9 inches. Another stuffed one, killed on an adjoining farm, is between one and two inches longer.

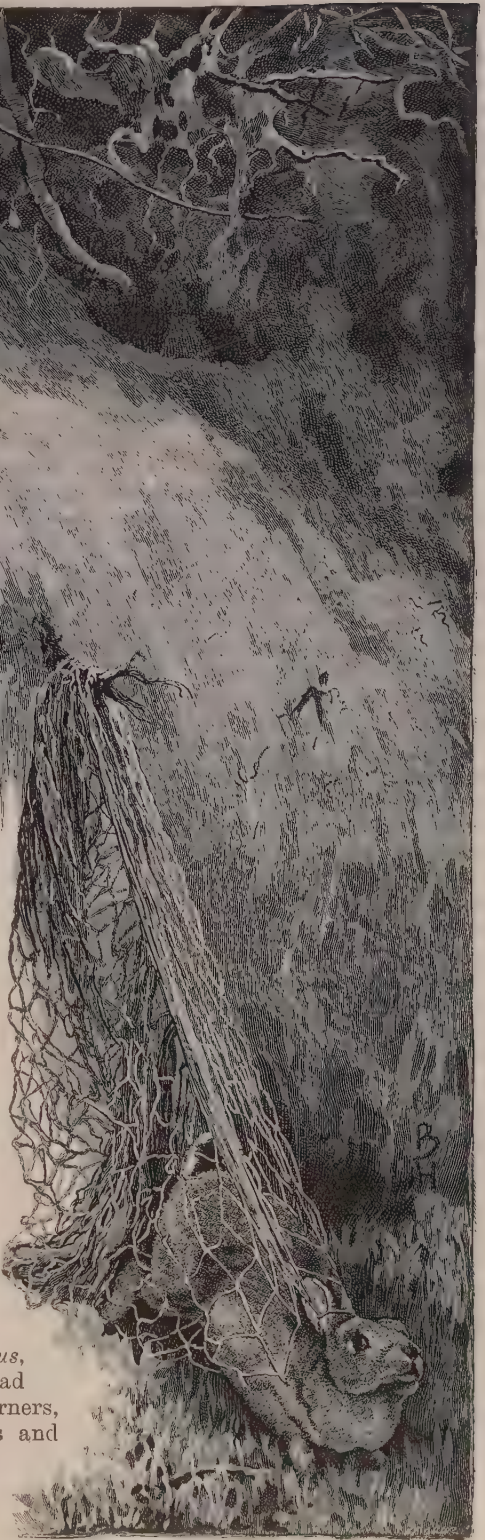
² The stoat, as its Latin name implies, is identical with the ermine. The beautiful white ermine furs known to commerce are simply the winter covering of the arctic stoat, finer and thicker than those obtained in more temperate climates.

extract
the follow-
ing account

of a tame stoat :—

"In 1845 a stoat was brought to Mr. Davis, of Clonmel, which he gave to a friend, in whose house it became quite domesticated, and was greatly admired for the extreme lightness and elegance of its movements, and also for its ceaseless activity. At first it was kept in a cage, whence it escaped, and murdered a jay in the same room. After this it was not confined, but ranged at will through a large shop, a cellar, and two ware-rooms, and never evinced any desire to leave them. Here it became quite tame, and obviously preferred some members of the family to others. Its frolics in the shop were very amusing. Sometimes it would scamper along the counter, at others run up a lady's back until it reached her bonnet; but its greatest delight seemed to be giving battle to two old stuffed magpies, twining round their necks, pulling out their feathers, and occasionally tumbling with one of them from the shelf on which they were kept. It was fed for several months on bread and milk, varied with flesh meat. Its teeth had been purposely broken, and consequently it was not well able to kill mice."

If it be true that there is a strict proportion between the unpleasantness of a thing, and the number of names by which it is called, the Polecat must be allowed to have a peculiarly unsavoury character. Old Roger Ascham, in a quaint passage of his *Toxophilus*, written 340 years ago, places him in very bad company. "For on the nyghte tyme and in corners, Sprites and theves, rattes and mise, toodes and oules, nyghte-crowes and *poulcattes*, foxes and *foumerdes*, with all other vermine and noysome beastes, vse mooste styrringe, when in the daye lyght, and in open places which be ordeyned of



THE FERRET AT WORK.

From a Drawing by BRYAN HOOK.

God for honeste thynges, they darre not ones come." The word is most probably a corruption of *poulcat*, poultry having been especially subject to its attacks. In country places it is variously called fitchet, fitchat, fitcher, fitchew, fulimart, fulimer, fulmerde, fougart, fumart, and *fommard*, this last being a north-country form of the word. The first four are supposed to be derived from old French, *fissau*, connected with the Latin *foetere*, to stink; fulimart and fulimer, also, from old French, *ful merde*; and fougart may, perhaps, have been the form adopted by our Norman conquerors as equivalent to the Anglo-Saxon *ful mearthe*. All of these names, like the German *Stink-marder*, have reference to the proverbially disgusting odour which the animal is capable of emitting. Yet a writer in *Chambers's Etymological Dictionary*, following sundry authorities, after first vouchsafing the singular information that the fougart is the *beech marten*, goes on to say that the word has been converted into foul marten from an *erroneous* idea that it was taken from the foul smell of the animal! According to this theory the word is a corruption of *fouine-marte* (from *faine*, beech-mast, because the marten was supposed to feed on those nuts). Though *fouine* is used for several of the weasel family, there is nothing to show that *fouine-marte*, as a name for the polecat, was ever a current word at all, and, if not, it is not easy to see how fougart could have been corrupted from it. And as the fougart is *not* the beech-marten, and there is nothing erroneous in supposing that its name was given to it by reason of its smell, it is difficult to account for the theory advanced by the lexicographer, unless by the supposition that he was unaware of the distinction which exists between the foul and the sweet martens.¹

Larger and more destructive than the stoat, the polecat is fortunately much less common, and is in fact fast disappearing from the more cultivated parts of our country. Even in the wilder districts of the Scottish Highlands it is becoming scarce, owing to the multiplication of gamekeepers in those much-preserved regions. From its nocturnal habits it is less likely than either the weasel or the stoat to be met with in the course of a country ramble, though, like them, it does not hunt exclusively by night. In this neighbourhood I have seen one polecat, and heard of only one other, during a

period of eight years.² The gamekeepers say that they are never troubled with them. On a sombre autumn afternoon, as I was passing over an unfrequented hillside, one of these animals came running across my path at a distance of twelve or fifteen yards, and disappeared among some brushwood. Its gait, though sufficiently rapid, was far from graceful, the feet appearing to be thrown out sideways, causing a shuffling motion something like that of a mole, so that the body was scarcely raised above the ground. In this respect the polecat differs greatly from its more elegant congeners. The impression derived from a momentary glance was confirmed years afterwards by an observation I met with in Bewick's account of the polecat. "When running," he says, "its belly seems to touch the ground."³ I was near enough to remark a peculiarity in the colouring, which, unlike that of the other weasels, or indeed of most animals, is lighter on the back than on the legs and underparts. The general colour is a deep chocolate brown intermixed with dingy yellow. Along the back the yellow is more apparent, and underneath and on the legs the hue deepens into black. There is a little white around the mouth.

The dimensions of a polecat slightly exceed those of a large stoat; in appearance, however, it is considerably larger, the greater length of the fur giving its body a bulkier aspect. It stands higher at the shoulder, and is a more formidable-looking animal. The male is rather more light and slender than the female. The total length of an average specimen is seventeen or eighteen inches, tail included.⁴ This animal breeds with the ferret, and it would seem that the offspring is fertile, a race of dark-coloured "fitcher-ferrets," larger and more robust than the white ones, being not uncommonly met with. Ferrets being kept in close confinement, and polecats becoming rarer every year, it seems unlikely that these hybrids are the offspring of recent crossings. It is not an uncommon thing for a ferret to remain, in warm weather, for weeks or months in a rabbit burrow of which it has taken possession, and a female which had thus played truant has been known to come home again accompanied by

² Less than fifty years ago polecats were killed within a mile of Birmingham.

³ Pennant has the same remark, and was probably Bewick's authority.

⁴ By some writers the animal is said to measure seventeen inches exclusive of the tail, and it is probable that this size is sometimes attained.

¹ In the north of Scotland the pine-marten is sometimes called *polecat*, but not *fougart*.

young ones of the polecat colour. I believe, however, that such instances are not of recent occurrence. A huge overgrown fitcher-ferret, as large as a moderate sized polecat, was lately to be seen in the Birmingham market-hall, where these dusky little cut-throats are commonly exposed for sale in cages, with lop-eared rabbits, restless guinea-pigs, slumbering dormice, pigeons, starlings, canaries, and small birds and pets of every description for their neighbours. Kegs of gunpowder in a Friends' meeting could hardly be less in place. Only a few slight wires intervene to protect a hundred furred or feathered innocents from wholesale slaughter.

In view of its immense destructiveness it is not surprising that the polecat has few friends, and I fear it would not be easy to make out a good case in its defence. The habit, however, of killing far more than it can possibly consume at once, does not seem to arise, as is commonly alleged, from blood-thirstiness alone, but in part at least from a prudent regard for the future, since it will generally be found that when the animal has time and opportunity, all the victims are removed to the polecat's larder. It has been asserted that after sucking the blood in the first instance, the polecat will not touch the flesh until it becomes putrid. Judging from the abundant stores laid by, it seems doubtful whether this is really a matter of choice so much as of necessity, since, if not consumed at once, which would hardly be possible, the game must inevitably become "high." Though a connoisseur in game and poultry, the polecat does not disdain much humbler diet. Marvellous numbers of frogs, each one having its brain partially paralysed by a bite, have been found in its storehouse, not dead, but effectually deprived of all power of escape. Bewick mentions a case in which eleven fine eels were discovered in a polecat's nest in winter. The animal was tracked over the snow from the margin of a stream from whence it had carried off the slippery prey. Again, the nests of wild bees and wasps are attacked and devoured, the long and thick fur of the polecat protecting him from the stings of the winged foe. On the whole it appears that this creature acts upon the approved principle of Captain Dugald Dalgetty, and neglects no opportunity of laying up an abundant store in anticipation of future contingencies.

A most graphic account of a night adventure with a polecat is given by Mr. Smiles in his *Life of Thomas Edward, the Scotch Naturalist*, who captured and killed a large male specimen in the ruined castle of the Boyne

in Banffshire. The story is too long to be inserted here; and if any reader of this article is unacquainted with Edward's biography, the pleasure of perusing this and many another tale of nightly escapade should be no longer deferred. How the disciple of St. Crispin lay patiently waiting in the gloomy vault until the foe came near enough to be seized by the neck; how it tore the hands of its captor in fruitless efforts to escape, and made night hideous with its unearthly howlings no less than with its insufferable stench; and how, at length, with the aid of an ounce of chloroform and his iron-heeled boot the conqueror secured his triumph, must be read at length in Mr. Smiles's admirable book. The same work contains the following notice of an encounter between an eagle and a polecat, extracted from the *New Statistical Account of Scotland*:

"One of the keepers of the forest of Glen Avon, Banffshire, being one day reclining on the side of a hill, observed an eagle hovering about for his prey, and darting suddenly down it caught hold of a polecat, with which it rose up and flew away in the direction of an immense cliff on the opposite hill. It had not proceeded far when he observed it abating its course, and descending in a spiral direction until it reached the ground. He was led by curiosity to proceed towards the spot, which was about a mile distant from him, and there he found the eagle quite dead, with its talons transfixed in the polecat. The polecat was also dead, with its teeth fixed in the eagle's gullet."

Waterton, whose arguments were at times quite as eccentric as his actions, and who was continually falling foul of Audubon and the American naturalists, was greatly scandalised by a statement in the *American Biography of Birds*, to the effect that the offensive odour of the polecat has been given him by Nature as a defence. "And pray," he exclaims, "at what old granny's fireside in the United States has the writer of this picked up such an important piece of information? . . . If the polecat has had the fetid gland given him by Nature as a defence, then must Nature have given a sweet one to the civet for its destruction; seeing that while we shun the first on account of its insupportable stench, we pursue and kill the last in order to obtain its perfume. Now, as both these animals are of the same family, I cannot help remarking with Sterne in the case of the 'poor negro girl,' that Nature has put one of this tribe sadly over the head of the other, if the North American theory be sound.

"Again, if Nature has given this abominable stench to many of the polecat tribe 'as a defence,' she has cruelly neglected our former invader the Hanoverian rat. The polecat is not much exposed to destruction, as its movements are chiefly nocturnal, and in general it is apt to shun the haunts of men. But our Hanoverian, having a most inordinate appetite for the good things of this world, is ever on the stir in the very midst of its enemies, and it will cater for itself the four and twenty hours throughout. Still, my darling Hanoverian has nothing but an ordinary set of teeth wherewith to protect itself, although exposed to ten times more danger than the foomart, which last has a fetid gland 'given it by Nature as a defence'—in addition, I may add, to vast muscular strength and to two full rows of sharp and well-assorted teeth. This being the case, let us reject the Transatlantic theory as a thing of emptiness; and if we are called upon for an opinion as to the real uses of the fetid gland in polecats, let us frankly own that we have it not in our power to give anything satisfactory on the subject."

This final conclusion is marked with a wise humility which contrasts happily with the dogmatism of the preceding argument. The Jesuit fathers of Stonyhurst College, of whom Waterton speaks with such affectionate gratitude, and who looked so well to his Latin, did not apparently succeed in teaching him the value of a *non sequitur*. The Hanoverian rat, as this entertaining writer has elsewhere fully shown, stands in no need of any adventitious means of self-preservation, its amazing fecundity being sufficient to secure its "survival," were its enemies ten times as numerous as they are. No doubt, if a single rat and a single polecat were to commence life together, the polecat would demonstrate by a very short argument which of the two had the better chance of existence. But place a pair of rats in a sewer, and a pair of polecats in the nearest wood; the chances are that in twelve months' time there will be about a hundred rats, and no more polecats than at first. Our "darling Hanoverian" is quite sufficiently defended by its immense power of reproduction. Again, instead of the civet being pursued and killed for the sake of its perfume, it appears that the contrary is the case, the animal being *kept alive* in confinement, and the scented substance taken from it periodically without any pain or inconvenience. The Abyssinians are too wise to kill the goose which lays golden eggs. But Mr. Waterton need not have gone so far as the civet for an illus-

tration. The pine-marten, unlike the other British weasels, has a musky and not unpleasant odour, and dogs are said to follow its scent more willingly on this account; but the marten has its compensating advantage. It can take refuge in the topmost boughs of the tallest pines, and leap from one tree to another with the ease and agility of a squirrel, setting its pursuers at defiance. The skunk, on the other hand, whose movements are quiet and apparently inoffensive, is so far protected by the overpowering and incurable stench which it is capable of emitting, that dogs must be specially trained before they can successfully seize it, and no human being is likely to venture knowingly within the range of its poison-shower. While, therefore, it may not be in our power to give a wholly satisfactory account of the uses to which these secretions, whether noxious or pleasant to human beings, may be subservient in the animal economy, it is rash to assert that they do not contribute in any degree to the defence or protection of the possessor. Speaking generally, it cannot be doubted that the peculiar smell which attaches to the den of a wild beast has a tendency to keep other animals at a distance, and thus to preserve the inmate from intrusion. The horse flies in terror when the taint of the wolf's lair comes between the wind and his nostrils, and while carrying his rider out of danger, performs, perhaps, an equal service for the wolf. It is said that rabbits will sometimes entirely forsake a burrow which a ferret has once entered, so great is their aversion for the smell; and it is not unnatural to suppose that they will have at least an equal dislike for the precincts of a polecat's retreat. Its offensive odour may thus aid in securing for the foomart's abode that solitude and seclusion which can alone enable it to maintain a precarious existence.

The late William Howitt, whose autobiography carries us back to the beginning of the present century, has recorded among his boyish recollections a feat of his favourite terrier, Pry, by which an over-bold polecat was brought to justice.

"We used to attend the Friends' meeting, which was two miles distant, and was a pleasant walk across the fields. Pry used to attend with us, and behaved as well and quietly as anybody, laying himself down under the seat that I occupied, and scarcely moving till the meeting was over. On one occasion, as my father was putting up his horse in the stable which adjoined the meeting, Pry, who was in the stable, began fiercely to bark, and scratch under some



"PRY," THE AVENGER.
From a Drawing by BRYAN HOOK.

boards that lay on the floor. As the Friends had already gone into the meeting, my father called Pry away and drove him out with his stick ; but he rushed back again and renewed his scratching with such fury that my father and another person who came in thought it best to see what occasioned this excitement. They therefore removed the boards, when a large hole, a burrow, discovered itself in the

ground, down which Pry descended with great eagerness, and presently emerged again with a dead duckling in his mouth. Greatly were my father and the other person surprised ; but their wonder was every moment increased by the dog's fetching out, one after another, no less than fifteen young ducklings, all dead ; and, last of all, dragging out, after a hard battle in which even he had been

compelled to howl out two or three times, a huge polecat, the destroyer of the ducks! The smell which the creature made was so horrible that they were compelled to throw it out of the stable, and there, with the fifteen ducklings beside it, left it till the meeting was over. After meeting, much was the marvelling over these matters, and many were the praises bestowed upon Pry. A farmhouse stood close by, inhabited by a rich old farmer of the name of Grammer. He was sent for, and on coming and looking at the ducks, exclaimed in his broad Derbyshire dialect, 'Ah, bless me! ah, bless me!—why those are my ducklings! Well, did onybody sey sich a seyt? My dame wondered how and where they vanished to. Every dee they were gooin'—goin'—goin'—like snaw i' the sun—an' nubbody could tell where they went tow. My eye! and what a rousing owd fommard! They mud well goo—hey'd a soon a cleared aw ar yard o' fowls. Well, that *is* a dog, isn't he? Hey's worth his weight in gowd! Dear me! dear me, what havoc!' And with that he picked up the young ducks, holding them in a bunch by the legs, and with the fommart in the other hand, hobbled off to show the monster and his victims to his dame."

I cannot finish this paper without advertising to an incident which has been kindly communicated to me by Mr. Bryan Hook, to whom my readers and myself are also indebted for a series of exquisite illustrations. Having heard the screams of a rabbit which had just been seized by a stoat, Mr. Hook reached the spot in time to see another rabbit rush from the bushes and make so vigorous an attack upon the would-be murderer, that he turned and fled ingloriously. Such a feat has not hitherto, I believe, been recorded in any work on natural history, and the case is interesting, as supplying a brilliant exception to a very general rule. Possibly our knowledge of such matters would be much fuller and more exact, if many of those whose time is chiefly spent amid rural sights and sounds could think it worth while to be communicative. That country life is indeed well-spent

"Which loves the lot that kindly Nature weaves
For all inheriting and adorning earth;
Which throws light pleasure over true content,
Blossoms with fruitage—flowers as well as leaves—
And sweetens wisdom with a taste of mirth."

BENJAMIN SCOTT.





“THAT GIRL IN BLACK.”

BY MRS. MOLESWORTH.

PART IV.



S Despard heard the steps coming nearer he looked round uneasily, with a vague idea of hurrying off so as to escape observation. But when he tried to stand up and walk, he found that anything like quick movement was beyond him still.

So he sat down again, endeavouring to look as if nothing were the matter, and that he was merely resting.

Another moment or two, and a young man appeared, coming hastily along the path by which Despard had himself made his way into the shrubbery. He was quite young, two or three and twenty at most, fair, slight, and boyish-looking. He passed by Mr. Norreys with but the slightest glance in his direction, but just as Despard was congratulating himself on this, the new-comer stopped short, hesitated, and then, turning round and lifting his hat, came up to him.

“Excuse me,” he said, “do you know Lady Margaret —— by sight? Has she passed this way?”

He spoke quickly, and Mr. Norreys did not catch the surname.

“No,” he replied, “I have not the honour of the lady’s acquaintance.”

“I beg your pardon,” said the other. “I’ve been sent to look for her, and I can’t find her anywhere.” Then he turned, but again hesitated.

“There’s nothing the matter, is there? You’ve not hurt yourself—or anything? You look rather—as if a cricket ball had hit you, you know.”

Mr. Norreys smiled.

“Thank you,” he said. “I have got a

frightful pain in my head. I was out too long in the sun this morning.”

The boyish-looking man shook his head.

“Touch of sunstroke—eh? Stupid thing to do, standing in the sun this weather. Should take a parasol; I always do. Then I can’t be of any service?”

“Yes,” said Despard, as a sudden idea struck him. “If you happen to know my sister, Mrs. Selby, by sight, I’d be eternally grateful to you if you would tell her I’m going home. I’ll wait for her at the old church, would you say?”

“Don’t know her, but I’ll find her out. Mrs. Selby, of Markerslea, I suppose? Well, take my advice, and keep on the shady side of the road.”

“I shall go through the woods, thank you. My sister will understand.”

With a friendly nod the young fellow went off.

Despard had been roused by the talk with him. He got up now and went slowly round to the back of the house—it was a place he had known in old days—thus avoiding all risk of coming across any of the guests. By a path behind the stables he made his way slowly into the woods, and in about half an hour’s time he found himself where these ended at the high road, along which his sister must pass. There was a stile near, over which, through a field, lay a footpath to the church, known thereabouts as the old church, and here on the stile Mr. Norreys seated himself to await Mrs. Selby.

“I’ve managed that pretty neatly,” he said, trying to imagine he was feeling as usual. “I wonder who that fellow was. He seemed to have heard Maddie’s name though he did not know her.”

He was perfectly clear in his head now, but the pain in it was racking. He tried not

to think, but in vain. Clearer, and yet more clearly, stood out before his mind's eye the strange drama of that afternoon. And the more he thought of it, the more he looked at it, approaching it from every side, the more incapable he became of explaining Miss Ford's extraordinary conduct. The indignation which had at first blotted out almost all other feeling gradually gave way to his extreme perplexity.

"She had no sort of grounds for speaking to me as she did," he reflected. "Accusing me vaguely of unworthy motives—what *could* she mean?" Then a new idea struck him. "Some one has been making mischief," he thought; "that must be it, though what and how, I cannot conceive. Gertrude Englewood would not do it intentionally—but still—I saw that she was changed to me. I shall have it out with her. After all, I hope Madeline's letter *has* gone."

And a vague, very faint hope began to make itself felt that perhaps, after all, all was *not* lost. If *she* had been utterly misled about him—if—

He drew a deep breath, and looked round. It was the very sweetest moment of a summer's day existence, that at which late afternoon begins softly and silently to fade into early evening. There was an almost Sabbath stillness in the air, a tender suggestion of night's reluctant approach, and from where Despard sat, the white headstones of some graves in the ancient churchyard were to be seen among the grass. The man felt strangely moved and humbled.

"If I could hope ever to win her," he thought, "I feel as if I had it in me to be a better man—I am not *all* selfish and worldly, Maisie—surely not? But what has made her judge me so cruelly? It is awful to remember what she said, and to imagine what sort of an opinion she must have of me to have been able to say it. For—no, that was *not* my contemptible conceit"—and his face flushed. "She *was* beginning to care for me. She is too generous to have remembered vindictively my insolence, for insolence it was, at the first. Besides, she said herself that she had been getting to like and trust me as a friend. Till to-day—was it all what I said to-day? No girl can despise a man for the fact of his caring for her—what can it be? Good heavens, I feel as if I should go mad!"

And he wished that the pain in his head, which had somewhat subsided, would get worse again, if only it would stop his thinking.

But just then came the sound of wheels.

In another moment Mrs. Selby's pony-carriage was in sight. Despard got off his stile, and walked slowly down the road to meet her.

"So you faithless——" she began—for, to tell the truth, she had not attached much credence to the story of the frightful headache which had reached her—but she changed her tone the moment she caught sight of his face. "My poor boy, you do look ill!" she exclaimed. "I am so sorry. I would have come away at once if I had known."

"It doesn't matter," Despard replied, as he got into the carriage; "but did you not get my message?"

"Oh, yes; but I thought it was just that you were tired and bored. What is the matter, dear Despard? You don't look the least like yourself."

"I fancy it was the sun this morning," he said. "But it's passing off, I think."

Madeline felt by no means sure that it was so.

"I am so sorry," she repeated, "and so vexed with myself. Do you know who the young man was that gave me your message?"

Despard shook his head.

"It was Mr. Conrad Fforde, Lord Southwold's nephew and heir—at least to the title, but to little else."

"So I should suppose," said Norreys indifferently. "The Southwolds are very poor."

"How queer that he knew your name if you have never met him before," said Mrs. Selby. "But I dare say it's through the Flores-Carters; they're such great friends of mine, you know, and they are staying at Laxter's Hill, as well as the Southwold party."

"Yes," Despard agreed, "he had evidently heard of you."

"And of you too in that case. People do so chatter in the country. The Carters are dying to get you there. They have got the Southwolds to promise to go to them next week. They—the Carter girls—are perfectly wild about Lady Margaret. I think it would be better taste not to make up to her so much; it does *look* as if it was because she was what she is, though I know it isn't really that. They get up these fits of enthusiasm. And she is very nice—not *very* pretty, you know, but wonderfully nice and unspoilt, considering."

"Unspoilt," repeated Despard. He was glad to keep his sister talking about indifferent matters. "I don't see that poor Lord Southwold's daughter has any reason to be spoilt."

"Oh, dear, yes—didn't you know? I

thought you knew everything of that kind. It appears that she is a tremendous heiress; I forget the figures. The fortune comes from her aunt's husband. Her mother's elder sister married an enormously wealthy man, and as they had no children or near relations on his side, he left all to this girl. Of course she and her father have always known it, but it has been kept very quiet. They have lived in the country six months of the year, and travelled the other six. She has been most carefully brought up and splendidly educated. But she has never been 'out' in society at all till this year."

"I never remember hearing of them in town," said Despard.

"Oh, Lord Southwold himself never goes out. He is dreadfully delicate—heart-disease, I think. But she—Lady Margaret—will be heard of *now*. It has all come out about her fortune now that he has come into the title. His cousin, the last earl, only died two months ago."

"And," said Despard, with a strange sensation, as if he were listening to some one else speaking rather than speaking himself, "till he came into the title, what was he called? He was the last man's cousin, you say?"

"Yes, of course; he was Mr. Fforde—Fforde with two 'f's' and an 'e,' you know. It's the family name of the Southwolds. That young man—the one you spoke to—is Mr. Conrad Fforde, as I told you. They say that——"

But a glance at her brother made her hesitate.

"Despard, is your head worse?" she asked anxiously.

"It comes on by fits and starts," he replied. "But don't mind; go on speaking. What were you going to say?"

"Oh, only about young Mr. Fforde. They say he is to marry Lady Margaret; they are only second cousins. But I don't think he looks good enough for her. She seems such a womanly, nice-feeling girl. We had just been introduced when Mr. Fforde came up with your message, and she wanted him to go back to you at once. But he said you would be gone already, and I—well, I didn't quite believe about your head being so bad, and perhaps I seemed very cool about it, for Lady Margaret really looked quite vexed. Wasn't it nice of her? The Carters had been telling her about us evidently. I think she was rather disappointed not to see the famous Despard Norreys, do you know? I rather wonder you never met her this summer in town, though perhaps you would scarcely

have remarked her just as Miss Fforde, for she isn't——"

But an exclamation from Despard startled her.

"Maddie," he said, "don't you understand? It *must* be she—she, this Lady Margaret, the great heiress! Good heavens!"

Mrs. Selby almost screamed.

"Despard!" was all she could say. But she quickly recovered herself. "Well, after all," she went on, "I don't see that there's any harm done. She will know that you were absolutely disinterested, and surely that will go a long way. But—just to think of it! Oh, Despard, fancy your saying that you half thought she was going to be a governess! Oh, dear, *how* extraordinary! And I that was so regretting that you had not met her! What a good thing you did not—I mean *what* a good thing that my letter showing your ignorance was written and sent before you knew who she was! Don't you see how lucky it was?"

She turned round, her eyes sparkling with excitement and eagerness. But there was no response in Mr. Norreys' face; on the contrary, its expression was such that Mrs. Selby's own face grew pale with dread.

"Despard," she said, "why do you look like that? You are not going to say that now, because she is an heiress—just because of *money*," with a tone of supreme contempt, "that you will give it up? You surely——"

But Mr. Norreys interrupted her.

"Has the letter gone, Maddie?"

She nodded her head.

"Then I must write again at once—myself—to Gertrude Englewood to make her promise on her honour never to tell what you wrote. Even if I thought she would believe it—and I am not sure that she would—I could never allow myself to be cleared in her eyes *now*."

Madeline stared at him. Had the sun-stroke affected his brain?

"Despard," she said, "what do you mean?"

He turned his haggard face towards her.

"I don't know how to tell you," he said. "I wish I need not, but as you know so much I must. I *did* see her, Madeline. I met her when I was strolling about the shrubbery over there. She was quite alone and no one near. It seemed to have happened on purpose, and—I told her all."

"You proposed to her?"

He nodded.

"As—as Miss Fforde, or as——" began Mrs. Selby.

"As Miss Ford, of course, without the two

'f's' and the 'e' at the end," he said bitterly. "I didn't know till this moment either that her father was an earl, or, which is much worse, that she was a great heiress."

"And what is wrong then?"

"Just that she refused me—refused me with the most biting contempt—the—the bitterest scorn—no, I cannot speak of it. She thought I knew, had found out about her—and now I see that my misplaced honesty, the way I spoke, must have given colour to it. She taunted me with my insolence at the first—good God! what an instrument of torture a woman's tongue can be! There is only one thing to do—to stop Gertrude's ever telling of that letter."

"Oh, Despard!" exclaimed Mrs. Selby, and her eyes filled with tears. "What a horrid girl she must be! And I thought she looked so sweet and nice. She seemed so sorry when her cousin told me about you. Tell me, was that after? Oh, yes, of course, it must have been. Despard, I believe she was already repenting her cruelty."

"Hush, Madeline," said Mr. Norreys sternly. "You mean it well, but—you must promise me never to allude to all this again. You will show me Mrs. Englewood's letter when it comes—that you must do. And I will write to her. But there is no more to be said. Let to-day be between us as if it had never been. Promise me, dear."

He laid his hand on her arm. Madeline turned her tearful eyes towards him.

"Very well," she said. "I must, I suppose. But, oh, what a dreadful pity it all seems. You to have fallen in love with her for herself—you that have never really cared for any one before—when you thought her only a governess; and now for it to have all gone wrong! It would have been so nice and delightful."

"A sort of Lord Burleigh business, with the characters reversed—yes, quite idyllic," said Despard sneeringly.

"Despard, don't. It does so pain me." Mrs. Selby said with real feeling. "There is one person I am furious with," she went on in a very different tone, "and that is Mrs. Englewood. She had no business to play that sort of trick."

"Perhaps she could not help herself. You say the father—Mr. Fford as he then was—did not wish her to be known as an heiress," said Mr. Norreys.

"She might have made an exception for you," said Madeline.

Despard's brows contracted. Mrs. Selby thought it was from the pain in his head, but it was more than that. A vision rose before

him of a sweet flushed girlish face, with gentle pleasure and appeal in the eyes—and of Gertrude's voice, "If you don't dance, will you talk to her? Anything to please her a little you know."

"I think Gertrude did all she could. I believe she is a perfectly loyal and faithful friend," he said, "but for Heaven's sake, Maddie, let us drop it for ever. I will write this evening to Gertrude, myself, and that will be the last act in the drama."

No letter, however, was written to Mrs. Englewood that evening—nor the next day, nor for that matter during the rest of the time that saw Despard Norreys a guest at Markerslea Rectory.

And several days passed after the morning that brought her reply to Mrs. Selby's letter of inquiry, before the person it chiefly concerned was able to see it. For the pain in his head, the result of slight sunstroke in the first place, aggravated by unusual excitement, had culminated in a sharp attack which at one time was not many degrees removed from brain fever. The risk was tided over, however, and at no time was the young man in very serious danger. But Mrs. Selby suffered quite as much as if he had been dying. She made up her mind that he would not recover, and as her special friends received direct information to that effect, it is not to be wondered at that the bad news flew fast.

It reached Laxter's Hill one morning in the week following Lady Denster's garden-party. It was the day which was to see the breaking-up of the party assembled there to meet Lord Southwold and his daughter, and it came in a letter to Edith Flores-Carter from Mrs. Selby herself.

"Oh, dear," the girl ejaculated, her usually bright, not to say jolly-looking countenance clouding over as she spoke, "oh, dear, I'm so sorry for the Selbys—for Mrs. Selby particularly. Just fancy, doesn't it seem awful—her brother's dying."

She glanced round the breakfast table for sympathy: various expressions of it reached her.

"That fellow I found in the grounds at that place, is it?" inquired Mr. Fford. "I'm not surprised, he did look pretty bad, and he would walk home, and he hadn't even a parasol."

"Conrad, how *can* you be so unfeeling? I perfectly detest that horrid trick of joking about everything," said in sharp, indignant tones a young lady seated opposite him. It was Lady Margaret. Several people looked up in surprise.

"Beginning in good time," murmured a man near the end of the table.

"Why, do you believe in that? I don't," replied his companion.

Conrad looked across the table at his cousin in surprise.

"Come now, Maisie," he said, "you make me feel quite shy, scolding me so in company. And I'm sure I didn't *mean* to say anything witty at the poor chap's expense. If I did, it was quite by mistake I assure you."

"Anything 'witty' from you would be that, I can quite believe," Lady Margaret replied, smiling a little. But the smile was a feeble and forced one. Conrad saw, if no one else did, that his cousin was thoroughly put out, and he felt repentant, though he scarcely knew why.

Half an hour later Lord Southwold and his daughter were talking together in the sitting-room, where the former had been breakfasting in invalid fashion alone.

"I would promise to be home to-morrow, or the day after at latest, papa," Lady Margaret was saying; "Mrs. Englewood will be very pleased to have me, I know, even at the shortest notice, for last week when I wrote saying I feared it would be impossible, she was very disappointed."

"Very well, my dear, only don't stay with her longer than that, for you know we have engagements," and Lord Southwold sighed a little.

Margaret sighed too.

"My darling," said her father, "don't look so depressed. I didn't mean to grumble."

"Oh no, papa. It isn't you at all. I shall be glad to be at home again, won't you? Thank you very much for letting me go round by town."

* * * * *

Mrs. Englewood's drawing-room—but looking very different from the last time we saw it. Mrs. Englewood herself with a more anxious expression than usual on her pleasant face, was sitting by the open window, through which, however, but little air found its way, for it was hot, almost stifling weather.

"It is really a trial to have to come back to town before it is cooler," she was saying to herself, as the door opened and Lady Margaret, in summer travelling gear, came in.

"So you are really going, dear Maisie," said her hostess. "I do wish you could have waited another day."

"But," said Maisie, "you will let me know at once what you hear from Mrs. Selby. I cannot help being unhappy, Gertrude, and of course, what you have told me

has made me still more self-reproachful, and—and ashamed."

She was very pale, but a sudden burning blush overspread her face as she said the last words.

"I do so hope he will recover," she added, trying to speak lightly, "though if he does I earnestly hope I shall never meet him again."

"Even if I succeed in making him understand *your* side, and showing him how generously you regret having misjudged him?" said Mrs. Englewood. "I don't see that there need be any enmity between you."

"Not *enmity*, oh no; but still less, friendship," said Maisie. "I just *trust* we shall never meet again. Good-bye, dear Gertrude. I am so glad to have told you all. You will let me know what you hear?" and she kissed Mrs. Englewood affectionately.

"Good-bye, dear child. I am glad you have not a long journey before you. Strettham will take good care of you. You quite understand that I can do nothing indirectly—it will only be when I see him himself that I can tell him how sorry you have been."

"Sorry and *ashamed*, be sure to say 'ashamed,'" said Lady Margaret; "yes, of course, it can only be if—if he gets better or you see him yourself."

Two or three days later came a letter to Lady Margaret from Mrs. Englewood, inclosing one which that lady had just received from Mrs. Selby. Her brother, she allowed for the first time, was out of danger, but 'terribly weak.' And at intervals during the next few weeks the girl heard news of Mr. Norreys' recovery. And "I wonder," she began to say to herself, "I wonder if Gertrude has seen him, or will be seeing him soon."

But this hope, if hope it should be called, was doomed to disappointment. Late in October came another letter from her friend.

"I am sorry," wrote Mrs. Englewood, "that I see no probability of my meeting Mr. Norreys for a long time. He is going abroad. After all, your paths in life are not likely to cross each other again. Perhaps it is best to leave things."

But the tears filled Maisie's eyes as she read. "I should have liked him to know I had come to do him justice," she thought.

She did not understand Mrs. Englewood's view of the matter.

"It would be cruel," Gertrude had said to herself, "to tell him how she blames herself, and how my showing her Mrs. Selby's letter had cleared him. It would only bring it all up again when he has doubtless begun to forget it.

Nevertheless, Despard did not leave England without knowing how completely Lady Margaret had retracted her cruel words, and how bitterly she regretted them.

* * * * *

Time passes quickly, we are told, when we are hard at work. And doubtless this is true while the time in question is the present. But to look back upon time of which every day and every hour have been fully occupied, gives somewhat the feeling of a closely-printed volume when one has finished reading it. It seems even longer than in anticipation. To Despard Norreys, when at the end of two busy years he found himself again in England, it appeared as if he had been absent five or six times as long as was really the case.

He had been a week in England, and was still detained in town by details connected with the work he had successfully accomplished. He was under promise to his sister to run down to Markerslea the first day it should be possible, and time meanwhile hung somewhat heavily on his hands. The waters had already closed over his former place in society, and he did not regret it. Still there were friends whom he was glad to meet again, and so he willingly accepted some of the invitations that began to find him out. One evening, after dining at the house of the friend whose influence had obtained for him the appointment which had just expired, he accompanied the ladies of the family to an evening party in the neighbourhood. He had never been in the house before; the faces about him were unfamiliar. Feeling a little "out of it," he strolled into a small room where a select quartette was absorbed at whist, and seated himself in a corner somewhat out of the glare of light, which, since his illness, rather painfully affected his eyes.

Suddenly the thought of Maisie Fforde as he had last seen her seemed to rise before him as in a vision.

"I wonder if she is married," he said to himself. "Sure to be so, I should think. Yet I should probably have heard of it."

And even as the words formed themselves in his mind, a still familiar voice caught his ear.

"Thank you. Yes, this will do nicely. I will wait here till Mabel is ready to go."

And a lady—a girl, he soon saw—came forward into the room towards the corner where he was sitting. He rose at once; she approached him quickly, then with a sudden, incoherent exclamation, made as if she would have drawn back. But it was too late; she could not, if she wished, have pretended she did not see him.

"Mr. Norreys," she began; "I had no idea—"

"That I was in England," he said. "No, I have only just returned. Pardon me for having startled you, Miss Fforde—Lady Margaret, I mean. I on my side had no idea of meeting you here or—"

"Or you would not have come," she in her turn interrupted him with. "Thank you; you are frank at all events," she added haughtily.

He turned away. There was perhaps some involuntary suggestion of reproach in his manner, for hers changed.

"No," she said. "I am very wrong. Please stay for two minutes, and listen to me. I have hoped and prayed that I might never meet you again, but at the same time I made a vow—a real vow," she went on girlishly, "that *if* I did so I would swallow my pride, and—and ask you to forgive me. There now—I have said it. That is all. Will you, Mr. Norreys?"

He glanced round; the whist party was all unconscious of the rest of the world still—

"Will you not sit down for a moment, Lady Margaret?" he said, and as she did so he too drew a chair nearer to hers. "It is disagreeable to be overheard," he went on in a tone of half apology. "You ask me what I cannot now do," he added.

The girl reared her head, and the softness of her manner hardened at once.

"Then," she said, "we are quits. It does just as well. My conscience is clear now."

"So is mine, as to *that* particular of—of what you call forgiving you," he said, and his voice was a degree less calm. "I cannot do so now, for—I forgave you long, long ago."

"You have seen Mrs. Englewood? She has told you at last that all was explained to me—your sister's letter and all," she went on confusedly, "that I saw how horrid, how low and mean and suspicious and everything I had been?"

"I knew all you refer to before I left England," he said simply. "But I asked Mrs. Englewood to leave it as it was, unless she was absolutely forced to tell you. I knew you must hate the sound of my name, and she promised to drop the subject."

"And I have scarcely seen her for a long time," said Maisie. "I saw she did avoid it, and I supposed she thought it no use talking about it."

"I did not need her explanation," Despard went on gently. "I had—if you will have the word—I had forgiven you long before. Indeed, I think I did so almost at once. It

was all natural on your part. What had I done, what was I that you should have thought any good of me? When you remember the way I behaved to you at first," and here his voice grew very low. "I have never been able to—I shall never be able to forgive *myself*."

"Mr. Norreys!" said Maisie in a very contrite tone. But Despard kept silence.

"Are you going to stay at home now, or are you going away again?" she asked presently, trying to speak in a matter-of-fact way.

"I hardly know. I am waiting to see what I can get to do. I don't much mind what, but I shall never again be able to be idle," he said, smiling a little for the first time. "It is my own fault entirely—the fault of my own past folly—that I am not now well on in the profession I was intended for. So I must not grumble if I have to take what work I can get in any part of the world. I would rather stay in England for some reasons."

"Why?" she asked.

"I cannot stand heat very well," he said. "My little sunstroke left some weak points—my eyes are not strong."

She did not answer at once.

Then, "How crooked things are," she said at last suddenly, "you want work, and I—oh, I am *so* busy and worried. Papa impressed upon me that I must look after things myself, and accept the responsibilities, but—I don't think he quite saw how difficult it would be," and her eyes filled with tears.

"But—" said Despard, puzzled by her manner, "he is surely able to help you?"

She turned to him more fully—the tears came more quickly, but she did not mind his seeing them.

"Didn't you know?" she said, "Papa is dead—more than a year ago now. Just before I came of age. I am quite alone. That silly—I shouldn't say that, he is kind and good—Conrad is Lord Southwold now. But I don't want to marry him, though he is almost the only man who, I *know*, cares for me for myself. How strange you did not know about my being all alone! Didn't you notice this?" and she touched her black skirt.

"I have never seen you except in black,"

said Despard. "No—I had no idea. I am so grieved."

"If—if you stay in England," she began again half timidly, "and you say you have forgiven me—" he made a little gesture of deprecation of the word—"can't we be friends, Mr. Norreys?"

Despard rose to his feet. The whist party had dispersed. The little room was empty.

"No," he said, "I am afraid that could never be, Lady Margaret. The one reason why I wish to leave England again is that I know now, I cannot—I must not risk seeing you."

Maisie looked up, the tears were still glimmering about her eyes and cheeks, was it their soft glistening that made her face look so bright and almost radiant?

"Oh, do say it again—don't think me not nice, oh, *don't*," she entreated. "But why—oh, why, if you care for me, though I can scarcely believe it, why let my horrible money come between us? I shall never care for anybody else—there now, I have said it!"

And she tried to hide her face, but he would not let her.

"Do you really mean it, dear?" he said. "If you do, I—I will swallow *my* pride, too, shall I?"

She looked up, half laughing now.

"Quits again, you see. Oh, dear, how dreadfully happy I am! And you know, as you are so fond of work now, you will have *lots* to do. All manner of things for poor people that I want to manage, and don't know how—and all our own—I won't say "my" any more—tenants to look after—and—and—"

"That girl in black' herself to take care of, and make as happy as all my love and my strength, and my life's devotion can," said Despard. "Maisie, my darling, God grant that you may never regret your generosity and goodness."

"No, no," she murmured, "yours are far greater, far, far greater."

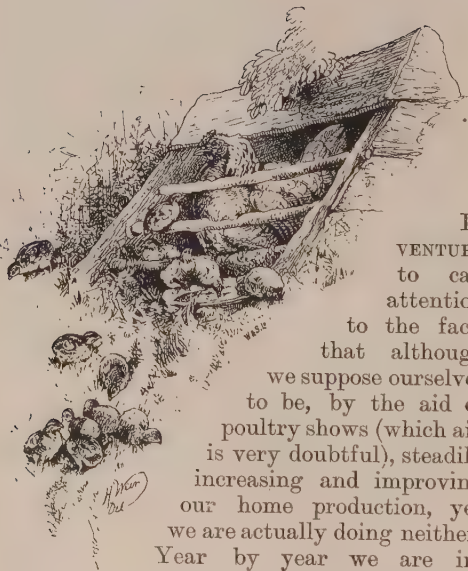
This all happened several years ago, and, by all I can gather, there are few happier people than Despard Norreys and Lady Margaret, his wife.

L. MOLESWORTH.



WHITE DORKINGS.
From a Drawing by HARRISON WEIR.

FOWLS.



I
VENTURE
to call
attention
to the fact,
that although
we suppose ourselves
to be, by the aid of
poultry shows (which aid
is very doubtful), steadily
increasing and improving
our home production, yet
we are actually doing neither.
Year by year we are in-
creasing our importations both
of poultry and eggs, while
our own breeds of *table* fowls are, from
the standpoint of fineness of quality, really
not so good as they were thirty years

ago. The difficulty of buying really first-class fowls is daily increasing. If this is not so, how is it that even our "west-end" poulterers' shops are now supplied with such a heterogeneous show on their shelves instead of the uniform white-legged, white-skinned, white-fleshed, plump beauties that we used formerly to see arranged tier above tier, as though they came from the same mould, being all of the same excellence.

To give some idea of the value of poultry to a nation I will quote P.L.S. who writes in the *Agricultural Gazette* of the United States. He says, "Probably few persons appreciate the contribution to annual wealth by the common barnyard fowl. The statistics of the poultry and eggs in the States were gathered for the first time by the census of 1880. The number of barnyard fowls reported in the census, exclusive of spring-hatching, was 102,272,135, of other fowl 23,235,187; the number of dozens of eggs 456,910,916, at 12 cents (6*d.*) a dozen, certainly a moderate estimate. The annual value of the egg product to the farmer would reach nearly £11,000,000;

while we may suppose 150,000,000 to 180,000,000 pounds of meat sold annually out of the stock of fowls reported. There were 27 States which reported more than 1,000,000 of barnyard fowls each; 17 which report more than 2,000,000 each; 13 which report more than 5,000,000 each." It will be seen from the foregoing that the egg production alone shows a value of £11,000,000,

many are kept for stock and other purposes, and death, there "remains, therefore, 79,000,000 which, sold at 1fr. 75c. each, yield a sum of 138,000,000fr. To these figures must be added about 7,000,000fr. for superior fowls, capons and fat hens; the summary for these fowls is 179,405,268fr. The number of eggs produced realises 223,139,196fr." independently of those reserved for hatching. "It may there-



OLD DERBY-RED GAME FOWLS.
From a Drawing by HARRISON WEIR.

while that of the fowls used for the table must, judging from the numbers kept, be equally large in proportion. Again, turning to France, the same writer notes that the statistics of this country show the numbers kept to be 43,858,780, and these produce annually (after certain deductions for cocks, etc.) the large number of 101,000,000 chickens. After carefully showing that so

fore be affirmed that the 43,858,780 would yield on the one hand 179,405,268fr. for poultry, and also 223,132,196fr. for eggs, in all 402,541,464fr., or in English money £16,021,780.

Further, he says, "When we consider that we derive from France poultry to the value of £130,000 and eggs to the value of £3,100,000, besides eggs from other European states

which bring up the total to close upon £9,000,000 yearly, the poultry trade of the Continent assumes large proportions." Ay, it does indeed, and goes on and on year by year, still increasing. "One thousand and thirty-four millions of eggs were imported into this country last year, and the probability (the *Daily Telegraph* says) is that when the present year closes, the United Kingdom will have received from abroad no fewer than 1,000,000,000 eggs between the first day of January and the last day of December." At the present time I think I am not wrong in stating that there is a consumption of 100,000,000 foreign eggs by the United

new now. The first was on the right principle from a commercial point of view. "'Tis sixty years since," or nearly so, that there is any record of a poultry show, pure and simple (at least as far as I can find). It was instituted by the then Earl Spencer, and was held annually at Chapel Brampton, in Northamptonshire. The prizes were entirely for *table* poultry, and the rules excellent, some of which I shall refer to at the close of this paper. It is now nearly forty years since the first poultry show was held at the Zoological Society's Gardens, Regent's Park. I remember it well; some fine specimens were shown, of which I made several



DORKING.

From a Drawing by HARRISON WEIR.

Kingdom every month. It is calculated that we shall this year pay foreigners nearly £2,300,000, and there is no reason why this should be so. What have we done, what are we doing, to meet the difficulty? Not much, I fear. There is a want of organisation and there is a want of commercial purpose in our poultry keeping; from some cause or other it is not carried out on sound principles or it should pay, and pay fairly well.

Poultry shows were to work wonders. Everything was to be so good and so cheap that foreign importation would be a thing of the past. But are matters improved? I think decidedly not. Poultry shows are not

drawings. Birmingham soon after came to the front in December, 1848, and ten years later the first show at the Crystal Palace in 1858; the two latter have led to very large results in the way of numbers of exhibits, but from a commercial point there has not been the advance that was expected, nor have the wild prophecies of cheapness, quality, and quantity, been realised. I well remember a farmer saying he thought it would be better to give up poultry-keeping in time as it would be such a drug in the market there would be no sale for it, yet then half-a-crown was considered a good price for a prime Dorking chicken, and of such

quality as would now be found with difficulty, if at all.

Poultry shows were instituted for the purpose of improving the breeds of our English poultry, both for their commercial properties and size, also for the better and increasing production of eggs. Have they done so? No; and the cause is not far to

was undoubtedly the best bird in its class.

Fineness of texture of the skin, the fibre and whiteness of the flesh and fat have often been sacrificed in favour of mere size; and so sadly neglected are our old English breeds of table fowls that they are no longer recognised as they once, were when the so-



LANGSHANS (CROAD'S BREED).
From a Drawing by HARRISON WEIR.

seek, the simple reason being that beauty of plumage, form of combs, etc., have been more considered than absolute utility. I have known a Dorking of excellent quality, good in form, large and full in the breast, legs and feet good, thrown out from all chance of a prize because it had an ill-shaped comb. On another occasion a fine table bird lost honours because the judge thought his spurs turned too much outwards, although otherwise it

called Dorking was second to none, as the finest in the world.

Perhaps this is partially to be accounted for by the want of knowledge, not only of the judges, but of the *public generally*, as to what really constitutes a good *table fowl*. With most people "a fowl is a fowl," excellence for gastronomic purposes being seldom considered or understood. As a matter of fact, the modern housewife's training does

not admit the recognition of the prime, the good, or the bad, either in meat, poultry, game, or fish ; so that much of the blame for the decline in the quality of our best breeds of table fowl is really due to the want of appreciation on the part of the consumer. In my younger days we were taught how to select not only good meat, but what constituted super-excellence in a fowl, a turkey, a goose, a pheasant, and other game.

At the present time, I consider the old-fashioned, white-legged game fowl the best with which I am acquainted for table purposes ; it is essentially the epicure's choice, good in

show type of to-day it will be readily seen which is the better food form, without any observation on my part.

Next in rotation should come the Dorking. The Dorking, pure and simple of bygone days, was always reputed to be one of the best table birds in the world. But the Dorking of to-day has been so crossed with the Cochins and the Brahma, that it has entirely lost many of its best points, and is not to be compared with the old-fashioned, white-legged, Derby-red game fowls, the skin being much thicker, the flesh coarser, and the flavour by no means so good. The true Dorking ought



PENCILLED HAMBURG.

From a Drawing by HARRISON WEIR.

every way. Its only drawback, if it be one, is, that with many it would be considered scarcely large enough ; yet, properly carved, the wing meat is simply delicious, and so also the breast, which is plump, white in flesh, short in fibre, juicy and tender, with a skin transparent and thin. The legs are excellent, being much shorter than those of the modern game-fowl, which to my thinking is utterly spoilt for culinary purposes by reason of its exceeding length of limb.

In the illustration on p. 353 I represent the old-fashioned Derby-red game cock and hen of forty years since, showing the shape of the bird of that time. Comparing this with the

to be fine in quality in every way. Comb large, but not coarse, white or nearly white ear lobe ; breast large and full, with length breadth, and depth ; good stout thighs and legs ; white flesh, skin, and fat ; the bones small, white shanks, feet and toe-nails, and with five toes. Similar in most respects to this bird is the old Surrey and Sussex fowl, with the exception of the fifth toe ; though in many parts of Sussex the fifth-toe bird was abundant, and had been kept from generation to generation in all its purity of breed. Such birds at the present time are most difficult to find, chiefly owing to the incompetence of those acting as judges at most of

the shows: they often giving prizes to coarse, big boned mongrels, the small-boned, fine-made Dorking or Surrey being passed over, merely on account of colour. A fine cross is made between a white-legged game cock and Dorking hen. Next in order of hardy meat-producers I place the Langshan; though the legs are black, the flesh of the breast is of exceptional whiteness, also the fat, with a thin and delicate skin. Unfortunately many of this breed are crossed with the Cochin, which deteriorates the flesh both in colour and fibre; the birds are large, but so little understood is this breed by most of the judges that the prizes are generally awarded to breeds that are sometimes avowed by their



MINORCA.

From a Drawing by HARRISON WEIR.

owners to be crossed with the Cochin, simply because they are bigger. Many of the French dark-legged breeds are extremely good, both in flavour and texture, though of tender constitution. Le Flèche is the best breed in France, fetching very high prices. This is closely followed by La Bresse, Crève-cœurs, and Houdans, all fattening readily. Broadly speaking, none of the so-called Asiatic breeds are "first-class," either for roasting or boiling; though the Indian game and Langshans are exceptions as regards roasting. Yet the former has a gold-coloured skin and fat, and is somewhat oily, but otherwise very good.

When the Shanghaes or Cochins were first

imported, Mr. Bond, the well known naturalist, stated they would be certain to spoil our European table fowls, as they were sure to be intercrossed, and would thereby give great coarseness both of flesh and bone, besides creating other serious defects. The truth of his assertion is now perfectly apparent, as our poultry markets testify. But as I have before said, to the present generation "a fowl is a fowl," and so long as it is large, no matter the offal and bone, there is a ready sale.

I do not believe in poultry farms, but I do in poultry rearing as an adjunct to other kinds of farming. Now that we have incubators of perfect action, there is no reason why spring chickens should not be produced in almost any quantity, and at reasonable prices, taking into consideration the exceedingly low price of corn. My plan is to hatch chickens early by the means of incubators, place them under artificial "mothers," about twenty to each, which "mother" should be placed on the meadows. They should be shifted at least three times a week, so that the young chickens have fresh ground to stray over, and thus find insects and young grass in plenty. By the time the meadow is wanted either for hay or grazing purposes, the broods will be large enough to sell to the higglers for fattening, unless the farmer should prefer "finishing" them on his own premises, which I should not advise. I have known over a thousand chickens reared in this way by a small farmer, which in themselves produced a substantial profit, and also materially benefited his grass land and orchards.

Cottagers should be induced to keep poultry, both for food and eggs. During the summer months fowls feed largely on grass, weeds, vegetables, etc., and may therefore be kept at a cheap rate. Seven hens and one cock are in my opinion the most desirable number to keep for general purposes, but more especially for egg production. The best fowls for eggs are Mincreas, Hamburgs, Leghorns, Bramahs, Houdans, and Langshans. Eggs should be collected every day by a higgler going from cottage to cottage, and by him taken to a depot near a railway station, packed and sent off to the egg merchants, either in London or elsewhere. If this were well organised, I am persuaded that, in a short time, we might compete successfully with the foreign imports. Poultry farming has been tried on a large scale, but generally with little or no success. It is far more profitable to collect either young poultry or eggs from small producers, than to try and rear the same in large quantities. As an

instance the poultry fattening establishments, at Heathfield, in Sussex, are said to be highly remunerative, the proprietors buying their stock of the higglers who scour the country for at least twenty miles round, and purchasing the chickens from those who hatch and rear. So large a business is the fattening of chickens at Heathfield, that it is not infrequent that as much as ten to twenty tons are relegated to the London markets in one week. And yet the experienced eye would not find a hundredweight of *really fine first-class table fowls* among the whole consignment. One has only to look at the poultry exposed for sale at our best poultry shops, and compare them with the splendid Dorking, Surrey, and Sussex fowls of thirty years ago, and then ask himself, How is this? Why is this? Or take for instance the wretched "apologies" for fowls that are placed on the tables at our clubs, hotels, and restaurants of to day, mere collections of tough skin and big bones. It is the *public* who are at fault, for they either do not know the good from the bad, or are so indifferent that they do not make a stand and demand better things both in flavour and quality. In the way of beef and mutton they seem to have some sort of opinion, but in poultry, as I have said, to them "a fowl is a fowl, or a duck a duck." I have acted as judge many years, and I am sorry to say that at some of the smaller poultry shows, I have found the birds shown of such inferior character, and so deteriorated, that I have refused to award the prizes offered. This may be said more especially of table fowls—in many instances they could not well be worse, and this too in localities that were once celebrated for poultry both good and of reasonable price. What is to be done? Have local shows in farming districts, where there is good dry land, plenty of shelter, woods,

and pastures, and so offer inducements for the best article. I would have the shows at Christmas, with three classes for table fowls. One for two cockerels, one for two pullets, and one for cockerel and pullet. They might be any breed, so long as they fulfilled the following conditions, which are those of Earl Spencer's show of "sixty years since," conditions which, if the modern judges had insisted on during the last twenty-five years, we should not now have our poultry markets deluged with the very low-class "poultry," which now passes muster with the consumer.

"The fowls should be plump, deep, long, and capacious in body, with short white legs, of small sized bones, of very white, juicy, fine-grain flesh, the fat and skin equally white, and of delicate flavour."

"All bred in the neighbourhood and shown alive. No person to have more than one prize; and no one to have a prize who is guilty of excessive feeding to increase the weight of his poultry on the morning of the show."

Below I give a drawing of a Dorking cockerel ready for cooking; this is from a bird of my own breeding, and which I take to be a type of excellence, and was sketched about five years since, at a time when I kept a large number of fowls. I have none at the present time, having distributed my entire stock, so that the breed is now lost.

Let the English farmer, the poultry keeper, and the cottager, breed fowls to these points of excellence, and then he will not only get a profitable return for his capital, his time, and attention, but he will also have the satisfaction of serving his country at the same time by providing home produce of the highest class, and by such good and lawful means drive off foreign competition and imports, and so keep "English gold in English pockets."

HARRISON WEIR.



DORKING COCKEREL.

From a Drawing by HARRISON WEIR.



From a Drawing by HERBERT RAILTON.

THE PORTSMOUTH ROAD.

THE Portsmouth Road has been described to me by one having authority as the Royal Road; and certainly kings and queens have passed up and down it, eaten and drunken in the royal rooms, still to be seen in some of the old inns; snored in the royal beds (also in places to be seen, but not slept in), and dreamed of ruts and bogs, and blasted heaths and impassable morasses, and all the sundry and other mild discomforts which our ancestors, whether kings or cobblers, had to put up with; or those among them at all events who travelled when the weather was rainy, and there were no real roads to travel upon.

To me however the Portsmouth Road—so-called Royal—presents itself in a less august guise, so much so that if I were asked to give it a name whereby it might be especially distinguished, I should be inclined, I think, to call it the Road of Assassination. And it will be found to have claim to the title. Apart from Felton's successful operation on the Duke of Buckingham at Portsmouth in 1628, which marks the terminus with a red letter; and the barbarous doing away of the unknown sailor on September 4th, 1786, which has made the weird

tract of Hindhead haunted; the beautiful country between Rowlands Castle and Rake Hill yields an especially prime horror. For here was enacted at the latter end of the last century that protracted piece of fiendish brutality known as the "Murder by the Smugglers," an atrocity which was spun out over eleven miles of ground, which out-Newgates anything of the kind to be found in the *Newgate Calendar*, and of which I shall have more to say when I get to the scene of its commission. Here meanwhile we have three good juicy murders in seventy-one miles, seven furlongs,—the distance from the Stone's End, Borough, Surrey, to Portsmouth; and that is a fair average of crime for mileage, as I think most people will admit.

The old Portsmouth Road, as appears above, is measured from the Surrey side of the water; and it was from the Surrey side that old-fashioned visitors to Portsmouth started. Pepys, in 1668, having received orders to go down to Portsmouth in his official capacity, and having gone through the usual formalities of going to bed, waking betimes, &c., &c., discovered suddenly that

his wife (who no doubt suspected junketings on the part of the susceptible Samuel) had resolved at an hour's warning to go too. So Samuel first of all sent her mentally to the deuce, and then to Lambeth, where she embarked in a coach. Samuel, after having adjourned to St. James's and remarked "God be with you" to a Mr. Wren (who surely ought to have remarked it to Samuel, considering the state of the Portsmouth Road), went over the water to what he calls Fox Hall, where he ingeniously intercepted the coach containing his wife; and in due course lost his way for three or four miles about

Most of us connect Putney in our minds with the Oxford and Cambridge boat-race, and attempts more or less successful to see it; but the place has a history other than an aquatic one—was indeed the birthplace of two very celebrated men, and the scene of a third one's death. At Putney was born Thomas Cromwell, blacksmith first of all, and afterwards, according to Mr. Froude, the most despotic minister who ever governed England. "Fierce laws," writes the same picturesque historian, "fiercely executed—an unflinching resolution which neither danger could daunt, nor saintly virtue



A duel on Putney Heath.

From a Drawing by HUGH THOMSON.

Cobham, at the very moment when he was hoping to be seated at dinner at Guildford.

In 1668 the Portsmouth Machine left London as the South-Western Railway leaves it now, but not quite so quick, by Vauxhall, Battersea, Wandsworth, and so on to Putney Heath; and so the route is marked in Carey's *Itinerary*. In more modern times however the Portsmouth coaches felt it incumbent upon them to appear (like everything else that was fashionable) in Piccadilly, and, starting from the White Bear, made the best of their way to Putney, without troubling to cross the Thames till they got there.

move to mercy—a long list of solemn tragedies weigh upon his memory. Be this as it will, his aim was noble." He certainly made it hot for the monks, having no doubt learned the lesson in very early days at his father's forge, the site of which is still somewhat apochryphally pointed out, south of the Wandsworth Road.

At Putney also was born, "April 7th, O.S., in the year one thousand seven hundred and thirty-seven"—as he writes it in that delightful autobiography which will always be read, I fear, in spite of Mr. Ruskin's thunders—Edward Gibbon, whom we have



From a Drawing by HERBERT RAILTON.

met already down the Exeter Road at Blandford, carousing and masquerading as a militiaman. The house in which the future author of the *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire* was born was bought by his grandfather, who used to exercise a decent hospitality in its spacious gardens on summer evenings. It lies between the Wandsworth and Wimbledon Roads, and since the days of the Gibbons has been successively inhabited by Mr. Wood, Sir John Shelley, and the Duke of Norfolk. These be good tenants, but I prefer the Gibbons myself. I like to

The Old Church
at Exeter

think of Edward in his young days at Putney, a fat, heavy, and huge-headed boy, voted by his neighbours uncommonly

slow, but with his precocious brain already working—not on consuls and legions, and emperors and bishops, and all the rest of the gorgeous paraphernalia with which he was one day to make his name immortal—but on that large appreciation of creature comforts, of the good things of this good earth which his dawning intelligence felt about his father's house, and which he has thus in his autobiography so whimsically described :

"My lot might have been that of a slave, a savage, or a peasant; nor can I reflect without pleasure on the bounty of Nature, which cast my birth in a free and civilized country, in an age of science and philosophy, in a family of honourable rank, and decently endowed with the gifts of fortune. From my birth I have enjoyed the rights of *primogeni-*



AN ALARM BY THE GUARD.
From a Drawing by HUGH THOMSON.

ture; but I was succeeded by five brothers and one sister—all of whom were snatched away in their infancy. My five brothers, whose names may be found in the parish register at Putney, I *shall not pretend to lament.*"

Happy eldest son I say. Proper predilection for primogeniture's enjoyable rights!

To finish with Putney and its celebrities (for I must be getting forward to Portsmouth as quickly as local celebrities and legends will permit),—at Bowling Green House, on the east side of Putney Heath, lived, and on the twenty-third of January, 1806, died, William Pitt, broken-hearted at the news of Austerlitz, confident that the map of Europe

would be needed no more. And not far off the house where the great statesman lay dying, still stands the small inn where the wire-pullers of both parties put up their horses; while they made inquiries couched in a true spirit of Christian and political sympathy, as to how the struggle between death and the invalid was getting on in the sick chamber—alternately (as they chanced to be Whig or Tory) jubilant or depressed as the bulletins were issued; tremulous with anxiety even in their cups as to which way the political cat would jump.

Now the road runs over Putney Heath where our ancestors (who had drunk three bottles over night and transmitted the blessings of gout to a distant posterity), showed, in a humorous age, so little lack of humour, as to appear early on a frosty next morning, to shoot at a boon companion or to be shot by him, at a distance of twenty paces. The preliminary negotiations have been well described by the late Lord Beaconsfield, and should be commended to our cousins in France; and in whatever other barbaric shores the code of the *duello* still ridiculously lingers.

"Did you ever," somebody or other says in *Vivian Grey*, "fight a duel? . . . No? Nor send a challenge either" (a very different thing!)? "Well, you are fresh indeed. 'Tis an awkward business indeed, even for the boldest. After an immense deal of negotiation, and giving your opponent every chance of coming to an honourable understanding, the fatal letter is at length signed, sealed, and sent. You pass your morning at your second's apartments, pacing his drawing-room with a quivering lip and an uncertain step. At length he enters with an answer, and while he reads you endeavour to look easy, with a countenance merry with the most melancholy smile. You have no appetite for dinner, but you are too brave not to appear at table; and you are called out after the second glass by the arrival of your solicitor who comes to make your will. You pass a restless night and rise in the morning as bilious as a Bengal general."

So slept and so rose, and in such state

appeared on Putney Heath, in the history of the Portsmouth Road in 1652, Lord Chandos and Colonel Compton, when the latter was skewered like a fowl after half a dozen passes; in 1798 Mr. Pitt and George Tierney, M.P. for Southwark; and in 1809 my Lord Castlereagh and Mr. Canning.

The passengers in the up mail from Portsmouth must often have passed about this neighbourhood the meaning procession of principals' seconds, and leeches, making with a ghastly ostentation of indifference for the



From a Drawing by HERBERT RAILTON.

celebrated heath; the principals as yellow as Disraeli has described them, the seconds full of the importance of self-security, the leeches sniffing guineas in the morning air. The passengers on the down coaches to Portsmouth may have seen such inspiring spectacles as well—and after having remarked to one another "another affair," passed on to Kingston, which is eleven miles five furlongs from the Stone's End, Borough, where they breakfasted.

The old inn at Kingston, which used to be called the Castle, is now, like many other such places, converted into dwelling houses, and in the process (as is also, alas! usual) a

valuable record has been lost. But there is antiquity enough about Kingston to make up for the practical disappearance of its old inn. To say that its importance as a town dates from the Saxon period has long since failed to convey any meaning to a posterity who have ceased to recognize celebrated kings under the disguise of pedantic spelling; but Egbert was here discoursing on state affairs long before coaches ran to Portsmouth (though Egberht will be preferred by Mr. Freeman); and in the open space in front of the coachhouse is, or was, a shapeless block

Portsmouth Road lose sight of the coaching portion of it, though the Portsmouth Road, like the Bath, does not take a high place in the record, for speed, coaches, or cattle. Amongst the coaches then which in 1821 (to be particular in dates) passed through Kingston may be mentioned:—

The Royal Mail, which left the Angel, St. Clement's, Strand, at half-past seven every evening and arrived at the George, Portsmouth, at 6.30 next morning; from the same house The Portsmouth Regulator, which departed at eight in the morning and arrived



From a Drawing by HERBERT RAILTON.

placed in an octagonal space, upon which eight kings were crowned.

From kings to public houses the transition is easy, and permits me the opportunity of remarking that the Griffin and the Swan have taken the place of the transformed Castle, and still retain the traditions and the ale of the old days, when I should not like to say how many coaches, chaises, and travelling waggons, passed through the old town between sunrise and sunrise.

Let a few of the more celebrated coaches suffice—for I must not in my history of the

at the George, Portsmouth, at five the same afternoon; from the Belle Sauvage, Ludgate Hill, departed every morning the popular and celebrated Rocket, which same coach left the White Bear, Piccadilly, at nine, and did the seventy-one miles, seven furlongs to Portsmouth in nine hours, arriving at the Fountain, Portsmouth, at 5.30 to the minute. From the Cross Keys, Cheapside, the Light Post Coach took eleven hours to do the journey, leaving London at eight every morning. The Portsmouth Telegraph leaving the Golden Cross, Charing Cross,



From a Drawing by HERBERT RAILTON.

improved upon this performance, but still failed to beat the Rocket by half an hour.

Besides these once familiar names must be chronicled The Hero, from the Spread Eagle, Gracechurch Street, which left the city daily at eight a.m. and arrived at the Blue Post, Portsmouth, at six p.m.; from the same house The Night Post Coach, seven p.m. from London, getting its passengers to the same inn at Portsmouth, sick no doubt of an

all-night journey, but just in time for a good breakfast; and finally several light post coaches from The Bolt in the Tun, The Spread Eagle, and other well known inns, which ran no further than Godalming, taking about five hours to compass the thirty-three miles.

Leaving the town by any of these coaches (if we did not meet one Jerry Abershawe, whose name now, like many others of ephemeral celebrity, awakes no echo in our breasts,

but who was in his day a noted highwayman much revered and feared, greatly given to robbing travellers to Portsmouth, and to drinking at a road-side house called the Bald Faced Stag, now no more to be seen on earth, at which house he no doubt got the real old ale without paying for it—that real old ale which travellers did not get who paid, leaving Kingston and this digression behind us I say, we should soon in the old coaching days have

larly affected, in an age remarkable perhaps above all others in our history for splendour and pageant.

But to suppose this would be, I regret to say, an historical error; for in 1529 when Wolsey was ordered to retire to Esher, he was ordered to retire there because his royal master was bilious; and when Henry the Eighth was bilious melancholy marked his courtiers for her own. No! there was not much magnificence about Wolsey during the short time he stayed at Esher Place. He had no steward about him, "which was always a dean, or priest; no treasurer—a knight; no controller a squire—who always had within his house their white staves;" nor in his privy kitchen had he the master cook, "who," according to Cavendish, "went daily in satin, damask, or velvet, with a chain of gold about his neck"—though a white cap and apron would surely have been more in harmony with the surroundings. No, Wolsey when he retired to Esher Place had none of these things. He was closely shorn of all his magnificence, and was indeed in want of the ordinary necessities of life. His dejection was not mitigated by this starved condition of the larder, nor by the dampness of the house, of which he wrote a sad account to Gardiner, describing it as the reverse of a desirable country residence, and as being remarkable for its moist and corrupt air. And yet it seemed to me an attractive place enough when I was there the other afternoon. A fallen minister however is not likely to be pleased with any palace; and I dare say that Wolsey from sheer ennui and lack of company used often to steal up to The Bear (disguised as a pedlar of course according to immemorial prescription), spend a pleasant evening on the ingle bench with the local boors, hear them discuss his own disgrace and his chances of restoration to royal favour, and then steal back again to the lonely house by the Mole—late and beery.

Not that the beer of the Bear would have done the cardinal any harm, if it was as good a tap then that is to say, as it is now. It probably brought him a temporary return of luck, for in 1530 he was taken into favour again, and left Esher Place for the north. At Esher however the memory of the Ipswich butcher boy (who of course never was a butcher boy at all—are any of our fond historical beliefs to remain unsubverted?) is preserved; as also is the memory of another great man who lived in the neighbourhood, travelled much on the Portsmouth road, rose from almost as low a grade as the great



From a Drawing by HERBERT RAILTON.

covered the four miles to the pretty village of Esher, and stopped of course at the Bear.

And at Esher the Portsmouth Road is connected with another great historical character, who lived near here in a fine, damp house picturesquely situated on the banks of the river Mole; and must, one is tempted to think, have often travelled from his country seat to Westminster surrounded with all the pomp and circumstance which he so particu-



From a Drawing by HERBERT RAILTON.

cardinal, was equally successful in making by force his merit known.

Claremont, which lies immediately at the back of The Bear, is a palace now; but I doubt whether its towers (if they can be seen) excite more interest among the inhabitants than they used to in the days when they sheltered the gloomy life of the hero of Arcot and Plassey. Lord Clive lived at Claremont during many of the latter years

of his life, in the present house, which he built on the site of Vanbrugh's palace. But the Trajan of England, according to Macaulay, was more feared than admired by the simple inhabitants of Esher.

"The peasantry of Surrey," he writes in his "Essay on Clive," "looked with mysterious horror on the stately house which was rising at Claremont, and whispered that the great wicked lord had ordered the walls to be made



From a Drawing by HERBERT RAILTON.

so thick in order to keep out the devil, who would one day carry him away bodily." This is what comes of being a warrior of the rank of Lucullus, and a reformer of the rank of Turgot and Lord William Bentinck—but I must get on to Guildford.

Not however before noticing the enormous pair of jack boots (on view in the entrance hall of the Bear, and redolent with memories of miry roads, ruts a yard deep, coaches hopelessly stuck in morasses, and other picturesque incidents of the travelled past), which boots are said to have been worn by the fortunate postillion, who went with the pair of fortunate horses, which drew the unfortunate Louis Philippe's carriage, when Claremont sheltered the royal exile. I can only remark in leaving these boots that they are "very fine and

large," and are obligingly shown to all visitors at the Bear by the obliging landlord; and so pass on to Cobham, three miles, four furlongs

down the road, on the heath, surrounding which place, had we been travellers to Portsmouth in the year of grace 1668, we should have found Mr. and Mrs. Pepys aimlessly wandering, and having lost their way "for three or four miles." Travelling at a later date however we should not, I take it, have seen much at Cobham, except the White Lion a fine old relic of old coaching days—out of the rush of life now, but alive still; where, having taken a

glass of rum and milk, we should pass on to Ripley, three miles, seven furlongs on, noted for its cricketers, its green on which they play cricket, its old inn, the Talbot, full of gables, long corridors, and hoary memories of gastronomic feats, performed by cramped travellers in the twinkling of an eye to the accompaniment of the guard's horn,

relentlessly proclaiming imminent departure. And from Ripley it is a run of six miles into Guildford, which is twenty-nine miles, seven furlongs from the Stone's End in the Borough, the capital of Surrey, a most picturesque town, and a good place to dine at after rambling about, lost on a common, as Mr. Pepys in 1668 found.

The inns of Guildford were in the coaching days the Crown and the White Hart, when the constant throb of traffic on the direct Portsmouth Road must have kept the now sleepy old place from ever even nodding; but there is not much throb of traffic about the High Street now; and Guildford sleeps on its past according to the present comfortable practice of most provincial towns, most of them equally suggestive of laudanum,

mandragora, poppies, hop-pillows, and other sedatives, few of them (as to their High Street, at all events) half so picturesque. I have heard that the record of Guildford goes back to the days of Alfred, but I have not, I confess, inquired too curiously into this matter; having found a passage in the town's history to my mind more interesting, and a trifle later in date. In the upper room of the tower then, over the entrance gateway of Archbishop Abbott's hospital, the unfortunate Duke of Monmouth was lodged on his way to London after his defeat at Sedgemoor.

from which he was suffering had not made even an attempt impossible. Monmouth indeed was unnerved to such an extent that through the whole of the trying journey to London he made the spectators stare at his pusillanimity; as Grey, his companion in bonds, made them stare with his incessant cheerful chatter on dogs, field sports, horses, and other subjects of general interest, not however supposed commonly to occupy the attention of travellers going to certain death.

At the pretty town of Godalming, four miles, two furlongs further on, most coaches



From a Drawing by HERBERT RAILTON.

The melancholy journey from Ringwood—where Monmouth was kept for five days after his capture—to London, occupied the better part of a week, ended at Vauxhall, and thus gave another interesting personage to the Portsmouth Road. In the coach with the Duke was an officer, whose orders were to stab the prisoner if a rescue were attempted. The captive himself made no attempt however for liberty; the large body of regular troops and militia who served as guard, probably convinced him of the utter hopelessness of any such attempt, if the utter prostration

stopped for refreshments at the King's Arms; a house which I see scored in my note-book as famous for good dinners; and here or at the George some of the coaches from town, as I have already observed, stopped altogether. Charles the Second used to be seen at Godalming a good deal, hunting and flirting when he ought to have been otherwise employed; and a timbered house in Bridge Street is said to have been his hunting lodge, or, to be quite accurate, *was* said to be before it was (as usual) pulled down. A short distance west of the railway station is

Westbrook, not a particularly beautiful house by any means, but long the residence of the Oglethorpes. Here a very delightful gentleman of the old school was born in 1698, and here he died in 1785. I refer to General Oglethorpe, sportsman, soldier, and kindly patron of literature: an amiable combination surely which deserved success in life, and General Oglethorpe gained what he deserved. As a patron he defended Samuel Johnson; as a soldier he was present with Prince Eugene at the siege of Belgrade; and as a sportsman he shot a woodcock in what is now the most crowded part of Regent Street. As a triple record, this, I believe, will be



From a Drawing by HERBERT RAILTON.

found hard to beat—if indeed it does not absolutely take the cake.

After leaving Godalming and Milford behind them, careful coachmen used in the old days to save their horses, especially if they had a heavy load and the roads were heavy; for it is collar work now almost all the five miles on to the top of Hindhead Hill, long before which summit was reached the above prescription discovered the painful fact that "there was no life in the coach," which, being interpreted from the dark language of stage coachmen, means that they found themselves travelling slowly over deep and gravelly roads. They also found themselves, if in mood for such obser-

vation, in the face of one of the wildest bits of scenery to be found in England, and face to face with a silent memorial of murder. This takes the form of a gravestone placed simply by the roadside, with an inscription on it simple enough also, but which when read in so lonely a spot on the closing in of a November afternoon, has been known to give a chill. It sets forth its erector's and all honest men's detestation of a barbarous murder committed on the spot on the person of an unknown sailor (who lies buried in Thursley Churchyard, a few miles off); and airs also with some satisfaction the feeling then very prevalent (before Scotland Yard was), that murderers are a class who invariably fall into justice's hands. We are perhaps not so credulous as this nowadays; but we put our trust in a large detective force when our throats have been cut, and hope for the best. The local police of 1786 however could have given many of our shining lights a lesson, it seems to me; for on the very afternoon of September the 4th in that year, which was the date of the murder, they apprehended three men named Lonegon, Casey, and Marshall, twelve miles further down the road, at Sheet, or in a public-house opposite to the Flying Bull at Rake, as some accounts say, engaged in the unwise exercise of selling the murdered man's clothes. For this, and previous indiscretions, they were presently hung in chains on the top of Hindhead as a warning to his Majesty's liege subjects; and not much to the delectation of travellers on the Portsmouth Road, I should apprehend, especially when tired by a long journey, and when the wind was favourable. On the site of the original gibbet the late Sir William Erle, Lord Chief Justice of Common Pleas, set up a beautiful granite monument, with a Latin inscription on each of the four sides, which much puzzles amiable youths rusty in their Latinity when, accompanied by inquisitive maidens, they have breasted the steep pitch of the hill.

And now it is all down hill into Liphook, five miles from Hindhead, and here late coaches made up for lost time. The Seven Thorns Inn, a little way down the road, is supposed to stand where the three counties meet; but it doesn't, for they meet in Hammer Bottom, which is some distance away. The Seven Thorns, apart from this undeserved distinction, has the reputation of being a legendary house; but I have never been able to discover what legend is attached to it; nor indeed, so far as I am aware, has anybody else. It was however the scene of an adventure in a snowstorm, which I find

chronicled in the Reverend G. N. Godwin's *Green Lanes of Hampshire, Surrey, and Sussex*, and which I shall take the liberty of extracting for the benefit of my readers:—

"The snow," writes Mr. Godwin—and he is repeating the story of an old stage coachman—"was lying deep upon Hindhead, and had drifted into fantastic wreaths and



Back of Red Lion at Guildford.



Baker Market
now demolished



From a Drawing by HERBERT RAILTON

huge mounds by the fierce breath of a wild December gale. Coach after coach crawled slowly and painfully up the steep hill, some coming from London, others bound thither. But as the Seven Thorns was neared they one and all came to a dead stop. The tired, wearied, exhausted cattle refused to struggle through the snow mountains any longer. Guards, coachmen, passengers, and labourers attacked those masses of spotless white with spade and shovel, but all to no purpose. It seemed as if a way was not to be cleared. What stamping of feet and blowing of nails was there!

Women were shivering and waiting patiently; men were shouting, grumbling, and swearing; and indeed the prospect of spending a winter's night on the outside of a coach on such a spot was, to say the least, not cheerful. At last a brave man came to the rescue. The Star of Brunswick, a yellow-bodied coach that ran nightly between Portsmouth and London, came up. The coachman's name was James Carter, well known to many still living. He made very little to do about the matter, but whipping up his horses, he charged the snow-drifts boldly and resolutely, and with much swaying from side

to side, opened a path for himself and the rest."

I do not know whether Mr. Godwin refers in this stirring episode to the great snow-storm of 1836; but if he does his story accounts for a fact which has caused me a good deal of surprise. For I find that of all the main roads of England the Portsmouth



Charging a Snow-drift.

From a Drawing by HUGH THOMSON.

W.D.

Road (far from being the least exposed of any of them) was the only one which was kept open. And in this case the credit belongs to gallant James Carter and the Star of Brunswick—and much credit it should be.

From the Seven Thorns into Liphook is a nice run, not unadapted to the agreeable pastime of springing them, which as I have before interpreted into common or ordinary English, means galloping pure and simple, a practice not at all uncommon to the Portsmouth Road in spite of the poor times made, as I shall presently show. Meanwhile we have arrived at the Anchor at Liphook, which is one of the most famous houses between London and Portsmouth, and is forty-five miles, five furlongs exactly from the Stone's End, Borough. And the Anchor at Liphook not only is an historical house, but has the advantage of possessing in Mr. Peake a host of the old type, who is proud and careful of its history—a pleasant experience which I regret to say I have found far from common in my wanderings. Indeed many houses as old as the Anchor on the great roads, some too on this very Portsmouth Road that I am speaking of, have had as full

a tide of history fill their state rooms and flood their broad corridors as the famous inn at Liphook can boast of. But where is this history now? It is simply gone for want of being cared for.

Not so at the Anchor; where, thanks to a decent care for memorials of the past, and to a respect for romance which is becoming so extremely unfashionable, we are able to meet in the imagination a whole crowd of distinguished guests of all centuries and all ranks—kings, queens, statesmen, admiral, soldiers, down to clerks in the Admiralty in the person of Samuel Pepys; who having lost his way at Cobham on his way to Guildford, as already chronicled; and having dined at Guildford and congratulated himself and his wife on having found it; lost it again coming over Hindhead on his way to Liphook, and arrived at The Anchor at ten o'clock on August 6, 1668—exceedingly tremulous about highwaymen and in company with an old man, whom he had procured for a guide. "Here, good honest people," he writes. "And after supper, to bed." I can imagine that succulent supper well, taken with an appetite whetted by a long ride in moorland air, and flavoured with an agreeable recollection

tion of past perils safely surmounted. I can imagine also the sound sleep which fell afterwards on the amiable Samuel; and the nightmares, graphically representing coaches standing on their heads with their occupants inside them, which, to break the monotony of a too perfect repose, passed now and then under his cotton night-cap!

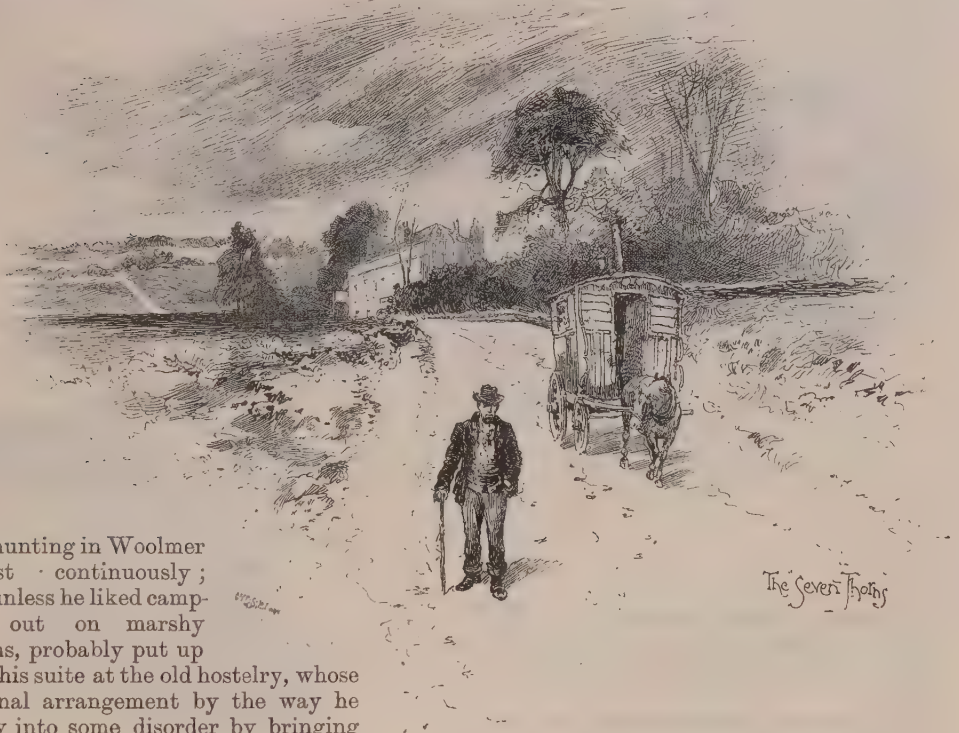
But more celebrated people than the theatre-loving clerk of the Admiralty (was he a dramatic critic I wonder like all Admiralty clerks now?) stayed at The Anchor, and before his time, Edward the Second

with their august presences may be numbered—Edward VI., who must at all events have come very near to the place, on the only royal progress which he had time to make in his short life, to Cowdray; Elizabeth on her royal progress from Farnham to the same fine seat (safely arrived at which, need I say, that she shot the proverbial stag?); Charles the Second on his way to Portsmouth; and indeed every English king that was ever crowned it seems to me, and who was anxious for an outing, and wanted to see his ships.

was hunting in Woolmer Forest continuously; and unless he liked camping out on marshy heaths, probably put up with his suite at the old hostelry, whose internal arrangement by the way he threw into some disorder by bringing his own cook with him,—a very bad compliment to the house surely. And the cook, whose name was Morris Ken (no ancestor I presume of the Bishop) was not less cook than acrobat; continually pretending to fall off his horse as he rode before the king through the forest, after the manner of the clowns at Sanger's. And the Royal Plantagenet is said to have laughed consumedly at this foolish feat on the part of Ken, which had nothing to do with his cooking; and ordered twenty shillings to be given him out of the parish poor box,—I mean out of the Royal Exchequer.

Of crowned heads besides Edward the Second, who have at times honoured Liphook

Queen Anne however came to Liphook for a different purpose, namely to see her stags, which in those days wandered over the royal forest of Woolmer. With which end in view she turned off the road at Liphook after luncheon, and very unwisely (as she was always rheumatic) reposing on a bank, which was smoothed for that purpose, lying about half-a-mile to the east of Woolmer Pond, saw the whole herd of red deer, brought out by the keeper along the vale before her, consisting then of about 500 head. After which she went back to The Anchor to dinner, no doubt well pleased with



From a Drawing by HERBERT RAILTON.

what she had seen, and I hope took some hot toddy.

To complete the chronicle of the guests at The Anchor—for I am still twenty-six miles and two furlongs from Portsmouth—may be named King George the Third and Queen Charlotte, the Duke of Clarence, afterwards William IV. The allied sovereigns after the campaign of 1815, in company with Blucher and the Duchess of Oldenburg. The Queen of Spain and the Queen of Portugal. Liberty Wilkes, who used to lie here on his journeys to and from Sandown, and lastly the Duchess of Kent and the Princess Victoria. There

With the down coaches it was different, as from their leaving London by different routes, and from other circumstances, such as stopping or not stopping to dine, they would sometimes in the middle of a journey all get together, as they did one day, when on returning, he overtook the other coaches at the Anchor at Liphook, where they changed horses and dined. The coachmen asked him what time he intended to get to Portsmouth that evening, to which he replied much about the same as usual; and he then left."

But, alas! while this coachman, who had hitherto resisted temptation, was changing



From a Drawing by HERBERT RAILTON.

is a court circular flavour about this list which entitles The Anchor, I think, to its epithet of Royal, and Mr. Peake thinks so too.

To leave him and his fine old house behind us, and to descend from kings to coachmen, the eight miles between Liphook and Petersfield—the next change—was the scene of a race between two coaches, or rather between three, which might have ended in a casualty of no common order, but didn't, thanks about equally, I should suppose, to good luck and good management. Mr. Stanley Harris tells this story well in his *Coaching Age*—which remains in spite of all other rivals the text-book on this great subject. And an old coachman speaks.

"It happened," said he, "that when he was driving on the Portsmouth road there were two other day coaches on it; but as they left Portsmouth at different hours, there was no fear of their coming into contact.

horses at the Wheat Sheaf Inn half a mile out of the village, the other two coaches, who had changed at the Anchor came by at a round trot, and shot out at him the tongue of the scorners. At this the blood of the old coachman boiled; in point of fact he said, "I will pursue," and he was fortified in this wicked determination by his fresh team being composed of four thoroughbred horses. He pursued accordingly, and soon came in sight of his rivals, one a little in advance of the other, and travelling as fast as they were

able. Upon this the old coachman flung his official directions and prudence to the winds and "sprung his cattle." Success soon rewarded this fine disregard for the safety of his passenger's neck. He overtook the *Regulator*, which was the name of one of the rival coaches, as she was ascending *Rake Hill*. The *Hero* however which was the name of the other coach, he saw still about half a mile in front of him. Upon this he sprang his cattle more than ever, and

At the bottom of it they met a post-chaise returning from somewhere or other; but they did not heed it; and the petrified post-boy only saved his neck by driving at full speed into a ditch. So far so good; especially as the old coachman now thought he saw the *Hero* beaten. He marked a place therefore in his mind's eye on the opposite rise where he might pass her comfortably; and when he came to the place he had marked, he came with a rush. The old coachman's



From a Drawing by HERBERT RAILTON.

the only passenger in his coach, a soldier, was tossed about on the roof like a shuttlecock on a battledore. This however was as nothing in the old coachman's eyes, who could see nothing with them but his rival, and him he overtook on the top of *Sheet Hill*. The old coachman and the driver of the *Hero*, now qualified for charioteers in the Roman chariot races at the *Paris Hippodrome*, by driving their respective vehicles at full gallop down a steep and winding pitch.

leaders, answering to the call gamely, were already by the front wheels of the *Hero*, when what happened? Why the driver of the *Hero* suddenly pulled his horses right across the old coachman's leaders' heads; who thus at the very moment that he thought he was going to snatch a victory, found himself driven up a bank. Fortunately no strap or trace, or buckle, was broken by this extremely ungentlemanly manœuvre, or the old coachman would at the finish have been nowhere; but as it was he was never after able to get beyond the hind boot of the *Hero*, who won therefore at the *Dolphin* by a short length.

Time—twenty minutes for the eight miles.

Result of the race—three of the *Hero's* horses never came out of the stable again, and a complaint to the proprietors.

There is not much to see in the town of *Petersfield*, except the memories of old coaching days which linger round the three inns,

the Castle, now turned into a private house, the Dolphin, the Red Lion, and the White Hart. Two miles out of the town the Portsmouth Road passes Buriton, the birthplace of Gibbon, on the left; and then, assisted by a chalk cutting, crosses Bulser Hill, which is the highest of the Southdowns, and commands everything from the spire of Salisbury Cathedral to Chanctonbury Ring, a little beyond Worthing. Here, to geologize, the chalk country is entered: and here, to be historical, a gentleman was stopped by a highwayman, who presented a pistol and modestly demanded horse, money, and watch. These the gentle-

the "old coachman" of the racing episode, enjoyed a further adventure in a thick fog, and a rime frost, upsetting his coach with a noise like the report of cannon while he was listening to the aimless babblings of a loquacious passenger. The coach was not empty in this occasion either. On the contrary there were four young ladies inside it, who must have been artless creatures indeed, for they were fast asleep when the coach was upset, and woke up when it was being restored to its equilibrium, and remarked, "What is it?" Some gipsies who were chiefly instrumental in removing the coach from its



From a Drawing by HUGH THOMSON.

man handed over and returned to Petersfield exceeding sorrowful. The highwayman meanwhile made for Hindhead, hotly pursued by a hue and cry. Seeing which condition of affairs he foolishly enough dismounted and sought consolation by grovelling in the heather—which was a fatal instance of bad judgment, and enabled him shortly afterwards to feast his eyes on the interior of Winchester Gaol.

The Portsmouth road after passing through Horndean, which is ten miles from the terminus, runs for about four miles through the forest of Bere; in which tract of country

side, showed themselves more wide awake; for mistrusting the gratitude of upset coachmen while with one hand they reared the upset coach, with the other they removed several baskets of game, which according to the practise of the day were hanging underneath it. And the coachman did not discover till he got to Portsmouth that his generous assistants had thus earned their reward!

And this brings me to the second of those three crimes, which, as I said in the beginning of this paper, gives the Royal Road in my eyes so unenviable a notoriety. I do not purpose to treat the atrocity known as

"the Murders by the Smugglers," at any great length, or with any detail, though a curious pamphlet which I have by me entitled, "A full and genuine History of the Inhuman and Unparalleled Murders of Mr. William Galley, a custom house officer and Mr. Daniel Chater a shoe maker, by Fourteen notorious Smugglers with the trials and Execution of Seven of the Bloody Criminals at Chichester," would enable me if I had the inclination to do both the one and the other. I leave however the full accomplishment of so graceful a literary labour to the young disciples of M. Zola in this country; assuring them that in the above pamphlet (which by the way is very scarce) they will find abundance of that precious documentary evidence concerning the abysses of human depravity, the spectacle and analysis of which affords them such radiant delight. In my eyes the subject is totally unfit for literary treatment. A bare statement however of it I feel forced to make, not only because its ghastly memory still haunts this part of the Portsmouth Road (so poignantly did the atrocity touch the imagination of a generation little given to hysteria), but because the criminals formed a characteristic portion of a class of desperadoes who were the terror of travellers on this part of the Portsmouth Road in George the Third's time, and lend therefore local colour, however detestable, to this part of the Portsmouth Road's history.

All through the last century, then, it seems the country from Portsmouth, almost as far as Liphook, was infested by gangs of smugglers, of whom the poachers who still confer notoriety on some of the villages of the area may be perhaps the lineal descendants.

From time to time, after some unusually audacious outbreak against custom-house laws had taken place, violent reprisals were made; but on the whole the revenue officers seem to have had decidedly the worst of it, and the smugglers enjoyed an unenviable immunity from the retribution of justice. The climax to this condition of affairs came on the 6th and 7th of October, 1747, when a gang of some sixty of these desperadoes assembled secretly in Charlton Forest; made a sudden raid on Poole; broke open the custom, where a large quantity of tea which had been seized from one of their confederates, was lodged, and made off with the booty, without encountering any resistance from the surprised authorities.

The smugglers returned to their quarters by way of Fordingbridge, and it is here that one of their future victims first makes his appearance in the history. Daniel Chater,

a shoemaker of the place, was standing watching the triumphant procession as they riotously passed his house, when he recognized a man among them who had worked with him in the last harvest-time. The man thus recognized, whose name was Diamond, not altogether relishing the attention, threw Chater a bag of the stolen tea as he passed him—by way of a sop to Cerberus. Shortly afterwards however he was unfortunate enough to be taken into custody at Chichester on a suspicion of complicity in this very Poole affair; and the fact coming to Chater's ears, he was tempted by the promise of a reward to accompany a Mr. William Galley, a custom-house officer, to Chichester for the purpose of identifying Diamond. And Galley carried a sealed letter to Major Battin, a justice of the peace for Sussex, clearly setting forth the object of the journey. Never probably did a letter prove more fatal to its bearers.

The above is but the prologue to the tragedy. The tragedy itself was set in motion by the arrival of Chater and Galley at the White Hart, Rowlands Castle, in the company of a Mr. George Austin, who had found them somewhere out of their proper road, and had undertaken to set them right. No sooner had they arrived at the inn than the landlady, a Mrs. Payn, friendly of course to smugglers and highwaymen, seems to have been struck with a sudden suspicion—that there was something in the custom-house officer's presence which boded no good to her friends. She communicated her fears to Mr. George Austin, who, by way of assuring her that they were groundless, told her that the custom-house officer and his friend were simply bearers of a letter to Major Battin at Chichester. But this ominous fact, far from comforting Mrs. Payn, only assured her that she had harped her fears aright. She knew that Diamond was in bonds at that very place, and that Major Battin was a justice of the peace. She took instant action. First she advised Mr. George Austin to leave Chater's and Galley's company at once or harm would come to him (a hint which he with pusillanimous alacrity availed himself of), and then when he was safely off the premises, she sent for seven smugglers resident in the place—by name William Steele, William Jackson, William Carter, John Race, Samuel Downer, Edmund Richards, and Henry Sheerman, and confided to them her suspicions and her fears.

They too took alarm. For some time divided counsels prevailed as to what course should be taken to provide most effectively for their own and Diamond's safety; but by

and by it was generally felt that the first step to be taken was to ascertain beyond all doubt the contents of the letter which Galley and Chater were carrying to the Chichester magistrate. The smugglers at once proceeded to carry out this scheme with an assurance which was assisted from the first by the total ignorance which Chater and Galley showed of the gravity of their own situation, or of the profession, and character of the men who surrounded them.

The old programme was pursued. An impromptu fight was got up; Galley, on being struck on the mouth by Jackson, called out that he was a king's officer, and could not put up with such usage. Then followed the usual pretended reconciliation, and then the drinking bout to set a seal to it.

In the midst of this, the unfortunate

the most convenient manner of murdering them. Two ladies, Jackson's and Carter's wives, who with several more smugglers had recently joined the party, thus expressed their views: "Hang the dogs, for they came here to hang us."

This view of the case seems to have in an instant turned men into monsters. A devilish fury possessed the whole company. Jackson rushed into the room where Chater and Galley were sleeping. He leaped upon the bed and awakened them by spurring them on the forehead. He flogged them about the head with a horsewhip till their faces poured with blood. Then they were taken out to the back yard, and both of them tied on to one horse, their four legs tied together, and these four legs tied under the horse's belly.



From a Drawing by HERBERT RAILTON.

victims—who were already, as it were, dead men—from some smuggler's chance observation, dropped probably in incipient drunkenness, seem suddenly to have realised what kind of company they were in, and at the same moment their dire danger. They began to be uneasy, and wanted to be going. But they were prevailed upon with force to stay and drink more rum; and the drink, drugged in all probability, soon had its intended effect. Galley and Chater became unconscious, were dragged into a neighbouring room, thrown upon a bed, and their vital secret was directly afterwards in their enemies' hands.

A brief consultation now took place among the smugglers, not as to whether Galley and Chater should be murdered or not, but as to

They had not got a hundred yards from the house when Jackson, in one of those sudden accesses of fiendishness continually characteristic of the whole affair, and which seemed a veritable possession of the devil himself, yelled out: "Whip them! Cut them! Slash them! Damn them!" and in an instant the whole gang's devilish fury was wreaked on their bound and helpless enemies. Past Wood Ashes they whipped them, past Goodthorpe Dean, up to Lady Holt Park. Here they proposed to throw Galley into the well.

The wretched man, who had already fallen off the horse three or four times, in the very exhaustion of agony, welcomed death loudly as a release. Upon which his tormentors decided to spare his life for a little more

torment, and whipped him over the Downs till he was so weak that he fell.

But it is not my intention to trace the red steps of this barbarity further. The details sicken. It is sufficient to say that near Rake Hill Galley fell off the horse; and was supposed to have broken his neck. He was at once buried in a fox earth, in Harting Coombe, alive presumably, since when he was found his hands covered his face as if to keep the dirt out of his eyes. Chater did not find so fortunate a release from his torments. He was kept for over two days chained by the leg in an outhouse of the Red Lion at Rake, "in the most deplorable condition that man was ever in; his mind full of horrors, and his body all over pain and anguish with the blows and scourges they had given him." All this while the smugglers were calmly debating as to how they should finally make an end of him. At length a decision was come to. Subjected all the way to treatment which I cannot describe, he was taken back to the same Harris Well where it had been originally proposed to murder Galley; and after an unsuccessful attempt at hanging him there, he was thrown down it, and an end put at last to his awful sufferings by heavy stones being thrown on the top of him.

This last act in this unparalleled atrocity was committed on the Wednesday night or Thursday morning. The victims had set out for Chichester on the Sunday before. This four days' murder was avenged at Chichester shortly afterwards, when all the principals were executed at Broyle, near the town, amidst the universal execrations of a crowd drawn from two counties. The body of Carter was hung in chains on the Portsmouth Road near Rake; the bodies of the other murderers being distributed between Rock's Hill, near Chichester, and the sea-coast, near Selsea Bill, whence they were visible for miles.

And that is the end of the story of the murders by the smugglers; and I am glad myself that I am at the end of it. It is pleasant after such a horror to arrive at last at Portsmouth, though I have nothing much to say about the old town now that I have got there. The usual number of kings and queens visited it by sea and land, the former sea-sick, the latter inquisitive about the state of their navy. Robert, Duke of Normandy, landed here in 1101, bent on an argument with his brother Henry as to who should wear the crown. Henry however elected

to wear the crown and avoid the argument, in which I think he was wise. Richard the First gave the town its first charter; and at Portsmouth in 1290 the first oranges were landed in England by a Spanish vessel as a present for the Castilian wife of Edward the First.

Besides these royalties already mentioned, Henry Eighth was at Portsmouth once or twice. Edward the Sixth came here in 1552, not in the best of moods, and remarked that the bulwarks of the town were "chargeable, massy, and ramparted (whatever that may mean), but ill-fashioned, ill-flanked, and set in remote places" (which is more clear); after which he left for London; and left Elizabeth to correct the faults he had pointed out; and James the Second to inclose Gosport within its present lines.

I have described enough scenes of blood in the seventy-one miles, seven furlongs from London, it seems to me, to suit the most sanguinary taste, and a great deal more than suits my own. But still I cannot leave Portsmouth, the terminus even of the road, without reminding my readers that at what was in 1628 the Spotted Dog Inn, and what is now a gabled house known as 12 High Street, Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, the Steenie of King James, was assassinated by John Felton, a discontented half-pay officer, just as the Duke was about to sail to the relief of La Rochelle, then being besieged by Richelieu. Lingard has written the history of the episode; and the great Dumas, in the *Three Musketeers*, has written its romance; and the subject has been too well treated by both writers in their different styles to make a subject for me. It remains for me to remark that the journey of Felton to London, where he was hung, drawn, and quartered at Tyburn, was accomplished amidst scenes of extraordinary and many-sided excitement; and coming, as it does, before a similarly mournful expedition over the same ground on the part of the Duke of Monmouth, seems to me to cast a characteristic gloom over the annals of a road—not remarkable for coaching anecdotes or coaching records—which has been called Royal, and rightly perhaps enough,—but which has yet witnessed, so far as its historical side is concerned, and so far as my knowledge goes, gloomier and more tragic scenes than any other of the great thoroughfares out of London.

W. OUTRAM TRISTRAM.



ET CÆTERA.



“**F**VER since the Conquest the manors have been known under their present names, and the fishing there is of great value. In 1343 it was leased for 29s. 4d. a year.” No doubt that was a good round sum for 1343, but a day’s fishing in our own times on this favoured spot, including hire of punt and boatman, lunch, and perhaps a modest dinner afterwards at a riparian inn (for it is the silver Thames to which my quotation refers), would seriously “run into” the fourteenth century annual rent. However it is not for its value that the owner of the Mapledurham fishery and an angler who claims to fish over it as of common right have been lately doing battle in the law courts. What embroiled the two litigants was on one side the love of angling and the English determination “not to be put upon,” on the other the love of property and the equally English belief in the sanctity of the principle that “what’s mine’s not yours.” The first of these sentiments and the habits that go with it are to be found I suppose in all countries, though we are apt to imagine that the patience and tenacity of the true “bottom-fisher” are peculiarly English virtues. No one however who has impartially studied the banks of the Seine in a Parisian suburb, on a raw autumnal day, will be disposed to admit that we in this country have any monopoly of the qualities necessary to the pursuit of the gentle craft. Doubtless the angler must be born not made, but his birthplace, like the graves of illustrious men, according to Pericles, is not this or that country, but the world. And there be two signs whereby you shall know the born angler—one that he reckoneth not of the size or savour of his fish, whether the same be great or little, dainty or tasteless; and the other that it is not the amount of his catch which delighteth him but the manner of their catching. It would be going too far

to say that every variety of the sport is as delightful to him as every other: but it is true that there is none which does not delight him. The mere expectation of capture captivates. Every such prospect pleases, as Bishop Heber sings—I forget whether in reference to angling or not; and even a take of the modest minnow will have a charm for the mind, innocent and quiet, of the true angler—especially when he is anxious to fill his bait-can for the pursuit of the larger perch. I claim to be a humble witness to the fact that every kind of angling is an unfailing source of joy to such an one, for I have tried all kinds, from the snaring of the minnow with the bent pin of childhood to the breathless battle with the king of fish. I have flogged the salmon-river with that two-handed engine with which, as Milton says, you stand ready to strike at once or strike no more. I have trolled for the greedy jack, I have spun for the audacious perch. With the honeyed paste-morsel have I wooed the timid roach, and have many a time succeeded by patient endeavours in disarming the suspicions of the surly and sluggish carp. I have sniggled, though vainly I admit, for eels. I have bobbed (or clodded) for them on a Dorsetshire river throughout the sacred but chilly night, and must own to having in this case been a little shocked by the disproportion between sport and suffering—I mean, of course, the suffering of the angler; and with the last exception I can honestly say of all these forms of piscatory pastime that I have enjoyed them every one.

If Samuel Rogers had done nothing else but live ninety years, know all the celebrated men of the day, and entertain most of them at his breakfast-table, he would very likely have been an interesting person. But as a matter of fact he added to these attractions many more and several much rarer claims on the curiosity of mankind; and Mr. Clayden’s *Early Life* of his kinsman ought to find plenty of readers in a society so literary—

at any rate in the sense of liking to read "about" literature—as our own. For Rogers was not only a nonagenarian who made it his business for fifty years of his life to know everybody; he was a banker turned bard, and, stranger still, a fashionable Mæcenæ sprung from the bosom of Unitarian dissent. Another rarity in the history of letters, he was an eminently successful poet who was content to retire early upon his success, and who satisfied himself with the fame of a sort of Single Speech Hamilton in the world of poesy. This last feat of abstinence is the more remarkable because the *Pleasures of Memory*, in common indeed with all Rogers's verse, may fairly be said to have deserved the success which it achieved. Nobody who sympathises with skilled and, in its earliest etymological sense, "exquisite" literary workmanship would have the heart to deny his claim to it. The flawless finish which he so painfully sought after and by long and patient labour achieved approaches in its own way to Gray's standard of perfection in the *Elegy*. If the difference between the two poets is great—and it is practically immeasurable—that is because Gray started with a faculty which all the technical skill in the world can never supply the place of. But Rogers comes as near to being a poet as any man could who went, like him, into the business of poetry as he went into the business of banking—that is to say, with no original capital of his own. He financed his acquired capital of thought and impression with great success however, and is just as much entitled to his returns of literary fame as he was to his profits from the bank.

As the friend and patron of men of letters his great age gives him an almost unique position. It is quite bewildering to think that the *Pleasures of Memory*, written when the author was already thirty, appeared in the year in which Shelley was born, that Rogers should then have watched that infant grow to manhood, fill the English-speaking world with his fame, and then pass suddenly away; and yet that nearly thirty years after the extinction of that strange poetic meteor, this mild and feeble star should have been still lingering in the firmament. The brief lives of poets so famous as Byron and Shelley make the age of such a Nestor seem remarkable indeed. It is curious to read Byron's dedication of the *Giaour* to him—even then in his forties—in the year 1813, and to think that the middle-aged poet was destined to survive the youthful "admirer of his genius" by something like a generation. Whether Rogers was really liked by many or any of that

multitude of literary men who at various times enjoyed his hospitality is doubtful. That he deserved more affection than he succeeded in winning, seems certain; for many acts of unostentatious generosity abundantly testify to the existence of a warm and kindly heart under his somewhat harsh and cynical exterior. Still he was undoubtedly a *marivauxse langue*, and he was not only a sayer of bitter things himself, but the cause of bitterness in others. Nothing however which he could conceivably have said to any of his fellow men, and certainly nothing which he can be suspected of ever having done to them can justify that hideously venomous lampoon of Byron which is preserved in MS. in some editions of the noble poet's works. It is true that a few years had passed since the dedication of the *Giaour* to Samuel Rogers "as a slight but most sincere token of admiration for his genius, respect for his character, and gratitude for his friendship;" and a few years would be quite long enough for a man like Byron to seriously modify his view of a friend's disposition. The fact however that he was actually travelling abroad with Rogers on terms of confidence and intimacy when he threw off this most *sanglant* of satiric character-sketches disposes us to hope and believe that its ferocity is merely humorously assumed.

Daily newspapers are known to have a great advantage over weekly and monthly periodicals in respect of facilities for dealing promptly and freshly with novelties of all kind. They can skim the cream off a new book even before it reaches the hands of the readers, tell us what to think of the new soprano almost before the glass lustres have ceased to vibrate with her last *roulade*, and analyse the merits of the new Hamlet ere the melancholy Dane has had time to divest himself of his black-silk tights. By the end of a week everybody, or everybody who is not satisfied with the mere cream of the new book, has bought and read it; hundreds of thousands of people, practically the whole public, have listened rapturously to Rosina before a month has passed; while as to the Prince of Denmark the odds are that by that time the world of readers—or the two words may be transposed at pleasure—will have already satisfied its curiosity about him, in that interesting sketch, "Mr. Harold Haresfoot, at Elsinore House, Chiswick." With the yet more ephemeral subjects, the advantage of the "dailies" is of course proportionately more marked. To them alone it is given as a rule

to start or to bring down the wide-winged *canard* or to trace the modest mare to the hidden retreat of her nest. But perhaps their most decided "pull" of all is in the opportunities which their position affords them for dealing with brand-new theories of the Origin of Things. When any physical philosopher starts a novel solution of this interesting problem it is of high importance to an intending critic to be able to deal with it in the course of a day or two after its promulgation. For who knows how much or whether any longer life is reserved to it? Mr. Norman Lockyer, the latest of these theorists, must know very well as a man of the world—I do not here use the last word in the sense of the Cosmos—that his astronomical brethren are not likely to allow his "colliding meteorites" to hold the field a day longer than they can help. Perhaps having secured the ear of the Royal Society he thinks he is safe till the next meeting of the British Association. Vain imagining! A gentleman who has "flushed" the elephant on which the earth stands will not be allowed to enjoy the discovery long by the other gentleman (wherever he may arise) who believes himself to have "spotted" the tortoise that supports the elephant. That ancient fable is of very extensive application, though Mr. Norman Lockyer has perhaps a right to say—and I would not willingly do injustice even to an astronomer—that he himself has discovered the tortoise, and that the author of the nebular hypothesis was the mere discoverer of the elephant. That inquirer started with a system of waltzing incandescent teetotums, to put it in quite unscientific language, which as they gradually cooled down became our old friends, if they will allow me to call them so, the heavenly bodies. His successor teaches us how these teetotums or teetota originally came to waltz and incandesce—namely, by colliding in the infinite of space, where one would think there was plenty of room to avoid such mishaps. But even Mr. Lockyer has to make his own "suppose" to start with. Even with him it is a question of

*If a body meet a body
Sweeping through the sky—*

and his speculative nose must be put out of joint, if I may be pardoned so finite a metaphor, by the next explorer who undertakes to show *how* those heavenly bodies came to take the particular route which brought them into collision with each other.

Such investigations as these have a peculiar

charm for those who, like myself, retain their relish for the useless in a utilitarian age. Theories of Cosmo-Genesis are quite as delightfully unprofitable as speculations on the origin of evil or the problem of free will, and I am quite glad that there is something to take the place of those problems without which no gentleman's mental library, so to speak, was once considered complete. Their essential endlessness moreover is in itself extremely attractive at a time when we are far too much accustomed to "take short views" of everything. They rebuke the national hurry in which we live—they and the modern billiard-match, which appears to me to be curiously enough the only instance in which any trace is left of the leisurely tastes of our ancestors. We cannot read *Clarissa Harlowe* or *Sir Charles Grandison* on account of what we are pleased to consider their tedious length. We have long since cut whist in half without halving the value of the honours, and thereby doubled its ingredient of chance. But we can apparently still go and see the ingenious Mr. Roberts, jun., contend with another professional wielder of the cue in a spot-barred match of 12,000 up. Is this a return to the sweet simplicity of earlier tastes—to the dear old leisurely ways of our grandfathers? True, we all like billiards—all of us at least who have reached such a stage of proficiency as to be almost unerringly certain of striking the "object ball"—and most of us like looking on at the game when played by very good (or very bad) players. But then, many of us like reading romances also. Does the growing popularity of the spot-barred match of 12,000 up foreshadow a revival of the vogue of *Sir Charles Grandison*? It is true that Richardson's spot-stroke, to speak figuratively, is not and cannot be barred. He constantly makes a break of several hundred pages of letters passing between the same two correspondents, answering as it were to a series of alternate hazards in the two "top pockets." But the players of these portentous billiard matches are of course made more prolix, so to speak, if less monotonous, in their performances by reason of their self-denying ordinance as regards the red ball; and yet the public, or a public, and a considerable one, appears to follow these week-long contests, both as spectators and as newspaper readers, with unflagging interest. Without however either looking on at or reading of them, no philosophic student of human pastimes can help feeling curiosity as to the future of billiards. It is the one example of a game of skill, which, after

having been popular and sedulously cultivated for several generations with only a very gradual elevation of the highest attainable standard of dexterity in playing it, became all of a sudden astonishingly progressive. "The cue," says a writer of the year 1797, "is the only instrument in vogue abroad, and is used with amazing address by the Italians and some of the Dutch; but in England the mace is the prevailing instrument, which the foreigners hold in contempt, as it requires not near so much address to play the game with as when the cue is made use of; but the mace is preferred for its peculiar advantage, which some professed players have artfully introduced under the name of trailing, that is, *following the ball with the mace to a convenient distance from the other ball so as to make it an easy hazard*. The degrees of trailing are various, and undergo different denominations among the connoisseurs at this game, namely, the 'shove,' the 'sweep,' the 'long stroke,' the 'trail,' and the 'dead trail' or 'turn up,' all of which secure an advantage to a good player" ("good" is good) "according to their various gradations. *Even the butt end of the cue becomes powerful when it is made use of by a good trailer.*" With what a shudder of horror would the words I have italicised be read by a professor of our own era! And yet it is hardly an exaggeration to say that the interval which divided the late Mr. Kentfield—nay, one might almost add the elder Roberts—from a "good trailer" of the last century is not greater than that which divides certainly the earlier and perhaps the later of these heroes from some ten or a dozen performers with the cue at the present day. The most curious stage of the process, however, was the singular pause which occurred during the period of the elder Roberts's supremacy, and before the sudden rush of later talent to the billiard table. For a comparatively long series of years—as much at least as a decade, and I believe a good deal longer—no man in England was within three hundred points in a thousand of the then champion, and no one else, professional or amateur, could be said, in any sense worth mentioning, to be master of the spot stroke. The meritorious Mr. Bowles used periodically to take his three hundred in a thousand from Roberts, and as punctually to receive his beating. Now, it is a source not only of fame but of profit to be a crack billiard player, and one cannot doubt that all that time thousands of markers throughout England were wasting the midnight gas and consuming the midday chalk

in laborious efforts to acquire the power of making thirty or forty spot-hazards in succession. Yet for years it seemed as if nothing would ever come of these endeavours. No one arose to challenge the champion's primacy with success. The meritorious Mr. Bowles continued to receive his three hundred and his beating with the same punctuality as ever. It seemed as if the tide of billiard progress, in which Roberts's own game itself represented a certain advance, was arrested for ever. But while, as Clough says so picturesquely of the sea,

"—— the tired waves, vainly breaking,
Seem here no painful inch to gain;
Far off, through creeks and inlets making,
Comes silent, flooding in, the main."

All the while that Mr. Bowles was "vainly breaking" in match after match against the champion, and while adult markers were as vainly attempting to acquire a tithe of his dexterity by private practice, the rising generation, beginning as soon as it had risen high enough to reach the table, had been gradually acquiring, not a tithe of the champion's dexterity, but tenfold its amount, and having made the acquisition, a perfect galaxy of billiard-genius burst suddenly upon the astonished world—Cook, sometime champion, and John Roberts, junior, the present champion, being among the first to flame in the forehead of the morning sky. The spot-stroke breaks rose first by scores, then by hundreds, then got into the thousands, then had to be barred altogether. Then breaks in the spot-barred game began to mount, and are still mounting; they too are in their hundreds, and they also may yet reach their thousands. No one now dares set limits to the progress of human skill in this extraordinary game, and yet a good eighty or ninety per cent. of the progress already made has been achieved in less than twenty years, and much of it in less than ten. The which phenomenon is due, as I believe, solely to the earliness of discipline to which the great performers of to-day submitted themselves, and it confirms the wisdom of the wise king's advice to train up a child (and the same applies to a child's eye or hand) in the way he should go, and the soundness of his conclusion that when he is old he will not depart from it.

I think it is Artemus Ward who says of some one that "the old man has had 'sorfning of the brane,' and files reports of the debates that occur in his State Legislature." What would he have said of the old man if he not only filed reports of these debates but joined

a club formed for the purpose of producing imitations of them? Yet it is on no less monstrous an enterprise than this that a considerable number of Englishmen with brains presumably of the proper consistency are at this moment engaged. The general public are perhaps unaware of the extent to which this practice of holding mock Parliaments has grown among us of late years, and of the elaborate solemnity with which the whole ceremonial proceedings of the real assembly at Westminster are mimicked. These local Houses of Government have their Ministries and their Oppositions, their Speaker and their Deputy-Speaker. They open their Session with a Speech from the Throne, they ply the occupants of their Treasury Bench with questions, they attack and reply to each other as "honourable" and "right honourable" members, they denounce or defend the policy of the "party in power," they move their votes of want of confidence and defeat it by the "previous question." They have even, I am told, their Irish party, and I suppose that in the local Parliaments in which the spirit of realism is strongest they have their "scenes in the House," their "words of heat," and perhaps get themselves named and suspended for disorderly and insubordinate behaviour, just for all the world like their models at St. Stephen's. And all this just at the time when a large number of non-political but patriotic Englishmen are beginning to look askance at their venerable assembly, and when the American Minister is delicately hinting that we talk a great deal too much in this country, and reminding us that the "Tower of Babel would have been completed if the builders could only have held their tongues"! Explain it how we may it is a strange game to become popular just now this "playing at Parliaments," especially when we take account of the classes from which the players are drawn. For the members of the mock House, the right honourable gentlemen on the Treasury Bench, and the honourable gentlemen, the leader of the Opposition and his colleagues, are not youthful students of the Inns of Courts nor callow candidates for ordination, nor other persons whose future calling will demand of them a certain proficiency in elocution and a certain facility of impromptu utterance. They are not even—or not for the most part young men at all. Middle-aged practitioners of the professions and men of business—doctors, solicitors, merchants, and the like, form the bulk I believe of these amateur senators: and though possibly a certain very small proportion of them may contemplate

obtaining a seat in Parliament, and inconsiderately propose to add to the flood of talk when they get there, the majority of them can have no such design upon their country. They must attend these assemblies by way of simple relaxation after the toils of the day; they must feel the proceedings to be a real relief from the cares of the office, the counting-house or the consulting room. And if that be really the explanation, why then undoubtedly *ça donne à penser*. For let it be observed that the mock Parliament is a very different thing from the old-fashioned debating club. Of the old-fashioned debating club one might have too much, and we must all of us know instances of young men who were none the better in after life for the fatal fluency acquired there. But of this old-fashioned debating club it could at least be said that its subjects of discussion if well chosen might be made to open the minds of the debaters to new ideas and to lead them aside from the worn paths of every day conventional thought and opinion. One can understand a debate of such sort giving a healthy stimulus to the intellectual faculties, especially if the majority or at any rate the chief speakers in it brought the mind of youth, fertile in ideas, though not strong in criticism of them, to the discussion of the selected subject. But what is to be said of an assembly of mostly middle-aged men who habitually choose topics which have been already discussed to death in a thousand speeches and newspaper articles before the local Parliament gets a cut at them, and who then proceed to discuss them with a careful observance of such forms and traditions as give a tone of the deadliest conventionalism to the whole affair? What are we to think of this unhealthy appetite for the chaff out of which the last grain has been thrashed, this unholy thirst for the squeezed lemon of the leader-writer, this capacity for finding spiritual refreshment and sustenance in deliberate mimics of the palaver of what has now become the barrenest and most prolix assembly of talkers in the world? To my mind it is nothing short of a portent. It is true that I may be prejudiced by that sort of distaste for Parliamentary oratory which the confectioner contracts for tarts. But even a confectioner, however tolerant of tart-love among the young, might be excused some astonishment and even concern, if he found his shop crowded with grey beards and bald heads struggling with each other to get to the counter in order to surfeit themselves with cheap jam.

H. D. TRAILL.



QUEEN ELIZABETH.

Engraved by O. LACOUR, from the original Portrait at Penshurst, presented by the QUEEN to SIR HENRY SIDNEY.

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GLIMPSES OF OLD ENGLISH HOMES.

I.—PENSHURST.¹

SUMMER in the Kentish Weald means a very wealth of luxurious beauty in nature, and the approach to Penshurst, the home of the Sidneys, leads through pleasant lanes bordered with hedges where the wild rose and trailing honeysuckle mingle in friendly fashion with shining holly leaves and the blackberry vine, while the sweet-scented air blows softly over hill and vale, and a delicious purple haze rests upon the surrounding landscape. At one point of the way, on the high ridge between Southborough and Bidborough, a panorama extending over the three counties of Kent, Surrey, and Sussex lies stretched before you—an undulating, thickly-wooded country, fair and fertile, slumbering in the noonday sun. The lanes stretch on, and you pass by fields of the sweet pink clover, and others again full of the lovely hop vines twining around tall poles, and falling in clusters of a pale sea-green colour. A few minutes later the little village is passed, where a glimpse is caught of the grey church tower, after which a sudden turn of the road brings you in view of the grand old place itself, and Penshurst is before you.

Far back in feudal times, before the date of William the Conqueror, a fortified house occupied the site of the present buildings, and during two centuries afterwards it descended in a direct line from father to son in the family of the de Penchesters, from whom in the reign of Edward I. it passed away on account of the failure of male heirs.

Sir John de Pulteney was the next to succeed to the possession of Penshurst, and to him is ascribed a greater part of the man-

sion as it now stands. The crown granted him the right to embattle, or "crenellate," which enables the exact date to be ascertained from the State records.

A learned archæologist has assigned the precise rank which Penshurst holds amongst the ancient baronial mansions of England, and says that in it we have a nearly perfect example of the house of a wealthy gentleman of the time of Edward III., in the year of our Lord 1341. Such care has been taken in making the restorations needful from time to time, that the air of antiquity has been fully preserved, no one part of the building clashing with another in its effect upon the eye, and as the afternoon shadows of to-day fall across the quadrangle, so have they fallen day after day uninterruptedly since before the Black Prince won his spurs at Crecy, or took captive the French king at Poitiers, and before the chief of English orders of knighthood was founded.

In approaching the vast pile, grey with age and stately in its silent dignity, we must remember that we "tread the groves of Arcady"—for to the left stands "Sidney's Oak," under which the fair-faced child played in his early years, while his poetic temperament insensibly absorbed the beauties of nature surrounding him. A little further on is "Saccharissa's Walk," shaded by the lofty beeches upon whom Waller, the Poet Laureate of the day, calls to impart his passion to the lady of his love:—

"Ye lofty beeches! tell this matchless dame,
That if together ye fed all one flame,
It could not equalise the hundredth part
Of what her eyes have kindled in my heart."

¹ The following article has been read and revised by Lord De L'Isle, by whose permission the historical portraits are now for the first time reproduced.

In friendly rivalry with the beeches stand some noble oaks, and the whole park is richly wooded, while the views from the higher slopes are both varied and extensive, reaching across a pleasant valley to the Medway river in the distance.

Penshurst cannot fail to be imposing and beautiful at any season of the year, but only in the ripe summer-time can you see the deep-tinted purple clematis forming a mass of glowing colour against the time-stained walls on the right as you pass through the first court and enter the grand old fourteenth-century hall.

One glimpse of this hall will convey a more vivid realisation of the life of the olden time than any description which words can give. It was the great centre of family life; the place where the lord of the manor and his numberless retainers, as well as any chance guests, assembled for the daily mid-day meal. Upon the raised *daïs* at the end were spread the places for the host and his more honoured guests, perhaps upon a more ornamented table than the long narrow ones along the sides of the hall, which were appropriated to the use of the remainder of the household, and which are among the earliest pieces of furniture in England, being the original ones used at Penshurst. The ancient sideboard or *buffet*, filled with costly plate which in feudal times would have occupied one end of the *daïs*, is gone, with all its precious ornaments, but at the opposite end of the *daïs* is the stone staircase leading to the solar, or principal chamber, which has a narrow look-out into the hall. Through this narrow opening the master of the house could call his attendants, and at the same time observe at will the conduct of his retainers as they disported themselves below. The lower chamber beneath this "lord's room" was originally a cellar. At the extreme end of the hall is the music gallery, which is still perfect, and a fine example of oak panelling. Under this gallery is a concealed passage called the screens, where there is a place formerly used for washing the hands before dinner, and where several doors lead to different parts of the building, such as the ancient buttery, or the place for giving out beer and other drinks, and the pantry, where the bread and dry stores were given. Sufficient proof of the antiquity of this part of the house is furnished by the fact that most of the wainscoting and the doors are of split oak, untouched with the plane, having been cut and fitted only by the chisel and hatchet. Behind the minstrels' gallery and over the buttery and

pantry are a suite of rooms at present unfurnished and uninhabited, called Saccharissa's rooms, which were probably used by that lady when on a visit to Penshurst in later years, after she had married the Earl of Sunderland.

In the very centre of the hall stands the hearth, the only one of the kind remaining in England, over which there was at an earlier period an opening¹ in the roof, having a small ornamented turret to cover it, called a smoke louvre. The andirons or "fire-dogs" are two upright standards supporting a long cross-bar, against which on either side huge logs of wood are piled ready for burning. These fire-dogs are marked on the outer sides near the top with the broad arrow of the Sidney arms. The lofty timber roof of the hall, sixty feet in height, is upheld at intervals by odd wooden figures, all of which have part of their legs cut off; they probably rested originally upon stone corbels which in the course of time must have decayed away or have been destroyed, while the smoke from logs which during centuries past have blazed in the great hall has blackened the ribs of the oak roof as well as the upper walls. A peculiar kind of ornamentation called Kentish tracery surrounds the windows, which are crossed with embattled transoms bars.

Among the few remaining pieces of armour hanging around the walls is a double-handed sword, once the property of Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester, bearing his cognizance of the bear and ragged staff, with the escutcheon of the double-tailed lion engraved thereon. This sword is mentioned in the catalogue, still preserved amongst the manuscripts at Penshurst, of his effects at Kenilworth, from which catalogue Sir Walter Scott drew largely in his accounts of the festivities given for Queen Elizabeth. Here too is the helmet of Sir William Sidney, in the time of Edward VI., with the original wooden crest of a porcupine still attached to it; one of the very few examples of such crested helmets remaining in existence. But the noble collection of the suits of the Sidneys from generation to generation, was stolen some seventy years ago, and disappeared into the hands of energetic collectors, where also the greater part of the Sidney correspondence, for so long preserved in the evidence chamber, also found its way, although much valuable matter still remains.

In the court opposite the door of the

¹ The writer is indebted to the works of Mr. J. H. Parker and Mr. Stephen Thompson for several of the facts stated in the following article.

banqueting hall hangs a large bell on a frame of wood. Inscribed on this bell in raised letters is the following :—

“Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester, at Penshurst, 1649.”

What warlike tales must have been recounted in this ancient hall, older than Chevy Chase, or Agincourt, or the Wars of the Roses ! How cheery the blazing logs must have looked to the sturdy, steel-clad warriors of those early times, when they found themselves safe home again from the bloody fields where so many of their comrades had been left to sleep the sleep that knows no waking !

with shouts and cheers the health was drunk of the lord of Penshurst.

Good old times these, if somewhat rough to the cultivated taste of the nineteenth century ; brave old times, when a man's sword was ready to defend his word, though the latter might be sharper than the fashion of to-day would countenance.

Tradition tells us that the Black Prince himself and his young wife, “The Fair Maid of Kent,” once graced these Christmas revels in the proud Kentish home, and joined at midnight in the good old Christmas carol—

“God rest you, merry gentlemen,”



ENTRANCE TO THE CHURCHYARD, PENS Hurst.

How must the battles have been fought over again in eloquent words and with pardonable pride as the flames rose higher and the smoke ascended to the lofty roof where it was caught in the louvre and dispersed by the wind ; and how full of life and movement and warm human hopes and ambitions must the old hall have been in those stirring days when in stern reality the Englishman's home was his castle. And at Yule-time how gay and bright it was with the scarlet holly berries and waxen mistletoe, while the banners waved and the trumpets blazed as the great Yule log was dragged in by some score of foresters, and the wassail bowl was passed around as

and we would fain believe that tradition is truth.

By reversion, descent, or grant from the Crown, Penshurst passed successively into many different hands, and the successors of Sir John de Pulteney left it much as they found it, excepting one, Sir John Devereux, who added a long wing to the house during the reign of Richard II. In the British Museum there is a copy of the grant of the manor of Penshurst to Sir William Sidney, one of the knights of the Field of the Cloth of Gold, and a soldier who had fought at Flodden Field. This princely gift was bestowed by the young King Edward VI., in



PORTRAIT OF PHILIP SIDNEY AND HIS BROTHER ROBERT SIDNEY.
Engraved by O. LACOUR, from the Picture at Penshurst.

whose household Sir William had successively discharged the duties of chamberlain, steward, and tutor. Henry Sidney, the son of Sir William, became henchman to the prince at the early age of eight years, and later his beloved companion. It was in Henry Sidney's arms that the young king expired, in his sixteenth year, in 1553. Soon after this Sir Henry retired to the secluded beauty of Penshurst, where he remained quietly with his young wife, Lady Mary, taking no part in the ambitious plans of his father-in-law, the Duke of Northumberland, for placing Lady Jane Grey upon the throne.

A picture of this fair girl, whose happiness was so cruelly wrecked and life sacrificed to mad political dreams, hangs in Queen Elizabeth's room at Penshurst, and one fancies in looking at it that the sweet, grave eyes show a foreshadowing of the terrible fate awaiting her. The ruin brought upon all concerned in these ambitious plots is matter of history, and although Sir Henry himself was never suspected of complicity in them, grief came upon Penshurst, where the father, the brother, and the sister-in-law of his wife, Lady Mary, were deeply mourned. All had paid the penalty of death by the hand of the executioner, and still another brother went direct from the Tower only to die at Penshurst. But the terrible gloom which at this time had fallen upon the old place was brightened a few weeks later, November 29th, 1554, by the birth of one whose name is familiar to every English schoolboy as the type of English chivalry—the brave and noble Sir Philip Sidney. During the first years of the child's life "Bloody Queen Mary" sat on the throne of England with her fanatical husband, the Spanish Philip; and wild tales of a cruelty reaching over the length and breadth of the land came to the ears of the serious-faced boy dreaming under the oaks of Penshurst, or beside the banks of the Medway river in the lovely valley which afterwards he wrote of as "Arcadia."

Fourteen years later, when the boy had become a man, he was to witness a sight which must have burned itself into his mind as iron scars human flesh—the awful sight of the massacre of the Huguenots on the eve of St. Bartholomew. Small wonder that the serious look deepened on Philip Sidney's features, and that life for him meant earnest work, not trifling idleness. He watched the hideous deeds wrought by a weak king at the instigation of a vindictive woman, from the windows of the British Embassy, side by side with the ambassador Walsingham, and the cruel sights and cries of those seven days

of slaughter were never forgotten until the close of his own short life. Paris became for ever hateful to him, and as speedily as passports could be procured he went to Germany. There it was that he met the man who so strongly influenced his after life, Hubert Languet, but want of space forbids our entering into his relations with this brave old Huguenot—relations which only ceased at his death. Philip Sidney travelled into what in those days were literally "far countries," and stored his mind with the beauties and teachings of many lands. Full twenty years had gone by since those gloomy days at Penshurst, and the downfall of his mother's family, the Dudleys, and now one of the surviving brothers, Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester, had become chief favourite of Queen Elizabeth, and basked in the sunshine of the court, untroubled by any remembrance of Amy Robsart and her tragic fate.

Bad as was Leicester himself, he admired his handsome nephew and carried him off to the great revels he gave in honour of the Queen at Kenilworth, which lasted for seventeen days, and were witnessed with keen interest by a village lad called William Shakespeare. The high mental and moral qualities of Philip were far beyond Leicester's powers to appreciate, but his shrewd surmise that the young man would be a success at court, proved correct. After the Kenilworth *fêtes* young Sidney accompanied the maiden Queen to Chartley Castle, the seat of the Earl of Essex, and there it was that he met Penelope Devereux, whose charms he afterwards celebrated in his sonnets under the name of "Stella." His thwarted attachment for this lady has been told in verse and story, and doubtless added its weight to his passionate longing to become of some use in the world, and to do good to his fellows. As a statesman Philip Sidney rendered good service, but when he lost the favour of the Queen he retired from court and spent much of his time at Penshurst, occupied with literary work and correspondence with the Huguenot Languet, and happy in the society of his gifted sister Mary, Countess of Pembroke, to whom his *Arcadia* was dedicated. This same Countess of Pembroke was the lady who inspired Jonson's famous epitaph, considered one of the most perfect ever written :—

"Underneath this sable hearse,
Lies the subject of all verse—
Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother.
Death, e'er thou hast slain another
Learned, fair, and wise as she,
Time shall throw his dart at thee."

In 1583 Philip Sidney was knighted by the Queen, and a few months afterwards he married the daughter of his old friend Sir Francis Walsingham. After this he entered Parliament, and later, when war broke out between Spain and the Netherlands, England aiding the latter country, he was appointed governor of Flushing, and in 1585 he said farewell to his friends and to Penshurst, which he loved, and left his country never to return. In the following spring his father died, and he became lord of Penshurst, but his duties abroad prevented his returning to the old homestead, and some months later the battle of Zutphen was fought, where

life had all the nobleness of expiring chivalry without its barbarity."

Philip Sidney's nature must indeed have been a rare one, for with an amount of information and accomplishments which caused him to be called "the very mirror of knight-hood," and led his sovereign to pronounce him "the brightest jewel of her crown," he yet won the friendship and esteem of the most distinguished men and finest spirits of his time, without arousing their jealousy. Sir Fulke Greville, afterwards Lord Brooke, caused it to be inscribed upon his monument that he was "*the friend of Sir Philip Sidney*," and foreign countries singled him out for



LONG GALLERY, PENSURST PLACE.

that touching incident occurred which to this day is quoted as showing the noble chivalry and Christian kindness of the man, who, when grievously wounded, could give up the water which his parched lips so longed for, to a dying soldier near, with the words, "He has more need of it than I."

On the 17th of October, 1586, Philip Sidney's noble spirit passed away, leaving England and the world the poorer for its loss.

"Of all the monuments in St. Paul's destroyed by the great fire of London," wrote Dean Milman, "that of Sir Philip Sidney (it was but a tablet of wood), is the one the loss of which I most deplore. His

distinction, Poland going so far as to offer him her crown. In his family circle he showed tenderness and devotion, and not many fathers could use the language which Sir Henry Sidney did in writing to his younger son Robert, urging him to adopt Philip as his model in life, and concluding with these words—"He has the most virtues that I ever found in any man." To readers of the present day both his poetical and prose works possess too much of the stiffness and affectations of the period, yet even with these drawbacks each page proves his genius by the delicacy and brilliancy of his thoughts.

When Charles I. went to the scaffold he



ALGERNON SIDNEY.

Engraved by J. D. COOPER, from the Picture at Penshurst.

adapted the words of Philip Sidney's prayer of Pamela as his own petition to the Supreme Being, quoting the sentence which concludes as follows: "Let the power of my enemies prevail, but prevail not to my destruction. Let my greatness be their prey, let my pain be the sweetness of their revenge; let them, if so it seems good unto Thee, vex me with more and more punishment, but, O Lord, let never their wickedness have such a hand but that I may carry a pure mind in a pure body!"

Southey tells us to

"Tread

As with a pilgrim's reverential thoughts
The groves of Penshurst. Sidney here was born—
Sidney, than whom no gentler, braver man
His own delightful genius ever feigned."

And had we space we should quote in full rare old Ben Jonson's description of Penshurst and the Sidney family, which is to be found in *The Forest*, every line of which shows that he knew the place well, and had enjoyed its free hospitality and the society of its gifted inmates.

But we must now hasten through the time when Philip's brother, Sir Robert Sidney, afterwards Earl of Leicester, was lord of Penshurst. He died in 1626, and it was his grandson, Algernon Sidney, whose life was not merely of service to his own country, but was greatly to affect the future of America. The portrait of Algernon Sidney hanging in the "solar" or "lord's room" at Penshurst, represents a countenance somewhat stern, but noble and enthusiastic in expression. The patriot is leaning one arm upon a large book inscribed with the single word "Libertas," and for this word he lived and died. In the background of the picture, filled in after his death, one sees the gloomy walls of the Tower, while in one corner is the headsman's axe. It was in troubled times that the patriot Sidney lived, and when almost a boy he served with his elder brother, Lord Lisle, in Ireland, winning a reputation for "great spirit and resolution." When Charles I. and his Parliament appeared in arms against each other, young Colonel Sidney was found at Marston Moor in the ranks of the Parliamentary army, and at that battle was wounded almost to the death. Later he strongly opposed the despotic policy of Cromwell, but when in spite of his opposition the Roundhead Oliver had made himself Protector, Algernon Sidney, as Philip Sidney before him, sought the quiet of Penshurst, and there in the grand old Kentish home he reasoned out his *Discourses on*

Government, which was written at this period, and strolled under the lofty beeches with his beautiful sister Dorothy, the "Saccharissa" of Waller's poems. Still later he left England, knowing that the King's word was not to be trusted, and feeling that his life was not safe in his native land so long as his republican principles remained unchanged. Long years of exile followed—weariness, hopeless years, which left their indelible impress upon the man's face and character, and during which he saw only in imagination the great hall of Penshurst, and the sweet spring time coming again and again to the beautiful Kentish Weald, where the fragrant wild honeysuckle covers the hedges, and home-like rural sounds come to the ear as one passes through the pleasant lanes alive with singing birds. Far off in foreign lands he could almost feel again the soft south-west wind as it blew over the breezy Kentish hills, and almost hear the murmur of the Medway flowing through the fair Kentish meadows; but when 1667 came, other than these pleasant rural sights and sounds were heard where the breezes blew and the river murmured, for the Dutch came uninvited to the land, and De Ruyter with seventy-two ships sailed up the Medway, destroying a number of English men-of-war, after which he calmly retired in safety.

Sidney heard of this when in France, and we may be sure his blood boiled at the open affront to his country. A little later, after seventeen long years of exile, he returned to Penshurst, no longer the dashing young soldier of Marston Moor, but a grave, worn man of fifty-five years. At this time his dearest and closest friend was William Penn, and within the grey old walls of Penshurst was discussed the plan of free government for that new world to which the thoughts of the earnest-minded Quaker turned wistfully, as presenting a refreshing contrast to the vices and corruptions of the court of the Stuarts. Minds so noble and pure as those of Algernon Sidney and William Penn were fit instruments to form a plan of government where justice, not tyranny, should be the watchword.

It was at Penn's place at Worminghurst that the final system was drawn up, and after consulting together upon every point, and well weighing each clause, Sidney took the document home to Penshurst and once more revised the whole plan, Penn approving of his alterations. Thus Penshurst almost more than any other English house, should possess a peculiar interest for American visitors, since part at least of the constitu-

tion of Pennsylvania was composed beneath its ancient roof.

In 1682 Penn said good-bye to Algernon Sidney, and the two friends never met again.

On a chilly December morning about a year after this parting, and little more than a hundred years since the body of Sir Philip Sidney was landed on Tower Hill after the battle of Zutphen, a motionless headsman stood upon the same spot holding the fatal axe.

Pale and silent, with a look of unflinching courage in his deep expressive eyes, Algernon Sidney stepped upon the platform and laid his head upon the block.

"Are you ready, sir?" asks the headsman; "will you rise again?"

"Not till the general resurrection. Strike on." And the head of the patriot rolled in the dust.

History tells of the celebrated Rye House Plot, the cruel implication of Sidney, and the infamous trial, one of the most scandalously unjust ever known; we can only draw the contrast between the ghastly scene on Tower Hill on that dreary winter morning and the meeting which took place about the same time between Penn and the Indian chiefs on the banks of the Delaware, where under the free blue sky of heaven, surrounded by the red men grouped under the primeval trees of a wild, free land, the Quaker explained the scroll containing those wise thoughts discussed by Sidney and himself with patriotic enthusiasm in the old English home. As Penn reads again in the new world the words traced by the patriotic hand of Algernon Sidney in the old, heart-broken friends carry back the body and severed head from Tower Hill and reverently bury them in the church at Penshurst.

After this the property of Penshurst descended through the female line to the Bysshe Shelleys, from whom the present possessor is descended, although the family name is still Sidney, the title being Baron De L'Isle and Dudley.

In the long gallery at Penshurst hangs a most curious picture of Queen Elizabeth dancing with her favourite Leicester whilst her courtiers stand looking on. To the modern critic the lady's age and rank are hardly suitable to the posture in which she is indulging. A portrait of Leicester himself hangs near by, which however fails to prove him the fascinating hero Elizabeth found him. There are also two portraits of Philip Sidney, one taken when he was a boy, standing with his brother Robert beside him, both children being dressed in the odd, stiff

costume of the period, the other representing him as a young man, the face noble and pensive, the eyes full of serious thought.

Standing among these and many other portraits in the great gallery, one can almost picture the long lines of ancestry following one after another, who each in turn once trod the stately halls of Penshurst. All the Dudleys and the Sidneys of bygone generations—the grim old Constable of Queenborough Castle makes way for the stalwart swordsman of Flodden Field; the lord of the Marches of Wales and Governor of Ireland leads on the type of chivalry; the noble lady who helped to dream *Arcadia* smiles as though no stretch of time separated her from the beauties of to-day; the enthusiastic patriot helps to secure the cause of freedom in a new foreign land at the very time when the unjust tyranny of his own condemns him to a shameful death.

All passed away and gone, leaving the very air throbbing with memories as it blows softly over hill and dale, stirring the leaves of the oaks grouped in shadowy masses, and whispering low-toned caresses to the glowing purple flowers which so lovingly clasp the dark walls of Penshurst.

Near the long gallery is "Queen Elizabeth's room," where hang two crystal chandeliers, each surmounted by a crown, which were a present to her from Leicester, and in this room also stand the carved furniture covered with rich damask, now worn and faded, and the table worked by the royal fingers of the Queen herself, which were sent to Penshurst at the time of Elizabeth's visit there during one of her royal progresses, and given as a present to Sir Henry Sidney. There is also a tapestry room containing many curiosities, and a small room leading out of this filled with a rare and valuable collection of old china.

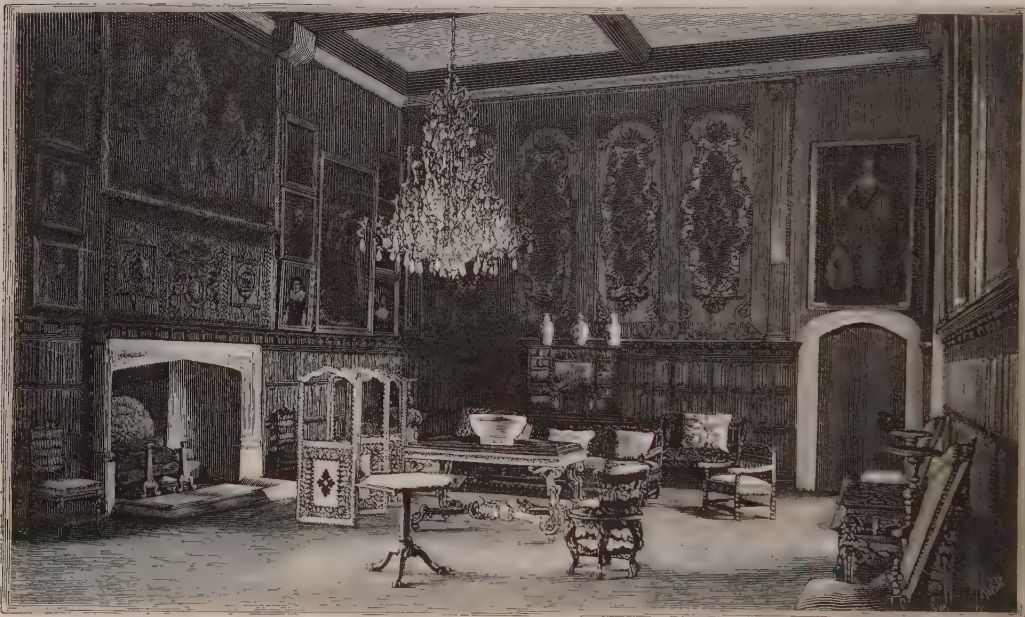
After wandering through these state rooms, that which strikes one most forcibly is their ancient appearance. They look as if Queen Elizabeth might have occupied them and held her court in them only yesterday. Visions of Sir Philip Sidney, Sir Walter Raleigh, Walsingham, Essex, Leicester—all come with startling distinctness to the mind. The Elizabethan era lies as a dream before you. The furniture is all of the period; nothing but portraits line the walls, principally those of the Sidney family, whose features occur over and over again side by side with statesmen, beauties, kings, and queens of former days.

To give a description of all these portraits would be impossible, but massed together as

they are, they read like a painted page of history, and Penshurst with its memories and associations of the past becomes a tempting spot to the antiquary and the student.

Opposite the staircase leading to the solar room at the other end of the dais in the great hall is the entrance to the living rooms occupied by the family when at Penshurst. Here modern luxury is agreeably combined with ancient souvenirs. Eastern rugs and Turkey carpets cover the long corridor leading to a centre room or vestibule, where more rare old china is to be found, and some good pictures. In a full-length portrait of William IV. the King is represented in naval uniform,

it difficult to realise all that bygone life of the fourteenth, which suffered and enjoyed, lived and loved, just as we do to-day. A low door opens upon a mysterious twisting staircase from the side of this end room. From the left of the vestibule one enters a long drawing-room, whose windows open out on the large velvety lawn called the "President's Court," and beyond are glimpses of spreading oaks and beeches. Here again the old and the new are strangely mingled, for a portrait by Vandyke of the Duke of Richmond hangs over the fireplace, whilst not far from it is one of the present possessor of Penshurst in the dress of a modern English



QUEEN ELIZABETH'S DRAWING-ROOM, PENSURST PLACE. 1610.

and stands leaning upon a stout stick, around which a cord is twisted. On a table beneath the picture lies the original stick side by side with a gold-headed cane presented a short time since by H.R.H. the Prince of Wales to the present owner of Penshurst. Other valuable portraits are also in this ante-room. Opening out to the right is a large billiard-room, where are some still rarer bits of old porcelain, and more portraits which look gravely down upon the "players with cue and ball." At the end of this room a door opens into the cosy, comfortable library, where, surrounded with books and all the comforts of the nineteenth century, one finds

gentleman. In the former picture the costume chosen by the artist is at least original. The Duke is attired only in his night-shirt, and beside him is a dog having around his neck a string of pearls. This is in allusion to the fact that a robber having secreted himself under the Duke's bed, the faithful animal, who was also in the room at the time, gave the alarm and saved his master from the designs of the thief. As a reward for his fidelity the creature was given the singular gift of a string of pearls, in which his portrait is painted. Carefully preserved in glass cases in this same room are locks of hair of dead and gone Sidneys,

that of Philip Sidney being still of the warm ruddy hue seen in his portraits; and there are miniatures of gallants and beauties who long since have crumbled to dust. All these are looked at with interest for a moment and then forgotten by the eager, bustling people of to-day, far more occupied with their own immediate schemes than with the shadowy past, which nevertheless is all around and about them in this old, old house.

Still further on, and leading out of the large drawing-room, is a room used now as a dining-room, and this apartment opens again into the long corridor, completing the number of actual living rooms in this portion of the house.

And outside is the wonderful flower-garden, glowing with colours which mere words are too colourless to paint. It is a perfect specimen of an old Elizabethan garden, with grass walks winding in and out among the flower-beds, and close-clipped yew hedges so high that only part of the brilliant blossoms can be seen at a time. Thus fresh surprises come at every turn as the grassy paths lead on to unexpected rows of plants and flowers of every hue. Groups of the large French daisy, "La Reine Marguerite," long rows of carnations of every tint, England's rose in each variety and shade, gaudy, scentless, golden blossoms, and modest mignonette filling the air with fragrance. Then suddenly the trickling of a fountain is heard, and a tiny silver stream drips over the fresh green ferns all wet and

sparkling in the sunshine, whilst still further on one finds climbing hops which twine around their poles as the sun turns, from east to west, and which promise here to soon stretch from branch to branch, and form an arbour across the path, with their feathery tufts falling temptingly above one's head. Still more of the gorgeous purple clematis, and several other sweet old-fashioned climbing plants—a very confusion of beauty and perfume all around, recalling the garden in Spenser's *Faëry Queen*. The colouring of it all would be almost too vivid were it not for the soft green of the hedges and walks which tone down the brilliant scarlets and yellows, and royal purples. On the surface of the water of "Diana's Bath," almost in the centre of the garden, lie white and golden lilies among their flat green pads, wafting new perfumes from their starry blossoms, and adding their share to the general sweetness.

The flowers are so bright and gay, the grey old pile beside them so dark and still; it is the life of the past which knows so much, looking down in silence upon the glowing, perfumed life of a day careless of all save the smiling sunshine or the gentle pattering showers.

He who has never thought before, must needs think of all that time really means and the years bring forth, as he stands in this garden of beauty, and colour and life, and gazes on the grand old monument of ages, the great "Kentish shrine of Penshurst."

ELIZABETH BALCH.





THE MEDIATION OF RALPH HARDELLOT.

BY PROF. W. MINTO, AUTHOR OF "CRACK OF DOOM."

CHAPTER XVIII.

RALPH AND HIS BROTHER SUMMONED BEFORE THE KING.



SOMETHING like a panic was produced in our little party by the reappearance of Sir Richard Rainham. To Ralph alone it was a relief, for the delight he found in Clara's presence, though keen to the point of ecstasy, was sadly crossed by pangs of misgiving. He hailed something to be done as a mandate from Heaven, a warning to shake off unholy spells.

Reginald was the first to find speech. "Here is a coil now! I told you what would happen. Why did you not let them make an end of him? My advice is that we ride off as fast as our horses will carry us."

"No," said Ralph, "I will stay and demand an interview with the King himself."

"You are mad, my dear brother!" returned Reginald. "You will soon have an interview with one of the King's officials without the trouble of demanding it, if we do not make haste out of here."

"It would be madness," answered Ralph, "not to confront our enemy. He has seen us here. If we run away, we shall seem to be guilty."

"It is not a question of guilt or innocence," returned Reginald. "He has the ear of power, and you have to choose between escaping with your life and remaining at his mercy."

"I will remain," said Ralph.

A squire was seen galloping back from the royal party.

"You have no choice now," said Reginald. "I told you how it would be."

"Do not endanger yourself, my dear Reginald," said Ralph. "You cannot help me by remaining. I have no fear. I am strong in the justice of my cause. It is Sir Richard Rainham that has reason to fear."

Reginald shook his head. With all his levity, he was strongly attached to his brother. He hesitated between what blind affection prompted and cool reason advised. It was true that his presence would be no help, but he could not leave his brother in the lions' den. He was already on horseback, but he would at least stay till the officer came up, and see what his message was. Meantime he turned to the ladies with a most courteous apology for the disagreeableness of the situation, and begged them to retire to the nunnery.

Clara was pale and silent. The sub-Prioress was chiefly concerned about the interruption of her very promising flirtation with Reginald. She held her wimple aside and looked up at him in arch remonstrance.

"I do not understand, sir," she said, "what all this means. Shall we not have the pleasure of seeing you in our hostrey?" And she cast her eyes down with modest simplicity. It was contrary to strict rules, of course, to ask a man into the hostrey or guest-chamber of the convent; but such liberties were sometimes taken.

The officer rode up before Reginald could explain. He had been sent to request the immediate attendance of both young men at the castle.

"But," said Reginald, "I am a messenger from the Chancellor on the King's service, and

I am now *en route* for the chancery with important despatches."

The officer answered that his orders were peremptory. He was told to bring both. No distinction was made between them.

Both accordingly went; and at the last moment Clara, instead of retiring to the nunnery, announced her intention of going also. Both Ralph and Reginald protested, but she insisted. She knew the facts, she said. The Princess Joanna took an interest in Dartford Priory, and she would ask to be allowed to see the princess. If Ralph was guilty of anything, she was guilty too; and if the peasants were to be blamed for their action against Sir Richard Rainham, it was on her account that they had put themselves in danger. The young men implored her in vain to leave them to face any accusation that might be brought against them, and tried in vain to persuade her that they were probably sent for merely to hear Ralph's story; they might go alone, she said, but she would follow them.

The officer demurred at first to taking Clara, urging that it was not in his commission, but when Reginald informed him that this was the lady who had been abducted, and had been in the dungeon with Ralph, he consented that she should accompany them, and promised to mention that she desired to speak with the princess.

As they passed through the courtyard Reginald, looking about him with well-sustained ease, recognised in the crowd the tax-farmer's assistant, whom he had whipped two days before. The man recognised him also, and began to jeer and make gestures of contempt, till a buffet from one of the domestics diverted his attention. Those who dealt in taxes were not in general favour. Still, Reginald was not over-pleased to see him there.

CHAPTER XIX.

HOW RAINHAM WAS DELIVERED FROM THE DUNGEON OF HIS OWN CASTLE.

A FEW words will explain Sir Richard Rainham's appearance with the hawking party, and the object of the king's advisers in commanding the presence of the two Hardelets.

The news of a rising of the peasants and the assault and capture of Sturmere Castle had reached Castle Hedingham early in the morning. The rumour ran that the attack had been headed by Jannequin Carter in re-

venge for the dishonour of his wife and other wrongs, and that Sir Richard Rainham had been cut to pieces, and the castle plundered and burnt to the ground.

This rumour had caused some excitement and alarm among the royal party, and a body of horse had been sent out to ascertain what had really happened. They had met on the way with the retainers of Dartford Priory bringing Clara, who had been lodged for the night in a house in the neighbourhood of Sturmere, to the safer and more comfortable quarters of Hedingham Nunnery. These men were able to give more accurate particulars, but they did not know what had become of Sir Richard Rainham. They understood that his life had been spared at the instance of the young clerk who was in the dungeon, but nothing further. They supposed that he was under guard somewhere about the castle.

With this news the scouts had returned, and the king's advisers, just before the royal party started to hawk in the upper valley of the Colne, had sent two officers with a few men-at-arms to Sturmere to make further investigations.

The officers were just in time to save Rainham's life. Ralph Hardelot had found no one among the insurgents hardy enough to keep guard over the prisoner and hand him over to justice, when he should have succeeded in persuading justice to take him in charge. Accordingly he had adopted the simple expedient of locking the knight into his own dungeon and carrying away the key, his humanity not going so far as to care much whether the prisoner should suffer for a few hours from want of food.

From this privation the knight had not suffered, but he had been in danger from another quarter. Jannequin Carter knew what had been done, and went to the deserted castle in order to break, if he could, into the dungeon. He had patiently battered and prised at the door for hours in vain, and at last had conceived the idea of piling wood and tar against it, and trying the effect of fire.

The officers found the poor scarecrow sitting at the top of the dungeon steps with his axe on his arm, waiting for the smoke to abate till he should go down and ascertain the result of his experiment. He made his escape before they thought of seeking to detain him.

The experiment had been successful, and in ten minutes more Jannequin would have had his revenge.

No orders had been given to the officers as to what they were to do with Rainham if they

found him; and when he spoke as the victim of a disorderly riot and proposed to go back with them to Hedingham to obtain assistance in punishing his assailants, they could not do otherwise than assent.

He rode with the officers from Sturmere in his disordered clothes as he was, the better to show how shamefully he had been treated; and in this guise, as a man who had been attacked in his own house and left without a change of raiment, he presented himself at the hawking party and laid his complaint before Sir Simon Burley.

It was a strong case as he put it. The lady whom he had carried off was his own wife. She was outside the walls of the priory when he seized her, so that he could not be accused of breaking into the Priory. The young clerk whom he had apprehended was a seditious priest. The apprehension was a proof of the knight's zeal for law and order, and his attack on the merchant's party admitted of the same justification. He had suspected them of being revolutionary agitators in disguise.

Further, he had obtained proof of this suspicion. The reader may remember that there was a small package among the goods seized which Simon d'Ypres had tried to retain as being unworthy of the attention of the pillagers. This package the knight had found to contain pretended extracts from *Domesday Book*, intended to excite villeins against their lords.

When Burley asked him why he, who had been promoted by the king for his military prowess, remained ingloriously at home, and had shirked the expedition to France, for which able soldiers were so much needed, even for this awkward question the knight had a ready reply. The lawless tenants who had now risen against him would neither pay their rents nor perform their services, and thus he had neither men nor money for the king's service. Naturally the knight said nothing of his own outrageous cruelties and tyrannies. Perhaps he was not conscious of them.

Sir Simeon Burley was embarrassed. He knew well that Rainham was no better than a bandit of a very coarse type, a disgrace to knighthood, a danger to the stability of the realm. But he knew also that it would not be easy to bring him to justice, or even to resist his confident demand for help in taking vengeance on his rebellious vassals. There were too many of the same type in England. The law was not strong enough for them. Besides, the struggle for power was so hot that no competitor cared to make enemies.

The statesman temporised. He heard what the knight had to say without committing himself, and conferred with the king and his companions. In the end Rainham was invited to Castle Hedingham, where he would at least obtain a change of raiment, and was promised that his case would be inquired into.

With this promise the knight was elated to the point of intoxication, and could not refrain from showing his triumph to Ralph and Clara as he rode past in the royal train. But his triumph was far from being secured. Forces had been stirred against him of which he was altogether unconscious.

Statesmen must use all sorts of instruments, and experience makes them indifferent to such trifles, but the knight's rough manners had made an unfavourable impression on the ladies of the court, and had disgusted the fastidious king. They had heard, too, by this time, through the retainers who brought Clara to the nunnery, something of that other side of the story, which the knight had not given in his communication to Burley.

CHAPTER XX.

RALPH IS QUESTIONED BEFORE THE KING.

It was at the king's request that the young men were summoned to his presence. As the royal party rode past, the word had been passed round that the group by the wayside contained the hero of the adventure which had been the talk of the morning, and the king had expressed an eager desire to see him. Ralph's generosity in saving the knight's life was not so agreeable to Burley. He was rather inclined to curse the interference which had prevented the removal of a troublesome subject, and saddled him with an annoying difficulty. But the king was much too young to look at the cares of state in a statesmanlike spirit. The chivalry of the action captivated his imagination, and the cleverness with which the knight had been made prisoner in his own dungeon touched his sense of humour all the more after he had seen the huge bulk of the doughty champion. "A duel between such a Goliath and a David," he had remarked to his friend Oxford, "would be a good pastime. We must see this David." Both boys were inclined to laugh at the discomfited giant, and to side with his youthful antagonist.

The king was prepossessed in Ralph's

favour, and the sight of the young man so manly and yet so modest and respectful in his bearing, pale with suppressed excitement, yet thoroughly self-possessed, confirmed the prepossession. "This is a creature of another mould, Verus," he whispered to Oxford, who sat by his chair on the dais in the hall of Castle Hedingham. The great hall, the whole second floor of the castle, was divided into two by a curtain, which hung beneath an arch spanning the whole breadth between wall and wall. The ladies still in their hunting habits watched the scene from the galleries of the noble room.

Burley undertook the task of questioning Ralph.

"Is it true," he asked, after some formalities, "that you are one of the new order of priests whom his Grace the Archbishop has interdicted?"

"It is true, sire," said Ralph, addressing his answers to the king, "that I put on the habit of a simple priest, but I did not then know of any interdict. I wore the habit only for a day, and my purpose is not to wear it again till the king is persuaded that our work is for the advantage of religion and of the realm."

"This is temperate language for a prophet," said Burley, in an aside to De la Pole, who raised his eyebrows in reply.

"We hear," continued Burley, "that some of you simple priests advise the Commons not to render rent or service to wicked lords—that is to say, lords whom it pleases you to consider wicked. Do you expect the king's sanction for such doctrines as this?"

"I know nothing, sire," answered Ralph stoutly, "of any such doctrine. On the contrary, I have heard my Master Wycliffe repeatedly say, and ground his words on the authority of the holy apostle Saint Paul, that all dues were to be rendered faithfully to earthly lords, however sinful they might be in their lives. This we do maintain, that tithes should not be paid to priests or monks or spiritual lords who are notorious evil-livers, but we distinguish between the offerings of the people for spiritual labour and obligations of rent or service."

"You have disputed in the schools, I presume?" said Burley.

Ralph bowed his head with dignity, but gave no verbal answer.

"How comes it," continued his questioner, "that you were found in company with those who would destroy all obligation of rent and service, all lordship and gentility?"

Burley asked the question with some sternness. He was himself at variance with some

of his villeins regarding their respective rights and duties.

"I know not who is meant, sire," said Ralph, addressing his answer to the king.

"The pretended merchants with whom you were travelling. Their real traffic was in seditious papers, intended to puff up foolish villeins with the delusion that they hold their land by free tenure."

"Of that, sire, I was ignorant," said Ralph.

"They would not have ventured their lives for you," Burley remarked, "if you had not been in their confidence."

"I knew nothing of the merchandise they carried," said Ralph.

"Did you hear no seditious talk among them?"

"I heard the leader, who called himself Simon d'Ypres, speak of the extortions and injustices of tyrannical lords, and he seemed to be hopeless of redress from the goodwill of the lords themselves, and to think that the commons should take the law into their own hands and avenge themselves on their tyrants."

The king started at this plain declaration.

"The truth is becoming manifest now," muttered Burley.

"A dangerous knave, sire, this Simon d'Ypres," said De la Pole.

Ralph threw himself before the king on one knee.

"I pray, sire," he pleaded, "that you will not deem it presumption in one so young as me to speak in the presence of these venerable counsellors. But I put my life in your hands, and with my whole heart beg you to cause inquiry to be made into the grievances of these men, and to grant them redress if it should seem to you that they suffer wrong. Believe me, sire, they are not wanting in loyalty to you, their sovereign lord. It is but despair that makes this Simon d'Ypres speak of the commons taking the law into their own hands—despair of their grievances coming to the ear of the king, mistrust of the law as blind and deaf to their cries for justice. And it is this despair that makes them hearken to the preachers of wild and dangerous doctrine. Noisy babblers tell them that the king and his nobles care nothing for them, and how can they believe otherwise if they are left to the tender mercies of their local tyrants, and their cries for protection are unheeded? Oh, sire, evil days are in store, if you suffer the poor commons to be plundered at the will of ruthless lords."

"Presumptuous youth!" interrupted Burley, who, while Ralph was speaking, had glanced over certain letters which his

secretary had handed to him. "Foolish parrot of sedition, do you dare to menace our sovereign lord the king? You have given this conceited clerk, sire, audience enough. I have here more important matters for your majesty's consideration."

It was Burley's policy to humour the boy king with an appearance of independence, and often he had to seem to give way in order to effect his purpose. Richard on this occasion asserted his own opinion.

"Stay one moment, good Burley," he said, somewhat petulantly, "an inquiry is all that he asks for. There is no menace or treason in that."

"If that is all, sire," answered Burley, "we may lay the matter before a full council, who will doubtless grant the poor commons their wish."

"If they do suffer wrong," said the king, "it is our duty to hear their complaints. The good Sir Guiscard D'Angle has often told me that clemency is a king's highest virtue, if he acts with the advice of his councillors."

"True, sire," said Burley, with a bow of profound respect. "Much good may come from an inquiry, and it is, besides, as your majesty says, 'the duty of a wise ruler.'"

"And as an earnest of our desire to do justice to all classes, might there not be a commission to inquire into this business at Sturmere?"

"It would be most proper, sire," said the supple statesman.

"This knight," continued the king, turning again to Ralph, "averts that his vassals will yield him neither rent nor service, so that he is unable to proceed to our wars in France."

"If they cannot pay their dues, sire," said Ralph, "it is because he and his retainers have pillaged them so bare that they have nothing to pay."

"It is a lie!" shouted Sir Richard Rainham.

"Hush," cried Burley, sternly; "we must have no loud wrangling in the king's presence."

The king's eyes sparkled with excitement. He half rose from his seat, crying:

"He gives the lie! Is he prepared to maintain the quarrel with his body?" The king glanced significantly at Oxford, and whispered that this had fallen out to a miracle.

Sir Richard Rainham looked aghast for a moment at this proposal. Things had taken a turn very different from what he had expected. As a rule he was not reluctant to fight, but he was exasperated at the attention that had been paid to his despised antagonist.

The king eagerly and peremptorily repeated his question.

"I will fight," said Rainham at last, in a surly tone, "only with men of my own rank and dignity!"

"You will fight," said Burley, "with whomsoever the king commands you to fight."

"What is this knight's origin?" demanded the king.

"My knighthood," answered Rainham, "takes origin from the hand of your gracious father. He knighted me on the field of Navaretta."

"I will knight the clerk myself this instant," cried the king, "rather than this purpose should go amiss."

"But, sire," whispered Oxford, "does the clerk know the use of arms?"

"Do you know the use of arms?" demanded the king. "He cannot but be expert," he continued aside to Oxford, "he captured the giant so cleverly."

Clara, who was now in the gallery waiting till the princess should be at leisure to speak with her, was so overjoyed at the turn things had taken, and so confident of victory, that she involuntarily answered the king's question aloud.

The king clapped his hands, and before Ralph could answer, exclaimed "He does! Then I fix the combat for to-morrow afternoon. If the knight should refuse, his spurs will be hacked from his heels by the common executioner."

CHAPTER XXI.

THE COMBAT.

"Woe to thee, O land, where the king is a child."

This reflection of the wisest of kings was often quoted during the minority of Richard II. "Where the cat is but a kitten," wrote the author of *Piers the Plowman*, "the court is full wretched."

The evil of having a boy on the throne was negative rather than positive. England needed at the time a king of more than human strength and wisdom—a king with a boy's warmth of heart, and more than a man's clearness of intellect and inflexibility of purpose.

It would have been well indeed for the realm if all the boy's generous impulses could have been realised by the nobles who surrounded him, each more intent upon his own aggrandisement than the profit of the kingdom. A sympathetic hearing of griev-

ances might have done much to allay the rising storm.

But satisfying redress was probably impossible for any mere man, and there was nothing for the nation but to "dree its weird." The system was corrupt in every joint, yet too full of vitality to make room for the growth of a new system without a series of convulsions. The rebellion now imminent was the first and the most violent; to avert it was probably beyond human strength.

Suppose the young king, a generous and affectionate, if somewhat wayward and capricious boy, could have been humoured by his sage advisers in his natural pity for suffering and his youthful benovolent ardour to be the champion and protector of the oppressed. Miles upon miles of social quagmire and precipice, of torrents to be bridged and hills to be tunnelled, of difficulties for which the physical world hardly affords a parallel, lay between desire and fulfilment. Could any human engineer have been found equal to such a road? Commissions of inquiry? Where could honest commissioners have been found in that age of bribery? Where judges whose decisions would have commanded confidence? Even the money to pay the barest expenses of the necessary machinery was beyond the resources of the king's exchequer. Perhaps it might have been found if the Government could have abandoned all claim upon France. This had to be done ultimately, and England survived it, and was the better for it, as we can all see now. But at the time it would have been denounced by nine-tenths of the nobles as cowardly, and as meaning the extinction of England. They would not give up the playground where they had been accustomed for years to enjoy the exciting sport of war.

"These freaks of the king's will get us into trouble," said Michael De la Pole to Burley as they left the hall. "Such commissions are impossible. The council will never consent to them."

Burley knew this as well as De la Pole, and had his own views in humouring the king as far as he had done; but he was a wary man, and kept his own counsel. He was too discreet even to assent to dispraise of the powerful—"For a bird of the air shall carry the voice."

"There can be no harm at least in a battle between Rainham and the clerk. And, by the by, I must see his brother. There is a complaint against him also. They are a troublesome family."

Reginald's affair was very quickly settled.

Burley heard his story, which he had the tact to make brief and apologetic, told him, with a laugh, that he must account for his conduct to the Chancellor, and dismissed him to continue his journey. At the same time he directed his secretary to see that the tax-farmer's man was sent out of the castle. This ruffian furnished the younger members of the royal retinue with a very good ten minutes diversion. They aided and abetted a party of the domestics in making him walk a plank into the moat. The plank was run out from the wall, the man was placed on it and encouraged with pricks of a spear to make the leap. He did not quite clear the moat, but he succeeded in scrambling out on the other side. Let not the reader grumble that he cannot treat his "taxour" in the same fashion.

The king's delight in a pitched combat was worthy of the son of the Black Prince and the grandson of Edward III. It was eminently a generous instinct in him; the mere love of excitement thoroughly qualified by chivalrous sentiment. As his father's only surviving child, and the sole hope of a faction, he had been indulged and pampered in his caprices, but he had none of the Neronic excess of cruelty and unqualified delight in bloodshed. A few years later, when he had grown to manhood, he proposed a characteristic plan for settling a long-standing feud with France. To stay the effusion of Christian blood and the horrors of protracted war, he proposed that the issue should be decided once for all by single combat between himself and the king of France, or a single pitched battle between two equal sides, composed of the two kings and their uncles, or armies of such size as might be agreed upon. We have often heard such a method of settling international quarrels proposed in bitter jest: here it was proposed in earnest by a chivalrous king, but overruled as a fantastic extravagance, which perhaps it was.

Burley agreed with ready tact to the combat between the knight and the clerk. He thought he saw through it a way as good as any out of the difficulty in which the circumstances had placed his statesmanship.

His first care was to put the combat on a judicial footing. The ordeal by combat was, as is doubtless known to every reader, a recognised legal institution for centuries after the date of our story—a regular method of deciding between accuser and accused.

Ralph had not brought a formal accusation before the king against the knight, but it

was an accusation that could easily be put in form. In the first year of Richard II. a statute had been revived forbidding subjects to maintain in their households brigands, robbers, oppressors of the people, ravishers of women, and such like lawless ruffians. Ralph had virtually accused Sir Richard Rainham of the crime thus forbidden, and of being himself such a one as the legislature was trying to root out. Rainham had given the lie to his accuser. It was perfectly in order that the question of truth or falsehood should be decided by personal combat.

That in those combats Providence fought on the side of right, and that the stronger arm was enfeebled by the consciousness of an unjust cause, was devoutly believed by many. But those who held themselves superior to this superstition were obliged to own that the combat decided in the interests of justice almost as often as any other mode of judicial procedure. If the stronger arm had an advantage in battle, the higher rank and the longer purse had an equally unfair advantage in a lawsuit. Plain justice was not easily to be had by any mode in the fourteenth century.

The place chosen for the combat was at some little distance from Castle Hedingham, near the village now known as Gestingthorpe. The castle itself stands on an eminence shaped like a truncated cone: the plateau on the top in front of the castle was large enough for jousting if the whole space had been clear, but at present it was occupied with the tents of the royal retinue. At Gestingthorpe was the regular jousting ground where the young retainers of the Oxford family exercised themselves in arms, and where the countryfolks gathered on festival days for their sports. A space was inclosed by a permanent fence, and there was an elevated stand in tiers such as may now be seen on race courses. Tournaments were as familiar spectacles in the fourteenth century as races are now.

By the afternoon fixed for the combat all was in readiness. Some difficulty was experienced in getting armour large enough for the stout knight of Sturmere, but at length a suit of sufficient dimensions was found in the well-furnished armoury of the castle. Though Ralph was also big of bone, he was of much sparer build, and he also was fitted to the satisfaction of Michael De la Pole, who acted as marshal.

Considering the impulsive caprice in which the duel originated, and the shortness of the time for preparation, it was wonderful what an amount of dignity and solemnity was given to the proceedings. Our mediæval ancestors excelled in the art of impressive ceremonial.

The royal party rode out in state. Rank was measured in those days by the size of the retinue, and though the whole household was not displayed except on great occasions, yet even on a private visit the king and his mother travelled with a large number of knights and squires in their train. When to them were added the trains of the young Earl of Oxford, and of De la Pole, not yet a nobleman, but one of the richest and most magnificent and ostentatious of the king's subjects, it was a goodly procession of richly-dressed men and women and richly caparisoned horses that met the eyes of the rustics, whom the quickly-spread news of the combat had gathered from the whole county side.

The king, already a fancier of high-bred horses, rode on a white Arab, which his uncle of Lancaster had lately imported for him from Spain. But though he was pleased with his new acquisition, and indulged the vain steed in a showy exhibition of his graces, and was eager in his anticipation of the combat, he had already been schooled to wear a certain air of royal gravity in public, and rode silently beside his mother, restraining a strong inclination to discuss with his favourite Oxford the chances of the battle.

What the king would fain have done, the irresponsible vulgar did freely. The two antagonists almost divided attention with the splendour of the royal group. They had heard mass in the Church of St. Nicholas in the morning, and had been duly shrived before starting for the lists, and the faces of both as they rode with their vizors up were so grave and steadfast that you could hardly have told which was most impressed with the solemnity of the occasion. But when they neared the lists, and the crowd there assembled, the sympathy of the crowd was so markedly with the younger man that the knight's face changed to an ugly expression of malign defiance.

The sympathy with Ralph was all the stronger that it was the general belief that he was overmatched. The knight was so much larger in bulk, and was besides a warrior of experience and repute. The only chance for Ralph in popular opinion lay in what would now be called want of training in his antagonist. Complete armour was so heavy, and its defence was so perfect, that a combatant often succumbed to exhaustion without receiving a wound. Walsingham records a case which happened about this time of a duellist who died on the field from sheer fatigue and want of air, though he had never received a scratch or puncture. Now Rainham had not been in active service

for six years, and was too bulky to be in good condition, so that if he did not overcome the young man quickly there was a chance that his strength would fail him, and on this chance the crowd built their hopes and waited eagerly for the issue. The combat was with lance, sword, and dagger, and there was more likelihood of a protracted contest than if battle-axes or maces had been permitted.

But it was all over in a much shorter time than had been anticipated. No time was lost in getting into action, and yet the preliminary formalities took longer than the fight.

The royal party rode into the inclosure, dismounted, and took their seats on the stand, which was covered with red cloth. Behind the king's chair in the centre was a canopy richly hung with silk and cloth of gold, and the banners of Oxford, Kent, De la Pole, and Burley added to the richness of the effect.

As they took their seats, Clara Roos was conspicuous in the brilliant company by her black dress and the gravity of her mien. It was no casual pastime to her, this solemn duel. The princess, who had been warmly interested in her tale, had brought her there, and the buzz went round the crowd that the figure in black was the heroine of the adventure in the dungeon.

The king seated in state, the combatants rode into the lists, and with lances lowered and heads bent halted opposite the throne, while a loud-voiced herald read the accusation, and demanded of Ralph whether he adhered to it and was prepared to defend it with his body. Then the herald read it a second time, and demanded of Rainham whether he adhered to his declaration of its falsehood, and was prepared to maintain the same with his body. Then each combatant in turn made oath that he had no charm or spell about his person, and that he had used no sorcery or enchantments to help him in getting the victory.

The squires in attendance then closed their helmets, and they were marshalled to their stations at opposite ends of the lists.

Then there was dead silence for a few moments, the whole crowd gazing in breathless expectation, waiting for the signal to engage. The signal was given by the king in a distinct voice, audible through the whole silent throng:—

"Laissez aller! God defend the right!"

Instantly two trumpeters sounded a thrilling blast, and the combatants dashed together, the thunder of their galloping steeds mingling with the murmur of the agitated crowd.

The horses met like two flashes of light, the spears were delivered, and the sound of the trumpets was drowned in a discordant roar at the sight of what had been done.

Ralph, confident in his skill, had attempted and accomplished the difficult feat of hitting his antagonist on the helmet. This he had done with so true an aim, and with such force of arm that his spear-point had torn off the vizor. The knight was bent back by the force of the blow and the vizor sent flying behind him. Ralph himself seemed to sway a little to the right, but he recovered himself, and his horse passed straight on.

At this unexpected feat on the part of their favourite, the silence of the crowd was broken by a huge roar of delight, but this was suddenly mixed with a yell of rage from one half when the knight's spear-head was seen sticking in his opponent's thigh. To one half of the spectators, of course, this result was not visible.

The king had seen the unknighly blow delivered. He sprang to his feet in angry excitement, exclaiming—"A foul blow! A foul blow!" and with a loud "Hoo!" hurled his *bâton* into the lists as a signal for the combat to stop. At this signal the men-at-arms in keeping of the lists galloped between the combatants.

The king held a hurried consultation with Burley and De la Pole, while from the ring of excited people round the lists came a tumult of confused speculation, varied by volleys of hooting and cries for the punishment of the knight as a recreant. The king was vehemently in sympathy with this feeling.

"It was a foul blow," he eagerly repeated. "The knight should have his spurs hacked off and be hanged on the spot as a common felon!"

Burley tried to calm the excited boy. He saw the way clear now for the plan which he had conceived. While joining in therefore with the king's indignation at the unfairness of the blow, he suggested that De la Pole should go and make inquiry as to the nature of the wound which Ralph had received, and ascertain whether the knight had any explanation to offer.

"He will say, of course, that it was an accident," cried the king, "but I saw him take deliberate aim!"

Nevertheless, De la Pole was sent on his errand of inquiry, and in his absence Burley advised the king not to proceed to extremities. Charles the Fifth of France was now known to be on his death-bed. They were in daily expectation of the news of his death. The struggle

with France would then probably enter on a more acute phase, and the English side would need the services of every capable warrior. Burley's advice, given with all humility and respect, was in effect that Rainham should be pardoned on condition of his at once raising a company of men-at-arms, and joining the Earl of Buckingham in Brittany. Ralph also might be of service to them in dealing with the discontented commons at home.

Richard did not like the advice, but he stood in a certain awe of the adviser, and was easily led by gentle treatment. The judicious counsellor had talked him over before De la Pole rejoined them with the news that Ralph's wound was not serious, the spear-head having stuck between two plates of the thigh-armour without penetrating deep into the flesh.

On hearing this intelligence the king looked thoughtful and irresolute, as if he wished to go back from his pacific conclusion. Burley watched his face with a kindly, paternal smile. Meantime the princess, who had been conversing earnestly with Clara, beckoned to De la Pole to come to her.

"Why should not the combat go on now?" whispered the king to Burley as De la Pole hastened to obey the summons of the princess.

Burley met his hesitating eyes with kindly gravity. "It would be more like an execution now than a combat," he said slowly, "since the clerk is not seriously wounded, and the knight's face is undefended. To stop the combat when one of them seemed to have the worst of it, and resume it when it became known that he had suffered little hurt, would appear like an undue favouring of one of the parties."

The king could not deny the justice of this plain consideration, but still he hesitated and hankered after a renewal of the fight. "I wish I had allowed them to go on," he muttered. "It was on account of the unfairness of the blow that I interposed my *bâton*." His brow cleared as he said this, but was clouded again when conscience reminded him that after all partiality for the young clerk and repugnance to the brutal knight had influenced his action.

He fretted and chafed for a few instants longer, but a message that De la Pole brought back from the princess ended his indecision. It was the prayer of the princess speaking for herself and the other ladies that the combat should not proceed to the further effusion of blood.

On his hearing this, the king's face again brightened up, and he smiled to his mother to signify that he assented to her request.

A proffer was then made to Sir Richard Rainham. The knight did not obtain a choice between resumption of the combat and service in Brittany, but between this and degradation from the honour of knighthood. He looked black when the conditions were named to him, but did not hesitate long between the alternatives.

Proclamation was then made to the crowd that the combat was at an end; that Sir Richard Rainham had committed a dastardly act, for which he deserved to forfeit his spurs, but that the king was graciously pleased to pardon him on condition that he proceeded at once to Brittany to reinforce the king's armies there.

The mob would have been much better pleased if the battle had been resumed, but the removal of the tyrannous knight for a time from the neighbourhood was some gratification, and when Burley cried in a loud voice, "God save the King, for he is a wise and merciful prince!" the mob shouted heartily in response. Before the royal party left the lists, the king handsomely fed a strolling troupe of jugglers, tumblers and minstrels which had followed him to Castle Hedingham, and they were instructed to exhibit their feats for the amusement of the people as some amends for the loss of a more exciting spectacle.

CHAPTER XXII.

A MISSION FOUND FOR RALPH BY ONE OF THE KING'S ADVISERS.—STOURBRIDGE FAIR.

FOR Ralph also the sagacious Burley found a purpose. Reflecting on what he had heard about his namesake Simon d'Ypres, he had come to the conclusion that this man, with his views about the commons taking the law into their own hands, and his bundles of inflammatory documents, was bound for Stourbridge Fair with designs upon which the government would do well to keep an observant eye.

These great fairs served much more important ends in the social economy of the Middle Ages than we can easily conceive now, and offered great facilities among other things for the hatching of widespread plots, because people of all classes gathered to them from all parts of the country.

Few of the once celebrated fairs have entirely disappeared, but they survive in very attenuated forms, the most pitiable ghosts of their former selves; dealing now in horses,

or fruit, or toys, where once they transacted the weightiest business of exchange; over in a few hours, where once they lasted for days or even weeks. Railways have robbed them of their utility and their glory. But it is not so long ago since the exchange of the country could no more have been carried on without them than it could now be without railways, and pushing commercial travellers, and gigantic warehouses, and the other various huge apparatus of trade.

In the fourteenth century Stourbridge Fair, on the south bank of the Cam, near Cambridge, was one of the greatest of them; one of the great fairs of Europe, on a par then with the great Russian fair of Nijni Novgorod, which still retains its eminence. What a falling off is there! In the fourteenth century, the banks of the Cam were much more widely known for their great annual fair than for their university. Even so late as the reign of Queen Anne, a learned Fellow of Trinity considered it not beneath his dignity to celebrate the humours of *Nundinae Stourbrigenses* in Latin hexameters.¹ Trinity still has learned Fellows, but how many of them can point out the site of Stourbridge Fair? How many know that there ever was a fair at Stourbridge? Stourbridge indeed is still not unknown in the eastern counties to the careful farmer studious of horseflesh. And there is still one important, if humble, article of commerce whose prices for the year is regulated by Stourbridge Fair—onions. Ye gods, onions! Reduced to a staple of onions, the place that was once the resort of the merchants of Europe, to which Flanders sent her cloths, France her wines, Spain her horses; to which the cities of Italy and the Hans League transported the merchandise of the far East. Even Oxford acknowledged the commercial pre-eminence of the rival seat of learning, for did not her colleges lay in at Stourbridge their winter provision of salt fish?

But let us forget that the glory of Stourbridge has departed, that the streams of trade no longer converge upon banks that now know their wildest excitement on days that are sacred to the feats of college eights.

In 1380 there was not a town in England between Berwick and Calais that was not represented on Stourbridge Green. From the midland and the eastern counties bargain-hunters came hopefully from every parish. The fair was open for weeks, and the booths

of the traffickers were regularly built in streets or rows, named after the article of trade to which they were assigned. The curious little Norman chapel, one of the architectural curiosities of Cambridge, which now lies boarded up, uncared-for and unnoticed, in an angle between the embankments of the railway and the road to Newmarket, stood on the outskirts of the fair at the south-eastern corner. Its condition reflects only too faithfully the departed greatness of the fair; in its palmy days it was the chapel of a hospital for lepers, to which the franchise of the fair belonged. From this corner, where for so many generations the sound of morning-song and evening-song mingled with the roaring traffic, the fair stretched along the main road of Barnwell, as far as the grounds of the Priory, and filled the whole space between that and the river. The Horse Fair was held on the open meadow opposite Chesterton; the Cloth Fair, or "Duddery," along the Barnwell Road; the greengrocers had a street to themselves, "Garlic Row," running at right angles from the road down to the river; the Wool Fair was on the eastern side near the chapel; down by the river the merchants of charcoal and iron landed their goods from barges to their appointed station, and the leather-sellers were conveniently near the market for horses. The University and the Town, which often had quarrels over the revenue of the fair—the lucrative custody of public weighing beams being a great bone of contention—were both represented in the temporary city; the mayor and the proctor each had his booth. And right in the middle of the fair stood a strong building of wood designed for the accommodation of thieves and brawlers.

All the necessities and all the luxuries of mediæval life were to be had at Stourbridge Fair, and all classes thronged towards Cambridge in the middle of September. The knight came there to buy furs and jewellery, silks and laces, for his wife and daughters; bowstaves for his archers, armour and horses for himself and his retinue. Monasteries laid in their stock of wine and spices, and haggled with the goldsmiths, and silversmiths, and wood-carvers of Flanders and Germany, over ornaments for their chapels. The wealthy sheep-farming franklin carried home from Stourbridge, in exchange for his wool, a waggon load of tar for his sheep; cloth to make clothes for his workmen; iron to make implements for his farm; leather to make harness for his horses; pots and pans and brushes for his household. Vessels of iron and brass; wines from Spain, Guienne, Bur-

¹ "Quisquis es, O igitur moneo, dum Sirius ardet
Pulverasque ciet tempestas plurima nubes,
Si tantum paucos iterumque iterumque rogando
Extorquere asses potes e Custode severo,
Ire pedes noli, longum est iter, et tibi Rhedam,
Quâ vectere, bonam solidi pars quarta parabit."

gundy, Tuscany, Crete, Greece; currants, raisins, almonds, from the Levant; tar and pitch from Norway; fur and amber from Russia; armour from Milan; cutlery from Sheffield; linens and lawns, diapers and holland from Bruges and Liege, Mechlin and Ghent; there was nothing that was not to be seen and bargained for at the world-famous market.

And because of the vast congregation of people from all quarters, servants coming in the train of their masters, there were great facilities at such a fair for the organisation of discontent. Secret conferences could be held; notes of grievances compared; measures concerted; brotherhoods formed; signals and watchwords agreed upon.

One of the puzzles of the great Peasant's Rebellion of 1381, the magnitude of which is disguised when it is called Wat Tyler's, and spoken of as a mere impromptu expansion of a tax-collecting riot, is to understand how it was organised. It was really the greatest social convulsion that this kingdom has ever experienced, a widespread and deep-rooted rebellion compared with which all our other civil dissensions between barons and barons, York and Lancaster, king and parliament, Jacobite and Hanoverian, were superficial commotions. The great deeps of society were stirred as they had never been before and never have been since. The quickness with which the storm passed, the absence of visible result, the small space it occupies consequently in our histories have caused its stupendous violence to be forgotten. The gathering at Blackheath under Tyler, the invasion of London by the mobs of Kent and Essex, was but part of a movement by which all England was thrown into momentary confusion. On the same day every town of consequence in England, north and south, east and west, York, Canterbury, Lincoln, Cambridge, Winchester, Bristol, Coventry, was assailed by the armies of the peasants, formidable though untrained. Every important town was as it were the centre of a circle in the circumference of which the insurgents gathered in bands, and converged along every radius, raising their comrades as they marched.

How was this simultaneous rising planned with such secrecy and completeness, that on the appointed day all sprang into motion like automatons under the touch of a single hand? It was done at the fairs; the great national assemblies, the unconventional parliaments of the Middle Ages. Here leaders from all parts of the country could meet and make their arrangements. Once the organisation was begun, it could be completed by itinerant

friars, strolling minstrels, beggars and pilgrims, or conspirators travelling under those familiar figures, but it was at the fairs that the plans were first concocted, which were afterwards carried to such perfection.

After the rebellion, the government tried to check conspiracy by enacting that wherever six or seven peasants were seen in conference, it was the duty of loyal subjects to arrest them. But this was after they had shown themselves capable of combination. Before the rebellion, none of the ruling classes seriously believed in the possibility of combination among the despised rustics.

Still, when Burley knew that a man pretending to be a merchant, and known to hold revolutionary views, and to carry with him bundles of incendiary documents, was on his way to a gathering so crowded as Stourbridge Fair, he deemed it prudent to keep an eye on his movements; and he proposed to use Ralph Hardelot as a means for laying hands on him and his fellow conspirators, if he had any.

Was Ralph then already corrupted by royal favour? Was he so weak as to consent to play the spy upon the man who, from whatever motive, had helped to save his life?

No; the young man's loyalty was undoubtedly strengthened by the favour which the king had shown him. It was warmed to something like devotion. But the sagacious Burley knew human nature too well to propose to him the mission of a spy. It was only indirectly that he planned to learn something through Ralph of the movements of Simon d'Ypres, and to capture him and his whole gang if they seemed to meditate anything dangerous.

Ralph was to be sent to his acquaintance as a mediator, to assure him and his fellows that the king was most favourably inclined to them, was deeply sensible of the miseries of the poor commons, and ready to inquire into their grievances and redress them to the utmost of his power. Ralph was to seek the pretended merchant at Stourbridge Fair, and give him this assurance of the king's sympathy and goodwill.

This he could do most honestly, for had he not with his own ears heard the king declare that an inquiry was not too much to ask, and had the king not taken his own part in the quarrel with Rainham?

Of Burley's ulterior designs the young man knew nothing and suspected nothing. He had found sympathy and help himself in high places, and had seen in the generous young king an eager disposition to extend the same to the poorest of his subjects. He was

ignorant of the hard reasons of state and the hard interests of statesmen that might stand between the king's generous disposition and its practical fruition.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE PRINCESS SENDS HER CHAPLAIN TO RALPH TO SOUND HIM ABOUT HIS FEELINGS TO CLARA.

THE mission with which Ralph was entrusted gave him the very opportunity that he longed for. His first step into the great arena had prospered beyond his most sanguine hopes. In this enterprise of reconciliation between hostile elements, he had not expected even to get audience of any man in power without long waiting and much importunity, and he had nerved himself to face patiently a protracted series of rebuffs. But already, without any effort of his own, he had been lifted to the very top of what he had expected to be a toilsome ascent: the king had heard him graciously; he was already the king's commissary, charged with a message of sympathy to the poor commons, bearing to their leaders an assurance of the king's willingness to redress their grievances. Ralph saw the hand of Providence in this rapid success, and though it made his heart glow and his head swim as with a sense of dizziness, he guarded himself firmly and prayerfully against the vanity of undue elation.

And in spite of the new strength breathed through and through him by his unexpected good fortune, he could not cast wholly out of his heart the trouble planted there by his meetings with Clara. The insidious adversary shifted ground and plied him with new casuistry.

Was there not a more excellent way towards the fulfilment of his vow than any he had yet conceived? To live in voluntary poverty; to distribute his rents among the poor; to go about among them in their wretched homes; to preach the rule of Christ to them in churchyard and market-place; to mediate between them and the careless rich; to exhort the powerful to amend their wrongs—these were the aims to which he had devoted himself. But was it necessary to cut himself off from woman's companionship? Could not these things be done better with woman's help? Could not the spirit of his vow be still better kept without strict adherence to the letter? With Clara's wealth added to his own, he could set a still

more signal example of just and merciful treatment of tenants. Example is better than precept. Well-spent wealth is better than patient poverty.

These thoughts ran through him in a flash, involuntarily, as if suggested by some power outside himself, and before he could confront and check them with the stern fact that Clara Roos was legally and ceremonially the wife of another. He crossed himself with horror, and violently repelled the temptation to apostasy.

From all the tumult and agitation of soul produced by the conflict between will and lingering desire, Ralph's main purpose gained greatly in motive force. Public spirit, zeal for the common good, is often reinforced in this way by personal feeling dammed up and denied free course in its natural channel. The energy thus engendered demands an outlet, and presses with powerful impulse behind any noble purpose in which the heart finds compensation. But to this end the old channel must be securely and resolutely closed. Fortune favoured Ralph also in his will to hold forward without looking back or turning aside.

It so happened that the Princess Joanna, the young king's mother, the widow of the Black Prince, interested herself warmly in Clara Roos. The Fair Maid of Kent had had her own love troubles, and affairs of the heart appealed to her. Only the year before she had favoured and had succeeded in effecting a love-match between her own daughter Maude, reputed the fairest lady in England, and a French prisoner, the young Count de St. Paul. Clara, wedded ceremonially to a brute whom she refused to acknowledge as her husband, interested the kind-hearted princess, and her interest took a practical form. She resolved to bring influence to bear on the Pope to procure a dissolution of the marriage.

But match-breaking without fresh match-making could interest no good-natured, motherly woman. Accordingly the princess's plans stretched farther. She had seen the manly young clerk, and she had seen how Clara looked at him. That wilful young woman could as a rule keep her own counsel well, but this secret, in the agitating scenes through which she had passed, it had been beyond her power to conceal from an observant eye with a sympathetic clue. The princess had watched her face in the gallery when Ralph was questioned before the king, and again in the lists when his life was in danger.

But what were the young man's feelings? This also kindly curiosity prompted the

benignant princess to discover if she could. She sent her chaplain, Father William de Fulbourne, on a message of inquiry.

Now the chaplain, though a man of tact and discretion, had no great love for the disciples of Wycliffe, and there was a point in his interview with Ralph where this antipathy got the better of him. He was a friar of the Dominican Order, and friars of all the four orders were denounced by Wycliffe as Cain's kin, the children of Judas. Hence it was natural that he should find it hard to forego a chance of showing his contempt for the heretic.

The princess's first charge to him had been to assure Ralph of her personal sympathy with the poor commons, and to bid him convey this assurance to their leaders. It was her son's popularity that she had in view in sending this message, and the chaplain delivered it with gracious dignity.

Then the chaplain began to probe the young man gently on a more tender point, informing him of the princess's interest in Clara, and putting questions about her and the Knight of Sturmere. He mentioned as his reason for putting those questions that the princess was minded to procure a dissolution of the marriage.

"You seem troubled, my son," the chaplain said in a kindly tone. "Come, unburden yourself to me. Confess. Do you not love this lady? It may yet be lawful for you to love her."

"I did love her, father," answered Ralph hoarsely, "and it has been a hard struggle to forget her. I had forgotten. I could think of her calmly. My heart was at peace. But now —"

"You have seen her again, and the struggle is harder than before?"

"It is harder. But I do not despair."

"Be comforted, my son. The Church is lenient to those who do their utmost against sin. And it may yet be lawful. My lady is a gracious princess, and has set her heart on the removal of this impediment."

"It is impossible," said Ralph, in a firmer tone. Somehow the suggestion that had disturbed him so much when it came involuntarily from his own imagination, disturbed him less and was easier to resist when it came before him definitely from human lips.

"Why impossible?" asked the chaplain. "Much is possible to princes, when they move the Holy Father against what is in itself a scandal and a profanation."

"It is not that," answered Ralph. "I have made a vow. I have forsworn earthly love."

"To whom?" said the chaplain sharply. It was here that his antipathy to Wycliffe crossed the kindly interest he had begun to take in the young man.

Ralph did not answer.

"From rash vows," continued the chaplain, "made without the sanction of the Church, the Church will readily grant absolution on true repentance and due penance."

"Mine was not a rash vow," said Ralph gravely. The chaplain was unintentionally strengthening his resolution.

"I did not know," pursued the chaplain, "that your Master Wycliffe set much store by vows. He has disregarded his own lightly enough."

"Therein he is misjudged," said Ralph, and thereafter held his peace while the friar vented his anger against the heretic doctor. Master Fulbourne, though a hot-tempered man, was naturally gentle, and meeting with no resistance, he soon recovered his equanimity, and remembered that he had come as a friendly ambassador to the misguided youth.

"Peace be with you, my son," he said at length. "I am sorry that your obstinacy should cross the kind intentions of so gracious and benign a lady as the princess."

Ralph begged him to assure the princess of his humble devotion and gratitude. Then as the chaplain was leaving, he preferred a hesitating but earnest request. Although, he said, he could not love this lady, he had the deepest concern for her welfare, and he knew of another, an honest gentleman, who loved her dearly, and might, if impediments were removed, pretend to her hand. This was his brother Reginald. If the princess could further his suit, it would be for the happiness of all.

All this was reported in time to Clara, whom the princess took into her train, and removed with her next day from Castle Hedingham. And how did Clara take Ralph's self-abnegation and earnest suit for his brother? She heard it all very demurely, but she was a wilful and tenacious person, and did not lightly abandon what she had set her heart upon. She laughed to herself in happy contentment when she was alone. It was clear that Ralph still loved her, however much he might struggle against it, and this was enough. Time would bring the rest.

(To be continued.)



From a Water-Colour Drawing by THOMAS GIRTIN (British Museum).

THE ENGLISH ART.

THE foundations of the great English school of painting in water-colour rest on the practice of the miniaturists of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, as that, in its turn, reposes partly on the experience gained in the illumination of manuscripts, partly on the example of Holbein. Some day, when the history of British art comes at last to be written, it may be found that Hilliard, the Olivers, and their less remembered rivals, had a more continuous descent than we can at present allow from those early men on whom Vertue attempted to base his claim to priority in the revival of art for his countrymen. But as yet we must be satisfied with a less ambitious pedigree. We must be content to see in the chalk portraits of Holbein the exciting cause of the favour in which miniatures were held between the accession of Elizabeth and the death of Charles II., and in the experience of the illuminators, the storehouse to which the limners turned for their technical methods. For our present purposes Nicholas Hilliard may be taken as the founder of the whole school. Born at Exeter in 1547, he was the son of one Richard Hilliard, High Sheriff of Devon in the year that saw his son's thirteenth birthday. His

pedigree is given by Dallaway, and shows that, at least, on his mother's side, he was connected with that trade of goldsmith which has given so many painters to Christendom. To the same trade he was himself apprenticed, but his inclinations led him to a higher form of art. For painting, however, no master was then to be had in Devon, so Hilliard set himself to study the works of Holbein. How he then got at them it is difficult now to guess, but there is enough resemblance between his miniatures and the drawings at Windsor to preclude the notion of accident. That Hilliard, later in life, had abundant opportunities for studying these drawings, we know. He even compiled a body of critical notes upon them, of which use was apparently made by the author of a curious manuscript in the British Museum.¹ But that he had access even in boyhood to examples of the Augsburg master's work in crayon, seems certain from his style in the earliest miniatures that have come down to us. "Holbein's manner of limning I have ever imitated, and hold it for the best," he wrote, and in his best works we find the pallid complexion and flat modelling to which

¹ Harl., No. 6000

the imitation of crayon drawings with brush and colour would pretty surely lead. Hilliard's fame was great in his own time. In an often quoted passage Dr. Donne expresses the common opinion when he says

"— a hand or eye
By Hilliard drawn, is worth a history
By a worse painter made."

Richard Heydock, in his translation of *Lomazzo on Painting*, published in 1598, says "Limnings, much in use in former times in church books, as also in drawing by the life in small models, of late years by some of our countrymen, as Shoote, Betts, &c., but brought to the rare perfection we now see by the most ingenious, painful, and skilful master, Nicholas Hilliard and his well profiting scholar, whose farther commendations I refer to the curiositie of his works;" and again "the perfection of painting in them is so extraordinary, that when I devised within myself the best argument to set it forth, I found none better than to persuade him to do it himself to the view of all men by his pen, as he had before unto very many by his learned pencil, which in the end he assented to; and by me promiseth a treatise of his own practice that way with all convenient speed." This treatise Hilliard wrote, so that his name must be entered among those of the earliest English writers on art, as well as among the pioneers of practice. Hilliard's vogue lasted to the end of his life. His favour was great with Elizabeth and greater still with James. From both he had, for a time, the exclusive right to portray the royal visage. Mary Stuart, too, he painted, though where the sitting took place it is hard to say, and few of the more important courtiers at the end of the sixteenth century failed to test the powers of his squirrel brush.

For Hilliard painted with a *pinceau fait des poils de la queue d'un escureuil*,¹ on tablets of pecorella (abortive vellum), backed with cardboard. These he seems to have prepared according to a method described by Peacham as that of one Hippolito Donato, a famous Roman miniaturist. On a card rubbed down with pumice-stone, a sheet of pecorella of the required size was pasted with fine starch, and then pressed and polished for use. The backing to Hilliard's miniature of Elizabeth, now in the National Portrait Gallery, is a playing card—the Queen of Hearts.

Hilliard died in the first week of 1619, and was buried in St. Martin's-in-the-Fields. Walpole declares our gratitude is chiefly due

to him for what he did to form Isaac Oliver. The latter, however, does not seem to have been very long with Hilliard, for he worked for a time under Zuccherro, and Vertue even believed he had studied in Italy. But the reasons for that belief are far from conclusive, while the mere absence of evidence on the point leaves but little doubt that Oliver never made a journey, which was a great undertaking in his time, and for a man of his station. As to another doubtful point in Isaac's biography, such evidence as there is seems about equally divided. Was he English or French? Was his name Oliver or Olivier? In his will he spells it English fashion; on his drawings, French. At Caen, in Normandy, one Pierre Olivier, painter, was living in 1517, but Hondius, Sandrart, and all other foreign writers who mention Isaac, call him English, while a historian (Burton) of Leicestershire says: "Of this family (Oliver), settled at East Norton, in 1570, was Isaac Oliver, the curious limner, as I have heard." However this may be, Isaac was in art the heir to Hilliard. His method was the same, although his miniatures are far richer in colour, and more solid in effect than his master's. He painted, too, occasionally, in oil, "drew histories in small," and wrote upon his art. As a rule he signed his work with a monogram identical with the Greek Φ , but on the splendid little full length of Lord Dorset, at South Kensington, he writes his name in full, Latinised thus, *Isaac Olivierus fecit*, as if he were more than usually proud of his performance, as well, indeed, he might be.

Isaac Oliver died in Blackfriars, in 1617, aged sixty-one or sixty-two, and—one feels inclined to say—was succeeded, like a king, by his son Peter. Peter was a more prolific, and, in some ways, a less *borné*, master than Isaac. Walpole says he was accustomed to make replicas of all his works for his own use—a laborious habit to which he often did honour, no doubt, by the breach of it. Like Hilliard and Isaac Oliver, Peter worked much for the Court. During "the troubles," the miniatures he produced for Charles I. and his courtiers were dispersed. At the Restoration, Charles II., who remembered the beauty of Peter's art, wished to possess some of his things, but for a time could not come at them. At last he was told by one Rogers that both father and son were dead, but that Peter's widow was living at Isleworth, and was rich in his works. Charles went *incognito*, with Rogers, to see them, and to buy if possible. Mrs. Oliver refused to sell, declaring she meant the King to have the first

¹ Blaise Vigenere.

pick. Thereupon Charles discovered himself, on which she brought out her greatest treasures. These the King purchased, paying for them, says Vertue, with an annuity of £300—an extravagant price for the times, unless the lady were very old. In course of time most of Mrs. Oliver's cherished pictures became the property of the King's sultan, whereupon she expressed her feelings in language so true and terse that she lost her pension.

Peter Oliver's death took place, most likely, about 1654. Ten years later died John Hoskins, of whom Walpole says that no man on his list of equal merit left behind

Covent Garden, where John Hoskins had been buried on the 22nd February, 1664. The two Cooners, Alexander and Samuel, were nephews of the elder Hoskins, and co-disciples with his son. Of Alexander not much need be said. He painted water landscapes and portraits, but his success in his native country was insufficient to prevent his migration first to Amsterdam and afterwards to Sweden, where he entered the service of Queen Christina.

Samuel was a much more important person. He seems to have been the first of the limners to acquire real facility. His portraits are clearly modelled on those of



LANDSCAPE.

From a Drawing by ALEXANDER COZENS (British Museum).

him so little material for the biographer. No portrait of Hoskins has come down to us, and but few of his works. In his appendix to the translation of *De Piles*, Graham says that "he was bred a face-painter in oil, but afterwards, taking to miniature, far exceeded what he did before; that he drew King Charles, his queen, and most of the Court, and had two considerable disciples, Alexander and Samuel Cooper, the latter of whom became much the more eminent limner." Hoskins had a son who is often called John, but there seems to be some reason to believe his real name was Peter. At least one Peter Hoskins was buried in 1681, in St. Paul's,

Vandyck; they have often much of his ease and grace, and not seldom a double measure of his affectation. The trick which Vandyck caught from Rubens, and exaggerated, of turning his sitters' heads in one direction and their eyes violently in another, Cooper carried farther even than he, almost as far as Lely. He failed, too, to keep his colour as pure, as Peruginesque, I may say, as the Olivers, but, nevertheless, he was in his way a master. And like all masters, he was simple in his method. Of this we can judge through a lucky accident which has brought down to us a sort of pocket-book or travelling case, containing fifteen miniatures in all

stages of completion. These are either from the hand of Cooper himself, or from that of some able follower, probably Thomas Flatman. Some are finished, some left after a single sitting, and others at various intermediate stages. They are all upon card. The process used is thus described by the Redgraves.¹ "The outline was suggestively sketched, and then the smooth surface of the card, under the flesh, covered with a thin wash of opaque white, which, as he used it, must have been an excellent pigment, as it has not changed in any instance. Then with a brownish lake tint the features have been most delicately and beautifully drawn in, and the broad shades under the eyebrows, the nose and the chin, washed in flatly with the same tint. This seems to have completed the first sitting. In the next, the painter put in the local colour of the hair, washing in at the same time its points of relief or union with the background, in many cases adding a little white to his transparent colour, to make the hue absorbent, and to give it a slight solidity. The shadows of the hair were then hatched in, and the features and face in succeeding sittings hatched or stippled into roundness. Finally, the colours of the dress were washed in, in some cases transparently, in others with a slight admixture of white, and the shadows of the dress given with the local colour of the shadows." They go on to say that in certain portraits of Inigo Jones, Lord Derby, and Lady Sunderland, the backgrounds are painted with opaque colours. That, even at this time, however, the use of water-colour without any admixture of white was understood, is proved by an entry in Vanderdoort's catalogue of Charles I.'s pictures, to which the Redgraves call attention: "No. 21. Done by Mr. Frossley, the Emperor Rudolf's limner. Item: another limned picture, done upon the right light, of the Emperor Rodolphus II., painted upon parchment, being transparent, to be seen on both sides, holding against the sky." That the use of water-colour in its purity was understood elsewhere than in England at this time is proved, too, by the fine drawings of several Dutch masters, Adrian Ostade and his pupil Dusart, for instance, and the sea painter Backhuysen. The two former, however, produced brilliantly washed drawings rather than pictures in water in the fullest sense, but Backhuysen's *View of Amsterdam*, in the British Museum, is a work of which a skilful English aquarellist might be proud.

To return for a moment to Samuel Cooper :

¹ *Century of Painters*, vol. i. p. 367.

Walpole opines that if the best of his miniatures could be magnified to the size of life, they would more than support comparison with any Vandyck but the *Bentivoglio* (!) and yet in the next paragraph he allows that the Englishman's skill was confined to the head, and that he was deficient in that quality of grace of which Vandyck possessed almost too much. His skill at a head was enough to make Cooper famous, and to win him prices for his work which were very large two centuries ago. On the 10th of August, 1668, Pepys writes :—"To Cooper's, where I spent all the afternoon with my wife and girl seeing him make an end of her picture; which he did to my great content, though not so great as I confess I expected, being not satisfied in the greatness of the resemblance, nor in the blue garment; but it is most certainly a most rare piece of work as to the painting. He hath £30 for his work, and the chrystal and gold case comes to £8 3s. 4d. and which I sent him this night that I might be out of his debt." Cooper had a recommendation to Pepys besides his art; he had great skill in music and played well on the lute. His death took place in 1672: "On Sunday, May 5th, Mr. Samuel Cooper, the most famous limner of the world for a face,"¹ paid the debt of nature. Cooper's wife was sister to the mother of Alexander Pope.

Between the rebellion and the revolution limners were plentiful, and the men I have named were only the best among them. Not the least remarkable, though the least in stature, was Richard Gibson, the dwarf. When a boy he lived as page with a lady at Mortlake, who placed him with Francis Cleyn, son to the director of the famous tapestry works, to learn the rudiments of art. He perfected himself by the study of Lely, and became a favourite with the King, to whose household he was appointed. Gibson was two inches short of four feet in height, and he found a mate who fitted him in Anne Shepherd, whose inches were equal to his own. They were married before Charles and his Court, and lived to rear five children, whose stature excelled the paternal standard by a difference to be measured in feet. Besides Gibson, Lely had many other followers who worked in his spirit and in the water-colour medium. Their productions, though now forgotten, helped to keep the tradition alive which was in time to bear such abundant fruit. One of the most interesting among them was Mary Beale, of whom we catch such pleasant glimpses in the journal of her

¹ Beale's *Diary*.

spouse. Mrs. Beale is generally called a pupil of Lely, but there seem to be some doubts on the point. In her husband's pocket-books crafty stratagems are noted by which Sir Peter's secrets were to be entrapped. These would scarcely have been required had she ever had the run of his studio and touched his heart, as the gossips declared.

With the few exceptions I have named, Continental painters, during these years and for long afterwards, confined their use of water-colour entirely to what the French call *gouache*. Of this such dexterities as the fairs and merrymakings of Blarebergh, on surfaces little larger than a postage stamp, were the most consummate examples. *Gouache*, as practised abroad a century ago, was not a method to which any man would turn in preference to oil for the sincere study of nature, and could scarcely contain the germ of such a school as that of modern England. Neither was the connection immediate between painting in water-colour, as we know it, and the miniaturists. But the long vogue of the latter laid the foundation of a taste in England for pictures in that medium and of extremely modest size, while it created a body of tradition, both among artists and their purveyors, which was of use to the parents of Turner and Cox and William Hunt. These parents were the topographical draughtsmen who, in turn, had their *raison d'être* in the spirit of antiquarian curiosity which became so general in the last half of the eighteenth century. For such men the first thing was accuracy in delineation. No artistic license could find a place in their works, which had to depend for charm on the subtle comprehension and setting down of intimate details of architecture, and on the skill with which slight washes could be made to hint at local colour. At first the process was simply to draw the subject with the pen in Indian ink, finishing with washes of the same pigment. Then warmer browns were used for the drawing and pale greens and greys for the washes, the sky being put in in a blue more positive than aught else in the picture. Edward Dayes, who committed suicide in 1804, published a volume of *Instructions for Drawing and Colouring Landscapes*, in which the whole process of making "stained," "washed," or "tinted" drawings is laid out. He says he especially wishes to speak of the use of transparent colours. "Supposing the outline complete," he begins, "the first and most easy way is to make all the shadows and middle tints with Prussian blue and a brown Indian ink ;

the clouds being sketched in and as light as possible, the student begins with the elementary part of the sky, laying it in with Prussian blue, rather tender, so as to leave himself the power of going over it once or twice afterwards, or as often as may be necessary ; then with the blue and a little Indian ink lay in the lightest shades of the clouds, then the distance, if remote, with the same colour, rather stronger. Next proceed to the middle ground, leaving out the blue in coming forward, and lastly work up the foreground with brown Indian ink only. This operation may be repeated until the whole is sufficiently strong, marking the dark parts of the foreground as dark as the ink will make it—that is to say, the touches of the shadow in shade. Great care must be taken to leave out the blue gradually as the objects come forward, otherwise it will have a bad effect. Attention must also be given to the middle tints that they are not marked too strong, which would make it when coloured look hard. The same grey colour, or aerial tint, may be first washed over every terrestrial part of the drawing required to be kept down—that is, before colouring—as colour laid over the grey will, of course, not be so light as when the paper is without it. The shadows and middle tints being worked up to a sufficient degree of power, colouring will be the next operation. This must be done by beginning in the distant parts, coming on stronger and stronger, colouring light and middle tint to the foreground, and lastly retouch the darker parts of the foreground with Vandyke's brown. Great caution will be required not to disturb the shadows with colour, otherwise the harmony of the whole will be destroyed, or, at any rate, not to do more than gently to colour the reflections."

Mr. Edwin Dayes painted better than he wrote, and such was the method under which the best works of the first stage in modern water-colour painting were produced. Its best exponents were men like Dayes himself, John Webber, R.A., the companion of Captain Cook on his last voyage ; William Alexander, the draughtsman, taken to China by Lord Macartney in 1792 ; and the two Cozens—Alexander, the father, and John, the son. Of all these there are characteristic drawings in the collections at South Kensington and in the British Museum. Webber's productions are of no great interest or merit, but Alexander's drawings are full of life and sparkle, and are often curiously modern in appearance. In 1802 he became drawing-master to the military college at Great Marlow—the forerunner

of Sandhurst—a post he resigned in 1808 on his appointment as assistant-keeper in the Print Room at Bloomsbury. He died in 1816. From his work, which has much freedom, and, for his time, no little boldness in the use of colour, we may guess that, born under a better star, he might have won something like fame. Alexander Cozens took a very different view of his art. Infinity, delicacy, and the painstaking of the topographer combine to give beauty to his better drawings, like that panoramic landscape in the Print Room which Mr. Lacour has contrived so skilfully to suggest. The relation between the art of the two

its poetry lies in the consummate harmony of its blues and greys.

At first sight the character displayed in the art of Alexander and John Cozens seems to show a curious reaction from the individuality of their father and grandfather, the great Czar. But in truth the fiercely practical genius of Peter Alexiewitsch had its complement in a vein of brooding melancholy, which came to the surface in his sons. The tender solemnity in the drawings by the humble son and grandson of the woman of Deptford had its parallel in the character of their kinsman Alexis, and the mental cloud which has settled so often on the house of Russia, over-



ITALIAN LANDSCAPE.

After a Drawing by JOHN COZENS (British Museum).

Cozens is that so often found when an able father has a more gifted son. The work of the latter seems to be great by selection from that of his parent. Where Alexander was panoramic and diffuse, John was close, coherent, and aimful at a single purpose. The dictum of Constable about John Cozens may sound like hyperbole, but it would in sober earnestness be difficult to name any other man who has contrived to suggest so much of the dignity, solemnity, and repose of nature with means so slight as his. The Print Room drawing here engraved (p. 416) is a fair example of what he could do, but it loses even more by translation than the work of less simple colourists, for much of

shadowed, too, the household of Alexander Cozens. His son John died mad in 1796 or 1799. In his last years he had been supported by Sir George Beaumont.

John Cozens was not an equal painter. Before some of his productions we feel nothing but wonder at Constable's enthusiasm, before others we are inclined to believe that it was in sober judgment that he declared their author to be "the greatest genius that ever touched landscape." I have seen drawings of his from the neighbourhood of Rome which carry the mysterious dignity of landscape beyond the finest Ruysdael, and do it with a simplicity that is quite unequalled. On one occasion only John Cozens

sent a picture to the Academy. It was "A Landscape, with Hannibal in his March over the Alps showing to his Army the Fertile Plains of Italy." It is supposed that this was an oil picture, and it is reported that Turner declared it had taught him more than anything else he had seen.¹ Add this to the exclamation of Turner's greatest rival, and the notion that Cozens should be ranked with Wilson and Girtin among English painters of landscape will have good support. The following description of the way he worked is given by Redgrave. "He compounded

haps, through his invention of a pigment, than through the merit of his works. William Payne, the deviser of Payne's grey, was a native of Plymouth, whence he came to London in 1790. As an artist he deserves to be remembered chiefly for his facility and for the number of devices with which he enriched the *métier*. He was the first to split his brush in painting foliage, to take out lights with bread or rag, and to get texture by dragging his tints. He may thus fairly be included in the chain of causes which prepared the way for the men of a generation



THE OLD ROYAL EXCHANGE, FROM CORNHILL.
After a Drawing by THOMAS GIRTIN (British Museum).

his cloud tints, and those of his distant mountains, of Indian red, a small portion of lake, indigo and yellow ochre; in his middle distance he blended a tint of black and burnt umber. His distant trees were tinted with the warm washes used for the sky, and those nearer with yellow ochre and indigo, enriched with burnt sienna; in the immediate foreground, in trees and shrubs, the same pigments are used with greater power."

A little later than Cozens flourished a painter whose name is more familiar, per-

¹ Redgrave, vol. i. p. 380.

later. John Smith, commonly called Warwick Smith—it is said because he made a tour in Italy with the Earl of Warwick—is often named with Payne and Cozens as one of those who did much to open new horizons to the makers of tinted drawings. But he scarcely seems to deserve the honour; so far as can now be gathered, he was preceded in every novelty that could be called an improvement by both Girtin and Turner. Smith died in 1812, ten years after Girtin had been laid to rest in the churchyard of St. Paul's, Covent Garden.

Girtin was born in Southwark in 1775;

he was a pupil of the above-named Edward Dayes, whose dislike, as in many similar cases, were roused by the rapid progress of his pupil to mastery and fame. When he was nineteen Girtin began to exhibit at the Royal Academy. At first his drawings were views in London (see illustration, p. 417); and included, wherever he could so contrive it, some fragment of picturesque and well-worn architecture. He next painted Scottish subjects; then scenes in Cumberland and Westmoreland, and views in York, Durham, Lichfield, Ely, Peterborough, Lincoln, Warwick, St. Albans, &c. Like so many of his fellow artists, he seized the opportunity offered by the Peace of Amiens to visit Paris, where he made a number of drawings which must be reckoned among his finest creations. Several of these were reproduced in aquatint. Just before setting out for France he had painted a panorama of London, some of the sketches for which are in the British Museum. They were done from the roof of the Albion flour-mills. Girtin was one of the famous company that frequented the house of Dr. Munro, on the Adelphi Terrace. It was there, perhaps, that he formed his friendship, or at least acquaintance, with Turner, whose generous dictum as to Girtin's powers kept his fame alive when nothing of his own was accessible to do it for him. Girtin was probably a bit of a Morland in his habits. The reports to that effect are too numerous to be set aside. But as in the case of many other painters who have been dubbed *mauvais sujets*, he did an amount of work that is inconsistent with the idea that dissipation was his main business. In his latter years, too, he appears to have been steadying down, and if time had been granted, it is likely enough that he would have developed into an irreproachable citizen.

Whether he would have grown into a great artist or not is another matter. Turner's opinion, that if Tom Girtin had lived, he himself would have starved, is, of course, worthy of much respect. But the characteristics of Girtin's drawings are not those which have, as a rule, distinguished the early work of men who have afterwards climbed to the summits of fame. They are too facile, too broad, too wanting in humility. They suggest a confident mind, a mind that might never have given itself time to get completely into sympathy with the material through which it found expression. Mr. Redgrave lays stress on Girtin's toleration of defects in the paper he used as a proof that his ideas on his art were not sound to the core, and there, it seems to me, he is right. The complete

artist has a complete love for the substance in which he works, and will never deliberately betray its shortcomings. But Girtin's drawings are creations in a sense that can be attached to no others of his time. They combine the unity of Cozens with a grip on truth that was far wider than his, while they display an originality of outlook which had been previously unknown among those who painted in water.

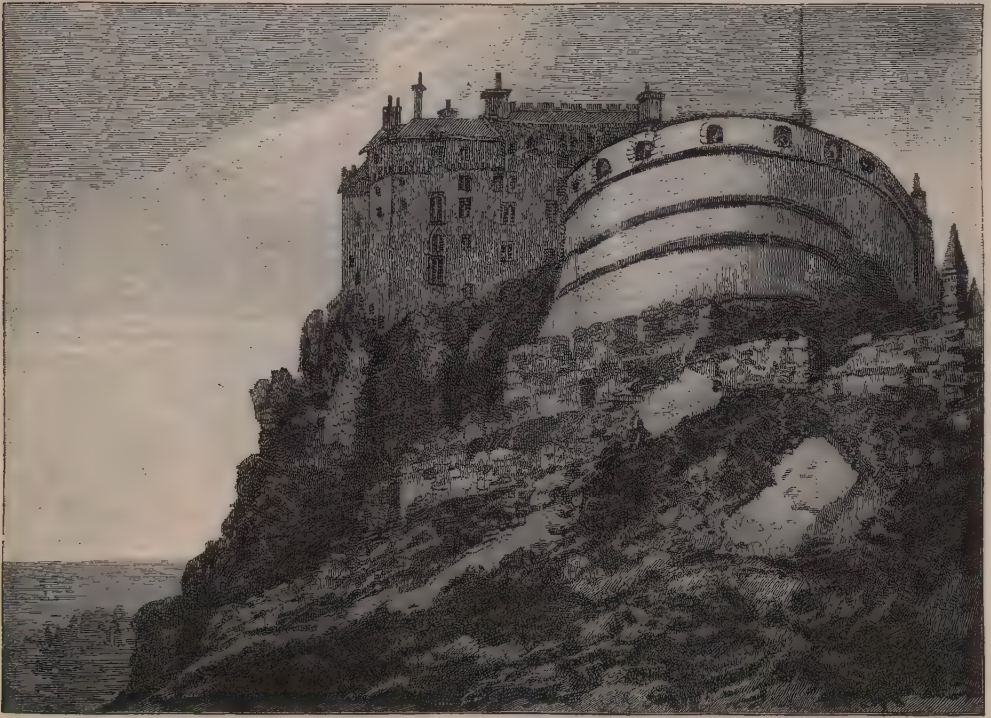
Setting aside, moreover, what Girtin might have been, his works show that he had a fine eye for line, for colour, and for the significance of *facture*, added to that rare independence which enables nature to make its impression on the brain unaffected by the guarding hedge of precept and tradition. The fine collection of his work which now belongs to the nation is enough by itself to show that at the time of his death he had contrived to deliver himself with a copiousness as yet unapproached by Turner, and to account for the sense of inferiority confessed by the latter. His "sword play," as the elder Lewis called it, the vigorous sweep, the decisive start and stop, of his brush, must have been especially dazzling to Turner, who was never, in his whole triumphant career, to reach anything at all like it. Short as his twenty-seven years of life were, Girtin had time to become almost famous. His drawings made a noise, and were imitated. People even whispered that forgeries were made after them by a man so able to work for himself as Francia, and caricatures of his style were set as models by half the drawing masters in the country. It was in connection with some of these imitations that Dayes made the *mot* which, for a time, brought that distrust upon the style, which a word of clever abuse so often does. Shown a portfolio of drawings from the Cumberland hills by one of Girtin's closest followers, "Oh, ye gods! the blue bag, the blue bag!" exclaimed Dayes, and the exclamation so exactly fitted the style, that it crushed it, and re-echoed upon Girtin himself. Francis Louis Thomas Francia, whom I have just named, was a Frenchman by birth, a native of Calais. He came when a boy to England, and lived here some eight-and-twenty or thirty years. His drawings are remarkable for breadth, and only want, as a rule, some better pictorial idea to put them very high in the school to which they belong. As it is, they often show too violent a contrast between effect and theme.

And now to put the cope-stone on the structure whose growth has been roughly sketched in the foregoing pages. From the

days when Holbein limned the courtiers of Henry VIII. down to the end of the eighteenth century, events had been preparing the way for that English water-colour school which was at last to receive its crowning ornament. The services of Turner to the art in which he excelled have been discussed so often that it is a little difficult to speak of them now. Within the last quarter of a century a regular cult has sprung up about his name, which will lead at last to every stroke of his brush having its record. One good result of so much publicity has been

a short summary of how he enriched the methods of the aquarellist, and wrote *finis* to the development of three centuries.

Among painters in water-colour Girtin had been the first to treat it as the equal of oil. He had been the first to see that its powers of grappling directly with natural appearances were no less than those of the robuster medium. More especially did he lead the way in giving the true local colour to every object he put into his pictures. He painted hills, buildings, and foregrounds in their real tints, trusting to his eye for harmony rather than to neutral



EDINBURGH CASTLE.

From a Drawing in Water-Colour by J. M. W. TURNER (British Museum).

the general consent to see his best work in his drawings and in the *Liber Studiorum*. With the latter we have at present no business, beyond pointing out that in one or two of the plates the indifference to unity which chiefly distinguishes the conceptions of Turner from those of Girtin is to be traced. As an instance, I may name the *Æscalus* and *Hesperie*, which, though lovely in its drawing of tree forms, and intricately delightful in its *chiaroscuro*, is without the concentration of the highest art. As for the master's drawings in water, I must be content to give

washes and other lowering agents. But even Girtin was scarcely a colourist. It was reserved for Turner to follow a hue through all degrees of light; and to paint shadows and objects in shade in their right colour. In this respect his practice was like that of Rubens. He never forced a shadow into gloom to enhance a light; he rather allowed the latter to lose some of the brilliance that contrast would have given it, for the sake of preserving colour. When he had once fully abandoned the timid, hinting manner of his youth, Turner's method seems to have been to lay the



LINCOLN CATHEDRAL.

From a Drawing by J. M.W. TURNER (British Museum).

foundations of his pictures as an opposition of warm and cool washes in tints governed by the real hues of his subject. Upon these he worked broadly, with slight variations of the local colour, to give the larger details ; afterwards, with deeper variations, painting and modelling trees, stones, and other objects,

by their warm shadows. As he gradually climbed to perfect mastery, he improved upon the technical expedients of his predecessors and invented others for himself. These are thus enumerated by Mr. Redgrave : " Damping the masses of colour, and cleansing them of irregularities by picking or

blotting portions of the tint, or sharpening the edges of lights and giving forms of foliage, buildings, or figures, by taking out lights with bread, or damp rag. Again by wetting dark masses of tint, and when in a wet state by scraping out lights with a bluntish knife; cutting out sharp lights from the surface of the paper, to give broad, high lights or white drapery, buildings, or animals, or the glittering and sunlighted edges of leaves; stippling to flatten and give breadth to skies and distances; or to neutralise and harmonise colour by the introduction of other tints." In the just use of these expedients Turner was unrivalled. In his more elaborate works they are all combined on a single sheet of paper,

and are all alike invisible to anything but the eye which looks into the texture to trace them out. As to the artistic value of the results he won, opinions will, I fear, continue to be at variance so long as his pictures last. To those who believe that he who gives the strongest hint at the beauties of the world is the greatest painter, Turner's drawings will ever stand upon a pinnacle of their own; while to that much smaller but perhaps more seeing circle to whom a work of art must be a creation, with the organised unity of a living thing, his pictures in colour, splendid in colour as they are, will never be quite satisfactory.

WALTER ARMSTRONG.

ROUNDEL.

O'er London town the dawn is breaking now;
 The lights in street and casement sink a-down,
 And morning rises with her pure pale brow
 O'er London town.

Sick men take heart to see her purple crown
 Rise in the east; the homeless turn and bow
 To watch the weaving of her azure gown.

Brave souls rejoice, lost ones recall their vow,
 Rich men sleep sated on their beds of down;
 To each dawn sends her message—she knows how—
 O'er London town.

CHARLES SAYLE.



From a Drawing by HERBERT RAILTON.

THE BRIGHTON ROAD.

A PECULIAR flavour of the Regency lingers about the record of the Brighton Road. It is a record, as I read it, of Bucks, with stupendous stocks, and hats with brims weirdly curly, casting deathly glances at lone maidens perambulating haplessly by the way side; a record of "The Fancy," as I see it drawn for me in the classic pages of *Boxiana*—thronging in their thousands, and in almost as many different kinds of conveyances to witness one of the many great battles decided on Crawley Down or Blindley Heath; a record finally of the great George himself, repairing to the health resort which his royal penetration had discovered, and repairing there in a coach and four, driven by his own royal hands, at the rate of fifty-six round miles in four hours and a half.

Indeed it seems to me that the Brighton Road might almost be called the Regent's Road. For where without the Regent would its terminus have been? Why it would have been nowhere; or it might have been at St. Leonards, Eastbourne, or anywhere else. When once however the Regent had discovered that the air of Brighton tended to benefit his health, he made a centre of fashion out of a small health-resort, almost before he had time to finish the Pavilion; and one of the finest of the coaching roads of England out of an uncertain track, often impassable.

For before the Pavilion was, Brighton was about as easy to get at as Cranmere Pool in the middle of Dartmoor, the moon, the North Pole, the special exits in case of fire

at our principal theatres, or anything else on earth totally inaccessible. When in 1750 the genial Doctor Russell, of Lewes, found himself better for a trip to the small fishing village, and induced some of his fair hypochondriacs to go there too; how they were to get there, considering the state of the roads—if they could be called roads—was the conundrum which they generally proposed. And I have no doubt that Doctor Russell, of Lewes, prescribed oxen as a means of transit; for oxen were about the only beasts of burden which could cope, at the time I speak of, with the country's wickedly

inhabitants were savage"—which is a discovery not so remarkable, when one remembers that near Brighton not long ago one of these savages ran at a lady with a pitchfork for riding over a turnip-field. Poor Horace had no such adventure as this—so far as I can learn; but it was clear to him that "George the Second might well be the first monarch of the East Angles," and "that coaches grew in Sussex no more than balm or spices"; almost immediately after which horticultural remark he had to leave his post-chaise (for some horrid reason which he veils from posterity), and take to pedes-



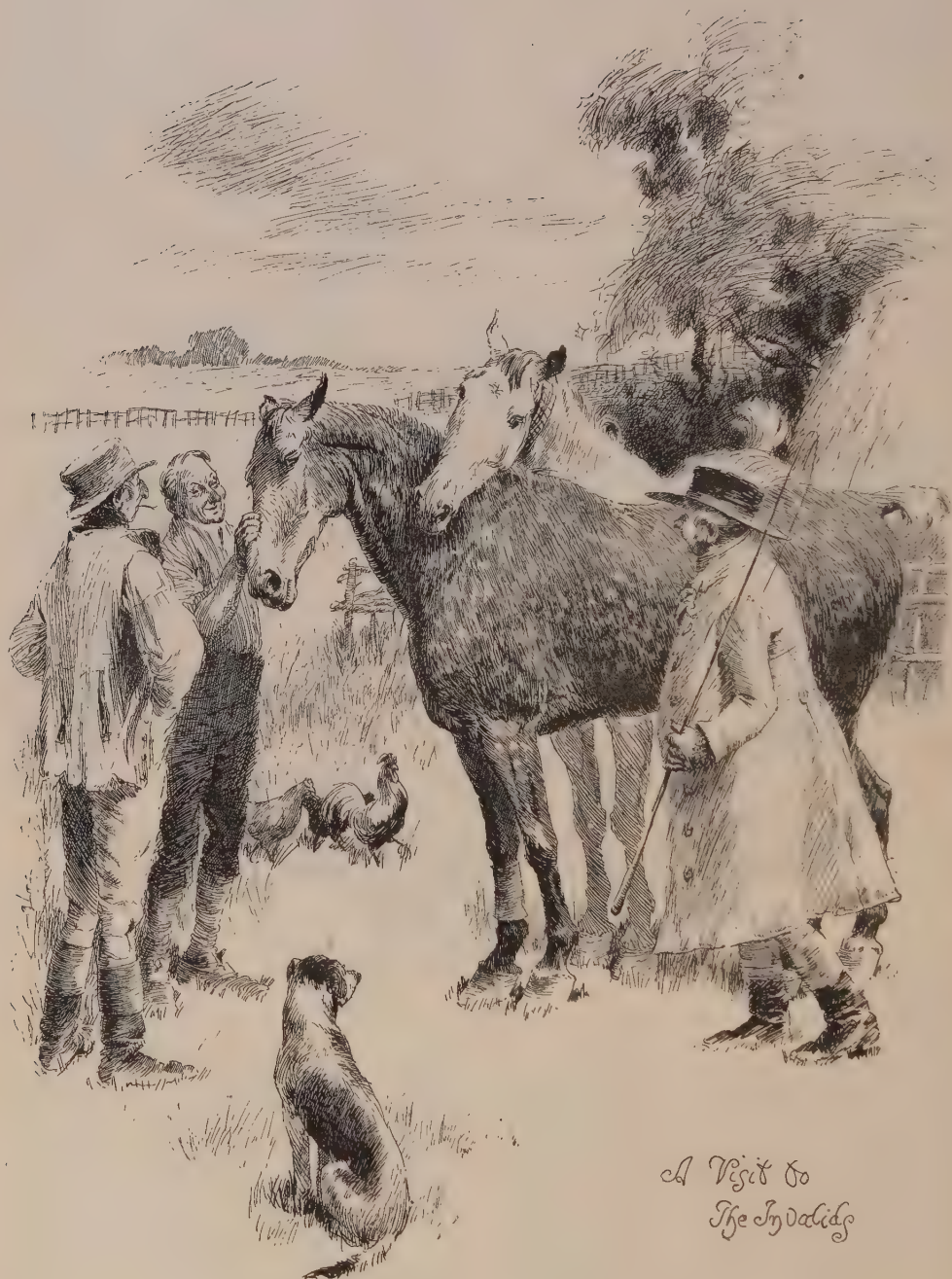
Fresh Teams

From a Drawing by HUGH THOMSON

deep ruts. People got into coaches to go to Brighton and only got out of them when they were overturned. Princes on royal progresses, sat fourteen hours at a stretch in state carriages, without being able to get an atom of refreshment into their royal jaws. In 1749 Horace Walpole cursed the curiosity which had tempted him to tour in a country in which he found neither road, conveniences, inns, postilions, nor horses! What *did* he find in Sussex? one is tempted to ask. Why, he found that "the whole county had a Saxon air" (which seems a very remarkable discovery to have made); and "that the

trianism—a form of exercise which he ever particularly loathed. No doubt however he would have bewailed his wrecked post-chaise more had it resembled "a harlequin's Calash" less; and a harlequin's Calash too "which was occasionally a chaise or baker's cart"—which is the most remarkable definition of a vehicle that I have chanced on between Boadicea's chariot and a hansom cab! Who can wonder after reading of it, that the man who had rested in it found Sussex "a great damper of curiosity"? I cannot wonder, for one.

All these horrors of the Brighton Road



*A Visit to
The Invalids*

From a Drawing by HUGH THOMSON.

the much abused George the Fourth did away, with a sweep as it were of his fat, bejewelled, and august hand! He built the Pavilion, and people from all parts of the country came straightway to see it and him. Now in building the Pavilion, there can be no manner of doubt I think in reasonable minds, that the first gentleman in Europe did the "accursed thing" spoken of by the prophet; but when the crowds which this atrocity attracted are considered, almost half the sin may be forgiven him. For the crowds soon found from such miry experiences as have already been detailed, that if they *were* to come to Brighton, and to court, they had better have some decent road to come upon. And from this simple bringing

there was a route through Ewell, Epsom, Dorking, Horsham, and Mockbridge, making the distance fifty-seven miles five furlongs. A more favourite way than any was by Croydon, Merstham, Reigate, Crawley and Cuckfield—making the distance fifty-three miles exactly; while the longest and the oldest route was through Croydon, Godstone Green, East Grinstead, Nutley, Maresfield, Uckfield, and Lewes—the entire distance being fifty-eight miles two furlongs from the Surrey side of Westminster Bridge, which is the point from which the Brighton Road is measured.

Of the celebrated coaches which ran by these various routes—and which all made fast time, due mention must be made—as



From a Drawing by HERBERT RAILTON.

home of a plain truth came into existence the Brighton Road—"perhaps the most nearly perfect, and certainly the most fashionable of all"—according to "Viator," who should know what he is talking about.

And not one road only; but three roads—in point of fact, according to some authorities, about five. From having practically no road to it at all, there is surely no place in England which can be reached—or rather could be in the coaching days, for we can now only go by the London and Brighton railway—could be reached, by so many different routes as Brighton. Of these the favourite—called the new road—went by Croydon, Merstham, Red Hill, Horley Turnpike, Balcombe, and Cuckfield, making the distance fifty-one miles three furlongs; then

also of their coachmen, of whom however the already mentioned "Viator" seems to have held no extraordinary opinion. Of the coaches Carey's *Itinerary* of 1821 gives me the names of some eighteen—all celebrated, and many of which I recollect hearing spoken of, by one who had travelled in most of them, long before I ever thought it would be my lot to revive their memory. There started then in the prime era of coaching—*circa* 1821—from the Angel, St. Clement's, Strand, at 9.30 every morning for Brighton, The Light Post Coach, which went by Reigate and Cuckfield; from The Bell and Crown, Holborn, The Alert (Safety) coach, which started daily at 8.30 a.m., and arrived at Brighton at 4; from The Old Bell, Holborn, The Meteor daily at half-past ten; The

True Blue, from the Blossoms Inn, Cheapside, started daily at nine o'clock, and did the journey in six hours; as also did the Night Coach, from the same inn—which was extremely good travelling. Amongst other celebrated coaches whose names were once household words may be mentioned The Royal Eagle, which left the Boar and Castle Inn at midday; The Royal Clarence, from The Bull, Bishopsgate, at 8.30 every morning, and which took a still different route from any that I have yet named—going by Horsham, Henfield, and Shoreham; The Life

a.m., and The Tally-ho at 10 a.m. daily from The White Bear, Piccadilly; The Princess Charlotte, which left The White Horse, Fetter Lane, at 9.30, and going the favourite route through Croydon, Reigate, Crawley, and Cuckfield, reached the Old Ship at Brighton at five in the afternoon; and finally in the post of honour the celebrated Vivid, which did the journey in five hours and a quarter.

Of the coachmen on this celebrated road for travelling, as I have already remarked, a great authority on the subject held a poor



From a Drawing by HERBERT RAILTON.

Preserver, daily at 8.45 from The Cross Keys, Cheapside; The Regent, daily at 8 a.m. from The Flower Pot, Bishopsgate Street; The Original Red Coach—*vid* Croydon, Reigate, and Crawley—from The Golden Cross, Charing Cross, at 9 every morning; The Eclipse, at 2 in the afternoon, from the same celebrated house; and to make an end, from The Spread Eagle, Gracechurch Street, The Dart, at 2.45 p.m., and The Sovereign at a quarter to seven in the morning; The Royal Brunswick at 2.30 daily from The Spur in the Borough; The Rocket at 9.30

opinion. And why? Simply because according to "Viator Junior" (quoted by Captain Malet in his *Annals of the Road*, to which exhaustive authority I gratefully recommend coaching fanciers), simply because the excellence of the road annihilated the breed. This severe critic indeed ranges forty-five trembling coachmen in his judicial mind's eye, and out of the whole batch is only able to select seven or eight worthy of the title of "artists;" capable, as he poetically puts it, of "hitting 'em and holding 'em." Oh, what a fall is here! But Viator Junior



Clayton Arms.
C. J. R.

From a Drawing by HERBERT RAILTON.

proceeds to details. Not having travelled in an excursion train (he writes in 1828), he marvels how passengers can trust their necks to coachmen, utterly incompetent to take along a heavy load in safety, at the pace at which the Brighton coaches are timed—and then a ghastly vision of incompetence rises before his critical ken. “This very day,” he writes, “I saw one of the awkward squad keep his coach on her legs by pure accident, in bringing her with a heavy load round the corner by the king’s stables; and as his attitude was rather good I’ll endeavour to describe it. His bench,” (here he proceeds to attain to the irony of Sophocles), “his bench was very low; and he himself is rather a tall man; his legs tucked under him as far as possible, were as wide apart as if he was across one of his wheels; both hands had hold of the reins which, though perfectly

slack, were almost within his teeth; his whip was stuck beside him” (in general however it is hanging down between his wheel horses, about the middle of the footboard), “and to complete the picture, his mouth was gaping wide open, like Curran’s Irishman endeavouring to catch the English accent.” This satiric touch is surely not unworthy of a coaching Swift—but to continue to the bitter end. “South of York,” writes Viator, “I have not often seen this man’s fellow; but surely Providence must keep a most especial guard over him; for I understand he has worked some years on the same coach without an accident. And judging from appearances it is a daily miracle that he gets to his journey’s end.”

A personal experience gave shortly afterwards to this all-seeing eye another example of incompetence in Brighton coachmen. He



From a Drawing by HUGH THOMSON.

mounted on a coach driven by one who, had he measured tape behind a linen-draper's counter, would, in Viator's opinion, have more nearly fulfilled the purpose for which Providence had designed him. Instead of measuring tape however, unfortunately, he held the ribbons—also a cigar—*horresco referens*, between his teeth. He also had a pair of bad holders as wheelers (both thoroughbreds) to complete the situation, and the miserable slave to tobacco could not keep them out of a canter. He was more successful in putting his chain on down the hill by New Timbers, or this tale would never have been told except at a coroner's inquest; but being too busy with the afore-said cigar ("the march of intellect," as Viator once more crushingly remarks), he let

his team get well on to the crown of the hill, just above his change, before he attempted to pull up. And what happened when this too long-deferred effort failed? Why, "away they went." And where they were going to, except to perdition, Viator for some moments was utterly unable to tell. For the incompetent one had his reins clubbed by way of meeting the emergency, and by reason of his awkward pulling and hauling, had the coach first of all in one ditch, and then in the other, till the passengers were utterly unable to say whether they were on their heads or their heels, and momentarily expected to be lying ready for burial on their backs. At the very crisis of the affair the stables of the runaway team loomed into sight, when they stopped of their own accord, in spite no doubt, of the efforts of their driver. On the next stage an opportunity of another kind was given to this miserable charioteer for retrieving his lost laurels and pocketing the half-crowns which the outside passengers had determined at the moment not to give him. For the next stage was one which required the exercise of a little "fanning;" and it was within the bounds of reasonable human hope that such an ignoramus with the reins might yet be able to use his whip the least bit in the world. But, alas! "Dominie Sampson could not have made a more diabolical attempt at hitting a near leader." And every time the fellow tried to hit his off-side wheel horse, he nearly cut off his off-side passenger's near ear! Under which delightful conditions the journey to London was done in six hours, the passengers

never being out of jeopardy the whole time.

This sort of romance makes us feel momentarily thankful for railway trains, and drivers, who have to pass a severe examination, and are not supposed to take anything stronger than cold tea. Not however must the impression be permitted to remain (in spite of Viator's savage indignation) that all the Brighton coachmen were the dangerous dunces which the above experience shows one of them to have been.

On the contrary several among them were of the A 1 class—others not up to this standard quite; but decidedly fair all round. In the latter category was Sam Goodman, of *The Times*. Yet it were profanity to compare him to the incomparable Mr. Snow, whose perfect ease and elegant attitude on



The Young 'Un

From a Drawing by HUGH THOMSON.

The Village
CAGE at
Lingfield



From a Drawing by HERBERT RAILTON.

his box in turning The Dart out of the Spread Eagle Yard in Gracechurch Street was a sight for gods and coachmen. Gray, on The Regent, was "fair—inclining to steady," as the meteorologists might say; Ned Russel, when once started over London Bridge, not worse than some of his neighbours. Mr. Steven, of The Age, had the reputation of being a good coachman, which is all that Viator will say for him, except to wish him success; but young Cook, formerly of The Magnet, but afterwards of The Regulator (having changed his coaches, from sickness, at being bandied about between Hell and Hackney, as he graphically expresses it), Young Cook, was not only a first-rate coachman, but one of the pleasantest fellows to travel with that could be met on the road. From this bead-roll of distinguished professionals (to make an end of coachmen) can the distinguished amateurs of the Brighton Road be with any justice excluded? Certainly not! For the Brighton Road, to keep up its distinctive flavour of what I call "Corinthianism," has ever been distinguished and fortunate in its choice of aristocratic whips. And of these no selection could be complete which wanted the names of Sir

Vincent Cotton, who drove The Age; of the Marquis of Worcester, father of the present Duke of Beaufort, who drove the Beaufort; of the Hon. Fred. Jerningham, a son of Lord Stafford, who drove the Brighton day mail—who were all artists to the tips of their fingers, who never solicited fees, and yet pocketed them when offered, with as much readiness and relish as could be shown by the poorest "knights of the whip."

And what of the travellers on the Brighton Road in the days of its prime? They are as the sands of the sea for multitude, and pass before my mind's eye in a long line, beginning with the Regent and ending with Tom Cribb—if indeed the Prince should be put before the pugilist. Byron was here in 1808 with another fighting man, the celebrated gentleman Jackson, and also, I much regret to have to say it, with a young lady who rode about with him in male attire, and who remarked to Lady P——, who said, "What a pretty horse you are riding," "Yes; it was *gave* me by my brother." How many times I wonder did the beautiful Mrs. Fitzherbert, the only woman that George the Fourth ever loved probably, travel from London to her lodgings in the Steyne, and from her lodgings in the

Steyne to London? Those journeys must have been countless, and what heart burnings, what agonies of pride broken and hope deferred must have been suffered by the way! Not that Mrs. Fitzherbert was by any means the only wounded beauty drawn moth-like to the gracious glare eternally effulgent at the Pavilion. Perdita Robinson was constantly to be seen on the Brighton Road during her brief period of ascendancy,—her turn-out faultless, her postillions pictures, her luncheon bills at the Dorset Arms, East Grinstead, or the White Hart at Godstone

company with Mr., Mrs., Miss, and Miss Susan Thrale. She travelled in a coach with four horses; the servants travelled in a chaise, and two men additionally accompanied them on horseback. The procession started from Streatham, and took the Reigate and Cuckfield route; and they were obliged to stop for some time at three places on the road. Of Reigate Miss Burney has only to remark that "it is a very old, half-ruined borough;" and that a high hill leading to it afforded a very fine prospect; after which she passed on to Cuckfield, where,



From a Drawing by HERBERT RAILTON.

Green, worthy of the attentive consideration of a nation who had to pay for them. But why pursue further the bevy of frail beauty who posted to and fro from Brighton in pursuit of the Royal George. It would be a poetical research not requiring much consideration. Let us look at another side of the picture—a more intellectual side.

In 1779—three years that is to say before the Prince Regent visited Brighton for the first time—Miss Burney (than whom I have found no more entertaining companion since I first set out on the roads) came here in

instead of at once visiting Cuckfield Park, (which is a most entrancing sixteenth century house, possessing a gloomy park, a family curse, and a general atmosphere altogether redolent of Mrs. Radcliffe at her darkest,) Miss Burney contented herself with observing that the view of the South Downs from the King's Head or the Talbot (where I suppose she was taking tea) was very curious and singular.

The utter lack of feeling displayed by the most cultured people of the eighteenth century for the domestic architecture of England



From a Drawing by HUGH THOMSON.

Gossyp:

positively appals. I believe that Horace Walpole was the only man living who had the faintest natural tendency to the taste—and his taste naturally was affected by the vitiated atmosphere which prevailed. Here is the second fine house that Miss Burney (so far

as human nature is concerned, the observant of the observant) passes entirely without observation. First it is Littlecote on the Bath Road, which she fails to perceive, and now it is Cuckfield Park on the Brighton Road. Two points only can be urged in



Taking up the Maccs.

From a Drawing by HUGH THOMSON.

excuse of this deplorable exhibition of wall-eyedness in one so young. Firstly, that Miss Burney was not by nature a romanticist—indeed held them rather in contempt—and so was probably watching from the landing window a comedy in real life played by the ostler and the scullery maid in the inn's back-yard: secondly, that the author of

Evelina had not enjoyed the advantage possessed by the present generation of revelling in the romances of Harrison Ainsworth. No; Miss Burney had no opportunity of reading *Rookwood* (not that she would have read it if she had had the opportunity, I fear); and so Cuckfield Park was not associated in her mind, as it



From a Drawing by HERBERT RAILTON.

is in ours, with Dick Turpin and all the adventurous, dashing, brilliant figures that throng the pages of Ainsworth's first success. For Cuckfield Hall is the Rookwood of the romance; and it is no undeserved compliment to its intrepid writer, who with all his faults, possessed the truly refreshing capacity for "cutting analysis and getting to the story," that his novel has thrown the glamour of an additionally romantic interest over an

old manor house already instinct with romance.

At Cuckfield then Miss Burney is disappointing; but when she gets to Brighton—which she did on this occasion at about nine o'clock in the evening—she is in her element. Then she becomes rich—rich in description, humour, observation, analysis, rich in everything in short which can help to bring the terminus of the Brighton Road



From a Drawing by HERBERT RAILTON.

in 1779 vividly before our eyes. I do not think that I can do better than to follow her for a day or two through the pages of the diary, which so racily describes this visit.

The day then after her arrival, Miss Burney dined at the Ship Tavern—(now known as the Old Ship, by actors, authors, managers, and other distressed unfortunates, jaded with their labours and in search of change between the Saturday and the Monday). Not that Miss Burney dined in such congenial company. Far from it. She dined at the officers' mess—she forgets to say of what regiment, to which she has been specially invited by the major and captain. The next morning there arrived at Mrs. Thrale's house, which was situated in West Street, a melancholy and typical personage, who was destined to inflict upon Miss Burney several very bad quarters of an hour. This was one Dr. Dewlap. The wretched man had written a tragedy,

and had also had it accepted. His attitude towards men and things may therefore be imagined; and was I need hardly say carefully noted by Miss Burney, who had herself written a comedy—accepted also. But Dr. Dewlap seems to have been a very wicked specimen of the budding dramatic author. He was commonly, of course, naturally grave, silent, and absent; yet when any subject with which he was conversant had once been begun, he worked it threadbare: and, wretch that he was, seemed hardly to know when all was over; or, what is more remarkable, whether anything had passed. He was thinking of his tragedy, no doubt.

Not the least noxious point about him was that his appearance was "smug and reserved." He soon however gave Mrs. Thrale his play to read. A deed which drove Miss Burney (with a keen perception of what was in store for her too) out for a walk on

the Parade. Here she found some soldiers mustering. And in what state? It pains me to say that they were half intoxicated, and laughed so violently as Miss Burney passed by them, that they could hardly stand upright. The wind too, to make matters worse, was extremely high, blew Miss Burney's gown about abominably, and played the deuce with her bonnet. And the merry light infantry laughed the more. And "Captain Fuller's" embarrassed desire to keep order, made Miss Burney laugh as much.

There is an exterior of Brighton in 1779! But an interior equally graphic is also to hand. It is connected with Dewlap the



From a Drawing by HERBERT RAILTON.

inevitable. On one occasion I read (there is an end to everything) an accursed divergence of occupation called away all the gentlemen from Miss Burney's society, and precipitated the deeply dreaded hour. Dr. Dewlap remained. He seated himself next to the fair diarist. He began to question her about his tragedy—which by this time he had given her too to read. But had Miss Burney read it? That is the question. I doubt it extremely. Hear what the lady herself says.

"I soon said all I wanted to say upon the subject," she writes. "And soon after a great deal more; but not soon after was he satisfied. He returned to the same thing a million of times, till I almost fell asleep with the sound of the same words."

To leave the fair authoress of *Evelina* for ever, with many thanks for her assistance so far (and I hope that these thanks may reach her wherever she may now chance to be studying character, and regretting eternally her desertion of literature for a servile attendance on a hum-drum court); three other travellers on the Brighton Road—and immortal travellers too, as long as English is read—present themselves for notice.

About the time then when the air was full of the rumours which culminated in Waterloo, Captain Crawley, Captain Osborne, and Mr. Jos Sedley, "were enjoying that beautiful prospect of bow windows on the one side, and blue sea on the other, which Brighton affords to the traveller." Who can forget the incident? Who does not remember the sublime and here first recorded attempt of the immortal Jos to catch the warlike spirit of the times by a subtle alteration of costume? Jos, brilliant in under waistcoats, sporting a military frock coat, clinking his boot spurs, swaggering prodigiously and shooting death glances at all the servant girls who were worthy to be slain!

"What shall we do, boys, till the ladies return?" he asked. The ladies were out to Rottingdean in his carriage on a drive.

"Let's have a game of billiards," one of his friends said—the tall one with the lacquered moustachios.

"No, dammy; no, Captain," Jos replied, rather alarmed. "No billiards to-day, Crawley, my boy—yesterday was enough."

And then, after various suggestions for killing time, including Jos's, "to have some jellies at Dutton's and kill the gal behind the counter—devilish fine gal at Dutton's"—the determination was come to as is generally known, to go and see *The Lightning* "come in"—and the advice prevailing over billiards and jelly, the trio turned towards the coach-office.

It would be impossible to leave Brighton and Thackeray behind us, without recalling another incident detailed by the author of the *Four Georges*, this time an historical one, which has to do with a wicked old celebrity, once a well-known figure on the Steyne—with posting, and with the august personage who called posting and coaching to Brighton into fashion—nay, even into life. "In Gilray's caricatures," I quote from the *Four Georges*, "there figures a great nobleman called 'Jockey of Norfolk' in his time, and celebrated for his table exploits. He had quarrelled with the Prince, like the rest of the Whigs, but a sort of reconcilia-

tion had taken place; and now being a very old man, the Prince invited him to dine and sleep at the Pavilion, and the old duke drove over from his castle of Arundel, with his famous equipage of gray horses still remembered in Sussex."

A pleasant Bacchanalian scene is then enacted, it will be remembered, which began by everybody challenging the old duke to drink (who, not forgetful of his reputation, did not decline the honour), and ended by the first gentleman in Europe proposing bumpers of brandy. Too proud to brook defeat in his especial line of art, the old duke's intrepidity did not fail him even here. He drank. Then finding that his head was failing him, he remarked that he had had enough of such hospitality, and would go home.

"The carriage was called and came, but in the half-hour's interval the liquor had proved too potent for the old man; his host's generous purpose was answered, and the duke's old gray head lay stupefied upon the table. Nevertheless, when the post-chaise was announced he staggered to it as well as he could, and stumbling in, bade the postillions drive to Arundel. They drove him for half-an hour round and round the Pavilion lawn; the poor old man fancied he was going home. When he awoke that morning he was in bed at the Prince's hideous house at Brighton. You may see the place now for sixpence; they have fiddlers there every day, and sometimes*buffoons and mountebanks hire the riding-house, and do their tricks and tumbling there. The trees are still there, and the gravel walks round which the poor old sinner was trotted. I can fancy the flushed faces of the royal princes as they support themselves at the portico pillars—and look on at old Norfolk's disgrace; but I can't fancy

how the man who perpetrated it continued to be called a gentleman."

It certainly is a hard nut to crack. But the above graceful scene of conviviality at Brighton reminds me that I have yet to make mention of the houses of entertainment on the Brighton Road. Horace Walpole, it will be remembered, said, in 1749, that there were no inns in Sussex. But here I fear Horace pulled the long bow of the disappointed tourist—for the guide-books of the old coaching days tell a different tale. Amongst others the following were well-known houses in the old coaching days—of

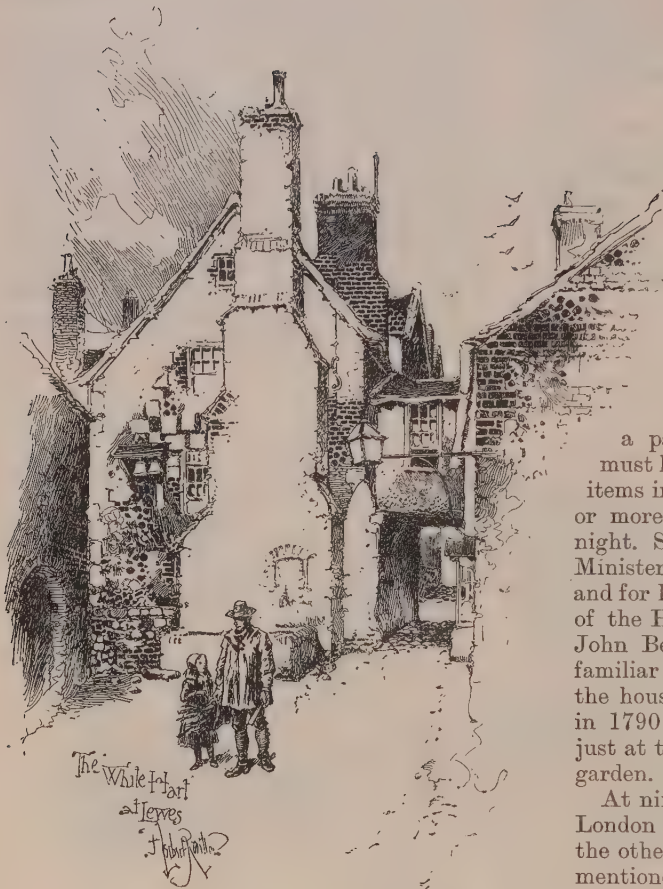


From a Drawing by HERBERT RAILTON.

varying degrees of merit, no doubt, and situated on different routes.

At Croydon—The Crown; at Godstone Green—The White Hart; at East Grinstead—The Dorset Arms; at Uckfield—The Maiden Head; at Reigate—The Swan; at Hickstead—The Castle; at Cuckfield—The King's Head; and The Talbot.

Out of these, two houses are in my opinion specially worthy of mention, namely—The White Hart at Godstone Green, and The Dorset Arms at East Grinstead; not only because the houses are fine in themselves; but because, thanks no doubt in a great measure to the interest taken by their land-



From a Drawing by HERBERT RAILTON.

lords in their past history, something of that rare romance of the roads hangs about them still. The inn at East Grinstead, which is an unusually fine specimen of its class, used formerly to be called *The Cat*—but why it was so called it will not be well too particularly to inquire—in fact, as Mr. Silas Wegg would have said, “In Mrs. Boffin’s presence, sir, we had better drop it.” A token however was struck off to perpetuate this title, which I have been shown through the courtesy of Mr. Tracy, the landlord of the house; and a very rare and curious token it is, showing “*The Cat*”—the name of the town and inn.

All distinguished travellers on the Brighton Road pulled up as a matter of course at the Dorset Arms. Amongst those whose names have been handed down as habitual visitors, was Lord Liverpool, who always stayed at

the Dorset Arms when on his way to visit the Harcourt seat near Buxted, and who has left a record of his impatience at dawdling waiters and dinners not served up to the minute; “Liverpool’s in a hurry” even now being remembered in the place. Another constant guest was Lord Seymour, who died, I believe, in 1837—mean, I am sorry to say, as regards his expenses; and yet not mean either one way, for if he didn’t eat and drink much, he possessed a passion for illumination which must have produced some respectable items in the bill—thirty wax candles or more burning in his bedroom all night. Spencer Perceval too (the Prime Minister remarkable for great ability and for having been shot in the lobby of the House of Commons in 1812 by John Bellingham) must have been a familiar figure at the Dorset Arms, for the house from which he was married in 1790 to Miss Jane Wilson stands just at the bottom of the Dorset Arms’ garden.

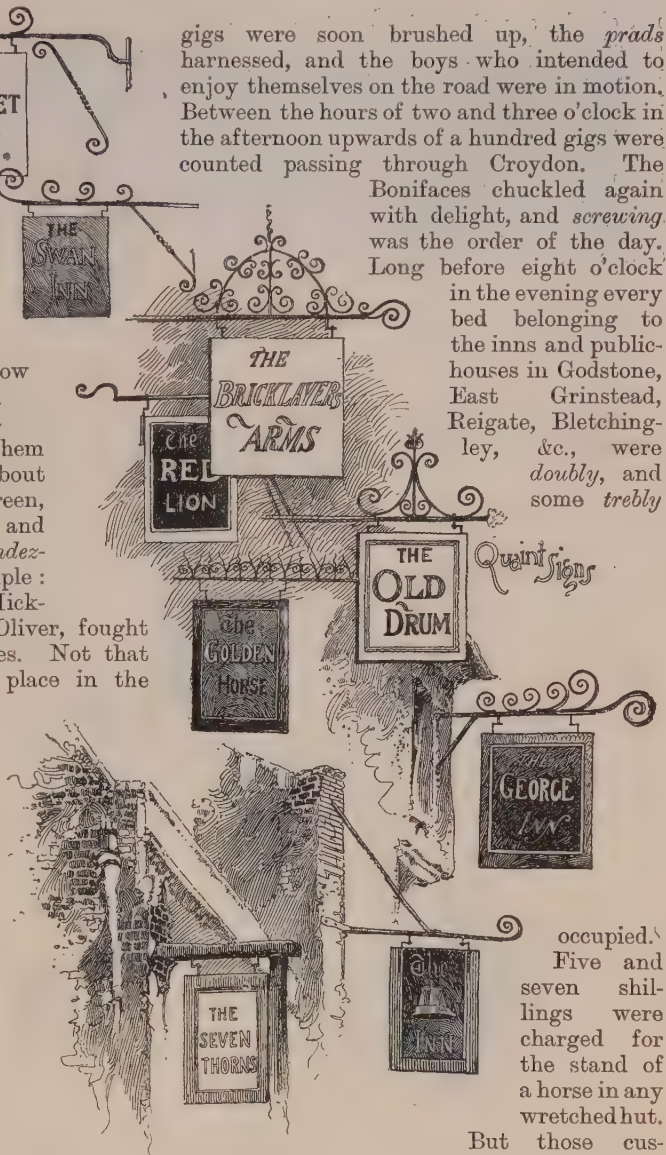
At nine miles three furlongs up the London Road, towards London, stands the other inn that I have particularly mentioned—the *White Hart* at Godstone Green. The *White Hart* claims to be a very old house. Mr. Churchill, the proprietor, who has had it for twenty-two years, and who takes a natural and gratifying pride in its history, tells me that it was an inn in Richard the Second’s time, whose badge was a white hart couchant, as heralds may know. The *White Hart* was open timbered then, and had quarried windows. The gable ends were added in Elizabeth’s time. In the absence of documentary evidence it requires but a small stretch of the imagination to picture the long crowd of all ranks, kings, queens, soldiers, statesmen, conspirators, coachmen, and highwaymen, who must have passed the portals of so venerable a place of entertainment as this, in the lapse of six centuries. A tradition however which associates one royalty with the *White Hart* is noticeable; not only from the singularity of the association, but because the particular association in question is to me a distinctive feature in the history of the Brighton Road.

It is said then that in 1815 the Regent, the Tsar of Russia, and many royal visitors stayed at the inn on their way to Blindley Heath, to be present at the fight for the championship of England. Having lost my *Fistiana*, I am unable to verify the date of this fight, or to name the combatants; but people who know their subject, in an age when boxing may be said to be revived, will not need me to tell them that Blindley Heath, which is about four miles from Godstone Green, was one of the most popular and celebrated of prize-fighting rendezvous. Here, to quote one example: on the 12th of June, 1821, Hickman, the gas-light man, and Oliver, fought ten rounds in thirteen minutes. Not that Blindley Heath is the only place in the neighbourhood celebrated for this classic amusement. Within a few miles are Cophall Common, where on December 10th, 1810, Cribb fought and beat Molineaux, the black, for the first time; and Crawley Down, which has witnessed more mills than I have time or memory to catalogue.

The processions from town to these fights however afford too remarkable an illustration of contemporary manners for me to pass over so lightly: an illustration of manners continually to be studied in this neighbourhood on the Brighton Road. And I think that an extract from the classic authority will give a better idea than I can of the scenes to be witnessed on the road immediately before a celebrated "mill."

"The *Fancy* were all upon the alert soon after breakfast" (I quote from *Boxiana's* description of the Grand Pugilistic combat between Randall and Martin at Crawley Down, thirty miles from London on Tuesday, May 4, 1819) "on the Monday, to ascertain the seat of action; and as soon as the important *whisper* had gone forth, that Crawley Down was likely to be the place, the *toddlers* were off in a *twinkling*. The

gigs were soon brushed up, the *prads* harnessed, and the boys who intended to enjoy themselves on the road were in motion. Between the hours of two and three o'clock in the afternoon upwards of a hundred gigs were counted passing through Croydon. The Bonifaces chuckled again with delight, and *screwing* was the order of the day. Long before eight o'clock in the evening every bed belonging to the inns and public-houses in Godstone, East Grinstead, Reigate, Bletchingley, &c., were *doubly*, and some *trebly*



From a Drawing by HERBERT RAILTON.

occupied. Five and seven shillings were charged for the stand of a horse in any wretched hut. But those customers who were *fly* to all the tricks and fancies of life, and who would not be *nailed* at any price, preferred going to *roost* in a barn; while others possessing rather more *gaiety*, and who set sleep at defiance, blew a *cloud* over some *heavy wet*, devouring the *rich* points of a *flash charant*; and thought no more of time hanging heavily than they did of the *classics*. *Chaunting* and *swiping* till many of the young *sprigs* dropped off their *perches*; while the *ould ones* felt the influence of the *dustman*, and were glad to *drop* their *nobs* to obtain forty winks. Those persons whose *blunt* enabled them to procure beds, could:

not obtain any sleep, for carriages of every description were passing through the above towns all night. Things passed on in this manner till daylight began to peep. Then the *swells* in their barouches and four, and the swift trotting fanciers, all hurried from the metropolis, and the road exhibited the bustle of the *primest* day of Epsom Races. The *brilliant*s also left Brighton, Worthing at about the same period, and thus were the

Regent and emperor putting up at a wayside inn to witness a fight for the championship! Young sprigs chaunting and swiping till they dropped off their perches! The swells in their barouches and four hurrying from the metropolis! The noblemen and foreigners of rank crowding round the twenty-four foot ring! What can give us a better idea of the Brighton Road in its prime than these facts? What



From a Drawing by HERBERT RAILTON.

roads thronged in every direction. The weather at length cleared up, and by twelve o'clock the amphitheatre on Crawley Down had a noble effect, and thousands of persons were assembled at the above spot. It is supposed if the carriages had all been placed in one line they would have reached from London to Crawley. The amateurs were of the highest distinction, and several noblemen and foreigners of rank were upon the ground."

paint more vividly what I call its "Regency flavour," its slang, its coarseness, its virility—in a word, its "Corinthianism"?

W. OUTRAM TRISTRAM.

NOTE.—By a curious mistake the name of Mr. James Hissey was substituted for that of Mr. Stanley Harris as author of *The Coaching Age*, in the January number of this magazine.



DARKNESS.

LIGHT! I must have light, though it show the brand of Cain,
 For his eyes glare out of the darkness, the eyes of the man I have slain,
 And the air is heavy with blood. Blood!—the whole sea was blood;
 It came rolling and moaning up in a red and ghastly flood,
 Wrapping the tortured cliffs in its spouts of horrible spray,
 And blotting out from the heavens the shuddering light of day.
 Then the wild wind wakened and shrieked, and I shrieked and turned and fled,
 For the rain that beat upon me was warm and clammy and red.

It is past for a space, the horror, and I am at rest again;
 Alone with the past that was sweet with the love of the dead I have slain.
 Ah, to forget! to forget but a little that haunting night,
 And the curse that comes with the dark, and the terror that follows the light.
 To waken and die, if death could scatter the past like a dream,
 Nay, better the shrieks of Hell than the echoes of *her* last scream.

Are they still there in the sunlight, the beautiful hills and the shore,
 Which were home to Philip and me in the days that can come no more?
 There the years of our youth went past—ah, me, so happily then!—
 And we scarcely knew we were boys till we wakened and found we were men.
 Never apart, and loving each other as brothers but seldom love,
 The life of each with the life of the other seemed interwove.
 In the valley beside the sea, with the blue hills standing round,
 And the great blue waters rolling to the heaven's western bound,
 We dreamed of the glorious days that were, and the days to be,
 And the great deeds waiting the doing beyond the hills and the sea.
 Then Philip went forth and fashioned his dreams to deeds; and there came
 To me in the quiet valley the sound of his growing fame.
 But I, alone with my books and my acres of dale and hill,
 Was happier far than he, for I had my dreamland still.
 Once he came back to me out of the world with its turmoil and noise,
 "To rest in the love," he said, "that had failed not since we were boys;"
 And the happy seasons passed us by like a summer day,
 And he looked in my eyes with his old sweet smile when he sailed away.
 Then the days went on in a calm like the quiet of autumn noon,
 When the sea broods unforeboding of the storm that will come too soon.
 How can I number the days or the years that went and came,
 When one wild moment has wrapped my world in a quenchless flame?
 Yet even now there comes to me, here in my torture-place,
 Fair as when first I saw it, the light of my darling's face;
 Sweet, as when first I heard her singing over the hill;
 In the dawn of a summer morning, I hear her sometimes still.
 How could I help but love you, coming to meet me there,
 With eyes like the blue of Heaven, and Heaven's own gold in your hair?
 Did I not love you, love you with a love that was passing strong,
 And a hope of your love for the winning, though the time seemed very long?

Long! It passed like the glimmering dusk of a midsummer night,
 And the sun of Love rose over my heart like the god of light.
 For I spake in fear, and I knew ere my words had well been said
 That your heart had answered my heart, and my doubts and my fears were dead.
 My heart was full, and I sought the cliffs and shouted aloud
 My joy to the treacherous sea, nor marked how the far gray cloud
 Came up in the west and grew, and ever darkened and grew,
 Till it lay like a pall far over the heaven's beautiful blue.
 Ah, God! The happy days that are dead, like ghosts they rise
 To burn my brain with the light of Hell in their terrible eyes.
 The winter passed and the spring, and the faint buds swelled on the tree,
 Which would bloom in a bridal wreath in the summer that was to be.
 Then he came back, my brother Philip, the brave, the true,
 And I knew no change save three, where before there had been but two.
 Oh, blind! blind! blind! I wrought for myself this burden of woe,
 For he had fled, but I learned it, and I would not let him go.
 Then she grew pale and silent, and her eyes were heavy with tears,
 And I dreamed it the pain of parting, and the unknown future's fears.
 So the days passed, and I saw not how in the loom of Time
 The Fates were weaving my love in a web of sorrow and crime.

* * * * *

Somewhere out in the darkness that is always about me now
 I hear a blackbird singing his love on the swaying bough,
 As he sung that night in the garden, where I said my last good-night,
 And watched my darling going out through the dying light.
 The sadness in her sweet eyes struck cold on my happy heart,
 And I cried, "'Tis but till to-morrow, and we never again shall part."
 And so I went, but the joy of my heart forbade me to rest,—
 If I could but have died in my blindness then it would have been best,—
 For I went forth to look from the cliff on the restless sea,
 That ever seemed to be calling, calling aloud on me.
 There on the land's last verge, where the rock-wall's rugged line
 Struck stern and black on a sky of amber and opaline,
 I saw her standing with Philip—my darling, the life of my life,
 Whom ere another sunset I should have made my wife.
 I could not move nor speak, but stood as one whom a blow
 Had driven down to the dark, and "very long ago,"
 I thought, "there was joy on the earth, and the happy light of day,
 And love in a pleasant garden, worlds upon worlds away."
 And I pitied that poor blind fool, who had found his life so sweet,
 The fool of a brother's faith and a woman's fair deceit.
 And still I watched them there, on the utmost edge of the land,
 Where they turned as if to part, with his hand still holding her hand.
 Once they parted in silence, and I saw my brother's face
 And the eyes of cold despair that burn in this torture-place;
 But she shaped a sigh to "Philip," and he ran to her there again
 And clasped her, and called aloud in a voice that was broken with pain,
 "Oh, love, my love, farewell! For ever more, farewell!"
 I heard, and all my heart blazed up with the fires of Hell.
 I leaped and rushed on them there, and murder was in my eyes,
 And my curses came hoarse like the yelp of a wild-cat when it dies.
 I saw her face one moment in a terrible fixed despair,
 And then—O God! there was naught but the sea and the empty air.
 I struck but once at the sky, and stood like one in a dream,
 Till the heart of the sleeping world was rent by an awful scream;
 It pierced my soul like a flaming sword and shattered my brain,
 And the darkness fell which never shall lighten for me again.
 The eyes that I loved glare hate on me out of the endless night.
 God! I can bear no more, Light! light! I must have light!

D. J. ROBERTSON.



ET CÆTERA.



AT the time when the immortal Sayers met the antagonist whom he immortalised, and when the gravest newspapers were filled with Homeric accounts of their battle, a long since dead and buried comic journal was moved

by a perusal of some of these reports to the composition of a humorous poetic parody of their style. Their writers had throughout been divided between the two emotions of excited interest in the thrilling incidents of the great fight, and uneasy consciousness that such details ought not to appear without a word of protest in the decorous columns of the prints for which they were being provided. Accordingly the reporter compromised the matter by sandwiching a series of reflections on the degrading character of the scene before him between his highly appreciative sketches of the successive rounds. His poetic parodist hit off this peculiarity very happily by introducing, with slight verbal variations after each verse of narrative, the indignant refrain:—

“Oh, dear! Oh!
I really quite blush as I'm writing,
It is so deplorably low
And brutal, this horrid prizefighting.”

With a chorus of this kind following immediately upon a description of the great Tom's having “got home on the conk” of the illustrious John, and to be followed in its turn by a record of the fact that the illustrious John succeeded in “landing one” on the great Tom's “listener,” the effect was extremely comic. The English press on the last occasion of a “revival of pugilism”—a Renaissance as pagan, if not so picturesque as its predecessor of the fifteenth century—do not seem to have been troubled with the scruples which weighed upon the

newspapers of five-and-twenty years ago. Some of them frankly registered the fist-cuffs exchanged between Mr. Smith and Mr. Kilrain in their spirited encounter on the other side of the Channel, without apparently feeling it necessary to deplore the fact that the two gentlemen in question should have journeyed to a little island on the Seine for the purpose of pummelling one another, or that some forty or fifty of their fellow-countrymen should have paid exorbitant sums for the privilege of witnessing the spectacle. What is the explanation of this bolder method of writing history? Is it a sign of the increasing candour of journalism? Or of its more cynical indifference to the social morality of its time? Or again, is it that the newspaper is more convinced of the catholicity of its mission and takes all “science” to be its province—though I understand that both of the professors were somewhat to seek on the scientific side, and their performances rather poor from the point of view of *la haute boxe*—without troubling its head about the relation of any particular branch of science to national manners? Or finally is it that national manners have themselves changed, and that we are going back to the spacious times of Corinthian Tom and Jerry Hawthorn? It is just possible that some sweet dream of the kind may soothe the afternoon slumbers of here and there a sporting publican in his bar parlour; but if so, it is a vision which has come to him through—the expression I believe is even technically appropriate in this instance—the “ivory” Gate. These regretful hankerings of the British public after pugilism may be otherwise explained. The average middle-aged Englishman of the present day, by which I mean the Englishman whose tastes and temperament place him somewhere about midway between the two opposing types of Bunthorne and Bill Sikes, has never been able to make up his

mind whether the modern refinement of his manners is due to the fact that he is a more humane being than his grandfather, or merely to the circumstance that he is a softer animal. In his complacent moments he entertains the former view; but in the moods of despondency to which he is painfully liable he is inclined to lean, sometimes almost to droop, towards the latter hypothesis. At these times he finds no solace in those topics of reassurance by which he is accustomed to dispel all such misgivings in his happier hours. He no longer speaks in his wonted tones of pride, of the undiminished passion of his race for competitions of physical strength, activity, and endurance. The contests of the river and the cricket-field and the running-ground delight him not. He ceases to find any healthy and hopeful significance in the fact that his youngest son has broken his leg at football, and that his second daughter has been disabled for a whole season by "lawn-tennis elbow." It does not comfort him to remember that an Englishman has swum across the Channel and devoted himself to death in an heroically foolhardy attempt to swim the rapids of Niagara. No, the average middle-aged Englishman is too old for football, too stiff, it may be, for cricket or lawn-tennis, too heavy perhaps for boating or bicycling. He knows that life is made easier and more luxurious even for him as Paterfamilies, and far more so for his son, than was the case in his youth. He knows that the crush at the theatre-doors and the hard narrow benches of the pit are discomforts not to be tolerated by the youth of what is only too truly called the comfortable classes of the present day. He remembers that with all their bicycling and rowing, and foot-racing, their young bones ache, or so they grumble, upon anything harder than a spring mattress, and that they are conscious of the east-wind at an age when he did not know or care which of the prisoners of Æolus was out on ticket-of-leave. He is for the moment, in short, acutely alive to the fact that there is everywhere more love of ease, more impatience of privation, more self-surrender to indulgence, more unwillingness to scorn delight and live laborious days than he recollects in his youth. And in this uneasy frame of mind he feels compelled to satisfy himself of his freedom from the general effeminacy, by going, or wishing he had gone, to see two men beat each other to a jelly. Social moralists need not be alarmed. The fit will soon wear off, and our average Englishman will soon relapse again into the soothing belief, which far be it from me to say is unfounded, that the

immensely enhanced delicacy of the individual's nerves has been accompanied by no degeneration of national fibre.

"The whole geography of the moon," we have been recently told on high authority, "has been more thoroughly ascertained than that of some of our own possessions." This however is not surprising; for indeed the question is whether the moon is not one of our own possessions. There are really so many political, philosophical, and other personages who seem—the whole school of Socialists are an example—to have definitely taken up their abode in the lunar world, that no foreign Power could justly complain if some night or other they were to run up the British flag. But except by these figurative colonists, astronomers apparently are becoming more and more confident that our satellite is uninhabited. The last of these authorities to discuss the question, which he did in a most interesting lecture, has been Sir Robert Ball, the Royal Astronomer for Ireland, who entertains no doubt whatever that the moon is in sublunary language, "to let." Nor can we wonder that a residence so far from eligible as it is in this selenographer's description of it should be slow in going off. Some deduction ought perhaps to be made on political grounds for the lecturer's disparagement of the unoccupied orb. An Irish Astronomer-Royal, who is in all probability a Unionist, may have been anxious to disenchant his fellow-countrymen with a possession which according to some opinions they have been crying for ever since the days of Daniel O'Connell. To treat the subject however with the gravity proper to it—and on the preservation of which indeed the very existence of the solar system depends—the desolation of the moon is to any fairly imaginative mind which will steadily dwell upon it a most uncanny thought. Especially is it so when we remember how fond the cosmologist is of reminding the Earth, with that heartless scientific *sang froid* of his, that even as Luna is shall she become. For if the cosmologist is right in this—and the cosmologist is usually, as Heine said of Swedenborg, "a thoroughly honourable fellow," who would be incapable of deceiving us in so serious a matter—our planet is at this moment, and perhaps for some millions of years has been, enjoying the melancholy privilege of attending a rehearsal of its own funeral. Terra, the fair, the fresh, the ever-young, as she flatters herself to be, and as her admiring sons with the knack of verse are always

assuring her that she is—has had before her for countless ages this cosmic *memento mori*, this grisly skeleton at the celestial *convivium*! That pale corpse floating on the blue deep of ether, with the marble face still seamed and branded with the traces of volcanic passions long since extinct—that lifeless handmaid of our Mother, still fulfilling as in ghostly duty the periodic round of her ministrations—is only the foreshadowing image of what her lovely mistress, now all light and life and warmth and colour, must one day be. Let her paint herself a foot thick with the green of meadow and the purple of moorland, to that complexion she must come at last. The earth and the moon, says the physical philosopher, were once two molten globes, the former sixty-four times larger than the latter; but the latter, he goes on to tell you, has got so far in its cooling process that it has grown cold to its centre, and the internal heat that once supplied its volcanoes has become dissipated, while the former still retains a sufficient though diminished store of its original heat to produce occasional earthquakes and volcanic shocks. “It seems likely,” he continues as coolly as if he were propounding the “London, South, and Channel” weather forecast for the following day—“it seems likely that in the future the same thing would happen to the earth when it had had time to cool down as had happened to the moon—namely, that water, air, and animal life would disappear.” As the glacial region spreads southward from the Arctic, and northward from the Antarctic region, the Eskimo in the northern and the Patagonian in the southern latitudes will be the first to succumb. It is not to be supposed however that the more intelligent races will sit still to be frozen to death. A migration from high latitudes towards the ever contracting zone of warmth will undoubtedly set in—from the northern region of Great Britain it has indeed begun already. The relations of Canada and the United States will settle themselves in a manner exactly contrary to the predictions of American “spread eagle” orators by the Canadians vacating their territory *en masse*, and joining the march of the inhabitants of the northern states of the Union towards a line drawn from the Gulf of Mexico to that of California. The Australians, who have no water as it is in the interior of their continent, will have to leave it by way of their northern and eastern coasts, and may perhaps procure a brief renewal of the lease of existence, say a few million of years, by dispersing themselves over the Polynesian groups. In the old

world the process of extinction will be less gradual, for when the various races of western and central Europe have been driven across the Mediterranean and find themselves competing for the possession of the territory along the south coast of that sea, it is more than probable—unless men have by that time become too torpid to fight with any but badly armed races, and agree to toss for Morocco, Algiers, Tripoli, Tunis, &c.—that blows will be exchanged. Of the final struggle of this hemisphere, when after arts and commerce, laws and learning have successively perished, a few members of our old nobility will sink into the “snow sleep” side by side with that crown and flower of civilisation the negro of equatorial Africa, is too painful to contemplate. If we are able to speak of it in a jesting spirit, it is because the destruction of organic life on the earth by cold is still a more or less—perhaps rather more than less—remote contingency, and many things may happen before then, not only to the subject matter of the theory, but to the theory itself. Much is to be hoped from the natural rivalry of scientific men.

The history of ten months in eight volumes. Such is the shortest description which can be given of Mr. Kinglake’s great work now just completed; and when to that last word we add the further chronological detail contained in the words “in fifteen years” we have described a literary curiosity which can have but few, if any, parallels in the chronicle of letters. Gibbon published the first volume of the *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire* in 1776, and wrote the last lines of the work in 1787, but his eleven years of labour carried him over as many centuries. The action of the *Iliad* extends over less than a fortnight, but then there is no reason to suppose that Homer took fifteen, or even eleven years to relate it. We are not aware that children of six grew up to man’s estate, that young men drew near to the confines of middle age, and that mature manhood declined into senility, while the blind bard was engaged in what a school-boy once described as “stringing together his interminable hexameters.” And assuredly there is no ground whatever for imagining that between the composition of the first and last lines of the *Iliad*, dynasties fell, constitutions perished, and the face of Europe underwent transformation in the fires of three great wars. It is from the last of these phenomena that Mr. Kinglake’s monumental production has perhaps suffered

most. After the struggles of Austria and Prussia, of Russia and Turkey, and most of all the Titanic conflict of France and Germany, the invasion of the Crimea has declined to proportions which owe their relative political insignificance to something else besides the effect of distance. But the thing to bear in mind is that this insignificance is purely political, and that the habit of measuring the exploits of men and armies by this standard—a habit of increasing prevalence in these days—is not only a vulgar but a dangerous one. The virtues which make nations safe and great, can be just as nobly displayed—in spite of Lord Sherbrooke's discovery in his perverse days, of the petty territorial dimensions of Hellas—on a small stage as on a large one, and a historian may be just as well employed in celebrating the display of them under the former condition as under the latter. The "superior" critics therefore who have objected to Mr. Kinglake's history, that it is a mere series of Homeric battle-pieces, do greatly err. For what could it be better? It is only as affording a series of subjects for "battle-pieces" that the Crimean War possesses—at least according to our accepted theory of European politics—any claim to minute and elaborate historical record. In that capacity however its claim to such respectful treatment is of the highest order. It is in fact only one degree less commanding than that of the notable drama which was destined to be open within less than a year after the signature of the Peace of Paris; and the suppression of the Indian Mutiny was an exploit, the results of which were in one sense even more conspicuously negative than those of the war with Russia, since it merely restored the *status quo ante* the great military revolt. The suggestion therefore which is covertly insinuated in the criticism above referred to—namely, that the protracted labours of the historian who has dedicated a good part of a lifetime to recording the events of our last European war, are out of proportion to the dimensions of the subject—is surely unwarranted. It appears to me, on the contrary, that Mr. Kinglake has seized the true and only important aspect of the Crimean struggle—that is to say, as a grand presentment of British valour and constancy thrown into dramatic relief against a dark background, of British administrative incapacity; and, treating it in this aspect, he has been brilliantly successful in doing justice to his subject. Whether we hold that success to be worth the time and labour which it has cost him will depend upon

what we regard as the worthiest function of the historian. If however it be thought—as nowadays it is thought—worth while to spend months, if not years of research among "original documents" for the sake of unravelling some tangled web of old-world political intrigue which the average Englishman may be the wiser perhaps, but certainly can in no other sense be the better for knowing all about, it is surely unreasonable to grudge even a greater expenditure of time and talent on the attempt to inspire future generations of Englishmen to emulate the heroism of their fathers. And if such a brilliant gift of narrative as Mr. Kinglake possesses can be placed at its service, so much the better. In this respect the two last volumes of the history show no trace of declining power. Mr. Kinglake's eye for the picturesque in warfare is not dimmed, nor his natural force of draughtsmanship abated. He detects the flash of individual gallantry through the smoke of the battlefield as unerringly as ever, and his well-known manner of recounting deeds of daring with its fine underglow of enthusiasm, ever felt beneath an almost Tacitean reserve of diction, is no whit less impressive to-day, to a reader of any imagination, than it was when the struggle was still fresh in all our minds. Let any one read the story of Captain Oldershaw and No. VII. Battery, and say whether it will not be a bad day for England when such a narrative ceases to thrill an Englishman's breast.

I think it is an American humourist who has told us he has met with more than one criminal who had a superstitious objection to being hanged on a Friday, believing that no good could come of taking so important a step on so unlucky a day. He adds, I believe, that the sentence was executed on that day for the express purpose of disabusing the man of so childish a fancy in the future. We shall never know whether he was cured of the superstition, but I am certainly disposed to think that no such superstitions are curable by any milder means. Some people perhaps think that it is not a common complaint. Let them institute a "delicate investigation" into the subject among their friends—promising of course, not to laugh or tell—and they will be astonished at the numbers of the people who think "there may be something in it," and the still larger number, who while they disclaim belief in omens "would rather not have them happen." I quite admit that some of the methods adopted with the object

of discrediting superstition are almost as irrational as the superstitions themselves. An illustration of this is to be found in the well-known story of the club of sceptics who used to dine together thirteen at table, thirteen times a year, and begin dinner on each occasion by solemnly upsetting the salt. Why they might just as well go about to prove to a Roman that a *picus laevis* was not an evil augury for a projected journey by letting loose a bird of that species from a cage in front of the intending traveller. A thirteen dinner deliberately arranged would of course have no charm (perhaps the rationalistic explanation is that no dinner of so many guests can possibly have any charm); while to upset the salt intentionally does not differ in principle from helping yourself to that condiment. The essence of the omen lies of course in the fortuitousness of the incident. The idea is that the same Fate which, without knowledge, has decreed your death or misfortune, has mysteriously ordained the premonitory sign. No doubt it may be argued in reply that the intentional avoidance of an omen is just as delusive in another way as intentionally bringing it to pass. It is impossible that by evading the omen you should avert the calamity: you simply deprive yourself of a useful, if dispiriting, premonition to arrange your affairs. Perhaps the wisest man is he who neither courts the ill omen nor avoids it, and who, if he does chance to meet with it, contents himself with taking those simple and obvious precautions which it would be the mere pride of purblind rationalism to omit. Thus for instance, if he should be unfortunate enough to lose a tooth elsewhere than at the dentist's, he need not be above dropping a pinch of salt upon it before throwing it into the fire. Such a rite cannot possibly do any harm, and it *may*—for there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in our philosophy—be the means of averting ill-luck. Again, to fix up a horseshoe over one's knocker is merely a compliance with a quaint old custom which no one else has any right to object to, and which only those who conceit themselves on having penetrated all the secrets of the universe will confidently pronounce inefficacious as a charm. There are at any rate authentic instances of good fortune having, at least before the present agricultural depression, attended farmers who have nailed this amulet to their barn doors; and our knowledge of the whole mystery of causation is so imperfect that it is not for us to hazard any dogmatic dissociation of the two phenomena. In like manner, though there may

perhaps be nothing in the belief that a baby will die if you cut its nails before it is a year old, yet when it is so easy not to cut a baby's nails it may reasonably be doubted whether any affectionate parent would be justified in defying a widespread popular belief. Why incur any, even the slightest, risk in such a matter? Moreover I doubt whether on principles long ago accepted by us as a nation we have the right to affirm that the risk of defying any belief which can really describe itself as popular is a slight one. For after all it is quite certain—you will find it stated by Lord Macaulay—that the mass of mankind may be trusted to know better what is good for them than any minority, however able, cultivated, or well-meaning. If then the mass of mankind are superstitious, we ought carefully to consider whether Rationalism on these subjects may not be a mere aristocratic or oligarchic prejudice. If a majority of the world are of opinion that to turn the mattress over on a Friday or to rectify the mistake of putting a sock on wrong side out is to court calamity, it may be our duty as sound democrats to embrace their convictions on these points. *Securus judicat orbis terrarum.*

It is noteworthy too that even the so-called superstitious apply a certain amount of reason to the determination of the question whether this or that event is due to the operation of fate or to human agencies. Thus they rightly perceive that it is much more likely that prosperity should be due to their own merits than to chance, while with adversity the converse conclusion possesses an equal degree of probability; and we consequently hear rather less about the effects of good than we do about those of bad luck. Indeed I have known instances in which *Fors Adversa* has been fixed with a responsibility which she perhaps hoped to evade. Thus fared she with an undergraduate of my recollection, who complained bitterly of the "ill-luck" which had caused his rejection by the examiners, in consequence, as was supposed, of his showing himself to be on terms of insufficient intimacy with the eminent historian, Livy. It may have been the "Patavinity" of which that great writer has been accused that repelled him, but it is at any rate certain that the meeting of the examinee and the author in the schools was such as to show that their previous acquaintance had been of the slightest character, and had since been succeeded by something very like complete estrangement. In a word, the youth had been "ploughed" in his Livy. "I shouldn't complain of it so much," he said

reuefully, "if it were not for the confounded bad luck of the thing considering what happened the very morning I went into the schools." "What bad luck—what happened?" inquired a sympathising friend. "Well, you know," was the reply, "that I never looked at my Livy till that morning, but just at breakfast I thought I would try my hand at *Sortes*—*Sortes*, what d'you call it?" "*Sortes Livianæ*," suggested his friend with much readiness of paraphrase. "Yes, that'll do. Well, I opened the book at a shot with a fork, and I took the two chapters I found on the page it opened at, and read them up with the crib." "And the *Sortes* turned out all gamm—?" "Not a bit of it, my dear fellow. Those very two chapters were set me in the schools. That's just where the infernal luck comes in. *I'm hanged if I could construe them!*" So insidiously, we see, does Fortune intrude herself even into regions supposed to be under human control.

Several weeks have now passed without any one making observations on the private character of Shelley. What may be the explanation of this singular reserve, I do not profess to say, but I dare not hope that it will be of much longer duration. At present the *parole* is with the whitewashers. Mr. Matthew Arnold has had the last word or the last important word, and he has

dismissed the "*Itarnal* problem" and other ethical conundrums which the modern Shelleys are always asking each other, in a highly characteristic fashion. "What a set!" exclaims Mr. Arnold. "What a world!" Yes it *was* a set—it *was* a world, and this eminent critic is to be congratulated on his unhesitating assumption of a position in which he must have known that he would find himself in line with "Bottles." Unquestionably they are both right, Bottles and his literary creator, though they have reached their common standing-ground by opposite routes. Philistian respectability concurs with good taste and good feeling as regards the solution of the Harriet problem. Both must agree that if x equal the morality of Shelley's dealings with that unhappy young woman, and if an average standard of conduct be represented by the integer 1, then x will work out to an unpleasantly large number of decimal places. Mr. Arnold assures us that even after this algebraical operation is concluded, the "ideal Shelley survives." We must all sincerely hope so. But how thankful we should all be that Shakespeare died nearer three than two centuries ago, and that nothing more difficult than the comparatively simple "Anne problem" is now likely to be discovered and presented to us in connection with the life-history of the immortal bard!

H. D. TRAILL.





PORTRAIT OF ARIOSTO.

Engraved by R. TAYLOR, from the Picture by TITIAN, in the National Gallery.

The English Illustrated Magazine.

APRIL, 1888.

THE MEDIATION OF RALPH HARDELLOT.

BY PROF. W. MINTO, AUTHOR OF "CRACK OF DOOM."

CHAPTER XXIV.

RALPH SEARCHES FOR SIMON D'YPRES IN STOURBRIDGE FAIR.



O find Simon d'Ypres in Stourbridge Fair was not so easy a task as Ralph had expected.

Not merely on account of the crowd and the noise and the dust. The crowd was indescribably motley, and the noise was a distracting compound of many sounds, each in itself harassing, from the horns and drums of travelling shows to the monotonous chants of sturdy beggars, and the more varied and clamorous yells of the vendors of pies and sweets and fruits. There was distraction enough for the ear, and the eye was also confused by the shifting, jostling throng, and the clouds of dust that every few minutes were whirled in upon them from the Barnwell Road.

Still there was a certain order in the medley. Every year as September came round the booths and tents of the various traffickers in the temporary market were raised in the same appointed stations. To find his cloth-merchant Ralph, familiar with the topography from his old Cambridge days, imagined that he had only to make his way to the Dudderies on the right side of the Barnwell road, and search among the booths there congregated.

He searched, easily and confidently at first, as one who had plenty of time before him and could afford to stop now and then to hear the voluble importunities of beggars

and petty hawkers. But as he passed booth after booth without finding the object of his search, he became more impatient.

"What if, after all, he should not be there! What if he had made his market and gone!" The fair had now been open for three days.

At last to his great relief he recognised Lawrence, the merchant's lieutenant, standing behind a bench on which were displayed great rolls of cloth and linen.

Ralph walked up to him with a smile. Lawrence did not return it, but looking at the new-comer as one of a hundred of possible customers began to address him as such.

"Cloth or linen, fair sir? Fine linen for bed or table, rough frieze for your servants' kirtles, the finest broadcloth for your own gown, all of the best, the best make in Ypres."

Ralph stared in amazement.

"You can trust us for a fair bargain. We are not of those who come here but once and dare not show our faces again. Regularly as September comes round you will find us at this station, provided with cloth than which there is none better in Stourbridge Fair. A good merchant ——"

"Are you not Lawrence?" gasped Ralph.

"The faithful servant of Simon d'Ypres. Yes, good sir, at your bidding for any kind of cloth or linen that ——"

"Do you not know me," interrupted Ralph; "me, Ralph Hardelot, whom ——"

"I do not remember the name, fair sir," answered Lawrence, interrupting him in turn with voluble politeness, "but none the less are my master's goods at your command, on payment of a fair price; and a fairer price you will not be asked anywhere to-day. You do not wish to buy, fair sir," he continued, as Ralph stood in speechless amazement. "Do

not hurry. Take your own time, touch and handle for yourself. Here is a web of excellent cloth. Feel it for yourself, good sir." And pushing the web towards Ralph, he turned to another customer, and continued to commend his wares without change of manner or countenance.

What could it mean? It must be pretence. He could not possibly have forgotten one whom he had seen so lately and under such circumstances. Could he have heard what had happened since, and did he distrust one who had found favour in high quarters? Was this the explanation? Or was there anything suspicious in the appearance of the other customer to whom Lawrence now addressed himself? Was the faithful servant silent because it was not safe to talk before this stranger?

Ralph mechanically fingered the cloth, and deliberated, fairly puzzled, glancing from one to the other. Lawrence showed no consciousness of being observed. Spruce, dapper, ceremoniously deferential, he looked like any other efficient salesman whose whole soul was in his business, only that with his red hose, his blue kirtle of fresh cloth, and his fair, curling, neatly-parted hair, he looked smarter than most. There was not a smarter man of business in the fair than Lawrence. Who more unlike a revolutionary conspirator? Ralph could hardly believe that it could be the same man whom he had seen, and who had identified him in the Sturmere dungeon. If Lawrence had denied his identity, Ralph would at once have accepted the denial. But he had admitted it. What could the meaning be?

Ralph glanced at the customer. He was substantially clad in undressed gray homespun. Probably a small freeholder.

Ralph remarked that he had a straw in his mouth. Free labourers at those fairs used to carry a straw in that way as a symbol that they were open to an engagement. This man was surely too well-dressed for a labourer.

Lawrence apparently remarked the incongruity too, for he laughingly drew the customer's attention to his symbol.

"It is a mere trick," said the customer.

"Strange to say I have the same trick," answered Lawrence, and taking up a straw from the bench, he bit off a piece and proceeded to twist it about in his mouth.

Ralph fingered his cloth, and looked a little impatiently at Lawrence, but Lawrence took no notice.

The customer priced one or two pieces of cloth, but apparently could find none to suit him. Lawrence looked not in the least

disconcerted, and maintained the same mechanical courtesy when the customer finally shook his head and prepared to leave without having purchased anything.

"Do you often come to the fair?" he asked. "Have you been to Wandlebury, on the top of the Gog Magog? You can see very far from there. I generally walk there of a Sunday when I am at the fair."

And so with smiles the courteous tradesman parted with his visitor.

"What an ape this is!" thought Ralph to himself. Patience was not one of his virtues, and when Lawrence skipped up to him with his head cocked foppishly on one side, and asked with a smirk, "Have you been to Wandlebury, fair sir?" he answered with dry sternness:—

"I wish to see your master."

"Very right, sir," said Lawrence. "My master doubtless will be pleased to see you. But you will have rather a long journey to make."

"How so? Is your master not at the fair?"

"Master Simon left last night, sir, for Ypres. May I ask why you wish to see him?"

"I wish to see him on a matter of great consequence," said Ralph in dry tones.

"I am much in Master Simon's confidence," said Lawrence, with his head on one side. "Will you not intrust the business with me?"

Ralph hesitated for a moment.

"Am I not to be trusted?" said Lawrence with a sweet smile.

"I should have said you were a few days ago," answered Ralph, "but I do not understand your present conduct."

Without waiting for an answer he strode away. He was by no means convinced that Simon was not in the fair. It angered him to think that he was being played upon. What could be the object of it?

It is not pleasant to go on a message of conciliation and be received with insult. The old and experienced are prepared for it, and thus may be less disturbed when it comes: the naturally long-suffering accept it with patience as one of the many evils that have to be endured: but Ralph was young and hot-blooded.

So enraged was he at the servant's deliberate and unprovoked insolence that for a few moments he was half of a mind to leave the fair at once and give up his mission as hopeless. What good could he do by staying? The servant would never have dared to behave as he did of his own motives. The master must have given him

his instructions. And why? What was the meaning of it? Why rescue him from prison one day and refuse to know him the next?

Still they had rescued him, and the recollection of this, while it increased Ralph's perplexity, somewhat allayed his anger. To obtain quiet in which to think, he withdrew into the little chapel at the corner of the fair. As he knelt there the roar of the crowd sounded faint and distant, and the peacefulness of the place by degrees calmed the agitation of his spirits. He prayed to be delivered from the snares of anger and hasty and impetuous judgment.

Half an hour later he left the chapel resolved to persevere, his resolution strengthened by shame at his momentary fit of anger and impatience. If he could not find Simon d'Ypres he would humble himself to deliver his message to the fantastic and insolent lieutenant. But reflection had convinced him that the pretended merchant was somewhere about in disguise, and he was determined first to make a thorough search through the fair. Bearing in mind that the name of Simon d'Ypres was an assumed one, he put a different construction on Lawrence's saying that Master Simon had left the fair. The man might still be there though the name was dropped and another disguise assumed.

All day long he continued to search through the crowds and the noise and the dust. He left no corner of the fair unvisited, from Fish Hill by the river to Cheapside on the Barnwell Road, from Timber Fair on the east to Brush Row on the west. He could not tell where this man of mystery was to be found: he had not the slightest clue: his only course was to wander among the open booths and stalls and keep his eyes open. Wherever he saw a slight, short figure, he made narrow inspection of the face. More than once his heart leapt into his mouth, but on closer scrutiny the resemblance that had caught his eye flickered and disappeared. Every time that he made a mistake, he perceived to his alarm that his memory of the quiet-looking little man's features seemed to become more indistinct. The gray beard might have been shaved off, and he had never seen Simon without his hat: there was little left to identify him by, and the more he thought of nose and eye, and eyelid and eyebrow, the harder he found it to recall the exact shape, and of the shape he had a more distinct recollection than of the colour. He could remember that the nose was slightly curved, and that the eyelids drooped a little, but the colour of the eyes baffled his memory. They were really

gray, with a tawny corona round the pupil; but such eyes look very different in different lights and under different emotions.

Still Ralph searched resolutely on, clinging to the hope that he would recognise the features at once if only he could see them again. He sought them among the silver-smiths and among the ironmongers, among the leather-sellers and the vendors of soap and tar. He explored taverns and drinking tents, thinking the conspirator might be busy there. Wherever he found a knot of people gathered round a pardoner, or a minstrel, or a juggler, he hovered round them and made careful scrutiny of performers as well as audience, for as the search went on, his conceptions of the possibilities of disguise enlarged, and he became more and more anxious to let none escape him. He was alive to the fact that the disguise of a disengaged labourer might afford facilities for the conspirator; and many a poor smock-frock waiting to be hired conceived hopes of an engagement from his earnest gaze. He peered under the cowls of friars, and he gave apologetic alms to several ragged beggars whom he had offended by too suspicious an examination.

But anxious and penetrating though his search was, no trace could he find of the indispensable man. He began to fear that Lawrence had told him the truth, and that he was really gone. It was near the hour for the closing of the fair for the day; most of the chaffering was done; preparations were making for the evening meal, and the crowd was becoming rougher and more noisy.

Ralph had made up his mind at last to speak again to Lawrence, and had taken his stand near the booth waiting for a favourable opportunity. Lawrence was engaged with another customer, and, without any sign of weariness, was going through the same smart pantomime which had disgusted Ralph before. Ralph was watching him with unconscious intentness, and with something like a revival of the old disgust, and wondering whether, after all, it would be wise to trust such a fantastic ape, when presently his attention was quickened by seeing the smart salesman put a straw into his mouth and proceed to nibble it. Looking at the customer, he saw that he also was nibbling at a straw.

All at once a new light was thrown on Lawrence's fantastic behaviour. Ralph almost laughed aloud at the meaning of the symbolism suddenly dawned upon him. But hardly had the look of intelligence passed over his face, when he received a disagree-

able reminder that there may be more than one observer in a crowd, and that the watcher may himself be watched. A rough jostle made him turn his attention to his neighbours.

He looked round, and was at once made aware that the jostle was not an accident.

A knot of half-a-dozen rough-looking labourers stood close by, scowling at him with a very ugly expression. Their hair was unkempt; their blouses of blue frieze were dirty and patched; their hoods and gaiters of blue worsted, and their shoes and girdles of untanned leather were much the worse for wear. They placed themselves between Ralph and the booth.

"What find you to stare at there?" said the one who had jostled him.

"You clerks will always be prying into other men's business," said another, with a threatening gesture. "Home with you!"

"Always prying and spying!" cried a third. "Out of here! Home with you!"

"Ay," cried the first speaker, "what have you to do here? It is not the time for clerks to be here. It is more than a week yet to Michaelmas. There should be no clerks in the fair yet."

"He is a spy!"—"I saw him at it!"—"Home with him!"—came in quick succession from the men; and others, hearing the sound of angry voices, began to gather round.

Ralph, not being aware that his face had betrayed an intelligent interest in the proceedings at the booth, was at a loss to understand the cause of their anger. But good-nature and good-breeding combined to prevent him from losing his temper with inferiors.

"My good friends," he said courteously, facing them without any sign of shrinking, "in what have I offended you?"

"For what did you look at yonder booth?" demanded one.

"Prying into what does not concern you," added another.

"It is the cursed skill of clerks that undoes us," said another, fiercely shaking his fist. "They have no mind to honest labour."

"Answer!" said the first. "What did you see in yonder booth that set you smiling to yourself?"

This gave Ralph a clue to his offence. "You are in error, my good friends," he said. "I am no enemy, no spy. I am heartily with the commons."

At this they muttered doubtfully.

"I have," continued Ralph, "something to say to yonder merchant. I know him."

It appeared doubtful whether this explanation would be satisfactory. The men did not

abandon their threatening attitude, and the presence of the crowd inclined them to stand to their first position. "We all know that clerks are clever at lies," said one. "Let us see whether he is known to John Trueman."

Ralph did not relish this proposition, remembering how Lawrence had denied all knowledge of him in the morning.

Fortunately for him a diversion was effected. A burly franklin riding by with four mounted retainers in his train forced his horse through the crowd that was forming round the centre of dispute; and recognising one of the labourers as a runaway bondman, instantly laid hands on him.

"Aha, Peterkin!" he cried; "I have caught you at last. You come with me."

The franklin had been drinking heavily over his bargains, and was flushed with the success of them, otherwise it would never have entered his head to try to apprehend a runaway in such circumstances. He soon had reason to repent of his recklessness. The bondman struggled to free himself from his late master's grasp. His friends took his part, and crowded in front of the horse. The franklin swore, and laid about him wildly with his whip, holding on to the bondman and trying to drag him along. One of the labourers seized the horse by the bridle; another pummelled at the hand that held the bondman; a third threw a handful of dust in the franklin's eyes. This last manœuvre settled the business: in an instant, before the retainers could come up, the bondman was out of his master's grasp, and had plunged into the thick of the fair.

The labourers, joined by a considerable crowd, proceeded to amuse themselves with the half-intoxicated franklin. He showed fight at first, but soon thought retreat his safest course, and was hooted and pelted well past the Priory, when the speed of his horse enabled him to escape.

This incident left Ralph at liberty. The space in front of the booth was clear; the crowd had rushed after the flying franklin to see the rough sport. Ralph seized the opportunity to speak again to Lawrence.

"You pretended," he said, "not to know me in the morning. For this doubtless you had your own reasons, but I wish now to send through you a message to Master Simon d'Ypres. Will you take it?"

Lawrence answered in a very different tone from what he had used in the morning. "Yes," he said; "I have seen him since I saw you."

"Then he is in the fair?" said Ralph, with surprise.

"He has returned," answered Lawrence, with a smile. "He told me to ask you what your message was if I saw you again, and to tell you that you might trust me."

Ralph proceeded to relate how he had met the king, and what he had seen and heard of the king's favourable disposition to the poor commons. The idea that had possession of Ralph's mind was an inquiry by trustworthy commissions into the land and labour grievances of each district. Such commissions in isolated cases were familiar enough to the state-craft of the time: to an ardent mind nothing seemed to be needed in the interests of justice except to make them general as regarded unfair exactions of rent and service. Ralph had heard the king express himself as favourable to such inquiries, and Burley had encouraged him to believe that they were practicable, provided only the commons would wait with patience the slow movement of redress.

All this Ralph expounded with earnest eloquence, dwelling strongly on the king's gentle and just disposition. Lawrence heard him to the end in silence, and made no comment. He simply said that he would report this to his master.

"Can I not see him?" asked Ralph.

"I will ask him," said Lawrence.

"May I not come to Wandlebury?" said Ralph, in a light tone, but with a significant smile. "You see I have guessed your secret. There is to be a meeting there on Sunday."

Lawrence laughed a little uneasily. "You will not betray the secret?" he said. "How did you come by it? If it can be read so easily, we must——"

"I should never have guessed it," interrupted Ralph, "if I had not known something of your purposes before. But may I come?"

"The hour is mid-day," answered Lawrence. "Put a straw in your mouth, or our pickets will not pass you."

CHAPTER XXV.

MASTER DOCKET ALSO SEARCHES AND FINDS
SOMETHING TO INTEREST HIM.

BURLEY's purpose in sending Ralph Harde-
lot to Cambridge with a communication from
the king to the leaders of the discontented
commons was of an extremely simple nature.
He hoped through Ralph to lay hands on a
whole knot of leading conspirators at one
swoop. And this was his plan.

He anticipated that Ralph, fully believing
in the king's power to act out his wishes,
would be perfectly frank and open in his
movements, as the bearer of a message that
might as well be proclaimed from the house-
tops. That the king was willing to inquire
into the grievances of his poor subjects was
not a dangerous secret, since this very willing-
ness was a proof that he harboured no ill-will
to their champions. It would not occur
to Ralph that there was any reason for
secrecy as regarded his dealings with those
champions. He would not at least hesitate
to talk freely to any one who should be desig-
nated to him as a proper recipient of his
confidence as the negotiations went on. Ac-
cordingly Burley designated the Master of
Pembroke as a person to whom he might
from day to day report what progress he had
made. A meeting would probably be held
by Simon d'Ypres and his friends to take
into consideration the king's proposals. Of
this meeting the Master would be informed,
and he was confidentially instructed to inform
the Sheriff of the county, who again had his
instructions to arrest the whole gang at their
rendezvous.

This was Burley's plan in its simplicity,
based on the supposition that Ralph his
emissary would conceal nothing, as seeing no-
thing that needed concealment. But if Ralph
should be secretive, he had provided for this
also. The Master of Pembroke was to pro-
vide a trusty man to watch his movements.

On the evening after his vain search for
Simon d'Ypres, the Master sent for Ralph,
and cheerfully expressed a hope that he had
had good speed. Had he seen the redoubt-
able Simon? How was the king's message
received? In answer to which and other
questions, Ralph promptly told him how the
merchant's lieutenant had pretended not to
know him at first, and how ultimately he had
been promised an interview with the agitator
on the following Sunday. In fact he kept
back nothing except his knowledge of the
secret sign, which he did not mention at all,
and the place of meeting, which he said he
had engaged not to reveal.

The Master smiled the smile of a kindly
patron, and said he was quite right. A cer-
tain amount of secrecy was a matter of course
in affairs of the kind. Ralph apologised
again for keeping anything back, and the
Master repeated that he would on no account
press for confidence on the point.

What, indeed, was the need for pressing
when all that was required in order to know
the place of meeting was to have Ralph fol-
lowed on the appointed day? The unsuspect-

ing youth had not made a secret of the day. The day once known, the little arrangement contemplated by Burley could easily be carried out.

It was on a Wednesday that Ralph had perambulated Stourbridge Fair, and he had to restrain his impatience for three days. A good deal of the time he spent in the fair, no longer with the vehement intentness of his first search, but quietly passing here and there on the chance of encountering under some disguise the mysterious champion of the commons.

Meantime another pair of eyes was on the watch for the same man—steady, bovine, slow-moving eyes which had an acuter power of construction behind them than the world in general supposed. Master Docket, Town Clerk of Sudbury and Reeve of St. Gregory's College, had come to the fair with an interest in finding out something about Simon d'Ypres.

Docket, it may be remembered, had confidential relations with Sir Richard Rainham. He it was who had sent word in advance of the passage of the merchant's party from Sudbury to Cambridge by Sturmere, and thus had enabled the knight to intercept them. The rumour of the events that followed had reached Docket at Sudbury, and he had ridden across to Castle Hedingham to see the combat, and had afterwards sought an interview with Rainham, from whom he learnt more than he knew before about the character of the pretended merchant. It was agreed between them that Docket should follow him to Stourbridge. A discovery of his plots might prove to their mutual advantage. The knight thought he might recover his lost favour at court by helping to expose them.

It was not so very strange that Ralph had not met Docket in his rambles through the fair. Active locomotion did not suit Docket's habits. He confined his espionage within a limited field. Two close friends had accompanied him to the fair. Harry Hurst, the landlord of the White Hart, like every other important innkeeper of enterprise within thirty miles of Cambridge, was there with what would now be called a refreshment tent. Sir Roger Chowley, the Canon, had also come, to make purchases for the college. Docket spent most of his time in the tent boozing with the Canon. Every now and then he sallied out to keep his intelligent eye on the merchant's booth.

Like Ralph, Docket had soon discovered the absence of Simon d'Ypres. But unlike Ralph he did not thereupon proceed to search the Fair. "Everything comes to him who

waits" was Docket's unformulated principle of action. He simply watched the booth during those intervals when he was not occupied in enjoying, without much outward sign of enjoyment, the company of the facetious Canon. There was no appearance of eagerness about Docket's observation. His steady, slow-moving eye seemed to be gazing on vacancy. Least of all did the booth appear to be an object of attention to him, and yet he contrived to see who came and went and what passed between them and the salesman.

To see, and also to hear. Docket's intelligence was slow but sure. On the first day he saw the straw in Lawrence's mouth, but attached no significance to it. On the second day it occurred to him, quietly watching, that the customers to whom Lawrence exhibited the straw also had straws in their mouths, and generally retired without buying anything. He resolved to hear what was said. Lawrence had seen him in the White Hart at Sudbury, and he did not wish to be recognised. Accordingly as a precaution against this, he pulled his hood well over his head, half closed his eyes, and screwed up one corner of his mouth. Thus disguised he lounged calmly past the booth, and listened. He heard the question about Wandlebury, and returned to Harry Hurst's tent to meditate on it, with an increased vacancy in the expression of his eye.

On the third day he loitered past again, and heard the question about Wandlebury repeated to another customer with a straw in his mouth. This time Docket permitted himself to wink, and when he returned to the tent was rallied by the Canon on the owlish solemnity of his visage. "Docket is either drunk," he said, "or up to mischief."

CHAPTER XXVI.

RALPH GOES TO WANDLEBURY CAMP AND MEETS SIMON D'YPRES.

ON Sunday morning soon after ten Ralph walked out to Wandlebury, taking the old Roman road right over the ridge of the Gog-Magog hills. As he went along he could see many parties converging on the same spot, and here and there on the slopes of Gog-Magog little groups were visible, the members of which seemed to him to be lying or squatting in mere idle enjoyment till he observed that they invariably intercepted anybody moving in the direction of the old camp.

From this he judged that they were acting as outlying pickets.

He himself was hailed by the commandant of one of those posts just as he gained the crest of the hill. The man came down from the bank where he was lying with his companions, and asked Ralph whither he was going. Ralph twirled the straw in his mouth and answered, "To Wandlebury."

"You don't know me?" said the man with a smile. He was dressed like a well-to-do labourer in his Sunday clothes, closely shaved, a red hood over his head with a long liripip hanging down behind. A very respectable figure he looked in his gray kirtle reaching to the knees, and his worsted gaiters of a colour to match the hood.

Ralph started at the voice and looked again. It was Simon d'Ypres at last.

The disguised merchant called to one of his comrades to take his place, and walked along with Ralph towards the camp.

"Lawrence has told me of your message," he said.

"And what do you think of it?" asked Ralph eagerly.

The merchant was silent for a little. "I fear it comes too late," he said at last. "The stone is rolling too fast to be stopped."

"But the king," said Ralph, "is most anxious to do justice. You should have seen how his eyes sparkled and his face glowed. How can it be too late if he sets wise and just men to find out what is amiss, and uses all his power to undo injustice and give the poor commons the protection that they ask? How can it be too late if he is willing and able to do this?"

The merchant shook his head. "Willing—yes. I rejoice to hear of his willingness. But is he able? That is more doubtful. The king is in the hands of his nobles. They will not let him grant what the poor commons ask—and indeed," he added thoughtfully, "many of them ask more than justice."

"But you should not encourage them in this," cried Ralph. "Justice they should have, but more than justice—if they ask this they are no better than tyrants themselves, and honest men should not aid and abet them."

Ralph spoke warmly, and in the heat of his eloquence turned to face his companion, trying as it were to catch and hold his eyes with his own.

The merchant smiled and said, "You seem to accuse me."

Ralph hastened to disclaim this.

"No," said the merchant earnestly, "I do not aid and abet them. I do not encourage

them in asking more than justice. But who shall measure what justice is? Men who have long suffered injustice are not good judges of their own claims. They are hot for revenge: when they think that all they want is their own rights, they are really burning to avenge old injuries. I have done my best not to encourage them in this but to discourage them. But they listen to others more than to me. They listen most willingly to wild babblers who shout against the rich and their luxuries, and promise to drag them down. You will hear them to-day. I have brought you to this place that you might hear them, and see how greedily the poor commons swallow their rhetoric and their gibes. It is natural enough: the rich have shown them little sympathy. You will hear for yourself how your promise of inquiry is laughed to scorn and derided as a mere trick. It is natural again: the poor commons have been so often deceived."

"But," said Ralph, "why do you not speak out against those blind guides? Why do you suffer them to mislead the people?"

The merchant shrugged his shoulders. "I am no orator," he said.

"But these men are nothing but orators. They love only to hear themselves talk and see the people moved by their words."

"Nay, that is too severe a judgment. They are truly angry against wrong."

"But if they have eloquence without discretion, why do you not tell the people so?"

The merchant smiled. "The people would not believe me."

"But why do you act with them? At least you need not act with them."

"Among evils one must make a choice," answered the merchant with a weary sigh.

"But if you act with them, you strengthen their power for evil. The people must think that you approve of them."

"Listen," said the merchant. "Reformation is not so simple a matter as impulsive youth is apt to think. You know how wretched the state of the poorest commons is. You would have their condition bettered, would you not?"

"With all my heart," said Ralph.

"Consider, then, how it is to be done. The head must move as well as the heart. I act with those turbulent orators because I am no orator myself, and these men raise the wind that fills the sails of my plan of reformation, and I have no hope in any other plan. There is in truth no other that can succeed."

Ralph was rather staggered at this frank statement, and his countenance showed it.

"Am I too self-confident? Listen and you shall judge. If the king is tender-hearted to his poor subjects, there is all the more hope in what I propose to do."

"But how can you do more than discover what justice requires, and carry that into effect?"

"True; but the king can act only through commissioners; the king's commissioners must be men of rank and wealth, or the friends of such; and the justice of the king's commissioners may be very different from my justice or your justice. They will themselves be masters of servants, owners of bondmen. Think you that they are likely of their own free will to give servants and bondmen what they ask, seeing that to give is to impoverish themselves, to contract their own pleasures, to limit their own grandeur?"

"Some of them would not yield," said Ralph.

"Many of them," answered Simon: "most of them, and when it came to the pinch, they would act as one man to keep the bondmen down."

"But they might be persuaded," said Ralph.

"Yes," answered the merchant, "by fear. They may be persuaded by fear: against established and unconscious selfishness it is a stronger motive than love. And it is by fear that I propose to persuade them. Let them once see that the poor commons are to be feared, and they will yield. At present they are too contemptuous to make any concession to justice. And now you understand my plan. These hot-headed orators, whom you will presently hear, excite the storm which I and others are labouring to direct. Why did the Jacquerie fail? Only through want of union. We must give our poor commons union, and then their numbers will tell. At present the nobles and rich commons care no more for their wretched thralls than for swarms of flies."

Ralph pondered for a little in silence. "But," he asked at length, "what if the storm raised should be too strong! The wind then instead of filling your sails might wreck your ship."

"That is my fear," said the merchant.

"And yet you persevere?" said Ralph, with some surprise.

"What else can I do? If the king is with us, there is hope. His name is still a tower of strength. The inhuman pride of the nobles must somehow be broken."

Ralph said nothing. The picture which the merchant had suggested to his mind of two opposed classes on the eve of deadly

strife—the one contemptuous and overweening, the other stubborn, resentful, ready to give battle with the courage of despair and the savagery of hatred long pent up, filled him with a horror that kept him silent.

Could nothing be done for peace? Was war inevitable?

They had now reached the old camp at Wandlebury. Ralph looked round on the motley gathering, buzzing in groups on the breezy hill under the changeful September sky, as if he could read in their faces what was to come. So impressed was his imagination with the thought of savage and vindictive rebellion, that he was almost startled to see so many faces without any outward trace of sullen gloom or brooding hatred. Weather-beaten faces were there in plenty, rough, tanned throats running up into shaggy matted hair; but the features in general had the grave, hard set of severe bodily labour and sober fare. A certain glisten in the eyes was the only visible sign of excitement, and it betokened rather vague curiosity and expectation than a fixed common purpose. The great bulk of the assembly consisted of peasants whose lives were spent in dull, hard routine, and who were not easily moved out of their hourly attitude of stolid, plodding endurance. Hard, monotonous work had taken all the vivacity out of them. But the crowd contained also many men in better dress, in clothes that were at least whole and unpatched, though made of homely materials, tradesmen mostly from the small towns, whom the extortions and vexatious interferences of overlords had driven to make common cause with the peasants. Cambridge itself, with its standing disputes with the University and the religious houses, contributed a goodly proportion of this class. These more vivacious members of the meeting formed groups in which animated discussion went on of the rumours brought to the fair by visitors from a distance, the peasants standing by now hearkening with open mouth, now gazing inquiringly about, with that peculiar glistening look of excited expectation.

"These men cannot be such ungovernable savages," thought Ralph to himself. "They look honest and laborious and patient drudges, not easily goaded to violent courses." He had never seen this human sea except in a calm, and it was hard to believe that it could ever be excited to a storm. He looked over the assembly, wondering whether the merchant's alarm was justified, and considering in what terms he should report to Sir Simon Burley.

He was roused from his reflections by suddenly hearing the merchant at his side exclaim in an excited voice: "Thank God. Here he comes!"

At that very moment Ralph had caught sight of a familiar countenance in the crowd, with two great eyes directed at himself. Yes; it was Docket: Docket also had mastered the pass. Ralph was astonished to see Docket there, but the merchant claimed his attention before he could frame any speculation on the subject.

"Thank God! Here he comes," said the merchant.

"Who?" asked Ralph, catching something of his eagerness.

The merchant pointed along the straight Roman road in the direction of Linton. Ralph saw, about a mile off, a black figure on a small pony trotting rapidly towards Wandlebury.

"Who is it?" asked Ralph.

"The priest of St. Mary's," answered the merchant, "our trusty shepherd John Ball. I am glad he has come. I sent a messenger to him as soon as Lawrence told me what you had said to him. We may now be able to keep the violent men in check."

(To be continued.)

SONNET.

LETHE.

LÓ! like a water-spirit in her car,
 Even as Undine or the Lorelei,
 We float in a dim river, you and I,
 Seeing but faintly sun or moon or star;
 And we shall never pierce its wind-vexed bar
 Into the open glory of the sky,
 But tho' so near, shall never be more nigh
 Till past all wondering where or what we are.

For this stream is called Lethe, and when we
 Break from the crystal bondage of our shell
 Whose bubble strength and beauty's miracle
 Save for our frailty now would set us free,
 The Past and Future are Oblivion's fee
 For loosing us from Life's unquiet spell.

MORLEY ROBERTS.



SPANISH ARMADA.

In the summer of 1888 the nation is called upon to celebrate the three hundredth anniversary of the defeat of the "Invincible Armada" of Spain, an event of the greatest significance to the English-speaking race. We are asked to commemorate that event in a manner which shall impress its importance upon the people of these realms, and especially upon the young, as well as to show to other nations that we are not unmindful of our obligations to the men of the Elizabethan age who nobly defended this land when it was so closely threatened by the invading hosts of Philip II., incited thereto by the Sovereign Pontiff.

How this commemoration shall be carried out is still an open question; but that, in this age of anniversaries, it deserves to be so celebrated can scarcely be matter for doubt. True, it may be urged, and has already been suggested, that having just passed through all the exceptional excitement of a Jubilee year, the nation might be allowed to rest in peace for a while. But as the people of this country have no control over events and cannot choose the time when such historical anniversaries shall fall, we must be content to take them as they come, and carry them out to the best of our ability, even though, as this year, they come in double rank.¹

¹ Referring to the Armada tercentenary and the bicentenary of the Revolution of 1688.

The proposal for an Armada celebration emanates from Plymouth, where, a while ago, a pardonable enthusiasm was evinced over the honoured memory of Sir Francis Drake, "first of England's vikings as a sailor."²

The historical town of Plymouth may be termed the home and nursery of the British navy from very early times, and around it are centred many of the most noteworthy incidents of national naval annals. Plymouth was the abiding-place (though not the birthplace)³ of Drake when he was not scouring the seas in quest of Spanish gold, or "singeing the King of Spain's beard." It was from hence he sailed in all his expeditions, and to which he returned from his memorable voyage when he "put a girdle round the earth." From hence also sailed Hawkins and Frobisher and Raleigh and many another Elizabethan hero; and in later days Plymouth witnessed the departure, in 1620, of the Pilgrim Fathers to found colonies in the New World; and it was from the same port that Captain Cook sailed on his eventful voyage of discovery in 1768. It was at Plymouth also that the fleet, under the command of Lord Charles Howard of Effingham and Sir Francis Drake, awaited the coming of the Duke of Medina Sidonia and his "floating Babel" freighted with men, munitions, and

² Burritt.

³ Drake was born at Crowndale, near Tavistock.

instruments of torture intended for the invasion, subjugation, and conversion of this little island.

Inasmuch, then, as the proposal to celebrate this national crisis comes from this fine old historic town, this mother of heroes, and mother of many another Plymouth up and down the wide world, it is but fitting that any demonstration such as that now proposed should there find its chief centre. It is therefore a *sine quâ non* that an Armada celebration should be held at Plymouth in July next.

Various suggestions have been made as to the form the demonstration should take. A great naval display has been proposed, but it is doubtful if the Government would be disposed to lend any assistance in the matter; also that a procession or pageant of representative historical scenes and personages—on the lines of those at Heidelberg and other places on the Continent, and at Ripon a while ago in this country—a series of historical tableaux in the public hall of the town, with appropriate scenery, would be an interesting feature; and a marine pageant, in which the vessels of the port should take part, equipped as nearly as possible to represent the little craft of the Elizabethan days, in which, to quote the words of Froude, “the seamen from the banks of the Thames and the Avon, the Plym and the Dart, self-taught and self-directed, with no impulse but what was beating in their own royal hearts, went out across the unknown seas, fighting, discovering, colonising, and graved out the channels, paving them at last with their bones, through which the commerce and enterprise of England has flowed out over all the world” (Froude’s *Short Studies*, Second Series, p. 297). It is also proposed that an exhibition of Armada and other relics, of pictures of the period, portraits of the great sea-captains of those days, and other curiosities should be organised, and it is believed that a collection of exceptional interest might be got together.

Amongst other valuable suggestions of a more general character are these: additions to the statue of Drake on Plymouth Hoe, to form an appropriate Armada memorial; a tower or other structure on which the names of the Armada heroes and other particulars might be inscribed; a separate statue of Sir Walter Raleigh; a Drake Home for decayed sailors of the mercantile marine; an Insurance Company for the lives and property of fishermen, &c., &c.

Such are a few of the proposals which have been made, and as the general scheme has

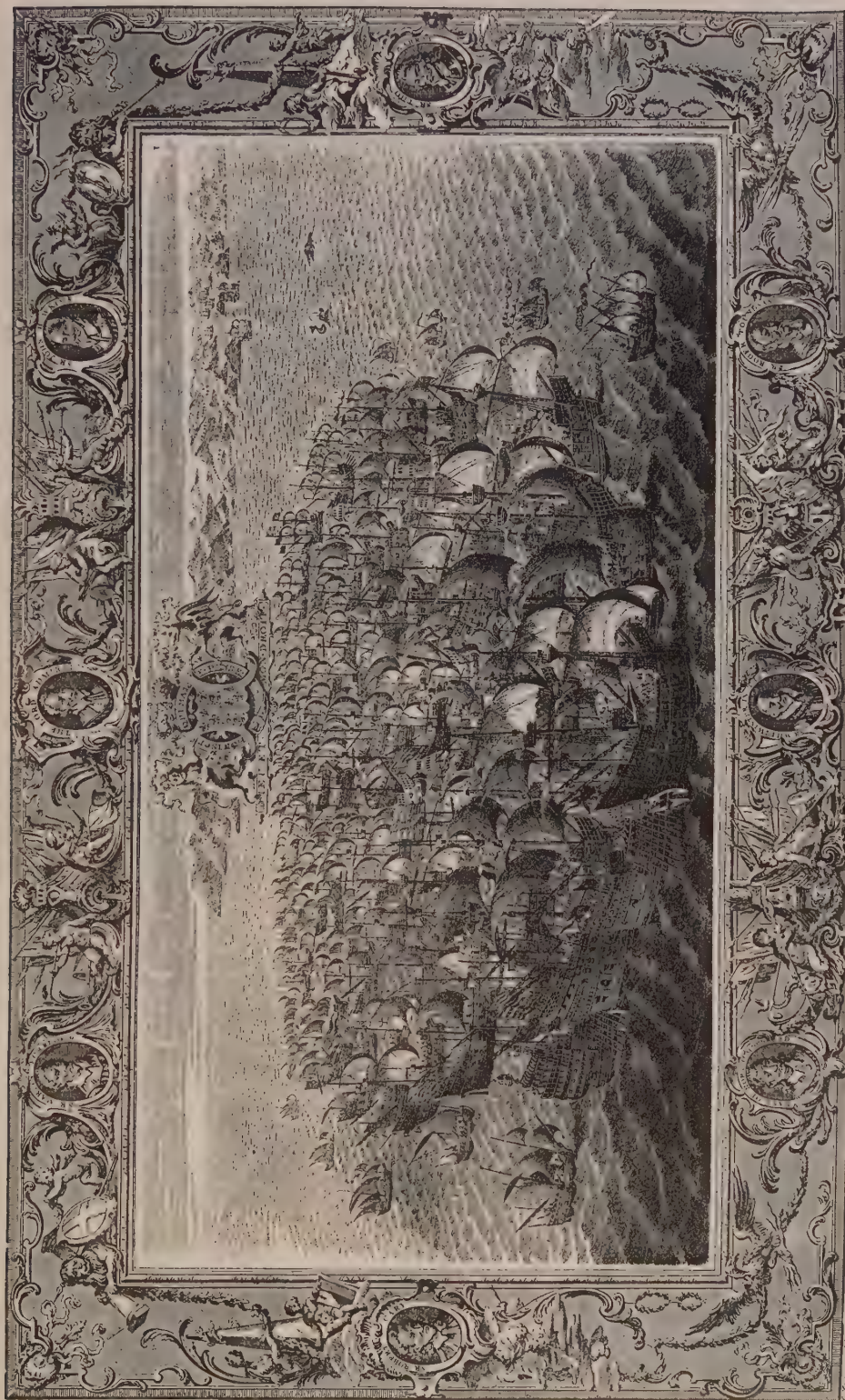
been approved by the London and local journals, and has received considerable favour in the locality chiefly concerned, it is to be hoped that the authorities both naval and municipal may be induced to lend their aid to carry them out effectively and liberally.

Of course it is not intended that the Armada celebrations shall be confined to the western seaport, although there undoubtedly should be the chief demonstration. The undertaking ought to be national in its character, even though the Government have no share in carrying it out; and doubtless other seaports would add their share of effort to give *éclat* to the occasion. There are other places, the rise and progress of which may be traced incidentally to the doings of those days, and it would be no difficult matter to arrange for a series of demonstrations all over the country in a similar manner to those which have taken place during the Jubilee year. A simultaneous firing of beacons, by a more preconcerted arrangement than that of Jubilee Day, might be carried out similar to that so graphically described by Macaulay:

“Night sank upon the dusky heath, and on the
purple sea;
Such night in England ne’er had been, nor e’er
again shall be!
From Eddystone to Berwick bounds, from Lynn
to Milford Bay,
That time of slumber was as bright, as busy as
the day;
For swift to east and swift to west the warning
radiance spread,
High on St. Michael’s Mount it shone; it shone
on Beachy Head.”

London, which contributed so nobly in ships, men, money, and munitions of war towards the defence of the country, and against which the aims of the Spaniards were largely directed, would without doubt prepare a monster pageant, in which the Queen and members of the Royal Family might be induced to take part, repeating in some measure the proceedings of her illustrious predecessor, Elizabeth, who, “attended by her privy council, by the nobility, and other honourable persons, as well spiritual as temporal, in great number, the French ambassador, the judges, the heralds, and trumpeters all on horseback, came in a chariot supported by four pillars and drawn by two white horses to St. Paul’s Church, where, alighting at the west door, she fell on her knees and audibly praised God for her own and the nation’s signal deliverance.”

The matter has been taken up warmly



SPANISH ARMADA AS FIRST SIGHTED OFF THE LIZARD.

Engraved by Thomas Stothard, from a drawing by J. M. W. Turner.

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At the Office of the Publisher.

remarkable sagacity and determination in the choice of her chief officers of state which was one of her most striking characteristics. Many loyal Catholics who offered their services were, however, looked on with suspicion and not admitted to places of trust; but to their eternal honour be it said that they volunteered to serve as common soldiers or sailors rather than lose the opportunity of testifying to the fact that they considered themselves Englishmen first and Catholics afterwards, and were willing to sink their religious feelings in the face of a national enemy.

So much then for the proposal itself and the means suggested for carrying it into effect.

We now come to consider very briefly some of the reasons why it appears desirable that such a commemoration should take place.

Charles Kingsley, a true son of Devon, who had an intense admiration for the great seamen of those glorious days, puts the matter very forcibly in his inimitable prose epic, *Westward Ho!* He says:—

“It is to the sea-life and labour of the men of Devon that England owes the foundation of her naval and commercial glory. It was the Drakes and Hawkins, Gilberts and Raleighs, Grenvilles and Oxenhamms, and a host more of forgotten worthies, to whom she owes her commerce, her colonies, her very existence. For had they not first crippled, by their West India raids, the ill-gotten resources of the Spaniard, and then crushed his last huge effort in Britain’s Salamis, the glorious fight of 1588, what had we been by now but a Popish appanage of a world-tyranny as cruel as heathen Rome itself, and far more devilish?”

In the same work we are treated to a graphic picture of the scenes probably enacted on Plymouth Hoe on that eventful day when news was brought to the English captains there playing at bowls of the near approach of the Spaniards, which had been observed by Captain Fleming off the Lizard. Everybody has heard or read the story of that traditional game of bowls, and the characteristic speech of the blunt sailor, Drake—“There is time to finish the game and beat the Spaniards afterwards.” And most people have read Canon Kingsley’s narrative, given in such a skilful manner and by such a masterly hand, that we are tempted to say as we read that thrilling chapter of *Westward Ho!*—Surely these things must be true; they must have happened just as they are here set forth, for there is a

freshness and a reality about them almost too natural to be the invention of a writer of fiction.

It may interest our readers to know that the writer of this article has proved, almost beyond question, the truth of this story of the game of bowls on Plymouth Hoe, an event so cleverly depicted in Lucas’s fine painting, *The Armada in Sight*. Not relying upon hearsay evidence, and yet unwilling to give up old traditions which have been handed down from generation to generation, he has made search in some obscure corners of English literature, and with good results. In nearly every narrative of the Armada we find the story repeated. Oldys, in his *Life of Raleigh*, prefixed to Raleigh’s *History of the World* (ed. 1736), records the fact, and refers to a curious collection of tracts published some years before. This collection, entitled *Phoenix Britannicus* (1731), was made by J. Morgan Gent, and amongst the tracts is one, the original of which was printed in 1624, in which occurs the following passage:

“Did we not,” says the Duke of Braganza, in a supposititious speech ascribed to that nobleman, “in ’88, carry our Business, for England, so cunningly and secretly, as well in that well-dissembled Treaty with the English near Ostend . . . as in bringing our Navy to their Shoars, while their Commanders and Captains were at Bowls upon the Hoe of Plymouth, and had my Lord Alonzo Gusman, the Duke of Medina Sidonia, had but the Resolution (but, in Truth, his Commission was otherwise), he might have surprised them as they lay at Anchor and the like.”

This statement therefore carries the incident back to a period when many persons then living would have had cognisance of the story.

Froude (another Devonian) has, in quite another way, told the history of that eventful time, as drawn from authentic contemporary documents, and has invested his subject with supreme interest and importance. There is no portion of his *History* so likely to arouse the patriotic ardour of Englishmen as the recital, towards the end of the work, of the events which culminated in the delivery of this country from foreign invasion, and the crushing defeat of Philip’s Armada—the “God-defying Armada,” as it has been termed.

We have cited the novelist and the historian; come we now to the words of a popular poet, also a native of the western shire. Austin Dobson, the writer of so much acceptable verse, has given us a *Ballad*

to *Queen Elizabeth of the Spanish Armada*, which, with the author's permission, we here quote :—

"King Philip had vaunted his claims ;
He had sworn for a year he would sack us,
With an army of heathenish names
He was coming to fagot and stack us.
Like the thieves of the sea he would track us,
And shatter our ships on the main ;
But we had bold Neptune to back us,—
And where are the galleons of Spain ?

"His carackes were christened of dames
To the kirtles whereof he would tack us ;
With his saints and his gilded stern-frames,
He had thought like an egg-shell to crack us.
Now Howard may get to his Flaccus,
And Drake to his Devon again,
And Hawkins bowl rubbers to Bacchus,—
For where are the galleons of Spain ?

"Let His Majesty hang to St. James
The axe that he whetted to hack us ;
He must play at some lustier games
Or at sea he can hope to out-thwack us.
To his mines of Peru he would pack us,
To tug at his bullet and chain ;
Alas ! that his greatness should lack us !—
But where are the galleons of Spain ?

ENVOY.

"GLORIANA ! the Don may attack us
Whenever his stomach be fain ;
He must reach us before he can rack us,—
And where are the galleons of Spain ?"¹

Under these light, rollicking lines the poet tells us much sober, serious truth, and reveals in a striking manner the intentions of Philip and his colleagues in their endeavours to bring about the subjugation of this country, so happily frustrated.

To Macaulay's unfinished ballad, *The Armada*, we have already alluded, in which he so truthfully depicts the state of feverish expectation which pervaded the country at the approach of the Spaniards, and the preparations which were made to give them a warm reception. Macaulay's fragment has, however, inspired two other writers to continue the story, and without attempting to criticise their respective performances or to compare the additional stanzas with the popular original, we may say that they have fairly caught the spirit of Macaulay's ballad. The two writers to whom we allude are W. C. Bennett, in *Contributions to a Ballad History of England* (Chatto and Windus), and the Rev. H. C. Leonard of Bristol, whose poem was originally published in the *Boy's Own Paper*. While on the sub-

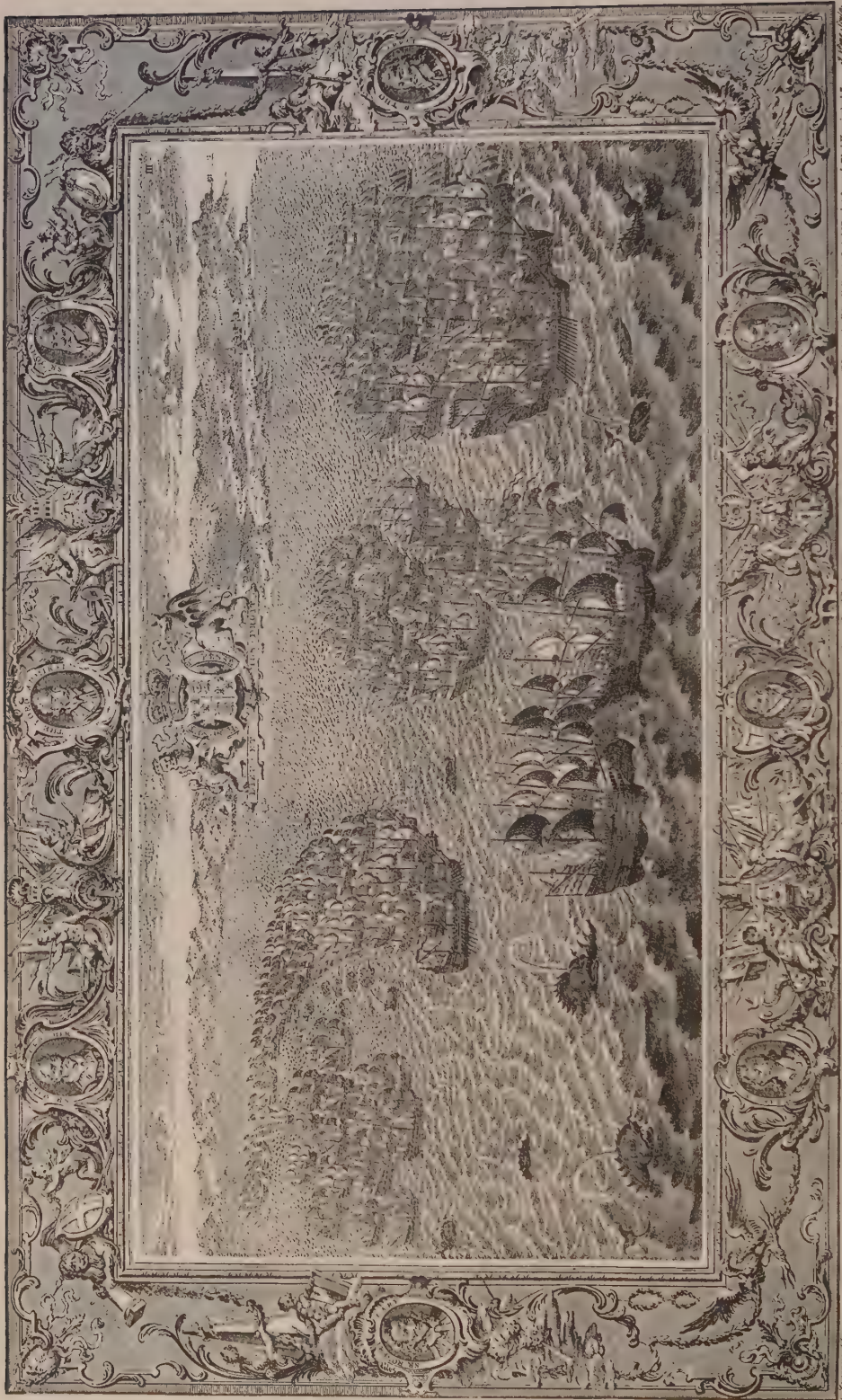
ject of these literary efforts, mention may be made of two ballads by Thomas Deloney, written and published in the Armada year (1588). The first is entitled, *The Queenes Visiting of the Campe at Tilsburie, with Her Entertainment there*, and the other, "*Old Ballad on the Overthrow of the Spanish Armada*," a Joyful Ballad, declaring the happie obtaining of the great Galleazzo, wherein Don Pietro de Valdez was the chiefe, through the mightie power and providence of God, being a speciall token of His gracious and fatherly goodness towards us, to the great encouragement of all those that willingly fight in the defence of His Gospel and our good Queene of England."

The bibliography of the Spanish Armada is, as may be supposed, very extensive, and can barely be touched upon here ; but mention may be made in passing of one or two "curiosities of literature," which are to be found in the more precious collections at the British Museum. One is a small, thin, quarto volume, entitled *Triumphalia de Victoris Elizabethæ Anglorum, Francorum, Hybernorumque Reginæ Augustissimæ, Fidei Defensoris Acerrimæ, contra classem instructissimam Philippi Hispaniarum Regis Potentissimæ Partis, Anno Christi, nati 1588. Julio et Augusto mensibus*. This work is in beautiful painted binding, evidently the presentation copy to Queen Elizabeth, with the letters E. D. G., A. F. and H., R. D. F., on one side. It is a collection of verses in Latin and Greek in honour of the victory over the Armada, from some press on the Continent. There is no other signature to the dedication than that of N. Eleutherius. It is exceedingly rare. On the back of the title are twelve lines—"Daniel Rogersio vivo politissimo," Signed, N. Eleutherius.

There is also a very curious work preserved in the King's Library : a volume of extreme rarity, which was finished at Lisbon, May 9, 1588, while the fleet was in the port of that place prepared for the expedition, entitled, "*La Felicissima Armada, que el Rey Don Felipe nuestro Señor mandò juntar en el puerto de la Ciudad de Lisboa, en el Reyno de Portugal et Año de mil y quinientos y ochenta y ocho*," hecha por Pedro de Paz Salas, fol. Lisb. 1588 ; por Antonio Alvarez, Impressor." This copy was the identical one which was procured at the time of its publication for Lord Burghley, to acquaint him with the true detail of all the preparations ; and he has noted in his own hand, in the margins of different pages, a variety of particulars relating to the defeat.

The above examples must suffice, but there

¹ *Old-World Idylls*. Kegan Paul, Trench, and Co. 1885.



FIRST ENGAGEMENT BETWEEN THE ENGLISH AND SPANISH FLEETS.

Engraved by J. Smith, from a drawing by J. M. W. Turner, Esq. R.S.A. and R.A. The original drawing is in the possession of the British Museum.

are scores of curious and interesting matters which might be given, all bearing on this eventful time.

Schiller, too, has penned some soul-stirring lines on the same great event, in which he displays righteous indignation at the thought of

"Britannia, island of the brave,"

ever bending to the yoke of the invader.

Southey, in somewhat milder strains, dwells on the same theme, and after describing the pomp and strength of the Spanish fleet, thus bursts out in a patriotic denunciation of the presumptuous Spaniards :—

"O fools ! to think that ever foe
Should triumph o'er that sea-girl land !
O fools ! to think that ever Britain's sons
Should wear the stranger's yoke."

Besides our own historians who have written upon the Armada, the opinions of some foreign writers of repute may be cited as to the great importance to Europe generally of the action of Drake and his compatriots in warding off the danger which so closely threatened this land. Sismondi evidently regards the attack on England by Philip II. as part of a scheme for universal empire and for the conquest of France. This dread of an empire threatening France from both the Pyrenees and the Rhine is not yet extinct among Frenchmen, and was one of the causes, as is well known, of the late Franco-Prussian war. Had Philip succeeded, France would have been hemmed in, and being then divided by party conflicts, might have been conquered. So the tempest and Drake saved France as well as England and the Netherlands.

Ranke also gives some valuable evidence as to the preparations which were made by the Spaniards during their sojourn in Flanders, and refers to the fact that even new uniforms appear to have been ordered for the triumphal entry of the Spanish troops into London. "Philip" (says Ranke on another point) "found himself confronted in England by the national energies in all the force of their youth, and elevated by the full consciousness of their destiny. The bold corsairs, who had rendered every sea unsafe, gathered around the coasts of their native land. The whole body of the Protestants, even the Puritans, although they had been oppressed as heavily as the Catholics, rallied around the Queen, who now maintained to an admirable degree that masculine courage with which she was endowed, and gave proof of her princely talent

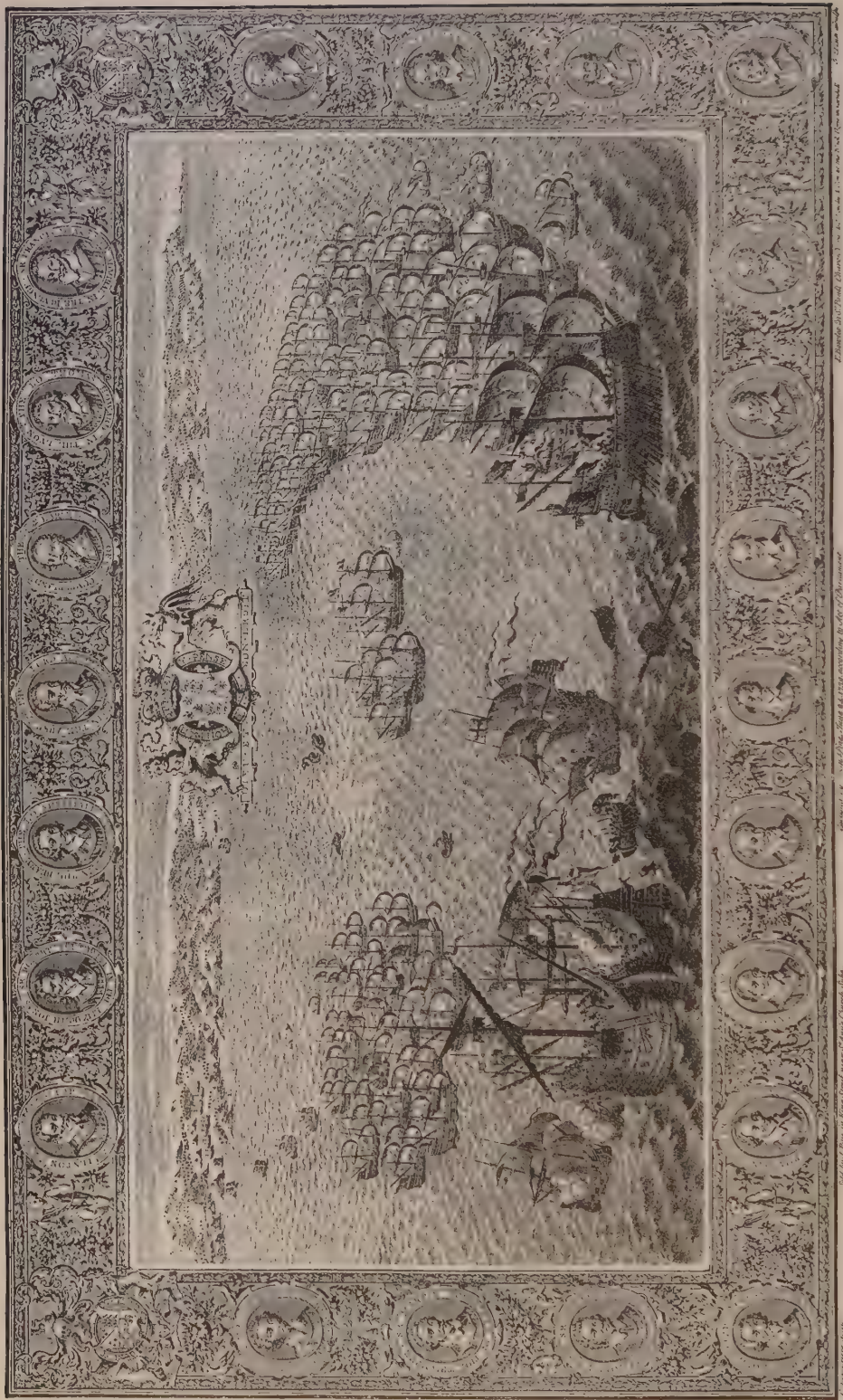
of winning, retaining, and controlling the minds of men. The insular position of the country, and even the elements, co-operated to the defence of England. The Invincible Armada was annihilated even before the assault had been made; the expedition failed completely."¹

Again, Motley, in his *History of the United Netherlands*, has furnished a full view of the English-Dutch struggle against Spain, and of the origin and destruction of the Spanish Armada. He says :—"Few more magnificent spectacles have been seen in history than the enthusiasm which pervaded the country as the great danger, so long deferred, was felt at last to be closely approaching. The little nation of four millions, the merry England of the sixteenth century, went forward to the death-grapple with its gigantic antagonist as cheerfully as to a long-expected holiday. Spain was a vast empire, overshadowing the world; England in comparison but a province; yet nothing could surpass the steadiness with which the conflict was awaited." The same writer bears strong testimony to the loyalty of the English Catholics. "No man," he says, "who has studied the history of those times can doubt the universal and enthusiastic determination of the English nation to repel the invaders. Catholics and Protestants felt alike on the great subject. Philip did not flatter himself with assistance from any English Papists, save exiles and renegades like Westmoreland, Paget, Throgmorton, Morgan, Stanley, and the rest. The bulk of the Catholics, who may have constituted half the population of England, although malcontent, were not rebellious; and notwithstanding the precautionary measures taken by government against them, Elizabeth proudly acknowledged their loyalty."

It is however not our intention to enter further into these details, our only desire being to show the general consensus of opinion as to the magnitude of the danger which threatened the country, and the great cause there was for rejoicing over the Providential deliverance. It is then to show our gratitude as a people for national blessings; to acknowledge in a becoming manner the brave deeds of brave men; to do honour to Howard and Drake and the other great sea-captains of the Elizabethan era, that the men of the Victorian age are called upon to celebrate the memory of this great crisis in our history.

We have said that it is not our intention

¹ Ranke's *History of the Popes* (Bohn), 1847.



CAPTURE OF THE GREAT GALLEON THE CAPITANA BY SIR FRANCIS DRAKE.

Engraved by J. Smith, London.

Printed by J. Smith, London.

Printed by J. Smith, London.

Printed by J. Smith, London.

to dwell upon the purely historical features of the subject; they may be found fully treated in the various works which we have quoted. Our purpose is rather to make a running commentary upon the admirable series of engravings which have been prepared to illustrate this article, and which, though exhibiting much of the quaintness of detail pertaining to the art-work of the last century, are yet highly interesting and instructive, both from their artistic excellence and historical character. They illustrate in a remarkable manner the event of which we have been speaking, that event which stands pre-eminently forward amongst the decisive battles of the world, than which none more striking or important is to be found in the naval annals of Great Britain.

In 1739, John Pine, an eminent engraver, produced the series of prints to which we have referred, the full title of his work being as follows:—

"The Tapestry Hangings of the House of Lords: Representing the several Engagements between the English and Spanish Fleets, In the ever memorable Year MDLXXXVIII., With the Portraits of the Lord High-Admiral, and the other Noble Commanders, taken from the Life. To which are added, From a Book, entitled Expeditionis Hispanorum in Angliam vera Descriptio, A.D. 1588, done, as is supposed, for the said Tapestry to be work'd after. Ten Charts of the Sea-Coasts of England, and a General One of England, Scotland, Ireland, France, Holland, &c., Shewing the Places of Action between the Two Fleets; Ornamented with Medals struck upon that Occasion, and other suitable Devises. Also an Historical Account of each Day's Action. Collected from the most Authentic Manuscripts and Writers. By John Pine, Engraver. London, MDCCXXXIX."

This remarkable work is dedicated to the King, and has a large and influential list of subscribers.

The historical account of the various actions which accompanies the engravings was drawn up by the Rev. Philip Morant, M.A., Rector of St. Mary's, Colchester.

In his introductory remarks he says:—

"The defeat of the Spanish Armada being the most glorious victory that was ever obtained at sea, and the most important to the British nation, every method deserves some praise that may in a suitable manner propagate the memory of it. Our ancestors that were personally interested in it were so careful it should not pass into oblivion that they procured the engagements between the

two fleets to be represented in ten curious pieces of tapestry, with the portraits of the several English captains, taken from the life, worked in the borders, which are now placed, some in the Royal Wardrobe, some in the House of Lords, the most august assembly in the kingdom, there to remain as a lasting memorial of the triumphs of British valour, guided by British counsels. But because time, or accident, or moths may deface these valuable shadows, we have endeavoured to preserve their likeness in the preceding prints, which, by being multiplied and dispersed in various hands, may meet with that security from the closets of the curious which the originals must scarce always hope for, even from the sanctity of the place they are kept in."

In a further explanatory note we are informed that, according to Joachim de Sandrart,¹ the designs of the tapestry were made by Henry Cornelius Vroom, a famous painter of Harlem, famous for his great skill in drawing all sorts of shipping; and that it was wove by Francis Spiring.

Pennant, in his description of the old House of Lords (*Some Account of London*, p. 91, 3rd ed., 1793), has this curious and interesting passage:—

"The House of Lords is a room ornamented with the tapestry which records our victory over the Spanish Armada. It was bespoke by the Earl of Nottingham, Lord High Admiral and Commander-in-Chief on the glorious day. The Earl sold it to James I. The design was drawn by Cornelius Vroom, and the tapestry executed by Francis Spiring. Vroom had a hundred pieces of gold for his labour. The arras itself cost £1628. It was not put up till the year 1650, two years after the extinction of the monarchy, when the House of Lords was used as a committee room for the House of Commons."

It will be noticed by reference to the plates that there are two distinct borders, although the tapestries had one uniform border running through the whole series, that on Plates II., IV., VI., VIII., X. of the original set. This is an exact representation of the border to the tapestry-hangings, which is ornamented with the portraits of the principal commanders, and is the same in all the pieces of the tapestry, only the heads are differently placed. But for more variety, and in order to bring in the heads of Sir Robert Carey, the Earl of Northumberland, Sir Roger Townshend, and Sir Thomas Gerard, another border was de-

¹ *Academia Artis Pictoriæ Noribergæ*, p. 274.



CAPTURE OF THE FLAGSHIP OF DON MIGUEL DE OQUENDO.

Engraved by J. H. B. del. from a drawing by J. H. B. del.

Engraved by J. H. B. del. from a drawing by J. H. B. del.

Engraved by J. H. B. del. from a drawing by J. H. B. del.

Engraved by J. H. B. del. from a drawing by J. H. B. del.

signed; this will be seen around Plates I., III., V., VII., IX. Both these borders appear in the six plates here reproduced, although the original border is only shown on one plate (Plate IV.) of the original. It having been found impossible to reproduce the whole of these excellent engravings, we have selected six of the most representative character, together with two of the most interesting charts, from amongst a considerable number which appear in John Pine's work.

These celebrated tapestries were, as our readers will doubtless remember, destroyed in the great fire which burnt the Houses of Parliament on the 16th of October, 1834, so that Pine's shrewd prediction was amply verified, and his wisdom in depicting them, as well as the skill with which they have been reproduced in his work, is to be highly commended, and will be fully appreciated by this and succeeding generations. His work is now exceedingly scarce, and can rarely now be found save in some long-established library or the collections of the curious.

A writer in the *Penny Magazine*, Nov., 1834, in describing the old House of Lords, says:—

"One of the chief and most interesting ornaments of the interior of this apartment consisted of the fine tapestry hangings, representing the defeat of the Spanish Armada. On the occasion to which we have just adverted (some alterations at the time of the Union with Ireland, when provision was made for the accommodation of an additional number of peers), these hangings were taken down, cleaned, and replaced as they lately appeared. The tapestry was judiciously set off with large frames of brown-stained wood, which divided it into compartments respectively containing the several portions of the history or of the events of the destruction contemplated by the Spaniards on that occasion. The heads which formed a border to each design were portraits of the several officers who at that period held command in the English fleet. The destruction of these hangings is perhaps one of the greatest, because perfectly irreparable, losses occasioned by the late fire."

Another writer describes "this splendid tapestry as one among many proofs of the strong sensation which the defeat of the Armada made throughout Europe. That great event was represented in various designs exhibiting the first appearance of the Spanish fleet; the several forms in which it lay at different times on the English coast, or in presence of the com-

paratively small English force which pursued it; the place and disposition of the fleets when engaged; and its partial demolition and final departure."

The views of the coast are, in some of the plates, curious, interesting, and generally natural; and more attention than was usually given in the productions of the time has been bestowed upon them in order to convey an idea of the different distances of the fleets from the shore; except when the French and English coasts were exhibited opposite to each other in the same piece, when they are always much too near. In No. 8, part of a town on the French coast is brought into view, with people hastening to the shore to witness the passing of the fleets. In Nos. 9 and 10, a part of Calais is represented in the foreground, with soldiers and citizens upon the walls and other persons outside the walls, mostly engaged in animated conversation, with the exception of one man, who, in both these pieces, is represented as engaged in fishing underneath the walls. In most of the pieces we have dolphins, whales, and other strange monsters of the deep, of extraordinary size. Some of these creatures appear to threaten with fierce and grim looks the progress of the Spanish fleet.

The interest which the Netherlands felt in these events is indicated not only by the tapestry which we have described, but by the curious fact that the medals and jettons which were struck on the occasion were entirely Dutch; none were struck in England. Specimens of many of these are preserved in the British Museum, and will be found fully described in *Medallic Illustrations of British History* (1885), Vol. I.

The story of the Armada is so well known that it seems almost superfluous to relate its incidents in detail; we shall therefore content ourselves with telling so much of it as may be necessary to explain the accompanying plates and charts.

The first plate (marked I. in the right-hand upper corner) represents the Spanish Fleet coming up the Channel, opposite to the Lizard, as it was first discovered. The same day (July 19th) the Lord Admiral was informed by Captain Thomas Flemming, commander of the *Golden Hind* pinnace, who had been left in the Channel for discovery, that the Spanish Fleet was seen near the Lizard, the wind being then southerly or south-west. Though the wind blew hard into Plymouth Sound, and the intelligence was not received till about four o'clock in the afternoon, yet his lordship, with much diligence and indus-



ENGAGEMENT BETWEEN THE ENGLISH AND SPANISH FLEETS OFF THE ISLE OF WIGHT.

Engraved by John Wilson, Esq. after a drawing by the late J. M. W. Turner, Esq.

Printed by J. M. W. Turner, Esq. at the Royal Academy, London.

Published by J. M. W. Turner, Esq. at the Royal Academy, London.

try, got out the same evening with six of his ships, and anchored with them alone the whole night without the harbour.¹

The second plate in Pine's series, which we do not give, represents the Spanish fleet drawn up in the form of a half-moon, off Fowey, the English fleet pursuing them. The Armada was stated to be so extensive as to cover seven miles of sea from wing to wing. The English ships suffered them to pass by unmolested, in order that they might afterwards give chase with all the advantage of the wind.

Our next illustration (Plate III. in the work) depicts the first engagement between the Spanish and English fleets; after which the English give chase to the Spaniards, who draw themselves up into a roundel.

The next morning, July 21, all the English ships being come out of Plymouth, and in number near a hundred, had recovered the wind of the Spaniards, two leagues to the westward of the Eddystone. About nine o'clock, the Lord Admiral sent his pinnace, named the *Defiance*, to announce war against the enemy by the discharge of all her guns. He himself immediately seconded her from his own ship, the *Ark-Royal*, by thundering furiously on one of the enemy's, commanded by Alphonse de Leva, which he mistook for the *St. Martin*, the Admiral's ship; but she was, after a smart engagement, rescued by the Spaniards. In the meantime, Sir Francis Drake, Captain John Hawkins, and Captain Martin Frobisher vigorously engaged the enemy's sternmost ships, under the conduct of their Vice-Admiral, Recalde; in one of which Recalde himself was supposed to be. He did all that a gallant officer could do to keep his ships together, but the fight was so briskly maintained that, notwithstanding all his endeavours, they were forced to retreat to the main body of the fleet, and at length, his own ship being very much damaged with shot and grown unserviceable, he retired thither himself, though with much ado. In this first engagement, Recalde's ship lost fifteen men.

At the same time the Duke of Medina gathered together his fleet, which was dispersed about, and hoisting more sail, held on his course with all the speed he could make. Nor was it in his power to do otherwise, seeing the wind favoured the English, and their ships were so light and nimble that they would charge, wind, and tack about with incredible swiftness; whereas the Spanish great and heavy Slugs stood

like so many butts for the English shot. Although the Spaniards were so briskly charged by the English, they made a running fight of it; and after a smart engagement of two hours, the Lord High-Admiral thought fit to desist, because forty of his ships were not yet come up, being scarce got out of Plymouth Haven. So not proceeding any farther, he gave the signal for a Council of War, wherein his lordship's prudent and considerate advice being very much approved, orders were delivered to each captain in what manner they should pursue the enemy.

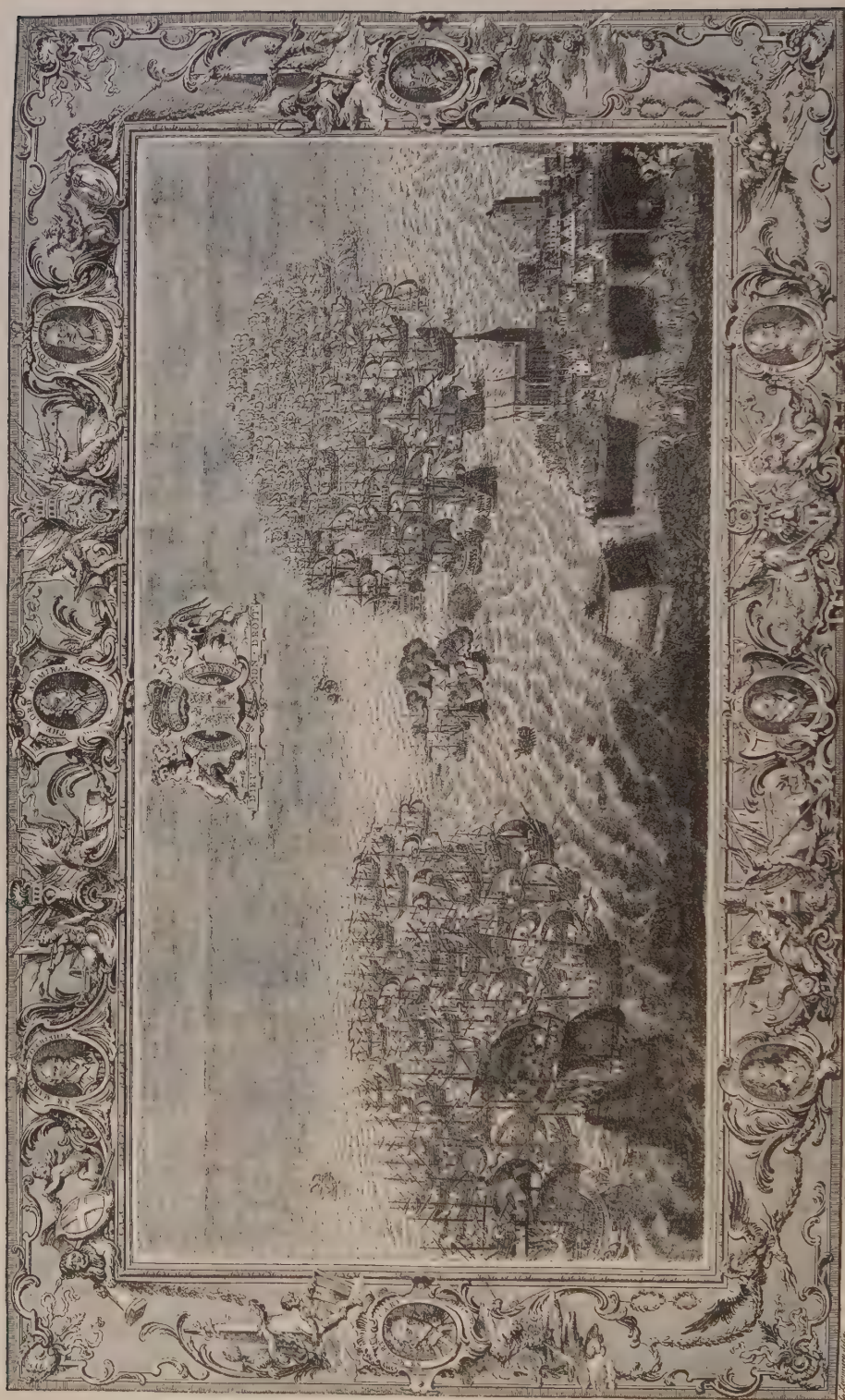
The next plate to which we would call attention is that marked IV., in which is depicted the loss of the great galleon commanded by Don Pedro de Valdez. She had sprung her foremast and received other damage, having fallen foul of another vessel, and not being able to keep up with the rest of the fleet, was left behind. Early the next day she fell into the hands of Sir Francis Drake, who sent the ship into Dartmouth; but the captain and some other gentlemen who were on board, with the ship's company, were sent prisoners to Plymouth till their ransoms were paid. Don Pedro, who was received with due honour by Drake, and treated with much courtesy, remained on board the Vice-Admiral's flagship, the *Revenge*, and as the guest of Drake was a witness to all subsequent events up to the 10th of August, on which day he was sent to London with some other officers, Sir Francis claiming his ransom as his lawful due.

The next illustration (Plate V.) represents the distressful condition of the ship belonging to Michael de Oquendo, Admiral of the Squadron of Guipuzcoa, which had been set on fire and otherwise ill-used, so much so that she was abandoned by the Spaniards. Lord Thomas Howard boarding her, found a number of wounded men had been left behind. She was taken into Weymouth as the second prize falling to the English fleet.

In Plate VII. we see both fleets off the Isle of Wight, where a general engagement took place; and this battle, which continued for many hours, proved to be the sharpest series of encounters which occurred throughout the whole of the campaign.

Plate VIII. represents the Spanish fleet sailing up the Channel, intending to stop at Dunkirk or Calais, there to be joined by the Duke of Parma with his land forces, arrangements having been made to transport the army across to Dover, a concerted action for the invasion of England then taking place.

¹ See Morant's narrative.



OFF CALAIS, THE INCIDENT OF THE FIRE-SHIPS.

Engraved by J. H. Sturt, from a drawing by J. H. Sturt.

Published by J. H. Sturt, 10, Abchurch Lane, London, E.C. 4.

Printed by J. H. Sturt, 10, Abchurch Lane, London, E.C. 4.

of 1864.

But this scheme, as is well known, was frustrated, and the intended combination with Parma never took place.

Plate IX. shows the Spaniards as at anchor off Calais, from whence they were dislodged by the English fire-ships sent among them during the night. The English are represented in this piece as preparing to pursue them; and in the final plate (X.) is depicted the flight to the North Sea and the stranding of one of the galleasses near Calais. The rest of the story needs no telling—how the Spanish ships fled away to the Orkneys, how they were scattered by storms, how many of them were cast away on the inhospitable coast of Ireland, and their crews ruthlessly massacred by the half-savage inhabitants, and how a remnant of that splendid fleet at length reached Spain to tell the direful story which had befallen them. “The cry that went up from the Peninsula was as the cry of the Egyptians when the destroying angel had passed over the land. There was not a house where there was not one dead, and that the best and the bravest.”¹ The loss of ships was perhaps unparalleled in the annals of the sea; the loss of life was enormous. As regards the losses of the English fleet, Drake himself has left the following pithy record:—“It was happily manifested in very deed to all nations how this navy, which they termed invincible, consisting of 140 sail of ships, not only of their own kingdom, but strengthened with the greatest argosies, Portugal carracks, Florentines, and large hulks of other countries, were by thirty of Her Majesty’s own ships of war and a few of our merchants’, by the wise, valiant, and advantageous conduct of the Lord Charles Howard, High Admiral of England, beaten and shuffled together even from the Lizard in Cornwall first to Portland, where they shamefully left Don Pedro de Valdez, with his mighty ship; from Portland to Calais, where they lost Hugh de Moncada, with the galleys of which he was the captain; and from Calais, driven with squalls from their anchors, were chased out of sight of England, round about Scotland and Ire-

land, where, for the sympathy of their religion hoping to find succour and assistance, a great part of them were washed against the rocks, and those other that landed, being very many in number, were, notwithstanding, broken, slain, and taken, and so sent from village to village, coupled in halters, to be shipped into England, where Her Majesty of her princely and invincible disposition, disdaining to put them to death, and scorning either to retain or entertain them, they were all sent back to their own country to witness and recount the worthy achievement of their invincible and dreaded navy, of which the number of soldiers, the fearful burthen of their ships, the commanders’ names of every squadron, with all other, their magazines of provisions, were put in print, as an army and navy irresistible and dreading prevention; with all which their great, terrible ostentation they did not, in all their sailing about England, as much as sink or take one ship, bark, pinnace, or cockboat of ours, or even burn so much as one sheepcote in this land.”

We will conclude this very imperfect sketch of a remarkable historical epoch by quoting the words of the learned and pious Beza, one of the first and most active champions of the Reformation, who composed the following ode on the occasion:—

“Spain’s King with navies the sea bestrew’d,
T’ augment with English crown his Spanish
 sway.
Ask ye what caus’d this proud attempt? ’twas
 lewd
Ambition drove, and Avarice led the way.
’Tis well. Ambition’s windy puff lies drown’d
By winds: and swelling hearts by swelling
 waves.
’Tis well: those Spaniards who the world’s vast
 round
Devour’d, devouring sea most justly craves:
But thou, O Queen, for whom winds, seas, do
 war:
O thou sole glory of this world’s wide mass:
So reign to God, still from ambition far,
So still with bounteous aids the good embrace,
That thou do England, long, long may England
 thee enjoy,
Thou terror of all bad, thou every good man’s
 joy.”

¹ Froude.



THE DOVER ROAD.—PART I.

SUCH rich crowds of historical figures throng the long reaches of the Dover Road that one really hardly knows where to make a beginning and where to make an end with them. Indeed, when I think of the record of this seventy-one miles, one long, confused, grotesque procession of all ages, and all periods of English history, files before me. I see as many sights as *Tilburina* does in the *Critic*, and a few more. Kings returning from conquest. One king returning from exile. Many queens on their way to wedding — ("unfortunate chiefly, I regret to say," as Mr. Pecksniff might have remarked)—one queen on her way to a wedding, which, fortunately for her, can hardly be said to have completely come off; grave archbishops tremulously proceeding to installation; our earliest dramatic genius on his way to London, glory, and a violent death, his "unbowed, bright, insubmissive head," already full of *Faust*—not the Lyceum version. I see too another English man of letters as immortal as Marlowe, with keen kindly eyes, overlooking from Gad's Hill the dusty track

along which he, and so many of his creations, travelled. And the latest of the ingenious race of footpads at his adroit business on Blackheath; and one of the last of the old coachmen (with whom I have had the honour of shaking hands), calm, in the emergency of "chain snapped and coach running on wheelers on a frosty morning," descending the Dartford side of Shooter's Hill.

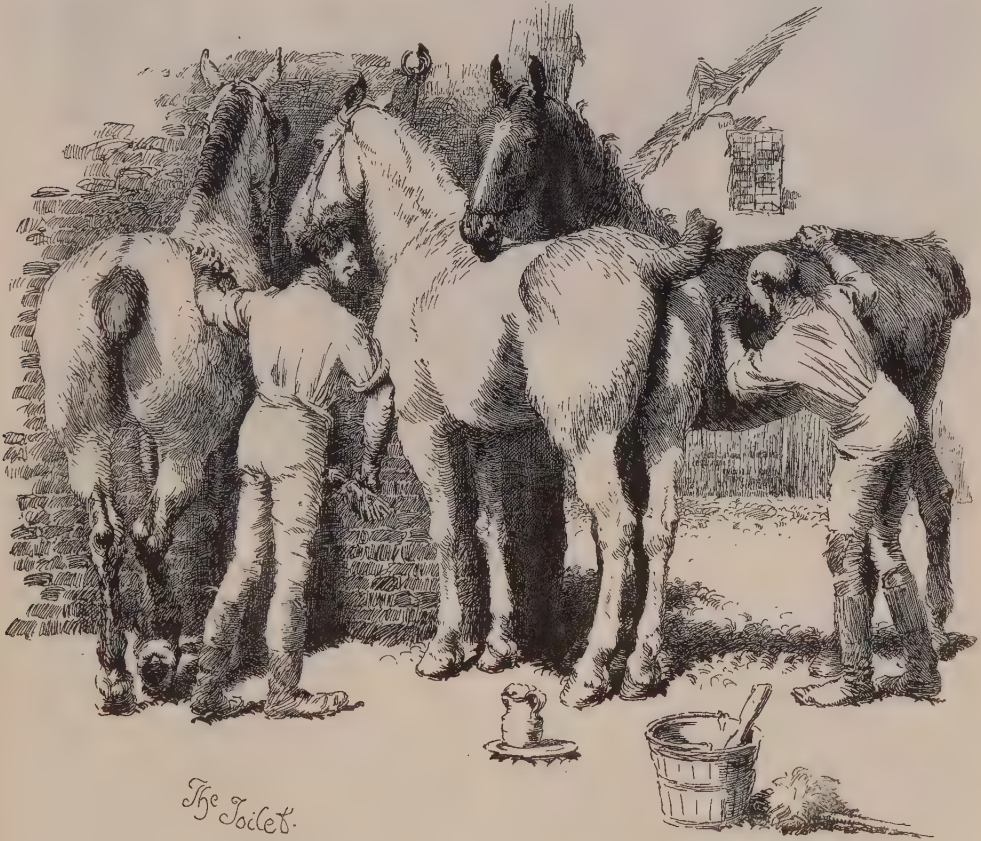
Perhaps it may be thought that it would be well for me, with such material in hand, to begin at the beginning. But the beginning of the history of the Dover Road, I fear, would be the beginning of the history of the Watling Street—for the two terms are in a large measure identical—and this would lead me into a long dissertation on chariot wheels suddenly flying off, to the intense discomfiture of centurions; to details concerning the stern tramp of the legions; to the heart-quaking sound of "*Consul Romanus*," according to De Quincey; and to other classic items, foreign, even in my extended view, to gossip about the great coaching roads of England.

And so I think that (this being an age in

which many people talk of Chaucer without having read him) I cannot do better than start from the Old Tabard in Southwark—as it stood in Edward the Third's time—in the company of a certain body of pilgrims who set out thence for Canterbury on a certain May morning. In the company, to wit, of a "verray parfight gentil knight," in cassock and coat of mail; his curly-headed squire; the brown-faced yeoman bow in hand; the abbott, a

in the company, lastly, of the clerk from Oxford, who much study had made—not mad—but as lean and leaden eyed as Eugene Aram ever was.

Not that I intend to travel with this famed company all the way to Canterbury. They did not hurry themselves enough; sat too long telling discursive stories by the way-side, which may be read to advantage in editions carefully prepared for ladies'



From a Drawing by HUGH THOMSON.

mighty hunter from his youth up; the friar, mediævally typical of our street singers, abhorred by literary men; the prioress, possessed of a charming French lisp, and having *Amor vincit omnia* characteristically graven upon her brooch; in the company too (in case the Tabard whisky—malmsey, I mean—should prove cumulative in its effects) of a doctor of physic, who had been making hay while the sun shone and the plague was rampant;

colleges and the young. And here I may perhaps remark with advantage—to myself (in case it may appear that I am on history bent rather than on coaching)—that the purely coaching record of the Dover Road is a thing only to be touched on briefly. For in point of fact it is "thin," as dramatic critics would say, in the extreme. The following copy of a time bill marks probably the beginning of its development.



From a Drawing by HUGH THOMSON.

LONDON EVENING POST. *March 28. 1751.*

A STAGE COACH
WILL SET OUT

For' Dover every Wednesday and Friday from Christopher Shaws the Golden Cross at four in the morning to go over Westminster Bridge to Rochester to dinner to Canterbury at night and to Dover the next morning early; will take passengers for

Rochester, Sittingbourne, Ospringe, and Canterbury—and returns on Tuesdays and Thursdays.

By { Thos : Hartcup.
 { Robt : Legeyt.
 { Richd : Stradwick.
 { Cath : Pordage.

And I wish the four could have got up some better grammar and punctuation between them.

To advance from this barbaric attempt of our ancestors to induce credulous people to go to Dover, the fastest coach which ran on

this road in the golden age of coaching was Chaplin's Tally-ho, which was driven by Clements—the fine old coachman whom I have already mentioned, and whose interesting personal experiences given to myself I shall deal with when I get to Canterbury, where he lives. The Tally-ho used to run from the Spread Eagle in Gracechurch Street to Sittingbourne—forty miles—every day, including Sunday, and (as Mr. Stanley Harris tells all who will learn how their forefathers travelled, in *The Coaching Age*) was largely patronized by the Kentish farmers, who could leave their homes at five or six o'clock on Sunday afternoon, get their night's rest—acrobatic, somewhat, I fear—and be on the spot for the early markets in London.

To get along on our way to Rochester—where I intend to stop for a month—the Dover Road (which is measured from the Surrey side of London Bridge) after going through New Cross, where in coaching days

there was a turnpike, runs into Deptford, where there has been some history. For here, to begin with, in 1581, Elizabeth went on board Drake's ship, *The Golden Hind*, in which that greatest of English seamen had circumnavigated the globe. On board the *Golden Hind* the queen dined, and after dinner knighted the captain. I read that the ship was afterwards laid up in a yard here, and converted into a sort of dining-house for London



From a Drawing by HERBERT RAILTON.

visitors ; in which case all I can say is that I hope that they recollected in what sort of sanctuary of heroism they were dining, and drank the health reverently of the great man who made English commerce possible, and so, indirectly, enabled them to pay the bill.

Eleven years after Elizabeth had dined at Deptford the greatest perhaps of our Elizabethan dramatists was killed here in a tavern brawl. The death of Christopher Marlowe at the age of thirty makes most of us wonder

with Mr. Matthew Arnold at the prodigal way in which nature plays with the lives of the most gifted of her sons. As the author of *Doctor Faustus* however had permitted himself the license of certain criticism quite uncalled for and extremely distasteful to the clergy, our view of his premature cutting off was not shared by his contemporaries. Beard, on the contrary, in his *Theatre of God's Judgments*, thus urbane-ly comments on Marlowe's death from his own dagger. "But see what a hooke the Lord put in the Nostrils of this barking dogge;" an effort in criticism which makes us hope that there are such things as literary amenities among us after all.

The poet's birth at Canterbury ; his education there at the King's School, gives him to the Dover Road as perhaps its brightest ornament. When we are tired it may be of erecting tablets to third class authors (English and others), adorned with

inscriptions which for unintelligibility would not misbecome the tomb of Cheops, it may occur to us that one of the greatest of our poets is unrepresented in our pedantic Pantheon. Till which time comes Mr. Swinburne's fine eulogy will take the place of a bad statue. "A poor scholar of humblest parentage, this poet lived to perfect the exquisite metre invented for narrative by Chaucer, giving it (to my ear at least) more of weight and depth, of force and fulness, than its founder had to give ; he invented the highest and hardest form of English verse, the only instrument since found possible for our tragic or epic poetry ; he created the modern tragic drama ; and at the age of thirty he went

"Where Orpheus and where Homer are."

"Surely there are not more than two or three names in any literature which can be set above the poets of whom this is the least that can in simple truth be said. There is no record extant of his living likeness ; if his country should ever bear men worthy to raise a statue or monument to his memory, he should stand before them with the head and eyes of an Apollo, looking homeward from earth into the sun : a face and figure, in the poet's own great phrase,"

"Like his desire, lift upward and divine."

To leave Marlowe for a while—and before leaving Deptford—it may not misbecome me to remark for the benefit of those who still read Scott in an age which has turned aside after brazen images with feet of clay—that at Sayes Court—long since pulled down—are laid some of the most brilliant scenes in *Kenilworth*. It is here that Blount and Raleigh first appear in the pages of perhaps the finest historical novel in the world; it is here that Tresilian, milksoppy to the verge of nausea even for one of Scott's heroes, brings Wayland Smith to cure Sussex of Leicester's broth; it is to Sayes Court that Elizabeth herself comes when she is least expected, finds it watched like a beleaguered fort, and makes

which stands on its site; and marvelling at the imperial relaxation of Peter the Great who stayed here in 1698 (at the court, not at the workhouse), and who was wont to unbend a mind wearied with ship-building, by being driven through the world-famous hedges of the garden in a wheelbarrow.

Immediately beyond Deptford we come to Blackheath, seven miles from London Bridge, famous in these days for football matches, and for villas built for credulous people simple enough to believe in fine air as a remedy for that mysterious disease which, to quote the terrific advertisement, is "stealing upon us all." But the villas, I regret to say, in which these deluded persons seek for

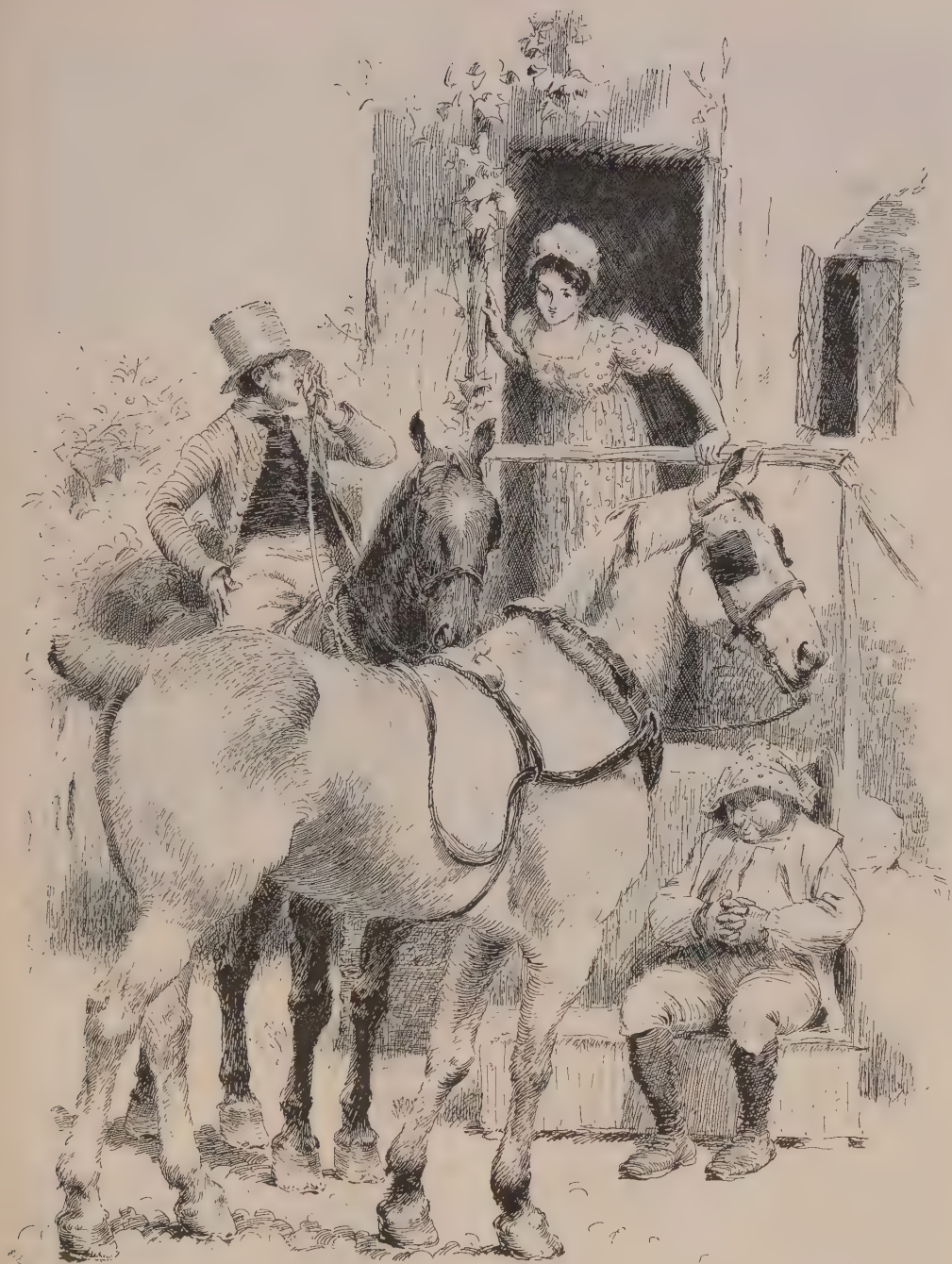


From a Drawing by HERBERT RAILTON.

a rapid exit, "having brought confusion along with her, and leaving doubt and apprehension behind."

I confess that it does me good when in the course of these disjointed rambles along the great roads of England I can find some spot haunted by the, to me, charmed figures which throng the pages of the Waverley novels. Hitherto I have not reaped much of a harvest of joy in this direction it must be confessed; but Deptford has given me my first opportunity; and the Dover Road, a little further on, will give me my second; with which remark I think I may leave Deptford altogether, lamenting that all that can be seen of Sayes Court is now a parish workhouse,

that health which passeth understanding, and can only be procured at the vendors of patent medicines, are by no means equal to the aristocratic residences for which Blackheath was once famous. The manners of their inhabitants are however much improved. At least I hope so. For Montague House, now pulled down, did not, I apprehend, shine conspicuously in this desirable respect. The reverse indeed was the case; Montague House having been, in the days I speak of, the residence of the unfortunate Queen Caroline, and the scene of the delicate investigation—which reminds me that I am on delicate ground. From the same house that delightful combination of the devil and



A
Clandestine Interview

From a Drawing by HUGH THOMSON.

the three graces, my Lord Chesterfield, wrote some of those amazing letters to his son. At Blackheath also lived, at intervals, the conqueror of Quebec, and from his villa here his remains were carried to Greenwich for burial.

Besides a queen devoted to junketings, a letter-writing father, bent on directing his son to the deuce, and a great warrior, rebellion has in the good old days (when people who wanted a purse simply took one on the nearest common, without starting a subscription in newspapers)—rebellion has raised its head on this celebrated spot; and it raised

Here we have found history enough in seven short miles from London—and yet not half the history yet which can be directly associated with Blackheath. For this celebrated spot occupied in the annals of England much the same sort of position apparently as Rotten Row occupies in the annals of contemporary fashion. It was the place where kings and ministers met casually on their way to or from London, and babbled of the weather, the price of corn, the latest hanging, the odds on the next bear-fight, the state of the unemployed, or any other



From a Drawing by HERBERT RAILTON.

its head in the person of Wat Tyler, who was here in 1381 at the head of one hundred thousand other heads (which was wise of him, seeing that he had previously cracked a poll-tax collector's head at Dartford, after drinking too much ale, I suppose, at the celebrated Bull Inn). Another rebel was here, at Blackheath, in 1497. Lord Audley to wit, who went through the somewhat aimless exercise of bringing troops all the way from Cornwall, pitching their tents, and immediately afterwards suffering defeat at the hands of Henry the Seventh.

kindred subject which might suggest itself to mediæval brains, in an open space where it was not too windy. Here then, to notice a few of such meetings, in 1400 Henry the Fourth met Manuel, Emperor of Constantinople, who came to ask for aid against the Sultan Bajazet; and sixteen years later the Emperor Sigismund was received here and conducted in state to Lambeth. Henry the Fifth, after one long triumphal procession the whole way from Dover, was met here on Blackheath by the mayor and five hundred citizens of London, and hailed Victor of

Agincourt. The mayor and aldermen had "got them all on" on this occasion, (I refer to their scarlet robes and red and white hoods), and were doubtless prepared, with the help of conduits running wine, pursuivants-at-arms, cloth of gold, and emblazoned trappings, to give the conquering hero the reception he deserved. But Henry on this occasion seems to have borne his honours with exemplary modesty; and whether he was surfeited by the sweets of a triumph which had already lasted sixty-four miles, or

that were to be seen in the same; neither would he suffer any ditties to be made and sung by minstrels of his glorious victorie, for that he would have the praise and thanks altogether given to God." A pious decision, but one which must have been extremely unsatisfactory to town councillors who had launched forth in the way of dress and decorations, and to the thousands of Londoners who had flocked out to Blackheath to see the show.

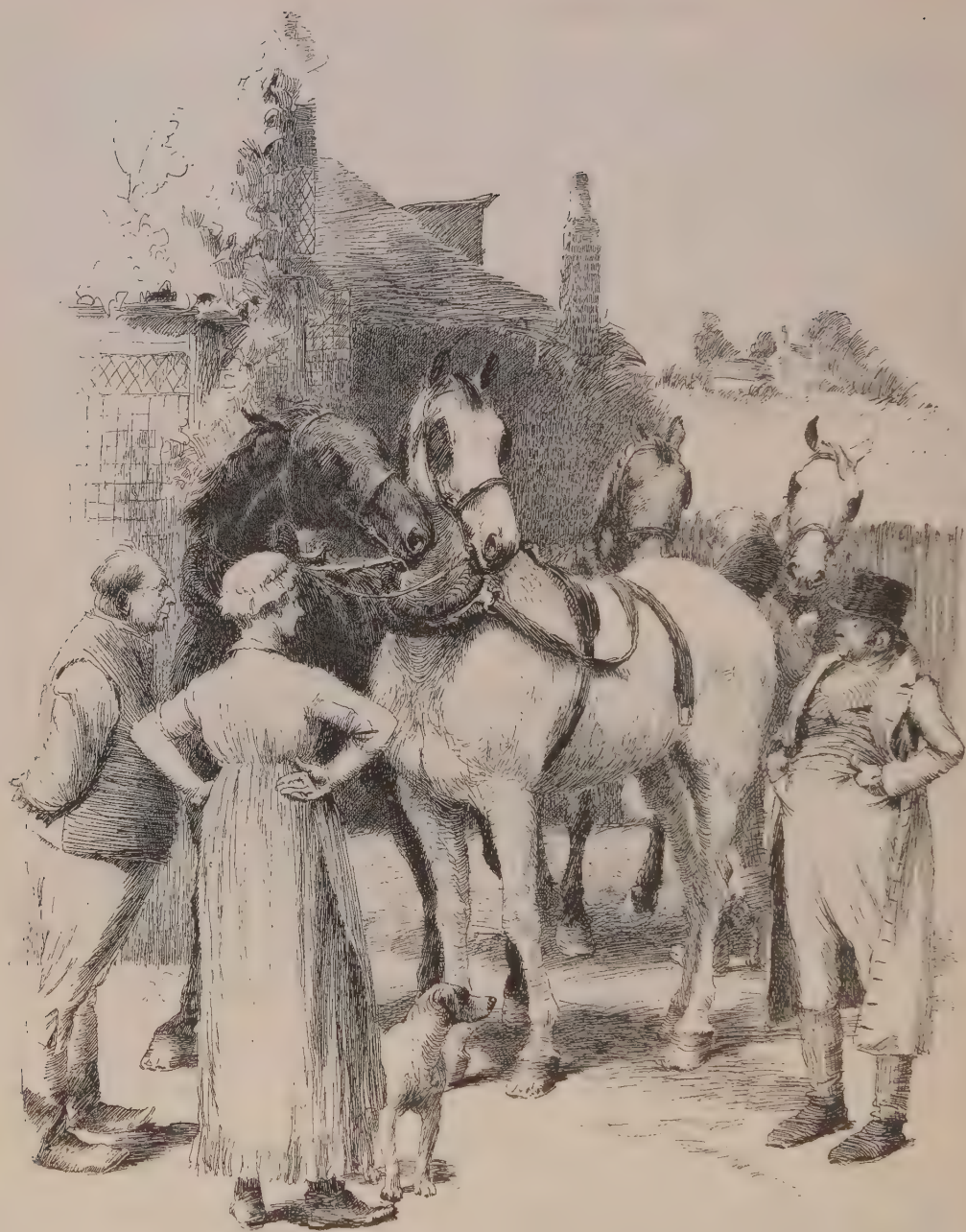
The next royalty I find on Blackheath is



From a Drawing by HERBERT RAILTON.

whether he was bilious from the Channel passage and a long ride on horseback, he nipped all the worthy mayor's preparations in the bud. In point of fact, according to Holinshed, "the king, like a grave and sober personage, and as one remembering from Whom all victories are sent, seemed little to regard such vaine pompe and shewes as were in triumphant sort devised for his welcoming home from so prosperous a journe; insomuch that he would not suffer his helmet to be carried before him, whereby might have appeared to the people the blowes and dints

Henry the Eighth, whose name is constantly cropping up in Kent and Sussex, and curiously enough, generally in connection with the one of his six wives, whose appearance he from the first particularly abhorred. I refer to Anne of Cleves, whose sad fate should be a lasting warning to young ladies about to marry, of the danger of flattering portraits. It was here on Blackheath that the already muchly married king publicly received his fourth wife, with all due decency and decorum, having already made up his royal mind to put her away privately. For Henry on this



A Change of Horses

From a Drawing by HUGH THOMSON.

occasion did not play fair; and though he pretended to Anne of Cleves herself that it was at this meeting on Blackheath that he had first seen her—in saying so, he said that which was not; for he had already privately inspected her at the Crown Inn at Rochester. It was on this occasion it may be remembered

that the bluff Plantagenet gave way to a regrettable license of speech at first sight of the goods the gods had provided for him, and said many things unfit for publication; which shocked the onlookers, and made Cromwell put his hands to his head to feel if it was still on his shoulders.

It was not there long after. The match-maker expiated his unfortunate choice on Tower Hill; and Anne of Cleves was content to forego the dubious joys of married life for the possession of the several manors in Kent and Sussex that her grateful late lord bestowed upon her. The number of these manors exceeds belief, and at the same time gracefully gauges Henry's conception of the magnitude of the matrimonial peril past. Indeed, it seems to me that the king's brain must have been quite turned with delight at the retiring attitude of the Flanders lady; and that whenever he had nothing villainous on hand, and was disinclined for tennis, he gave Anne of Cleves a manor or two simply to while away the time.

But though on either of these great occasions that I have named, Blackheath must have been a sight worth seeing, it was in 1660 no doubt that the grandest of its historical pageants was to be seen: when the long reaction against Puritanism had suddenly triumphed, and all England went mad on a May morning at the Restoration of her exiled king; when through sixty-one miles as it were of conduits running wine, triumphal arches, gabled streets hung with tapestry—through battalions of citizens in various bands, some arrayed in coats of black velvet with gold chains, some in military suits of cloth of gold or silver—Charles, who had slept at Rochester the night before, rode on to Blackheath between his brothers, the Dukes of York and Gloucester.

And on Blackheath he saw on one side the stern array of the great army which he had seen last (and seen too much of) at Worcester; and on the other, according to Walter Scott, a very favourite family group, well known to readers of the *Waverley* novels. In point of fact, Sir Henry Lee, of Ditchley, arrived at the uttermost limits of a noble old age, "having a complacent smile on his face and a tear swelling to his eye, as he saw the banners wave on in interminable succession, and heard the multitude shouting the long-silenced acclamation, "God save King Charles!" And round the old man's chair stood a delightful group it will be remembered of all the pleasant characters of *Woodstock*—Colonel Everard and Alice, now his wife; Joceline Joliffe, of quarter-staff renown, and Mrs. Joceline Joliffe, *née* Phœbe; then Wildrake too, the incomparable of Squattlesea-mere, in the moist county of Lincoln, much given to singing "Rub-a-dub," and requesting the moon and stars to catch his hat. This morning he blazes in splendid apparel, but his eyes on this morning I regret

to say have been washed with only a single cup of canary. And last, but not least, Beavis, the wolf-hound, dim as to his eyes, stiff as to his joints, a ruin of his former self, but having lost none of his instinctive fondness for his master.

It will be remembered that when Charles from the midst of a maze of pursuivants and trumpeters, and plumes and cloth of gold, and waving standards and swords gleaming in the sunlight, saw this group, he had tact enough to remember it, and the urbanity to dismount, prevent Sir Henry Lee from rising, and ask for his blessing. Having duly received which, the king went on to London, and his very faithful servant, having seen the desire of his eyes, was gathered to his fathers.

After Blackheath and Scott (so literary is this part of the Dover Road), comes Shooter's Hill and Dickens. And Dickens is the veritable genius of the road. His memory burns by the way—as all but the wicked man who has not read *Pickwick* and *David Copperfield* will remember—and indeed *A Tale of Two Cities*. For in the second chapter of that wonderful book the very spirit of the Dover Road in George the Third's time is caught as if by magic. Who (having eyes) cannot see "the Dover Road on a Friday night late in November in the year of our Lord one thousand seven hundred and seventy-five—the Dover Road, lying beyond the Dover Mail, as it lumbered up Shooter's Hill"? The coachman (whose name was Tom) towelling the tired horses—especially the near leader, much given it will be remembered to shaking its head and everything upon it, as it were denying that the coach could be got up the hill at all. The passengers wrapped up in rugs and in a mortal distrust of each other, trudge through the slush by the coach's side—Mr. Jarvis Lorry, of Telson's bank, among them. A steaming mist rises out of all the hollows; the hour is "ten minutes, good, past Eleven"—learning which the coachman remarks, "My blood!" and then, "Tst! Yah! Get on with you!" The last burst carries the Mail to the top of the Hill. Then comes some dialogue often heard on the old coaching roads when George the Third was king. The passengers are in the act of re-entering the coach.

"'Tst! Joe!' cried the coachman in a warning voice, looking down from his box.

"'What do you say, Tom?'

"They both listened.

"'I say a horse at a canter coming up, Joe.'

"‘I say a horse at a gallop, Tom,’ returned the guard, leaving his hold of the door, and mounting nimbly to his seat. ‘Gentlemen, in the king’s name all of you.’ With this hurried adjuration, he cocked his blunderbuss, and stood on the defensive.”

Then to the Dover Mail as it stood on the top of Shooter’s Hill entered Mr. Jerry Cruncher; remarkable for his leaning towards pursuits of an agricultural character, carried on in churchyards at one in the morning with the assistance of a sack, a crowbar of conve-

I declare that I think this second chapter of *A Tale of Two Cities* a picture of the old coaching days more perfect than any that has been painted. Every detail is there in three pages. Every colour, every suggestion, from “the mildewy inside of the old Mail, with its damp and dirty straw, its disagreeable smell, and its obscurity,” to the guard’s arm-chest where the blunderbuss lay recondite; to that smaller chest too in which there were a few smith’s tools, a couple of torches, and a tinder-box. “For he was furnished



From a Drawing by HERBERT RAILTON.

nient size, a rope and chain, and other fishing tackle of that nature; remarkable also, on his domestic side, for a wife much given to flopping herself down and praying that the bread and butter might be snatched out of the mouth of her only child. Mr. Cruncher was not on a body-snatching expedition on this occasion however; though Mr. Lorry’s answer, “Recalled to life”—a verbal answer to the letter of which Jerry was bearer—struck him as ominous decidedly.

Who does not remember all these things? Who has not read them again and again?

with such completeness that if the coach lamps had been blown and stormed out, which did occasionally happen, he had only to shut himself up inside, keep the flint and steel sparks well off the straw, and get a light with tolerable safety and ease (if he were lucky) in five minutes.” I can see the passengers hiding their watches and purses in their boots (still fearful that the messenger who had stopped the Mail was a highwayman), their hearts beating loud enough to be heard, and the panting of the horses communicating a tremulous motion to the coach—as if it too

were in a state of agitation. Which fancied peril passed—if we had been in the Dover Mail on that memorable night with Mr. Jarvis Lorry—we should have probable taken our watches gradually out of our boots as we passed Welling, Bexley Heath, and Crayford, in order that on arrival at the Bull Inn at Dartford, we might walk to thy bar comfortably to take a drink.

And The Bull at Dartford looks, at the present time of speaking, much as it must have done to the passengers by the Dover Mail in 1775. It is indeed one of the finest of the many fine inns on the Dover Road;



From a Drawing by HERBERT RAILTON.

and the Dover Road shines conspicuously in its inns. Here at The Bull at Dartford we have a galleried courtyard (not however rendered more interesting to artistic eyes by the addition of a glass roof, under which local corn-dealers try to get the best of a bargain). We have also the low archway decorated with game suspended, the kitchen on one side, the bar on the other, and a general atmosphere of deliberate travelling and sleepy comfort. Also a reminiscence of antiquity—for The Bull, according to local legend and Mr. Harrison Ainsworth, was a flourishing concern five centuries ago. In

front of the old house the impetuous Wat Tyler began his historical record in the fifth year of Richard the Second by incontestably demonstrating to an incredulous crowd that the local poll-tax collector had brains. In truth he spread them *coram populo* upon the Green. Much history has passed in front of the old inn of course since those exhilarating days; in 1822 perhaps scene the last. For then while the great Fourth George was majestically reposing in his royal post-chaise in front of the old archway he experienced an unpleasant surprise. A very ungentlemanly man named Calligan, a working courier who ought to have known better, suddenly projected his head into the carriage window, and observed in a voice of thunder, "You're a murderer!" an historical allusion to the king's late treatment of Queen Caroline, which made the royal widower "sit up." Upon which a by-stander named Morris knocked the personal courier down, and the window of the post-chaise was pulled up, and the post-boy told to drive on as quick as possible.

But I cannot leave Dartford without visiting Place House, a delightful record of the Middle Ages, standing in immediate juxtaposition to an iron-foundry and a railway station, and approached by a narrow lane rich in black mud. We are indebted for Place House, as to much that is picturesque in England, to the monks—or rather in this case (I beg the ladies' pardon) to the nuns. For the house founded by Edward the Third was a priory of Augustinians to which all the noble ladies in Kent, who had discovered that life is not worth a potato, retired serenely from a tedious world. After the dissolution, Henry the Eighth saw in it a desirable residence for Anne of Cleves—Place House indeed was one of the first manors granted to this little-married but much-dowered lady. In after times the manor was given with many others by James the First to Robert Cecil, in exchange for Theobalds (the Stuart king's Naboth's vineyard), and here its history ends; but it is a charming place to feast the eyes upon still, and is best looked at from the farm-yard.

There is nothing much now to see or describe in the eight miles which separate Dartford from Gravesend. Cardinal Wolsey however was down this part of the Dover Road in 1527, with his usual brobdingnagian retinue. The cardinal in his prosperous days

must have been a deuce of a person to ask to one's country-house — as Sir John Wilsyre of Stone Place discovered on this identical occasion. For Stone Place was not big enough for Wolsey's nine hundred followers, and so most of them had to be put up at Dartford, and Sir John had to pay the bill.

People now go to Gravesend to embark in P. and O. steamers for the uttermost parts of the earth, and so it is still a busy place. But it was always busy even in the old times, and was then additionally picturesque. At Gravesend distinguished visitors to London made up their minds as to whether they would approach the capital by the river or the Dover Road. And if they decided on the river, there was generally a gorgeous sight to be witnessed on

"The clear Thames bordered by its gardens green"

—the Thames that is to say of the sixteenth century, and Mr. William Morris. The present Lord Mayors' Shows give us no conception I fear of the gorgeous processions which attended the passage of distinguished visitors up the river in the days when the Thames looked as Mr. Morris has described it, and the Lord Mayor of London was the important personage that French dramatists still believe him to be. Cardinal Pole came by this route on his return from exile, and the Poet Laureate in *Queen Mary* has put a fine passage into his mouth descriptive of his experience. With "royal barges" however, "thrones of purple on decks," "silver crosses" sparkling before prows, ripples twinkling in their diamond dance, boats as glowing gay as regal gardens, we have nothing to do, so



From a Drawing by HERBERT RAILTON.

had better get on to Rochester *via* Gad's Hill.

Here Falstaff's horse was removed by Prince Hal, an operation which caused its owner to "fret like gummed velvet." Here he was desired by his unfeeling companion to lie down and lay his ear close to the ground in order that he might hear the tread of travellers—a formality which he declined to comply with, unless somebody promised to help him up. Here he was called opprobrious names—"Fat Guts" amongst others. Here he robbed the travel-



From a Drawing by HUGH THOMSON.

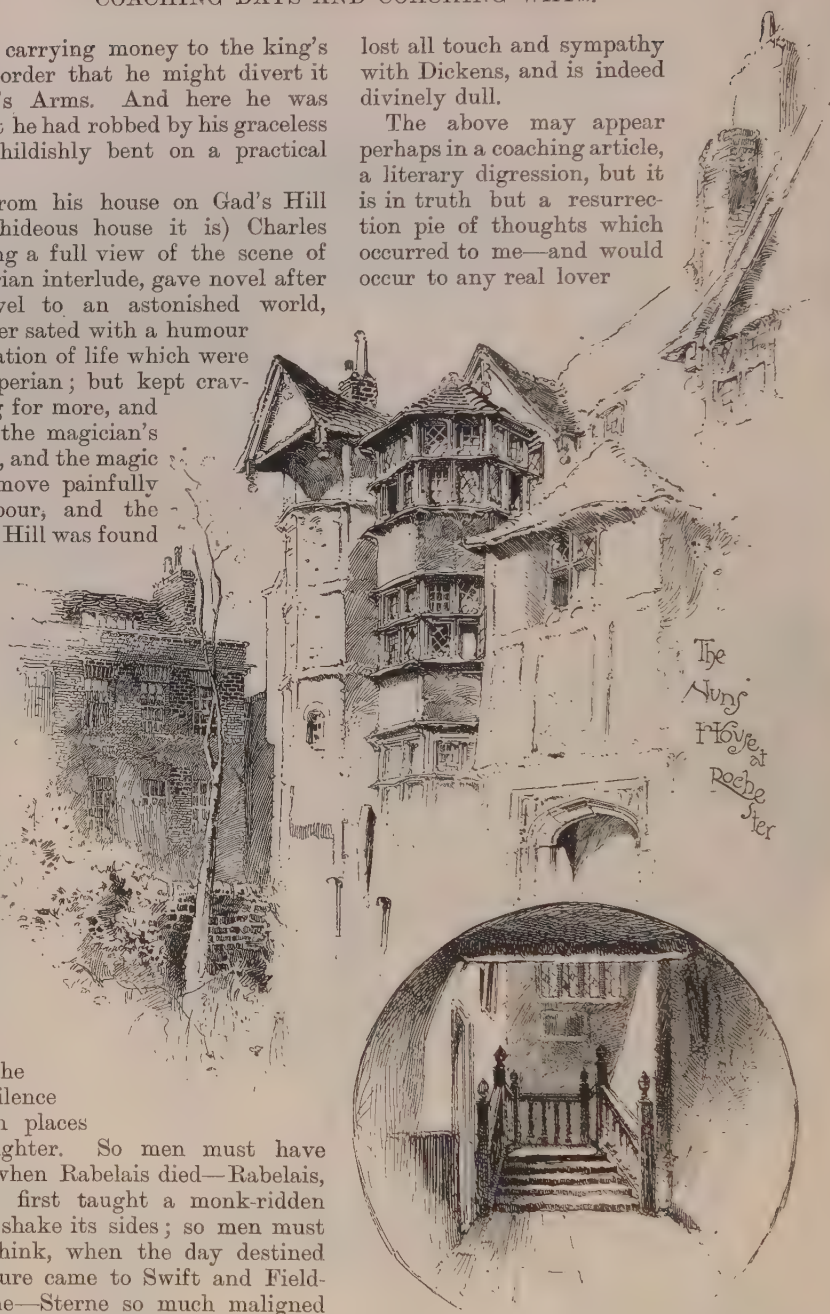
lers who were carrying money to the king's exchequer, in order that he might divert it to The King's Arms. And here he was robbed of what he had robbed by his graceless confederates childishly bent on a practical joke.

Here too from his house on Gad's Hill (and a very hideous house it is) Charles Dickens, having a full view of the scene of this Shakesperian interlude, gave novel after wonderful novel to an astonished world, which was never sated with a humour and an observation of life which were indeed Shakesperian; but kept craving and calling for more, and for more—till the magician's brain was hurt, and the magic pen began to move painfully and with labour, and the chair on Gad's Hill was found one June morning to be empty for ever.

I remember the shock of that announcement well. It was as if some pulse in the nation's heart had stopped beating. There was as it were a feeling that some great embodied joy had left the world, and silence had fallen on places of divine laughter. So men must have felt, I think, when Rabelais died—Rabelais, the man who first taught a monk-ridden world how to shake its sides; so men must have felt, I think, when the day destined for the departure came to Swift and Fielding and Sterne—Sterne so much maligned by Coleridge and Thackeray and others, yet of all his contemporaries the most profound, the most misunderstood. Yes, the feeling was general, I think, that English literature had suffered an irremediable loss by Dickens's death; and time has confirmed the fear. We have abandoned laughter in these days for documentary evidence, psychology, realism, and other prescriptions for sleep, and have entered on a literary era, which has

lost all touch and sympathy with Dickens, and is indeed divinely dull.

The above may appear perhaps in a coaching article, a literary digression, but it is in truth but a resurrection pie of thoughts which occurred to me—and would occur to any real lover



From a Drawing by HERBERT RAILTON.

of Dickens—in the course of that two mile seven furlong walk on the Dover Road between Gad's Hill and Rochester, which the great author used to cover nearly every other day of his life. For Rochester is as closely associated with Dickens as Chaucer is with Canterbury, or

Shakespeare with Stratford-on-Avon. In that great cycle of imaginative prose beginning with the *Pickwick Papers*, and ending with *Edwin Drood*, Rochester is written almost on the first page, and almost upon the last. Is it a wonder then that in the picturesquely beautiful old town reminiscences



From a Drawing by HERBERT RAILTON.

of the departed genius should haunt one at every step?

"The principal productions of Rochester," wrote Mr. Pickwick, "appear to be soldiers, sailors, Jews, chalk, shrimps, officers, and dockyard men." But I think the description is truer of the three other towns of Stroud, Chatham and Brompton, which are included in the category; for when I was at Rochester

I saw few of these articles of commerce, and nothing whatever I am bound to say of the historic conviviality of the military. But I saw the cathedral and the castle, which are both fine, especially the castle; and I heard as it were in the air the voice of the immortal Jingle observing, "Glorious pile—frowning walls—tottering arches—dark nooks—crumbling staircases—old cathedral too—earthy smell—pilgrims' feet worn away the old steps—confessionals like money-takers' boxes at the theatre"; after which I looked at the bridge over which David Copperfield saw himself coming as evening closed in, footsore and tired, and eating the bread that he had bought for supper; after which I went to The Bull and Victoria Hotel and had supper myself.

"Good house—nice beds," according to Mr. Jingle, who however did not put up here himself, if my memory serves me, but he dined with the Pickwickians and recommended broiled fowl and mushrooms—if he might be permitted to dictate. But why prolong the description of that immortal night? It is sufficient to say that at The Bull—which is the finest specimen of the inn of old days that I have seen on my travels—everything connected with the stay of the Pickwickians is preserved and cherished as the apple of his eye by the courteous and cultivated proprietor. All is shown to those who are interested and reverent. The long room where the ball took place "with crimson covered benches and wax candles in glass chandeliers; the elevated den in which the musicians were securely confined;" the corner of the staircase where the indignant Slammer met the victorious Jingle returning after escorting Mrs. Budger to her carriage, and said "Sir" in an awful voice, producing a card; the bedroom of Winkle "inside that of Mr. Tupman's," an arrangement which enabled Mr. Jingle to restore his borrowed plumage "unbeknownst" at the conclusion of the ball. All the first part of *Pickwick* is to be seen I say at The Bull and Victoria—with surroundings eloquent of the old world past; and which the author has in some other of his works thus graphically described.

"A famous inn! The hall a very grove of dead game, and dangling joints of mutton; and in one corner an illustrious larder, with glass doors developing cold fowls and noble joints. And tarts wherein the raspberry jam coyly withdrew itself, as such a precious creature should, behind a lattice work of pastry."

But to leave The Bull and *Pickwick*, for The Bull is not the only inn in Rochester to

be described, nor is the *History of Pickwick* by any manner of means its only history. The Crown, which stands at the foot of the bridge, is a modern house now, but it is built on the site of a venerable place with gables and barge boards, which stood in 1390, and was pulled down (without a drawing having been made of it, it is needless to remark) so late only as 1863. A portion of the original stables still stands, which is a remarkably interesting fact, since it was here that that scene with the carriers took place in *Henry IV.*, Act II., Scene 1, which was an introduction to the robbery on Gad's Hill. To The Crown in its old shape came as visitor Henry the Eighth to have a private peep at Anne of Cleves. He came; he saw; he pronounced her a Flanders mare. He departed, using strange words.

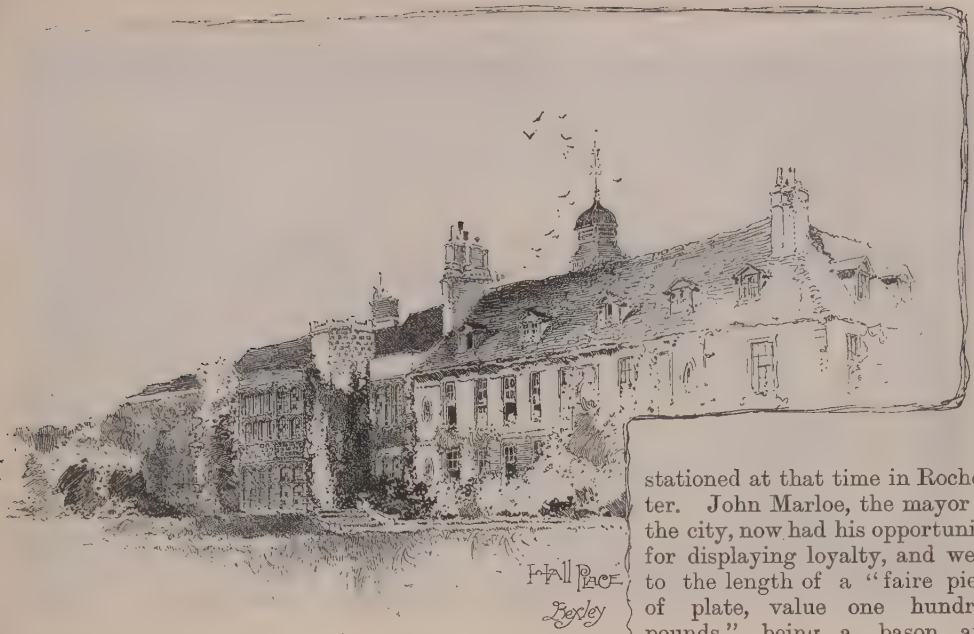
The White Hart, another inn at Rochester almost opposite The Bull and Victoria, now presents the appearance of a small public-house; but it can boast some antiquity in this way, was built in the reign of Richard the Second, and in 1667 sheltered the inquisitive head of Mr. Samuel Pepys—an incident which, remembering that Samuel was no enemy of good cheer, makes it probable that in those good old days it was the best inn in the place. Pepys was at Rochester on some business connected with the Admiralty and dockyards. He went to the Cathedral, but left before the service, strolled into the fields, viewed Sir F. Clark's pretty seat, and then retired to a cherry garden, where he met with an adven-



From a Drawing by HERBERT RAILTON.

ture in the shape of a young, plain, silly shopkeeper, who had a pretty young woman as his wife. Mrs. Pepys not being present, on this plain shopkeeper's pretty wife the susceptible Samuel threw deathly glances. He also kissed her, I am sorry to have to say, and they then ate their dinners together, and walked in the fields till dark. An hiatus here occurs in the *Diary*. But the paragraph on emerging from mystery ends in the usual way—"and so to sleep."

Besides Mr. Pepys there came to Rochester in 1573 Queen Elizabeth, and in 1606 James the First and that exceedingly jovial boon



From a Drawing by HERBERT RAILTON.

companion, the King of Denmark; but they appear to have been both in decent and sober frame—indeed, something in the penitential mood, for they underwent a sermon in the Cathedral. James the Second was at Rochester too, but not in the best of spirits I apprehend, or in the mood for viewing any ruins except those of his own life. For he came here under a Dutch guard, after his first attempt to escape, and after a week's detention was probably allowed to do so. He embarked on board a tender in the river from a house which is still standing, and was landed in due course at Ambleteuse.

But the most interesting events connected with royal visits to Rochester surround the stay of Charles the Second at Restoration House, in the course of his triumphant procession to London. The present owner of this house, which was built about 1587, Mr. S. J. Aveling, has kindly obliged me with some details about this royal and memorable visit which are full of interest and have been most religiously preserved.

The king arrived at Rochester on the Monday following his landing at Dover. The first thing he did was to refresh himself; the second to go and see the *Royal Sovereign* then lying at Chatham. After which he returned to Restoration House, and was immediately presented with a most dutiful and loyal address from Colonel Gibbons, then in temporary possession of the place; and also from the regiment of Colonel Gibbons

stationed at that time in Rochester. John Marloe, the mayor of the city, now had his opportunity for displaying loyalty, and went to the length of a "faire piece of plate, value one hundred pounds," being a bason and ewer gilt. The king must have been tired that night, and no

doubt he slept well. He should have done, at all events, for he slept in a delightful room which I have had the pleasure of seeing, containing amongst other curiosities a secret panel which opens into passages communicating with the garden and with the roof.

The first half of the Dover Road—that part of it as far as Rochester, at all events—where I propose, as I said, to stay for a month, is so closely associated with the memory of Dickens, that another reminiscence of him may fittingly round its story. There is a passage then in *Great Expectations* referring to this very Restoration House, a place which always took his fancy, and well it might.

"I had stopped," thus the passage runs, "to look at the house as I passed, and its seared red brick walls, blocked windows, and strong green ivy clasping even the stacks of chimneys with its twigs and tendons, as if with sinewy old arms, made up a rich and attractive mystery."

This mystery held him to the end. On the occasion of his last visit to Rochester, June 6th, 1870, he was seen leaning on the fence in front of the house, gazing at it, rapt, intent, as if drawing inspiration from its clustering chimneys, its storied walls so rich with memories of the past. It was anticipated, it was hoped, that the next chapter of *Edwin Drood* would bear the fruits of this reverie. The next chapter was never written.

W. OUTRAM TRISTRAM.



THE COURTYARD, ARUNDEL CASTLE.

GLIMPSES OF OLD ENGLISH HOMES.

II.—ARUNDEL CASTLE.¹

BELONGING TO HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF NORFOLK, E.M., K.G.

"Jockey of Norfolk, be not too bold,
For Dickon thy master is bought and sold."



NORMAN GATEWAY, ARUNDEL.

ALL readers of Shakespeare are familiar with the above quotation, which as a writing he has found upon his tent, John Howard, first Duke of Norfolk, hands to his sovereign King Richard III., just before the battle of Bosworth Field, in 1483. The king tells him that it is—

"A thing devised by the enemy,"

but later in the day both Richard himself and the duke are among the slain, thus

¹ The following article has been read and revised by the Duke of Norfolk, by whose permission the historical portraits are now for the first time published.

converting the quaint couplet into a fatal prophecy.

This same John Howard, created Earl Marshal of England, was the direct ancestor of the present owner of Arundel Castle, Henry Fitzalan Howard, thirty-fifth Earl of Arundel, and fifteenth Duke of Norfolk; Premier Duke and Earl, and hereditary Earl Marshal of England.

The first mention found of Arundel is in King Alfred's will, where it is described simply as a manor, although he at one time made it his royal residence. In an entry of *Doomsday Book* the Castle of Arundel is mentioned as rendering "between the town, and the port, and the customs of the shipping, twelve pounds," and "as being worth thirteen." At the period of the Conquest it was designated the "Honour of Arundel," and as such was given by William the Conqueror to a certain Roger, Baron Montgomery, who commanded the centre division of the victorious army at the battle of Hastings, in return for which services he received the two earldoms of Arundel and Shrewsbury. The venerable keep was even then in existence, but the great Norman

gateway, sometimes called the clock-tower, with its drawbridge and portcullis, as well as Bevis' Tower, are attributed to Earl Roger, also the immense vault under the east end of the building. To this vault, at present used as one of the cellars of the castle, were formerly brought not only the military captives of the earls, but all other delinquents within the extensive liberties of the earldom. The vault is entered through a circular arch forming the doorway, and the vaultings are also circular, formed by square blocks of chalk, and strengthened by four immense transome ribs of stone. There are two narrow round-headed windows for the purpose of lighting this dismal ancient prison of the castle, and in a corner of the inner division of the apartment there is apparently a long stone buttress, which is in fact a secret chamber, doubtless used as a hiding-place in olden times; there was formerly a trap-door and narrow staircase leading to it from the room above.

A curious instance of escape from this prison, as connected with the law of sanctuary, is recorded as having occurred in the year 1404. A person named John Mot had been apprehended and committed on a charge of robbery, but having contrived to elude the vigilance of his keepers, passed the inclosure of the castle, and had nearly succeeded in securing his retreat, when his flight became known, and the constable, accompanied by a party of the inhabitants, followed in pursuit. Finding that he was likely to be overtaken, the fugitive fled to the college, and seizing the ring which was attached to the gate, claimed the rights of sanctuary. The constable however seems to have doubted the validity of the claim, and the captive was once more conveyed to his dungeon. Investigations were made and the decision given that the immunities of the Church and the laws of sanctuary had been violated; so eventually the prisoner was "restored to the Church," whilst each of the parties concerned in the capture was commanded to offer a burning taper at High Mass on Sunday in the collegiate chapel.

In the time of Henry I. the "Honour of Arundel," together with its castle, reverted to the Crown, and when in the year 1139 the Empress Matilda, daughter of Henry I., landed in England to assert her claim to the throne in opposition to Stephen, she retired at once to Arundel, which was then in possession of the widow of Henry I., step-mother to the empress. Preparations were made for a vigorous defence, and in a few days Stephen appeared beneath the walls.

History tells of the negotiations between him and Matilda, resulting in his consent to let her leave Arundel, upon which she promptly joined her adherents in Bristol.

Towards the close of the thirteenth century the present entrance to the keep was constructed, while the ancient hall with its appendant buildings on the south-west side of the great area of the castle, was the next addition to the splendour of the edifice.

It is difficult to carry our minds back through seven hundred and eighty-nine years, and to realize that parts of the magnificent building which delights our eyes to-day were looked upon by William Rufus when on his return from Normandy he landed at Arundel, and celebrated his Easter at the castle in the year 1079. Later on in 1302 Edward I. crossed the old drawbridge over which we drive to-day, into the grand open space between the castle itself and the ancient keep, and passed some time within the walls which, could they only speak, might tell so much. In this keep for many years there existed a peculiar race of owls, which is however now extinct.

A sad fate awaited the beautiful old castle in the tumultuous period of the seventeenth century. During the absence of its owner abroad it fell, first into the hands of the Parliamentary army, from which in the year 1643 the Royalists determined to dispossess their opponents. The third day after their attack the castle surrendered to the royal arms, but the patient Roundheads bided their time, and while with proud humility they ascribed all their success to the Lord, they finally succeeded by very carnal means in recapturing the place, which, by the time the siege was ended, was reduced almost to a ruin; it was deserted as a residence, and not until 1720 did Thomas, Duke of Norfolk, make it his occasional abode, repairing from time to time portions of the building. In 1795 a successor to Duke Thomas enlarged and beautified it still more, giving it the grand dimensions it now has. The Baron's Hall, which with its appendant chapel was designed to commemorate the triumph of the barons over the tyranny of King John, was commenced in 1806. The rich stained glass which was formerly in the thirteen original windows of this hall, has all been removed, and ordinary white glass been put in its place.

In the large east drawing-room of the castle, which for the moment is used as a dining-room, hang some of the most interesting of the family portraits. As a bordering above the tinted walls of this room shields



MARY, DUCHESS OF NORFOLK.
Engraved by O. LACOUR, from the Picture at Arundel Castle.

are arranged bearing the emblazoned coats of arms of the house of Howard and its several alliances; below the pictures hang heavy red plush draperies, suspended from an oak moulding; the ceiling is of oak, and over the wide, open fireplace are the Howard arms surmounted by a ducal coronet. On the right of this fireplace is a full-length portrait of Thomas, fourth Duke of Norfolk, standing with his Earl-Marshall's *bâton* in his hand. His devotion in behalf of the unhappy Mary Stuart caused him to be accused of high treason, and he was executed in the Tower in 1572, at the early age of thirty-five. His

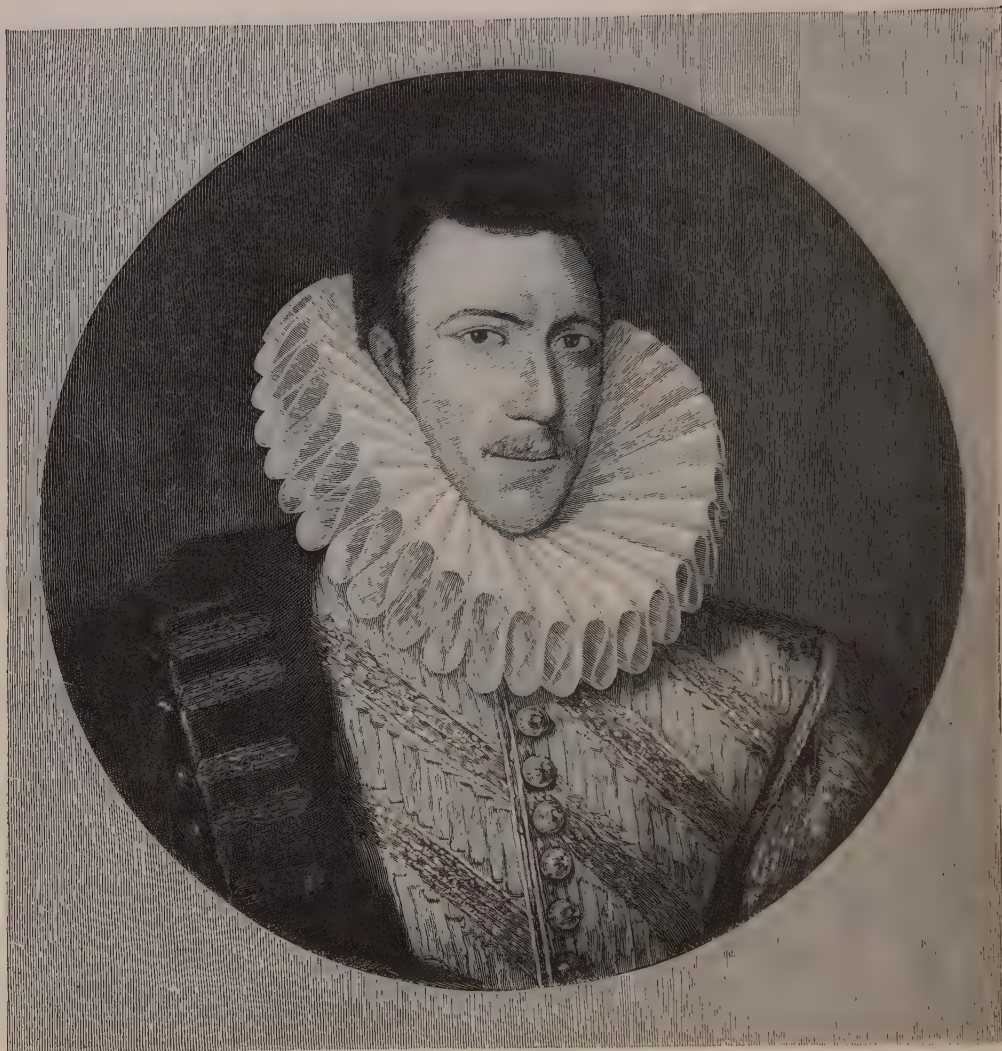
of the son of Philip Howard and his wife. The former is represented in a sitting position, and one sees in the distance part of the famous collection called the Arundel Marbles, the greater part of which are now at Oxford. This nobleman was a great patron of art, and he it was who induced Van Dyck to come to England. At the splendid ceremonial of the marriage of the Princess Elizabeth with Frederick, Count Palatine of the Rhine, in 1613, he carried the sword of state, while his wife, the Countess of Arundel, acted as one of the train-bearers to the queen. In consequence of his father's attainder, he was



ARUNDEL CASTLE FROM THE PARK.

intrigue to establish himself on the Scottish throne by a marriage with Queen Mary cannot be defended. Opposite, on the left of the fireplace, is the sweet girl-face of Mary, daughter of Henry Fitzalan, Earl of Arundel. She was the last of the Fitzalan line, and by her marriage brought the Castle of Arundel into the Howard family, and was wife of Duke Thomas, who was beheaded, and mother of that Philip Howard whose life reads like a romance. Knowledge of her son's terrible fate was mercifully spared her, for she died at the early age of seventeen. Beyond these two, at the end of the room, hang portraits

deprived of the title of Duke of Norfolk, but was invariably called "the great Earl." Sir Edward Walker, in describing him, says that he "was of a stately presence and gait, so that any man that saw him, though in never so ordinary habit, could not but conclude him to be a great person, his garb and fashion drawing more observation than did the rich apparel of others; so that it was a common saying of the late Earl of Carlisle—'Here comes the Earl of Arundel in his plain stuff and trunk hose, and his beard in his teeth, that looks more like a nobleman than any of us.'" An indelible stain rests upon



PHILIP HOWARD, EARL OF ARUNDEL AND SURREY. B. 1557. D. 1595.

the character of this Earl, who from no religious convictions, but in return for worldly advancement, renounced the faith for which his father, Philip Howard, nobly suffered and courageously died. One would have thought that an example as brilliant and touching as that of any of the martyrs of old, might at least have lasted in its effects through one generation; and one can scarcely believe that the son of a father who had borne so much, could relinquish the belief which supported that father to the end. Yet this man became one of the principal favourites of King James I., and by his abdication of Catholicism was enabled to enjoy the dignities and privileges denied

in those days to Roman Catholics. Later, in the reign of Charles I., he incurred the severe displeasure of his sovereign, in that his son, Lord Maltravers, had secretly wedded the Lady Elizabeth Stuart, whom the King had destined as a bride for young Lord Lorne. Arundel was promptly sent to the Tower, where he was kept during three months, and was only finally released by the clamourings of his brother peers, who declared the arrest of the Earl during the Session to be an infringement of their privileges.

We would fain linger longer in the dining-room, where hang many other portraits, and in the long gallery with its pictures and statues and rare old cabinets, but we must

take a glimpse at least at the grand library, one hundred feet long, built in 1544. To reach it you pass through an attractive apartment called the ante-room, opening out from the hall. This library is indeed worthy the name grand. Well-filled book-shelves line the walls from floor to ceiling, and a gallery runs around three sides of the room, half-way up, which is reached by a concealed staircase. Wide alcoves in the windows of the gallery form cosy retreats where one can read, or chat, or dream day-dreams. Three fireplaces are at distances on the right-hand side of the room, while the large stained-glass window on the left, glowing with heraldic devices, looks out upon the open quadrangle of the castle. At the end of this library, opening from it, is the billiard-room, beyond which again are the north breakfast-room and a second large drawing-room. To these two apartments we shall return later, but for the moment we turn to the right, and leaving the billiard-room mount a solid oak staircase which leads to the upper floor, and to that part of the building called the "Percy Lodgings," a name given so far back as 1279, in the reign of Edward I. It is here that the late duchess's sitting-room, dressing-room, and bed-room are situated; but attractive as are all three, filled as they are with beautiful old inlaid and painted furniture, curious hangings, and quaint cabinets and curiosities, we must hasten on, if in the limited space of time allowed us we would see a little more of the house itself before coming to the portrait of Philip Howard the Martyr, and learning his sad and noble life. From these private apartments a long passage way on the north side of the castle leads to the principal upper corridor, and along this passage way, opening out upon it, are numerous bed-rooms, which go by the name of the "Hutches." The doors of these rooms are all of oak, with the iron hinges extending across them and forming the ornamentation. We cannot stop now to describe any of the upper rooms, so fascinating is the history of the man represented with grave, earnest eyes, and a serious, rather melancholy, cast of countenance. The portrait given of Philip Howard is only a small head, with a stiff ruff of the dress of the period coming high around the throat.

He was, as we have already said, son of that Duke of Norfolk who in 1572 was beheaded in the Tower on account of his loyalty to the cause of the Scottish queen, and he was born at Arundel House on Monday, June 28th, 1557. The following Friday he was baptized with much solemnity in the

Royal Chapel of Whitehall, in the presence of the queen and her Spanish husband, with all the principal attendants of the Court. His great-grandmother, the Dowager Duchess of Norfolk, held him at the font made of gold, and kept in the treasury only for the christening of children of princes of the realm. King Philip himself, who with the Earl of Arundel acted as sponsor on the occasion, conferred his own name upon the infant. Whilst still very young, Philip Howard, Earl of Surrey, was married to his father's ward, Anne, daughter of Lord Dacres, who, together with her two sisters, was co-heiress to an immense property. Later he became one of Elizabeth's most devoted and flattering courtiers, and to please this queen he first neglected and then disowned his wife. During several years he now pursued a course of insane prodigality, which reduced his fortune and alienated his family, when suddenly he seemed to awake as from delirium, withdrew entirely from the frivolities of the Court and the society of his profligate companions, at the same time trying in every way to atone to his wife for his former cruel neglect. Elizabeth's enmity to the countess was notorious, and this lady's decision to enter the Roman Catholic Church irritated the queen still further against her and the husband who had returned to his allegiance to her. Elizabeth finally imprisoned the countess for over a year, and after his wife's release Philip Howard, who with his brother Lord William had decided also to join the ancient faith, determined to leave the country until more quiet times, and to seek an asylum in Flanders. In pursuance of this plan, Momford, the Earl's secretary, was despatched to Hull, with orders to embark at that port and await the arrival of his master. Arundel himself, with his brother and a single attendant, was preparing to commence his journey by a different route; everything was ready for his departure, and the moment for it approaching, when a message from Elizabeth announced that she was about to honour him with a visit at Arundel House. At the same time Momford was arrested on suspicion of some traitorous design, but managed to escape and return in order to tell his master of the dangers surrounding him. It was too late however for his information to be of any practical use to the Earl, as he was obliged to receive his sovereign, which he did with great magnificence. At the conclusion of a sumptuous banquet the queen, having declared her satisfaction, gave Arundel "many thanks for her entertainment," and at the

same time informed him that he was a prisoner in his own house. The next morning he was summoned before the Privy Council, and after two separate examinations on the subject of his religion was again remanded to confinement. An effort was also made to implicate him in a recent conspiracy, which however signally failed, and at the end of fifteen weeks the Earl, as well as his uncle and brother, who had likewise been arrested, was discharged.

Any attempt to leave the country was now hopeless, but sending for a missionary he was by him received into the Catholic Church. This involved him in new difficulties; his duties at Court conflicting at every turn with his principles and conscience. Finding that his efforts to avoid these duties so opposed to his present views only provoked the attention and whispers of the Court, he again formed the desperate resolve to fly from the country. Before his departure he determined to acquaint Elizabeth with his motives for this decision, and addressed to her a long and eloquent epistle, in which he reminded her of the anxiety with which he had sought her confidence and the willingness with which he had "made himself a stranger to his own house, to be a continual waiter on her majesty"—all of which had failed to insure her favour, or prevent him from incurring unmerited disgrace. He also spoke of the fate of his immediate ancestors, whose innocence had been unable to shield them from the death of traitors; and reasoning from this example he dwelt with powerful effect upon the apprehensions which he entertained from the operation of the penal laws. His religion, he added, could not long remain a secret, and if he, rather than "consent to the certain destruction of his body, or the manifest endangering of his soul, willingly separated himself from all the ties which bound him to his native land, he trusted that Elizabeth would at least give him credit for having acted on conscientious motives, and would not visit his conduct with that displeasure which would add bitterness even to the worst of his sorrows, and amongst all his misfortunes prove the heaviest."

This letter was to be placed in the hands of the queen after Arundel's departure for France, but that departure was destined never to be made. The captain of the vessel waiting at Little Hampton in Sussex had received his instructions from the council, and instead of escaping from the country Philip Howard was brought back a prisoner and sent to the Tower.

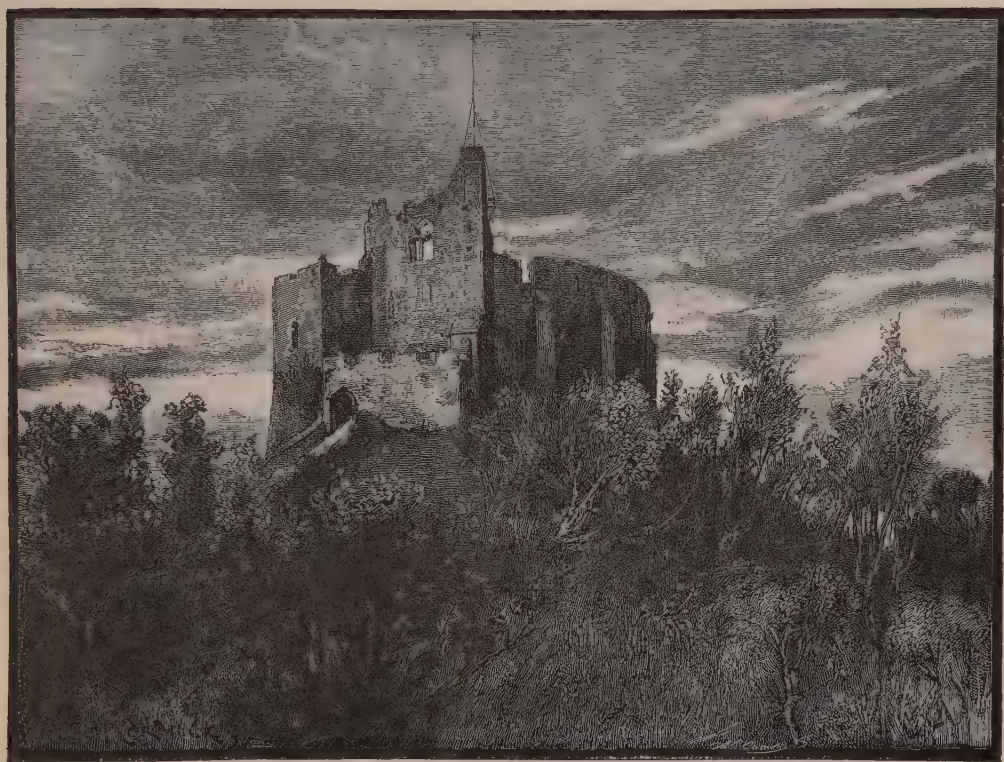
Again efforts were made to implicate him

in treasonable practices, and again these efforts signally failed, notwithstanding which he was condemned to pay a fine of £10,000 to the queen, and to be imprisoned according to the royal pleasure. During this imprisonment fresh charges were brought by the persistent malice of his enemies against the unfortunate Earl of Arundel, until he was finally brought to trial and sentenced to death. After his condemnation he wrote a spirited letter to Elizabeth in which he boldly asserted his innocence, and arraigned the justice of his sentence, added to which he prepared numerous copies of a statement to be scattered among the crowd at the time of his execution, wherein this most emphatic declaration occurs:—"Wherefore, for the satisfaction of all men and discharge of my conscience before God, I here protest before His Divine Majesty and all the holy court of Heaven, that I have committed no treason, and that the Catholic and Roman faith which I hold is the only cause (so far as I can any way imagine) why either I have been thus long imprisoned, or for which I am now ready to be executed."

Public opinion and indignation over the unmerited destiny of Philip Howard was so strong that Elizabeth was compelled to pause in the pursuance of her vengeance against the man she hated, but although for political reasons she concluded to avoid the odium of bringing him to the scaffold, her feminine malice took a frightful form of fresh persecution.

Instead of acquainting the prisoner of his reprieve from death, the knowledge of it was studiously kept from him, and for more than six years he lived in the fear and suspense that each footstep he heard might be that of the messenger sent to summon him to his end. Each morning as he rose he knew it to be possible that before night he should be a headless corpse; each night as he laid his head upon his pillow he was uncertain whether the morning might not call him to another world. Such was what a Court writer could denominate "the mild severity of Elizabeth!"

Added to this dreadful and wearing uncertainty as to his final fate, every expedient was resorted to in order to render his desolate condition more desolate still. His wife, children, and friends, were totally excluded from his presence, and the treatment received by him from his keepers was disgraceful to humanity. It was generally supposed that eventually he was poisoned, but whether from anything in his food or from the effects of a bad drain passing under the room where he was confined for eleven years in all, has never



THE OLD KEEP, ARUNDEL.

been satisfactorily explained. Probably the latter, for the accounts of the time state the stench in his apartment to have been so awful that when visiting him the governors of the Tower were unable to remain in the room. Whatever it was, his health towards the last was so affected that after several weeks of suffering Philip Howard, Earl of Arundel, "the idol of those that knew him, the admiration of Europe, and the object of the sympathies of the world," perished alone in a gloomy cell of the Tower, on Sunday, the 19th of October, 1595.

In the present enlightened days of freedom men may well exclaim, "Could such things have been?"

Shortly before his death Arundel made a final appeal to Elizabeth, claiming a former promise made by her that he should see his wife and children before he died; but to his fond anticipations that the queen would surely keep her royal word, only a verbal answer came, rejecting his prayer, except at the price of his religion. "If he will but once go to the established Church, carrying the sword of state before the sovereign," so ran the message, "his request shall not only be

granted, but he shall moreover be restored to his honour and estates, with as much favour as I can show."

"On such condition I cannot accept her majesty's offers," was the reply; "and if that be the cause in which I am to perish, sorry am I that I have but one life to lose."

And it was this man's son, who for mere worldly considerations could apostatize from the faith of his father.

"The late attempt of an invasion by the Spaniards," says Carte, "proved fatal to Philip, Earl of Arundel. He was still confined in the Tower when the Spanish Armada entered the Channel, and could not forbear expressing his joy at the news; he had likewise caused a Mass of the Holy Ghost to be said for its success; and a course of devotions to be used for twenty-four hours together. These things irritated the queen, he was called to an account for them, as well as for his former offences, which, having been charged on him before as contempt and misdemeanours, were now aggravated, and urged as treasonable matters."

Elizabeth's final message offering him restoration to her favour if he would comply

with her request to attend her to the Protestant Church, shows that her "irritation" as to the alleged "treasonable matters" was less than her anger at his persistent adherence to his own belief.

Even after death the queen's bitter and bigoted hatred pursued the man who at one time had been the brightest and most honoured ornament of her Court, and "for the first earl in her dominions, for the nobleman who had been born to the inheritance of all but royalty," she appointed a funeral the charges of which amounted to the meagre sum of four pounds, thirteen shillings, and fourpence. More than this, the most beautiful and most

is actually a part of the Protestant parish church, but partitioned off from it. This chapel the present duke is restoring to its original beauty.

Elizabeth's vengeance pursued the widowed countess of Philip Howard to the day of her death, and a curious letter from that persecuted lady is still preserved at Norfolk House, wherein she appeals to the Lord Treasurer Burleigh for the payment of the slender pension allowed her by the queen, which she only obtained after much trouble and vexation of spirit.

Three hundred years have passed since men spoke of the brilliant courtier languish-



ARUNDEL CASTLE FROM THE RIVER.

affecting service of religion was prostituted by her minister to the heartless purpose of heaping insults on the grave of her victim.

The third day after his death Philip Howard was buried in the chapel of the Tower, in the same grave where twenty-three years before the headless body of his father had been interred. In the following reign, at the joint request of his widow and his son, a license was obtained for the removal of the remains, which, inclosed in a small iron chest, reposed for many years in the family vault of the Howards at Arundel Castle; only within the past few months has this chest been removed to a small chapel situated in the grounds near the castle, which

ing in foul imprisonment in the Tower, told of his ruined life and lonely death, and now within the past few months the Church of Rome, for whose faith he died a martyr, has declared him "Venerable," a degree which is the first step towards pronouncing him a saint. Surely his life and death have already declared him worthy a saintly crown.

The Tower has played a prominent part in the lives of more than one member of the house of Howard. Before Elizabeth chose it as a prison for the brilliant Earl of Arundel, another even more gifted man, Henry, Earl of Surrey, eldest son of the third Duke of Norfolk, also excited the jealousy of a capricious and despotic monarch, and in the

reign of Henry VIII. was beheaded on Tower Hill. He is described as being "excellent in arts and in arms; a man of learning, a genius, and a hero; of a generous temper and a refined heart, he united all the gallantry and unbroken spirit of a rude age with all the elegance and graces of a polished era." Very literary and an accomplished writer, his songs and sonnets showed rare merit, and as with Sir Philip Sidney, the finest spirits of his age delighted to call him "friend." Treason was imputed to him upon the most frivolous pretences, the principal of which was his quartering the arms of Edward the Confessor with those of Howard, a custom justified by the practice of his family, and the sanction of the heralds. His brave defence served him little, and he was condemned by a jury, not of the peers, because he was not a parliament lord, but by commons, whereupon judgment of death was given and he was executed. His father, the Duke of Norfolk, was imprisoned in the Tower at the same time, and escaped execution merely because the king himself died before signing the death warrant. Yet so powerful were his enemies that when pardon was given by proclamation to all persons for all crimes whatsoever, six names only excepted, he was included in this number, and remained a prisoner until the day Queen Mary made her triumphant entry into London, when, without any pardon or restitution, he was allowed to be Duke of Norfolk, and had his lands restored.

In the breakfast-room at Arundel, which is situated between the billiard-room and large north drawing-room, hang two full-length portraits of Edward Howard, eighth earl and eighth duke of his family, and Mary his wife, whom he married in 1727; and between the two is a second picture of this celebrated Duchess Mary, who is described as having been "gifted with great talents, easy and dignified in her manners, and singularly insinuating." She was the daughter and co-heir of Edward Blount, of Blagden in Devonshire, Esq., and the first portrait represents her as a young and fine-looking woman, wearing her peeress's robes, her coronet lying on the table beside her; the other, taken at a much later date, when the fine face has gained in attraction by the great intelligence and strength of character shown in it, amply making up for the loss of its earlier bloom and colouring. A writer of the time tells us that "her house" (Norfolk House) "was the centre of whatever was great and elegant amongst both Catholics and Protestants, and by familiarizing them one with

another their prejudices were softened, and their mutual good-will increased." As yet the Catholic Relief Bill had not been passed, and this fact of Duchess Mary endeavouring to amalgamate the two conflicting parties in the graceful courtesies of social life—no slight undertaking in those troublesome times—goes far to prove that the chronicler's opinion of her character was correct. The religious views of the day so strongly affected a man's public life, that her husband found himself debarred from all participation in public affairs, and occupied himself with his own estates; built new Norfolk House, St. James's Square, and rebuilt Worksop Manor in Nottinghamshire, the ancient seat of the Earls of Shrewsbury.

When Frederick, Prince of Wales, quarrelled with his father George II., and was turned out of the palace by order of the king, the Duchess of Norfolk offered him and his princess the shelter of old Norfolk House, and there was born the future sovereign George III. Horace Walpole frequently refers to this duchess in his celebrated letters, in one of which occurs the following passage: "The Duchess of Norfolk has opened her new house; all the earth was there last Tuesday. You would have thought there had been a comet, everybody was gaping in the air and treading on one another's toes. In short, you never saw such a scene of magnificence and taste. The tapestry, the embroidered bed, the illumination, the glasses, the lightness and novelty of the ornaments and the ceilings are delightful. She gives three Tuesdays, would that you could be at one! Somebody asked my Lord Rockingham afterwards at White's what was there? He said, 'Oh, there was all the company afraid of the duchess, and the duke afraid of all the company.' It was not a bad picture." Extract from letter to Hon. H. S. Conway, from Horace Walpole, February 12th, 1756. Later on he speaks of her as "my lord duchess," and at an earlier date, August 26th, 1749, he writes from Strawberry Hill to his friend George Montague, Esq., describing a journey he has made: "At last we got to Arundel Castle, which was visibly built for defence in an impracticable country. It is now only a heap of ruins, with a new indifferent apartment clapt up for the Norfolks when they reside there for a week or a fortnight. Their priest showed us about. There are the walls of a round tower where a garrison held out against Cromwell; he planted a battery on the top of the church and reduced them. There is a gloomy gateway and dungeons, in one of which I conclude

is kept the old woman who in the time of the late rebellion offered to show Lord Robert Sutton where arms were hidden at Worksop. The duchess complimented him into dining before his search, and in the meantime the woman was spirited away, and adieu the arms! There are fine monuments to the old Fitzalans, Earls of Arundel, in the church."

Could Horace Walpole see Arundel as it is to-day, would he recognize in the magnificent building forming three sides of a square, on the fourth of which is the "round tower" (or ancient keep), which he mentions, as the "indifferent apartment clapt up for the Norfolks!" The "gloomy gateway and dungeons" would be the only remaining traces of his description.

In still another letter to Sir Horace Mann, Walpole makes an allusion to the two conflicting religious factions which reflects but little credit on either. Speaking of one of the fashionable masquerades he says: "There was a stroke of the monkey last night that will sound ill in the ears of your neighbour the Pope. The heir-apparent of the house of Norfolk (Charles Howard), a drunken old mad fellow, was, though a Catholic, dressed like a cardinal. I hope he was scandalized at the wives of our Bishops."

The fair and clever Mary Blount, who seems to have made so strong an impression upon all who knew her, seems also to have shown very early in life that she possessed a will of her own, and had no disinclination for a "lark." It seems that when Edward Howard, Duke of Norfolk, was staying at Ugbrooke, Lord Clifford's place, not far from the home of the Blounts in Devonshire, he and the heir of Ugbrooke, not caring to keep the early hours of their elders, began the amusements of the evening after good Lord and Lady Clifford were fast sunk in virtuous slumbers. Then it was that the high-spirited Mary, accompanied by her sister, would ride over upon horses with muffled hoofs, and join the merry-making of the two youths anxiously awaiting and eagerly welcoming their arrival, when together the four would thoroughly enjoy themselves, undisturbed by the proprieties or the slumbering Cliffords. So at least runs the story, and whether it be fact or fiction it ended as well as a fairy tale, for certain it is that one sister married the heir of Ugbrooke, and the other became the famous Duchess Mary so often referred to.

Leading out from the breakfast-room is the long north drawing-room, with its heavy peacock-coloured hangings, rich Turkey rugs, and enough valuable curiosities to engage

one's attention for days. More pictures too, one of Philip Howard as a boy, with no foreshadowing of his ruined life in the youthful features, and two quaint portraits to which a peculiarly pathetic story is attached. The boy, who is represented in a stiff, old-fashioned blue coat, tightly buttoned and abnormally long-waisted, is a certain Earl of Sutherland, uncle of one of the duchesses of Norfolk. At the early age of seventeen he married the child of fifteen, also dressed in blue, whose picture hangs opposite him—Elizabeth Maxwell. Horace Walpole mentions her at the coronation of George III. as a "very pretty figure." When the little child of this youthful couple was a year old, the two parents, almost children themselves, died on the same day from fever, at Bath. The mother of Lord Sutherland was dressing for a ball when she first heard of her son's illness, and at once started off to nurse her darling, scarcely trusting the inexperience of the little child-wife, his only companion. News travelled slowly in those days, and there were no telegrams to meet the anxious mother at each stage of her weary journey. Arrived at Bath she went at once to the principal inn, where there was no accommodation for her; the place was full, they said, as the morrow was to witness a grand funeral. Poor mother! the "funeral" was to be that of the boy in blue, looking out from his picture to-day in the north drawing-room at Arundel, and of the child-wife hanging opposite to him. Both were carried back to the old home at Sutherland, and buried in the ancient cathedral of Dornach by the broken-hearted mother, who had gone to find her son, and found him thus!

A mural tablet records that "they were lovely and pleasant in their lives, and that in death they were not divided."

The names of the bedrooms at Arundel Castle could belong to no other house in England, for in virtue of the Dukes of Norfolk being hereditary Earl-Marshals of England, they are called after the officials of the Heralds' College, there being six heralds, four pursuivants, and three kings. The rooms are respectively York, Lancaster, Windsor, Somerset, Chester, and Richmond; Rouge Croix, Blue Mantle, Portcullis, and Rouge Dragon; these four latter being the old nurseries, not the bright and cheery suite of rooms situated at the end of the long corridor, now the especial domain of the little Earl of Arundel and Surrey.

Those named after the three kings are Garter, Norrey, and Clarenceux. The latter is also sometimes called the "Queen's Room,"



FIREPLACE IN PRESENT DINING-ROOM, ARUNDEL CASTLE.

from the fact that Queen Victoria occupied it at the time of her visit to Arundel in 1846, and in the same way Garter King of Arms' Room is often spoken of as the "Prince Consort's" for a similar reason. The fittings of Her Majesty's apartment were all of white and gold, with heavy crimson and gold damask; the gilded and awe-inspiring bed having the royal arms of England at the head, and the ducal arms of the house of Howard at the foot. Crowns, the monogram V.R., and the English lion, are upon all articles of furniture, and engravings of different members of the royal family presented by the queen to the mother of the present Duke of Norfolk, hang around the walls. For the moment these pictures and the actual furniture of the "Queen's Room" have been removed to the York Room. There is also a bedroom called the Earl-Marshall's, situated in the lower gallery, opposite to the entrance of the Baron's Hall.

There are so many things to say of this grand "old castle on a hill," yet one so dreads writing an inventory or compiling a catalogue when telling of the numberless objects of interest met with at every turn. From the moment of mounting the steep hill leading from the town itself, and passing beneath the high stone entrance over which are carved the Howard arms, with the lion crest above them, memories seem to crowd about one, and visions become almost bewildering of the many great and gone who so long ago passed part at least of the "fitful fever of their lives" within the stately walls of Arundel.

So soon as the drawbridge is crossed, and the ancient gateway, dark as a tunnel, is traversed, the whole splendour of the exterior of the castle is before you. The broad drive curves up to the entrance door, which when opened discloses the great double staircase leading to the long gallery already described;

walking along this to the end door on the right, past the east drawing-room, you will find yourself in one of the pleasantest parts of the house—a corner room from one window of which the silvery Arun can be seen threading its way beside the reedy banks; from the other one looks down upon what was formerly a moat, and beyond upon a thoroughly English landscape, pleasant fields, and cattle grazing peacefully near

is of carved oak as yet in its natural colour, not darkened by time. The doors of these rooms are singularly fine, of solid oak, with the iron hinges extended across them as in the bed-room doors before referred to, but here the ironwork ornamentation is of a more intricate design. These doors are generally arched in Gothic form, and give an original and at the same time good architectural effect. In this corner room is the same

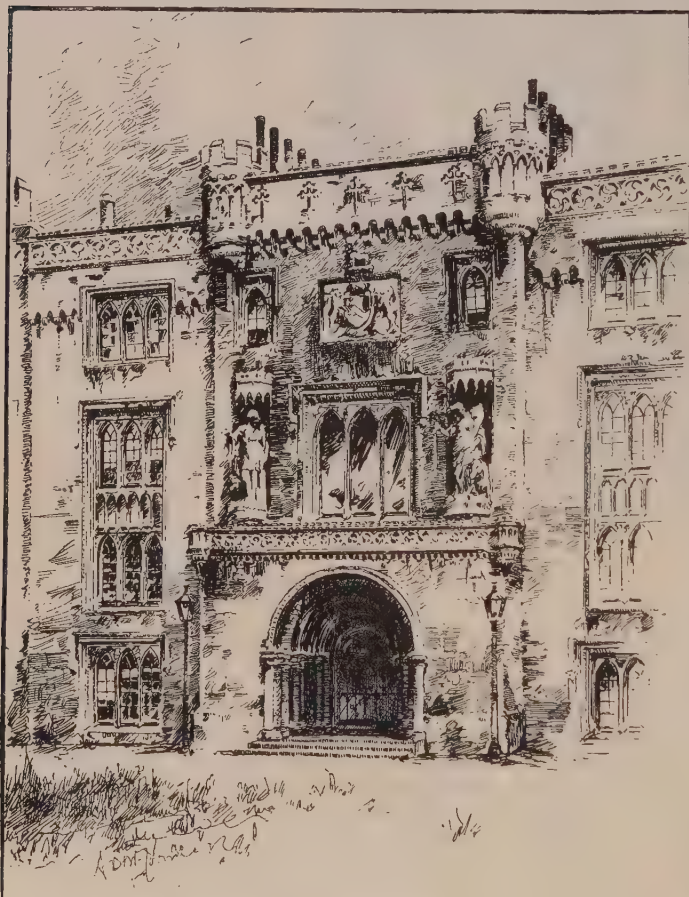
border of emblazoned coats of arms already mentioned as decorating the dining-room, and also the same open, tiled fireplace, whose blazing logs cheer one's eye, notwithstanding the open windows through which the soft Sussex air is pleasant enough, although the month is November. Books and work and a general air of "livableness" prove this bright corner room to be a favourite.

With all its magnificence and grandeur Arundel to a peculiar degree possesses this air of home-like comfort, without which any dwelling-place is spoiled, be it cottage or castle; the crackling wood fires, cosy corners shut off by screens, and tables laden with books, for books are everywhere, the latest and newest as well as the rarest and oldest, all join in adding comfort to splendour.

The beautiful chapel, which is but a few steps from the castle itself, was founded by Richard, Earl of Arundel, in 1380. In 1643 men of Waller's army

were quartered in it, and during the time of the Reformation, when the exercise of the Roman Catholic

religion was prohibited, the building fell almost to decay. But the fine tombs have been preserved; amongst others that of Thomas, Earl of Arundel, son of the founder, and his Countess Beatrix, daughter of John I., King of Portugal; also that of William, Earl of Arundel, and his Countess Joan, sister to Richard Nevill, Earl of Warwick, the "king-maker." A new roof of carved oak, exactly similar to the original one, is now being put into the chapel, which when



THE ENTRANCE DOOR, ARUNDEL CASTLE.

spreading trees. In this room, as in several of the lately restored ones of the castle, an oak moulding runs around the walls about half-way up, from which hangs a heavy drapery of old gold-coloured plush reaching to the floor. The deep recess windows have curtains of the same height, which when the windows are open fold back, forming a similar drapery in the recess to that found on the walls. The portraits hang above the line of the moulding, while the ceiling

restored will be precisely as it was originally designed. In addition to this the beautiful church of St. Philip has been built by the present duke, and although called a parish church, it might from its size and dignity almost rank with cathedrals. It stands on the hill of the town of Arundel, not ten minutes' walk from the castle.

Leaving the house and passing under the fine St. Mary Gateway, half-covered with ivy, a broad avenue leads to the thickly-wooded park, where in some parts of the drive the trees nearly meet above, forming natural arches of green. To quote Lord Beaconsfield, "the woods were beginning to assume the first fair livery of autumn, when it is beautiful without decay," at the time when we last walked through that lovely park, and the rich colour of the copper beech, the bronze and gold of the oaks and elms, glowed with ruddy tints in the afternoon sunlight. Only the pencil of Turner could do justice to the indescribable softness and tenderness of the landscape, with its broad stretches of emerald turf, and banks of timber sloping gently down to the river Arun gleaming like a silver band between woody hills and grassy shores. Dotted about at intervals under the

branching trees are picturesque groups of deer, the antlered stags with their heads raised proudly, the timid hinds keeping close beside them, and the little graceful fawns darting here and there, leaving scarce a trace on the smooth turf as they go.

In the spring-time the woody walks far from the more open part of the park lead by banks which are one mass of pale yellow primroses, and wild wood-violets, clustering among mosses which cover the banks, and growing close to the trunks of trees which form a leafy screen thick enough to hide from view any ramblers among the fragrant retreats. Even in the winter-time fresh violets are to be found at Arundel, where they are grown in beds under glass, and although plenty of other floral treasures likewise bloom in the castle gardens, it is this sweet-scented Imperial flower which seems peculiarly to belong to the place and is always associated with it.

Much longer could we linger in this "old home," and many more things could we describe about it, but want of space prevents us from giving more than that which was promised at first—a glimpse.

ELIZABETH BALCH.

AMARYLLIS.

SLEEP there beneath the lilies,
Rest there beneath the grass,
Nor know what good nor ill is
Whatever come to pass;—
O lovely Amaryllis
That wast so fair, alas!

Now nothing more thou fearest
Beneath the silent sod,
No burden now thou bearest
As when thy feet here trod;—
Would I were with thee, dearest,
With thee and thou with God.

CHARLES SAYLE.



ET CÆTERA.



NOT content with quaking at spots so much frequented by English people as is the Riviera in winter, the earth has of late actually taken to undulating even on those portions of its surface which Britannia inhabits when she is at home. These are waves which she has never professed to rule, and she is naturally a little indignant at finding that she may have to be tossed by them like other people. That discovery and its accompanying reflections are too disagreeable to allow her to derive much comfort from the ordinary topics of consolation. It is all very well to talk of "slight seismic disturbances," but what is a slight seismic disturbance to a free-born Briton—to a Briton, that is to say, who has always believed himself exempt by birthright from any annoyances of the kind? A slight seismic disturbance to a native of Quito means an earthquake which does not very greatly diminish the number of his household, and only necessitates the rebuilding of a portion of his house. But an Englishman (whose house is his castle) may well decline to consider as slight even a seismic disturbance which sets the jugs and basins rattling on his washing-stand, or makes his bed shake beneath his recumbent form. He has not been used to it, and as Hamlet justly observes, "the readiness is all." At least one would suppose that the readiness was all in this as in other things: and so far as regards reconciliation to the indignity of being rattled about like a die in a dice box, perhaps it is. But I am informed by those who speak what they do know that use does not with some people always become second nature in the matter of earthquakes.

On the contrary, I am told that instead of beginning, according to Mrs. Malaprop's advice, with a little aversion to them, and gradually getting quite to like them, the opposite is the case. A good many people—or at any rate a good many men—young, hopeful, and full of that bumptious confidence in immunity from serious danger that characterises the young and robust, are often rather amused by their first earthquake than otherwise. This I am at least assured is the case on the authority of a certain mercantile firm whose business compels them to employ a staff of English clerks to act for them in a part of South America where the earth's crust seems to be so absurdly thin that you can almost see the internal contents of the telluric pie—or *terraine*, as it might perhaps be appropriately called. The firm catch their clerks young, and before they have had time to destroy their nerves with the cigarette—*cicutis nocentius* in my humble opinion—of modern life. And these clerks, having been caught young as I have said, experience in most cases rather an amused interest than anything approaching to terror at their first earthquake; and are sometimes heard to express contemptuous surprise at those who foresee any difficulty in getting used to the restless behaviour of the globe in those regions. But after their second earthquake, a certain, and that a very considerable, proportion of them are periodically invalidated home. There is in fact, say those who have made the acquaintance of many dangers, none so demoralizing as that of earthquake. Many perils which you cannot avert or even mitigate you can foresee. Many which you cannot strictly speaking foresee you can measure when they make their appearance. But an earthquake you can neither avert

nor mitigate nor foresee nor measure. If you survive the first shock of it, you cannot tell when or whether there will be another, or if so, how much milder or stronger than the last it will be. And it is by all accounts the process of "waiting between the shocks" which so undermines the *morale*. There is no doubt in fact that a perpetual liability to seismic disturbances, even though they may be pleased to describe themselves as "slight," would in time produce a sensible modification in the character of the people exposed to them; and this to any patriotic Englishman is the same thing as saying that the introduction of earthquakes into this country is to be deprecated. It is bad enough to have taken to importing storms from America without insisting, as we certainly should have done had it not been for our economic pedantry, on reciprocity as regards our native-grown fogs: but earthquakes are a little too strong. The next thing will be a "blizzard."

There is a certain affinity between this subject and that on which I now wish to say a word or two. The violent and the incalculable, which are the two most salient characteristics of the earthquake, are also those which most strike the observer in Walter Savage Landor. No one ever knew exactly where to have him any more than you know exactly where to have an earthquake, and there was the same pleasing uncertainty with the human as with the cosmic phenomenon, as to where it might have you. An exquisitely written and most subtly appreciative article by Mr. Lowell has exactly described what I should have imagined would be the sensations of a youthful admirer of the magnificent old pagan on a first introduction to him—*circa* 1850. You feel that Mr. Lowell's interview with him was as romantic an incident in a man's life as it would have been to have undertaken for "this occasion only" the duties of the late Mr. Van Amburgh. The noble animal was royally gracious to his American visitor; but you cannot help being conscious that if you had been in that visitor's place you would have deemed it advisable not to take your eye off Leo's for an instant, except to assure yourself that the red-hot poker was in readiness against emergencies. It is an old but a profoundly true remark, that if Landor the man and Landor the writer could have been brayed together in a mortar, and the leading ingredients of their respective characters redistributed equally between the two, the result would have been beneficial to both. The prose of the *Imaginary Conver-*

sations, and certainly the verse of the *Hellenics*, would have gained as much in the popular estimation by a little additional warmth, as their author would have done by a slight reduction of his habitual moral temperature. It is doubtful however whether all the latent heat of the man would, if infused into his writings, have availed to make them really popular. He did not even think so himself. In that famous boast of his—"I shall dine late"—if anything of his can be called famous in these loud-trumpeting days—he did not look forward to anything but a small, though select, company at the dinner-table; but I almost think that the entertainment is being deferred longer, and the company being sifted more jealously, than even he himself would have liked. A portrait bust has recently been dedicated to his memory on the anniversary of his birthday in the parish church of Warwick, his native town; and the details of the ceremony show it to have been thoroughly in keeping with the utterly inadequate position which he is still allowed to occupy in the hierarchy of English letters. A few of his relations, a son-in-law of Southey's, and some dozen or so of local notabilities, were all who attended it; a four-line paragraph in the daily newspapers constituted its sole record. Not a single English poet, not a single man of note in English literature, was present at it. Even Mr. Swinburne, a passionate admirer of Landor, and the author of the noble lines to him which some of *his* admirers value almost as highly as anything he has ever written, was apparently absent; though, in his case, perhaps, and with his known sentiments, a presence in the spirit might well be accepted as sufficient. But contrast this with the sort of "boom," as the Americans call it, which seems so easy to get up nowadays with regard to any English writer, past or present, who has any decent following at all! With what facility, in such a case, do a few enthusiasts contrive to propagate their enthusiasm—or a tolerably specious conventional imitation of it—among scores and hundreds of their fellow-countrymen! In Landor's case apparently either the enthusiasts are wanting, or what is much more likely—since indeed I have good reason for knowing that *that* hypothesis is unfounded—they find it too hard a matter to make converts to their creed. So that Landor, for all that appears, will remain as he is now, the delight of those readers only to whom perfection of literary form alone is their sufficient delight in reading. It is clear that his mere eloquence sometimes so impressive,

his mere art generally so brilliant, his mere thought occasionally paradoxical but often so weighty and profound, have failed to make him popular. And if these qualities do not win a writer popularity he will never win it by style alone.

Now that it has been laid down as a matter of judicial ruling that a "book-maker" may be an honest man, it is possible that some fathers of families may discern a new answer to the question, What to do with our sons? The outfit of the book-maker's profession is cheap—cheaper than that of any other except perhaps literature: and bookmaking of that description offers nothing like so good a prospect to those who engage in it. A note-book and a metallic pencil, a lady's reticule with a strap attached to it to sling it round the body, and possibly, if Paterfamilias is anxious to give his son an exceptionally good start, a neat suit of chess-board pattern "dittos," with squares about the size of a man's hand, and a three-legged stool to elevate him above the bawling crowd of competitors—*et voilà le jeune homme lancé!* What personal endowments are required other than lungs of leather and a certain facility of arithmetic I do not feel competent to determine; but I believe that a capacity of distinguishing, as the volatile lady of farcical comedy observes, "between a horse and a ham-sandwich," is not at all necessary to be included among his qualifications. I am told indeed that a knowledge of horse-flesh is rather to be deprecated than otherwise, as having a tendency to encourage ill-founded "fancies" for particular animals on the part of a man who should have no eye for anything but the odds, and no preference for any other line of wagering tactics than that of "laying against as many of 'em" as he can find ardent young sportsmen to risk their money on. A bookmaker in fact, says a high authority on the subject, "should never forget that he 'keeps the bank,' with all the advantages which everywhere, from Newmarket to Monte Carlo, are attached to that office; and that the moment he begins to 'fancy' this horse and dislike the other, and to 'save' the former while 'filling his book' against the latter, he descends immediately to the level of a 'punter,' and shares that risk which amounts, as accomplished mathematicians are always most obligingly willing to demonstrate to him, to a moral certainty of ultimate loss." Thus the high authority, whose words I think commend themselves to commonsense and are moreover in perfect accordance with

the information of the late-lamented Mr. Cocker. A bookmaker who sticks to his true business, which is that of a sort of "devil's advocate"—an impartial opponent of the claims of all horses alike to the canonization pronounced *ex cathedra judicis* upon winners—is the follower of a calling not necessarily more risky than many which are adopted without hesitation by young men of the best social position in the City, and quite as morally defensible as that of a banker at Monte Carlo—if that is good enough for Paterfamilias in these loose-girt times. However I would not be supposed to be seriously urging the British "house-father" to send his sons boldly forth into the field with a view to "taking it" against the favourite. Only, as Mr. James Payn is, or was, in the habit of advising him to bring boys up deliberately and of malice aforethought for the profession of letters, it seems to me only fair to point out to him that the respectable middle-class youth has open to him other comparatively untried vocations not more precarious than that which Mr. Payn recommends to him, and holding out a promise of much more splendid prizes than often fall to the lot of the *littérateur*. I speak from information only on both subjects, but I understand that some of the "big men" at Newmarket would be unwilling to exchange incomes even with the most successful of our novelists, and that for any save one or two of the most distinguished of our poets to make such a proposition to them would almost verge upon effrontery. And it is quite certain that the British father of a family will soon have to break new ground in some direction or other. The "overstocking of the professions" is an old story, it is the businesses which are beginning to be overstocked also. Capel Court and Mincing Lane are becoming annually more and more thronged with young men of the class which formerly found no other outlet for its youth except into the army, the navy, and the learned professions. They jostle each other in all those manifold avenues which lead by some mysteriously pre-ordained process to the wine trade. A tolerant public will not for ever encourage their efforts on the theatrical stage. What are they to do? "Whatever they are fit for," is of course the easy but uninforming answer; for there are, alas! too many in whose cases this simple phrase is only the short statement of a problem of the most formidable kind. "I have gone," a despairing father was heard to say the other day, "I have gone carefully through the whole alpha-

betical list of human occupations contained in the "Trades" section of the *Post Office London Directory* and I can find none for which my boy has ever given me any reason to believe, or even to hope, that he possesses the slightest aptitude." And the old gentleman humorously went on to remark that the only way in which a lad of his son's shiftless and listless habits could hope to earn an honest livelihood would be for him to "station himself at the door of a post-office with his tongue out," for the convenience of persons desiring to stamp their letters.

King Charles II. of lively if inglorious memory was fond, as is well known, of attending the debates of his Parliament, and was accustomed to remark that "they were as good as a play." It would be difficult I, think, to trace any resemblance—unless indeed as regards freedom of manners and indecorum of language—between the Parliamentary proceedings of the present day and the Comedy of the Restoration. The House of Commons contains many performers—such as for instance Dr. Tanner, Mr. Healy, and others—who are fully qualified to assume the part of the Plain Dealer at a moment's notice, and indeed are in the habit of doing so to an extent which sometimes brings them under the censure of a Speaker who declines to enter into the dramatic spirit of the situation; but it must be admitted that their share in the dialogue is, though vigorous, considerably less pointed than Wycherley has put in the mouth of Manley. Still they are vivacious, these gentlemen below the gangway, which is more than can be said for the crowds of their English colleagues,—estimable, earnest, middle-aged,—who are yearly entering Parliament in increasing numbers, and with no intention of hiding the mild radiance of their statesmanship under the bushel—or, according to more modern measurements, say the peck—of their modesty. Some of these have made their way into the assembly from motives wholly identical with those which have prompted so many enterprising men of business to decorate the dead walls and hoardings of the metropolis, free of all charge to the citizen, with colossal studies of the human form. Others more worthily inspired have sought and procured election to the Legislature with the same object as induces men of means and benevolence to obtain places on the Committees of Charitable Societies. To both these classes of philanthropists, to the man who desires to benefit his fellow-creatures, and to him who is

content to start from humbler beginnings by advancing himself, speech and constant speech is necessary; and to neither of them is the mere intellectual quality of that speech of the slightest importance; to neither of them is it a matter of the smallest concern to interest instead of boring their hearers. To both of them the mere excellence of its object appears the ample justification of the severest experiment on the patience of their fellow-men. A report however brief in the London newspapers, with a fuller one in the local press of his constituency, is the sufficient reward of the one orator; the mere approval of his own philanthropic conscience satisfies the other. And when we remember how large a proportion of the words spoken in the House of Commons proceeds from speakers of this description, it is easy to understand what has happened to "Parliamentary debate" in the proper sense of the term. Debating is an art, and an art requires artists to practise it; and the artist, even if he may be made and need not necessarily be born, is not to be made simply by the votes of a certain majority of the free and independent electors of a Parliamentary constituency. In former days, and indeed down till less than twenty years ago, this truth was so well understood that the debaters in the House of Commons were tacitly recognized by their fellow-senators as members of a distinct craft, guild, or mystery, admission to whose ranks was sternly denied to any one who did not possess, or who did not show capacity for acquiring, proficiency in the art. With those who in the absence of these qualifications insisted on joining in debate—or at least in debate of the old good-as-a-play description, for of course experts however dull were always listened to with respect *in sub arte*—the House had a very summary method of dealing. It suppressed them by inarticulate noises, and in all but an infinitesimal number of cases they submitted to suppression. Their successful revolt was originally inspired by a person who can have had no direct intention of doing so—though perhaps he might have contemplated the possibility of the result with some malicious pleasure. It was the work of Mr. Parnell. When that eminent Parliamentary strategist, then in command of a compact army of five followers, commenced his campaign of "exasperation," it was imagined by the innocent Commons of that day that this little band of Obstructives, after making itself moderately disagreeable, would yield with grace to the coughs, groans, and cries of "'vide! 'vide! 'vide!" which

had hitherto been the uniformly successful method of conveying to Parliamentary talkers that the House wished them to cease talking and allow business to proceed. To their astonishment they found that Mr. Parnell had no intention of yielding to these remonstrances, and they further learnt to their discomfiture that four or five resolute men with an object in view, and relieving one another, find it much easier to continue talking than it is for three or four hundred other men, unorganized and of various degrees of resolution, to continue coughing, groaning, and crying "'vide, 'vide, 'vide.'" On this discovery they of course yielded. Taking the only course open to them, they quitted the House when Obstruction began, and left the Obstructionists in possession of the field. The effects of the inevitable surrender were more far-reaching than the vanquished or even perhaps than the victor, imagined. Slowly it dawned upon the mind of the hitherto silenced bore that he also was a man with lungs and legs as stout as those of an Irishman—that he too could maintain the erect position and continue to articulate words until the House should be reduced to the condition of the wedding-guest under the glittering eye of the Ancient Mariner: and when that disastrous truth had once dawned upon the mind of the hitherto silenced bore—well, all was over. From that discovery the House of Commons may date the foundation of the tyranny under which it groans—or rather has ceased to groan on finding it quite useless to do so. To this discovery it is due that the proceedings in that assembly, so far from being as good as a play, have become slightly more tedious—when they do not acquire the reprehensible liveliness of disorder—than a Scotch service. There were many persons who had little reason to wish well to Charles II. from his forgiving wife downwards; but it may be doubted whether any of them—Clarendon, Russell, Sydney, the London Bankers, the City Corporation, or the inhabitants of Sheerness—would have been vindictive enough, if they could have foreseen what his Majesty's "play" would come to in a couple of centuries, to have avenged their wrongs by condemning him to sit throughout the ages as a shadowy spectator of its humours.

It is pleasant to be reminded by meetings of what is sometimes called the Cricket Parliament, a strange name for so practical and business-like a body as the Marylebone Club—that the cricket season is at hand.

"May it not pass away without either accomplishing or ripening for accomplishment a reform which lies very near to the heart of all true lovers of the noble game, I allude to the burning question of leg before wicket." So wrote recently a learned and enthusiastic commentator on these high matters; and though his impassioned prose is not at the command of every one, it must be admitted by all that things have come to a pretty pass—or rather to an ugly *impasse*—when bowlers cannot reach the wicket because the batsman, driving a coach and six through a rule against such conduct made and provided, has adopted the unworthy practice of interposing a padded shin between the ball and its goal. Not thus did the cricketers of old time defend stumps with stumps; it was an extension of the "doctrine of similars" which they would not have countenanced for an instant. And the rule which forbids this mode of guarding the wicket would in those days have effectually prevented them from doing so. But alas for the imperfection of all human invention! Alas for the seed of evil in all things good! Had it not been for the invention of round-armed bowling—that enormous stride in scientific cricket comparable only to the revolution in modern warfare effected by the breechloading rifle—there could hardly have arisen the difficulty about "leg before." In the old days of the underhand bowler, a ball which pitched "in a line between the hand and the wicket" and one which pitched in "a line between wicket and wicket" were in almost all cases one and the same thing. But nowadays, when a ball which pitches straight between wicket and wicket would usually miss the wicket altogether, the umpire's decision can seldom be successfully invoked in the one case in which his opportunity of knowing whether the batsman has really intercepted with his leg or body a ball which would have bowled him out is better than that of any player in the game, even the bowler himself included. In the majority of the cases in which he is appealed to really he is almost as little able, from the position in which he stands, to pronounce with certainty on the question submitted to him as any one else in the field. And as to allowing him to "give" a batsman "out" in every case in which a ball, pitched admittedly off his wicket, is "working" in or "breaking back" towards the wicket at the time when it strikes the batsman's leg or body, the objections to that are many and grave. The problem is a most difficult one, and it will need all the acumen of the Cricket Parliament to compass its satisfactory solution.

H. D. TRAILL.



KAISER WILHELM I.

Engraved by E. SCHLADITZ.

The English Illustrated Magazine.

MAY, 1888.

SOME RECOLLECTIONS OF KAISER WILHELM.



WHEN soon after the war between France and Germany, from a convenient window in the Pariser Platz at Berlin, I first watched Kaiser Wilhelm drive towards the Brandenburger Thor on his

way to the Thiergarten, I little thought it would one day be my lot to write recollections of his late Majesty, otherwise these few pages might have been more worthy of their title. Circumstance, however, gives the importance to everything, and the few facts gathered during a residence at Berlin, in a position affording occasional glimpses of the Prussian Court, are by recent events raised somewhere into the more dignified region of biography. Another cause invisibly checked the formation of any such design. The Emperor's well known aversion to typographical publicity amounted almost to an unwritten edict against anything approaching an intimate account of his life, and imposed an effectual silence on any would-be Court chronicler. To the majority of Englishmen this antipathy may seem strange, perhaps whimsical; but the life of Wilhelm I. was sharply divided by cloud and sunshine, and the bitter memories of the first period would only have revived feelings of pain. The long stretch of German history from Jena to Königgrätz, grows dim and hazy to the minds of most people at the fall of Bonaparte. Those years which only arrest the attention of the average newspaper reader in '48, when Wilhelm was simply Prince of Prussia, hated by the people because to them he was a part of the military system against which the revolution was directed, were fruitful of trouble and anxiety for him. On the day of Königgrätz, the sun of success and affection burst through in

all its force and splendour, never to be overcast again. The brilliant victory which brought about this sudden transformation was, it is true, gained by Moltke, with an instrument fashioned to his hand by Bismarck and Von Roon. It was King Wilhelm however who foresaw the need of such an instrument, ordered it to be made, and found the capital necessary for its production, despite the odium and antagonism of his countrymen and subjects, who to the very last persisted in regarding his perseverance as vain and futile. It will be thought that seeing the course he had adopted was eventually so triumphantly justified, there could be little objection on his part to the publication of the facts. To reason thus would be doing his memory grave injustice, for above all things he was thoughtful and considerate. The Berliners too, the chief offenders, made ample amends, so that it was hard indeed to believe that these people who seemed possessed by a very frenzy of affection for their Emperor, were the inhabitants of the same city which had once been threatened with vengeance by the men of West Prussia for their ill-treatment of him.

Ever since Königgrätz, as the chief of a victorious army, and since the memorable 18th of January at Versailles, as the keystone of German unity, his is a familiar figure to the whole reading world. The occasional reports of his everyday life at Ems and Gastein have added to this acquaintance a glimpse of the homely side of his nature, which has touched many hearts, and made them glow with affection for the grand old monarch.

There is little in the life of Kaiser Wilhelm to reveal, certainly nothing to gratify the scandalmonger. Apart from endless reviews, military manœuvres, and periodical visits to

take the waters, his later life was a round of days mapped out with businesslike regularity. At seven in the morning he rose from the now historical narrow iron camp bedstead on which he always slept, dressed and shaved without assistance, never indulging in the luxury of a dressing-gown, or a pair of slippers, and always putting on at once the familiar uniform with the *Ordre pour le Mérite* suspended from a black ribbon round his neck. As a slight relaxation of formality he left his coat unbuttoned, being however careful never to permit himself to be seen by any of his soldiers in such *déshabillé*. He thought that as their Emperor and their chief he ought to set the example of strict attention to regulation in dress, as well as in other things. From eight to nine he wrote and worked. At nine the aide-de-camp on duty for the day reported himself; his favourite aides-de-camp were Count Heinrich Lehn-dorff and Prince Anton Radziwill. As Count Lehn-dorff's name has so often been mentioned in the reports of the Emperor's doings, a few words about him may not be altogether out of place. In society he is generally spoken of as "handsome Lehn-dorff." The imaginary Count Vasili in his very brilliant, but very French book on Berlin society allows that Count Lehn-dorff was successful in retaining the Emperor's favour, but seems to think that he only owed this favour to his good looks. That the Emperor was very strongly attached to him there is no doubt, but I think that Count Lehn-dorff was principally indebted for this favour to his pleasant manners and powers of entertaining. For some years I met him almost daily, and I know that when he was on duty he was indefatigable in the research of material, *bons mots*, or social gossip wherewith to enliven his conversation with his imperial master. Frequently also he was the bearer of reports of little social grievances. Favourite as he was, I remember, however, one occasion when he was not successful with his mission. One April the east wind was raging with more than its usual fury, blowing up Sahara-like clouds of sandy dust across the flat plains of the Mark, into every street of the town, and every path of the Thiergarten. The sunshine however was unusually bright, and the ladies were anxious to show off their new Parisian toilettes. But dust meant despair, no silk or velvet could withstand its ravages, so one well-known leader of the fashionable world thought they might venture to beg the Emperor to take pity on their distress, and command that the water-carts, which

did not usually begin their rounds till the 1st of May, should, this exceptionally dusty spring, be brought out earlier. The Emperor's conservatism was proof against this appeal, for an indulgence which he looked upon as quite unnecessary. "The dust did not hurt his grey mantle, why should it hurt the ladies' dresses?" was the answer he gave to Count Lehn-dorff.

At ten o'clock began the general business of the Court, the ministers arriving with their reports in turn. The first to be received was the *Maréchal de la Cour*, Count Perponcher, for whom the Emperor had a more than ordinary affection, and whom he had regarded as a trustworthy friend for many long years. Admirably did Count Perponcher fill a post requiring a very great degree of tact, and it would be difficult to over-praise his untiring courtesy to all with whom he came in contact during his many years of office. Count Perponcher also has recently attained some notoriety in our newspapers. I do not refer to the mention of his name in connection with the events surrounding the death of his late master, but to an erroneous report, which was communicated to our leading daily papers by their correspondents in Berlin. It was stated that Count Perponcher had offended Prince Bismarck by misplacing him at the banquet given in honour of the Emperor of Russia during his recent memorable visit to the Prussian capital. The report announced that Count Perponcher had even journeyed to Friedrichsruhe to offer his explanation to the Chancellor, but that the latter had refused to see him, and that Count Perponcher had handed his resignation to the Emperor in consequence. How so complete a master of court ceremonial could be guilty of such a blunder is so utterly beyond conception that one is surprised at the report ever having gained even temporary credence. However the facts are these:—When the arrangements for the banquet were made, Prince Bismarck had not yet had his historic interview with the Emperor of Russia. How that interview would end was still uncertain. The late Emperor, thinking that events might make his Chancellor not like to sit just opposite the Czar, gave orders that Prince Bismarck should be placed as the youngest prince of the royal family, next to Prince Hohenzollern, and Prince Bismarck did not receive an explanation of his master's action until after the banquet. It is unnecessary to allude to the great Chancellor's summary way of dealing with those who fail in their duty; at the same time it is an

absurd error to suppose him a sort of bureaucratic ogre seeking whom he may devour.

After the business of the household was despatched, the chief of the Military Cabinet, General von Albedyll or Herr von Wilmowski of the Civil Cabinet, was admitted to read his report. During these receptions his late Majesty's favourite post was at the window of his study, the famous "corner window." From this window he could see, on the east, the old royal castle built on the banks of the Spree and dating back to 1446. To the west, the palace of the Crown Prince, the winter residence of "Our Fritz" and his own birth-place. Opposite is the arsenal, full of trophies of victory won by hard fighting, and the homes of art and science, the Museums, the Academy, the Opera house and the University. There too he could see the statues of Blücher, York, Gneisenau, Bulow and Scharnhorst, and the noble equestrian memorial of the Great Frederick immediately facing him. Here those of his subjects who had come from distant ends of his Empire, and were anxious to get a glimpse of him, were wont to watch for his appearance, and they were seldom disappointed. In the course of the week some of the other ministers and eminent personages were received, and twice or thrice during the same space of time a number of distinguished officers, who came to announce their promotion or to bring special military reports. After a very light luncheon with a single glass of Madeira at noon, his majesty took his daily drive, and almost invariably in an open carriage. Prince Pückler relates in his memoirs how he once endeavoured to induce the late Prince Charles of Prussia to purchase from him a comfortable travelling carriage, but the Prince wrote declining the offer, saying he would never dare to travel in a closed carriage when his brother Prince William had made the journey to Russia in 1826 in an open carriage at a temperature of twenty degrees below zero. The incident shows how early the Emperor had adopted the training which enabled him in old age to support fatigues which would have severely tried much younger men.

During the drive he was accompanied by the adjutant on duty. He might be seen daily in an open victoria drawn by two black horses, driven Russian fashion by a coachman in Russian costume, with a plumed chasseur on the back seat. The Kaiser himself wore, except on special festival days, the peaked cap of his uniform, and in colder weather enveloped himself in the folds of his grey military mantle, when his majesty looked like any other benign old military gentleman.

On returning from his drive he frequently received Prince Bismarck. At five punctually he dined *tête à tête* with the Empress when the latter was at home, a few favoured guests being admitted to the royal table twice a week. Formerly during the Empress's absence, and when staying at Babelsberg in summer, he used to relieve the monotony of rural life by cosy little dinners, to which the most entertaining rather than the most important guests were invited. Only when at Babelsberg, from complaisance to the Empress Victoria, of whom he was very fond, would he infringe the regularity of the dinner hour; and when invited to the New Palace, he accepted her time, which was two o'clock. After dinner in winter he occasionally visited the theatre, but it was always the royal playhouse or the opera, never one of the smaller theatres. The opera itself had no attraction for him; but he was passionately fond of the ballet, and in deference to this taste ballets were usually performed on gala nights. He also enjoyed the performance at Renz circus, and regularly attended the annual benefit of Mdle. Elise, the formerly celebrated *haute école* rider, never failing to present her with a piece of jewellery on these occasions. After the theatre he took tea in the Empress's *Salon*, where there were generally a few guests assembled, frequently men of science and learning for whom the Empress Augusta has an inclination. Soon after ten he returned to his study, where he found more letters and despatches awaiting his attention. These he read through, and then continued at work until within half an hour of midnight, when he retired to rest.

Thus severe was the Emperor towards himself in the disposal of his day. He was conscientious almost to a fault in the execution of his business, and expected similar conscientiousness from others; but however exacting he was always just, and it is no exaggeration to say that he was literally adored by those around him, and his people were drawn towards him with an affection all the greater that it was a recoil from violent hatred and distrust.

In the fullest sense Kaiser Wilhelm was the grandest figure in recent history; but, before arriving at the summit of earthly greatness he had known the bitterest adversity which could well fall to the lot of a royal prince.

Son of the then Crown Prince of Prussia, afterwards King Frederick William III. and the Princess Louise of Mecklenburgh Strelitz, one of the most beautiful and most gifted of women, he was born on the 22nd of March,

1797, in the palace inhabited till lately by the present Emperor and his wife, our Princess Royal. On the 3rd of April, twelve days later, he was christened and received the names of Frederick William Lewis, but he was known only as Prince William till 1840.

Eight months after his birth his father ascended the throne of Prussia, and in that year when Professor Heidenreich of Leipsic sent to the queen a copy of his work on *Principles of Education for the Mind and the Heart*, the latter, writing to thank him said: "It is my most ardent wish to educate my children so that they may become men of

the king himself choosing his son's playthings, and never failing to visit his children in their beds and give them a good night kiss. Prince William's weak constitution was a continual source of anxiety to his royal mother who scarcely hoped he would reach manhood. He continued delicate till his sixteenth year, so that in 1813 after the queen's death at the beginning of the war of freedom, the king, remembering the promise exacted from him by his lost wife not to try the boy's health too severely, did not allow him to accompany him into the field.



SCHLOSS BABELSBERG.

humane and kind feelings." In a later letter which seems to breathe the spirit of prophesy she wrote, "If posterity cannot hand down my name amongst the names of celebrated women, yet it must say when it hears about the sorrows of these times, and what they have caused me to undergo: 'She suffered much and endured patiently!' After that all I wish is that it may also be able to say, 'But she gave birth to children who were worthy of better times, who strove to bring about those better times, and finally succeeded in so doing.'"

The early education of Prince William was entirely intrusted to feminine hands,

The first eight years of his life were very happy years for the royal household. These were the idyllic days of Paretz. Frederick William III. disdaining the grandeurs of Sans Souci, had purchased a very modest estate on which he had erected a residence after his own heart, giving strict orders to his architect to forget he was building for a king. Here during the summer months the royal family found a home as simple as that of any country squire, the princes seeking their playmates among the village children, to whom they also gave food from their own table. At Christmas time they always took part in the distribution of gifts to the chil-

dren of the military orphan asylum, and on one occasion when they were inclined to find fault with their own presents, King Frederick William III. said to them, "You always want more, but you don't think how little I had at your age. For my birthday a pot of mignonette worth three half-pence, and when my tutor wanted to make me a very handsome present one or two pennyworths of cherries."

At Christmas in 1803, under the fir tree, amongst the presents for Prince William, was a Ziethen Hussar uniform; a red coat, with white braid, and a fur "busby,"—the uniform worn by the late Prince Frederick Charles. Two sub-officers were told off to instruct and drill the princes; and from that time they were soldiers. In 1805 the first Uhlan regiment marched through Berlin. The little Prince William so much admired these smart-looking soldiers, that he begged his father to allow him to wear a similar uniform. His wish was granted.

In 1806, when the news of Jena arrived, and Napoleon was marching on Berlin, Delbrück, the governor of the young princes, took them to Schwedt for safety. Here the queen joined them soon after, and it was remarked that when, overcome with grief, she fled to her children for consolation, the Crown Prince (afterwards Frederick William IV.), was always ready with tender speeches, while Prince William silently took in the impressions of their great misfortune. By nature he seemed reserved in his younger days, and even later, at the death-bed of his dearly loved mother to whose memory, even to the end of his own long life he was devotedly attached, he showed few outward signs of grief. In moments of strong emotion he could not find words to express his feelings, and many of those about him accused him of heartlessness. Schwedt was not for long a safe refuge. Napoleon was advancing rapidly, and the Prussian royal family fled to Stettin, from there to Danzig, and on as far as Königsberg. There is no doubt that the privations of these Königsberg days were very great. Bishop Eylert, a chronicler of those times writes: "Money was so scarce in those days for the daily expenditure that only the barest necessities of life could be procured. The royal dinner table was so sparingly covered, that many burgher families lived better." Salt beef with dried peas was a standing dish at the midday meal, and black bread and coffee the usual breakfast.

On reaching his tenth year, according to the Hohenzollern family law, Prince William

was entitled to officer's rank; the king therefore ordered a suitable uniform to be prepared at Königsberg for the new year of 1807, as at Memel, whither they were to proceed, it might be impossible to procure one on the prince's tenth birthday. This first officer's dress, consisted of a blue tail-coat, with a red turn-down collar, dark close-fitting breeches, and boots reaching the knee, and required powder and a pigtail. As the prince's hair was not yet long enough to make a tail, a false one was provided for him to wear. Certainly the child not yet ten years old must have presented a rather quaint appearance thus attired.

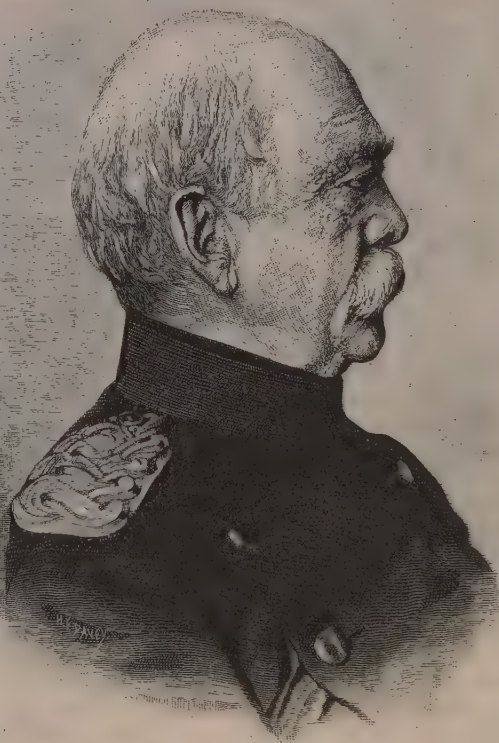
The journey to Memel was undertaken under most trying circumstances, but the French were approaching Königsberg, and flight was imperative. The queen and the young Prince Carl were both dangerously ill, and had to be removed with their beds in a waggon. Prince William soon after also caught typhoid fever, but he recovered, and was able to take part in all the drills and parades of the army at Memel. There is no doubt that the fact that Prussia was no longer a Nation, but only an Army, entered so deeply into his silent, thoughtful brain, that even at that early age he felt how all important was the efficiency of the army to the security of Prussia. In 1808 the queen recovered from the fever, wrote to her father, the grand Duke of Mecklenburgh: "Our William—allow me, venerable grandfather, to introduce your grandsons according to their ages—will turn out if I be not very much mistaken, like his father, simple, honest and intelligent. He is also most like him in personal appearance, only I do not think he will be so handsome."

In 1809 Berlin was evacuated by the French, and the royal family returned thither. The health of Prince William still being delicate learning was not forced upon him, but he was very fond of reading, and between 1810 and 1812 he devoured the writings of Frederick the Great. About this time his tutor, Captain Reiche, wrote of him: "Prince William distinguishes himself by quiet appreciation and practical understanding; a great love of order; talent for drawing, and, for his age, a very earnest and firm character."

Sorrows and privations had so undermined the health of Queen Louise, that in 1810 she died of disease of the heart, brought on by grief.

After his mother's death the young prince continued his military studies, and his health becoming stronger he accompanied his father

in the campaign against the French. At the battle of Bar sur Aube in 1814, the youthful captain (by this time he had been twice promoted) performed such striking acts of valour that the Emperor Alexander of Russia decorated him with the cross of St. George, a highly prized and rarely bestowed distinction; and, on his mother's birthday, the anniversary of the foundation of the order, his father presented him with the Iron Cross.



PRINCE OTTO VON BISMARCK-SCHÖNHUSEN.

From this time he became almost entirely absorbed with military affairs. He was already at that time intent on the reorganisation of the Prussian army. Perhaps he threw himself more eagerly into active work, because his mind had been disturbed by an unhappy love affair. In 1829 he married Princess Augusta of Saxe Weimar, whose sister, Princess Marie, had only shortly before been united to his younger brother Carl. Two years later his son was born, and so strong

was his military feeling, that he ordered that the infant should wear a military cap, and the mantle of a common soldier of the 1st Regiment of Guards, as soon as he could be carried out into the air.

In 1840 King Frederick William III. died, and one of the first acts of the new king was to decree that Prince William should henceforth bear the title of Prince of Prussia as heir apparent to the throne, there

being little likelihood that the king would have direct heirs. Then came 1848 with its keen and bitter trials for the prince. His constant struggles on behalf of the army had made the civilians hate and distrust him. They felt no sympathy with his aspirations for the future greatness of Prussia through her army. The press calumniated him in every possible way. The Berlin mob went so far as to break his windows, and force him into seeking a retreat in Potsdam. Even the king did not see the way to protecting him, and advised his retreat to England. In England the prince was received with the greatest possible cordiality. Many Assemblies were given in his honour, by leaders of society, and he consented to become for a short time the guest of the Duke of Wellington at Strathfield-saye. During his stay in London he attended the Lutheran service at the Savoy Chapel, and he carefully marked in his prayer-book the psalm sung on that occasion. There is no doubt the warm welcome accorded to him made a lasting impression on his mind and he

was thenceforth a great admirer of all things English.

When calm was a little restored he was recalled, and, returning to Prussia, he spent some time in solitude with the Princess and his children at his lovely seat at Babelsberg, which was always his favourite summer home. Situated in the midst of what Carlyle calls "the scraggy woods and avenues of that intricate amphibious Potsdam region," on a height above one of the many lakes

formed by the river Havel, this palace was built by his own wish in the Anglo-Gothic style of architecture, and the grounds were laid out in the English taste under the supervision of the celebrated amateur gardener Prince Pückler Muskau, who had visited England so as to make himself thoroughly acquainted with English landscape gardening.

Here Prince Wilhelm took no active part in military affairs, till the following year he successfully quelled an insurrection in

tamed by the force of circumstances, and by her own detestable misdeeds; the token of military merit on his neck, the laurels of victory on his sword point, the thanks of a sorely-trying brotherhood accompanying him."

After a short period of Regency the king's death in 1861 elevated Prince William to the throne. From the first he showed that he meant to carry out the programme he had sketched for himself, and although there was very great opposition to his coronation at Königsberg,



COUNT VON MOLTKE.

Baden, and his success changed the tone of the press, for the *Wehr Zeitung* of that date speaks of him in high-flown terms as: "The mild humanitarian Prince, the first subject of his royal brother and master, the resolute high-minded soldier, the truly free, because never vacillating man." It goes on to say, "He would not in 1848 punish rebellious Berlin with the 60,000 Russians who had hastened to land at Stettin, but waited to enter Berlin when that city was

he determined that the ceremonial should be gone through, and he even insisted on placing the crown on his head with his own hands, declaring he received it direct from God. From the moment that he was really in power, he showed how firm he could be in carrying out the reforms he had planned for the army, against the most violent opposition of the Parliament and the civilians. Fortunately for the future of Prussia he never yielded.

When in 1866 he felt that war with Austria was inevitable, the opposition had not given way in the slightest degree, and became even more stormy than before. Meetings were held to censure the king's conduct. One mercantile corporation voted that a memorial should be presented to the King, requesting him to desist from making war, as he would only injure the material interests of his subjects. A democratic provincial committee unanimously passed the resolution, that this was a fratricidal war that must not be allowed under any circumstances. The whole of the press was, if possible, still more bitter in its tone. This was indeed the darkness before dawn, for the veteran king saw himself abandoned by all his relatives, even by his son-in-law the Grand Duke of Baden, whose defection gave him the keenest pain. He cannot himself have felt over-confident, though he may have been firmly persuaded that he was carrying out what was his duty towards Prussia, as it is related that on the eve of his departure for the battle-field he caused some large cases to be brought into his study, into which he packed all his valuables, his state papers, and all his important deeds, that all these might be safe should the fortune of war go against him. He had personally superintended all the preparations for the campaign, reviewing every regiment as it passed through Berlin on its way to the front; now he felt it his duty to be where his soldiers were fighting and he went. No considerations of personal comfort or safety weighed with him. On one occasion when his movements had been too rapid for his baggage, a hard sofa with his military mantle for a covering sufficed as a bed, and the veteran of seventy years was fifteen hours in the saddle on the day of Königgrätz.

His conduct during that short but brilliant campaign, besides augmenting his prestige as a sovereign, attached his army still more closely to him than before. The heroic old king was anxious to share the dangers of the war with his soldiers. On the Königgrätz road he exposed himself so recklessly to the enemy's shells that Bismarck, then a major in the Curassiers as well as Minister President, felt constrained to warn him against such unnecessary prodigality of his life. The Emperor's characteristic reply evidently sank into Bismarck's mind, for when in a similar position at Gravelotte, the Chancellor was careful to appear unaware of the danger.

Innumerable are the anecdotes related of King Wilhelm's kindness and little atten-

tions to the soldiers. His privy councillor Schneider, who wrote a history of his military life, relates many touching instances of his active sympathy with the wounded. He never failed to visit them, speaking words of comfort to each man.

In 1867, the king visited the Paris Exhibition as the guest of Napoleon III., and in 1869 he held the grand royal military manoeuvres of the North German Confederation, which created so strong an impression of Prussia's military prowess.

The events connected with the war of 1870 are of too recent occurrence to be repeated here. It will be sufficient to point out that the crowning vindication of Wilhelm's life policy, the reorganisation of the army, was the entry of that army into Paris. On the 18th of January 1871, the same day on which 170 years before, his ancestor Frederick I. had put on the king's crown at Königsberg, King Wilhelm assumed the Imperial title in the historical mirror gallery of royal Versailles. King Frederick William IV. had said on refusing the Imperial crown which the Frankfort national assembly offered to him, "It can only be won by the force of arms." Now was the accomplishment of this prophecy.

The ceremony was not, strictly speaking, a coronation, but merely a proclamation of his assumption of the Imperial dignity to the assembled Princes of Germany, and to the Army as representing the People. Who shall say what memories the ceremony and the spot brought crowding back, what visions flitted past, what thoughts sprang up, if indeed his mind was not in too tumultuous a condition for thought! The moment must have been a proud one to the aged hero, and is it to be wondered at if tears filled his eyes? He had justified his life-long devotion to his army, he had shown his dearly-loved Prussians that for him the cry of "For God and the Fatherland!" was not merely an empty sound. He could remember the days when his Fatherland, the kingdom of Prussia, was only little better than a kingdom in name, for the bitterness of those days had been burnt into the very soul of the silent child, and had still cast its shadow over his manhood; and now his Prussia and the whole of United Germany came to yield him their homage and to offer him the highest honours that earth could confer.

It has often been objected that he had no brilliant qualities, that he was simply, by the march of events, forced into a prominent place in the world's history, that he owed everything to his ministers. This is no doubt

in a measure true, but it was no contemptible order of sagacity which recognised the merits of the men to whose talent he owed his success, and supported them with the stubbornness of conviction in adversity. He upheld their schemes when he saw these schemes were likely to benefit his kingdom, and in doing so he showed at least that he had all the qualities demanded of a monarch. Nor did he underrate the services rendered by those who had been primarily instrumental in carrying out his plan of German Unity. To Bismarck, whose daring genius had drawn Prussian policy out of the narrow

His speech on that occasion was marked by modesty and moderation, again showing how little prone he was to vain exultation.

During the year 1878 two attempts were made on his life. The first by a Socialist workman named Hödel, who fired at him as he was driving under the Linden with his daughter the Grand Duchess of Baden. The shot missed, and Hödel, reckoning on the fact that the Emperor for years had not allowed any capital punishment to be carried into effect, hoped to escape, but was condemned to be beheaded, and the Emperor, who remembered 1848, and had no sympathies



ON THE TERRACE OF BABELSBERG.

track it had hitherto followed, and guided it, till with proud strides it reached the goal he had foreseen for it, he gave a principedom with lands and a revenue to maintain the dignity. Von Roon, whose organising talent had coped successfully with all the complications of this vast German army, and Von Moltke, whose brilliant strategy had astonished the whole of Europe, were raised to the rank of Counts.

In March the Emperor Wilhelm with the Crown Prince and Moltke returned to Berlin where he was received with the wildest enthusiasm, and shortly after he opened in person the first Imperial German Parliament.

with Socialists, was not inclined to be merciful. This attack was soon followed by another, one Sunday afternoon. The would-be assassin in this case was a Dr. Carl Nobiling, a man of good birth and education but also imbued with revolutionary ideas. On this occasion the Emperor was badly wounded in the arm, neck, and face, and his great age, eighty-two, made the doctors fear the effects of the shock. The Crown Prince was appointed Regent for a time, but the Emperor's sound constitution enabled him to recover rapidly, and he soon resumed the reins of government.

It is not intended here to judge him as a

sovereign, but forgetting the king in the man, it would be difficult to do justice to the many virtues of Emperor William. Only the devotion, I had almost said adoration, of those surrounding him could give one an idea of his worth. Of commanding stature, his personal appearance was majestic and stately, his manner most affable, and his expression when speaking encouragingly and paternally benign. He had no doubt acquired in the early days of his life an exaggerated idea of the value of money, for as regards his personal expenditure he was almost inclined to meanness. At Christmas time he liked to visit the shops in order to purchase personally his intended gifts. He almost universally disputed the price of the different articles, and as etiquette did not allow the tradespeople to stand out, the Emperor was always delighted with his bargains, the balance being subsequently made up to the shopkeepers from the chamberlain's office.

Once I was at a bazaar in the Radziwill Palace when he arrived, and I remember well remarking as Princess Radziwill conducted him from stall to stall, how he confined his purchases to a judicious selection of cheap trifles. There is a capital anecdote related of him how his valet one morning on presenting him his coat, ventured on the remark that it was about time his Majesty had a new one. Before replying to this the Emperor examined his coat inside and out, and then asked how much it would be worth at an old clothes-shop. The valet replied "Three thalers, your Majesty!" Whereupon the Emperor not wishing to keep his servant out of property which according to custom was already his, at once handed him the three thalers out of his purse, saying, "Now I suppose I have acquired the right of wearing it a little longer." On the other hand, no charitable appeal was ever made to him in vain. This I am aware is a more or less stereotyped compliment, bestowed pretty freely in cases where it is not literally true. As regards the Emperor Wilhelm I have often heard Count Perponcher, who was the channel through which all these appeals had to pass, speak of his patient good-nature in investigating all claims, and of his extreme generosity towards the deserving ones. His treatment of the officers of the Hanoverian legion was certainly an instance of his large-hearted and thoughtful consideration. When their cause was only a forlorn hope and they were all under ban for high treason, he offered them pardon on

condition of their taking the oath never to conspire again, but foreseeing that pardon alone was not sufficient to enable them to begin life afresh, he granted to each a pension of 1200 thalers.

In his family life till the last great trouble the Emperor was singularly happy.

The present Emperor, till his assumption of the Imperial dignity, had taken no prominent part in politics. For years so near the throne and yet compelled to stand aloof from mixing with government affairs, he has lived for his family alone, and has shared the tastes of his exceptionally clever wife, whose very high intellectual gifts have made her the patroness of whatever is deserving in literature and art. In manner he is dignified, yet very courteous with that true genial courtesy which is not assumed merely because *noblesse oblige*, but which makes one feel that it has its spring in a generous nature. He speaks of England with great admiration, and once in the course of a conversation I had with him as he was showing me some pictures which the then Crown Princess had brought from England, it struck me as having quite a home-like ring to hear him still speak of her as the Princess Royal.

And now the white lady so fatal to the Hohenzollern race has again visited the old Schloss on the Spree. Kaiser Wilhelm is no more. The White King has laid his head, wearied with the weight of years, down to rest. And we have mourned his loss almost as our own. Even a king and emperor must be something more than merely victorious and venerable to attract so much affection from our sharply criticising and not over-enthusiastic countrymen. Nor indeed does his son's alliance with our own royal family supply the reason. The explanation is however plain enough. It is but the recognition and appreciation of what is best in human nature. We English men and women loved and admired the chivalrous old Emperor King because he possessed those sterling qualities which are irresistible in whatever walk of life they are found. Wilhelm, in spite of his proud position, was essentially a simple and good man, a real Father of his people, not of the *égalité* type, but one who did his duty to them as he thought a father should, one whose single-minded nature and large heart set in motion a current of sympathy which was felt and reciprocated by all who came within its influence, down to the humblest of his subjects.

G. M. RHODES.



THE MEDIATION OF RALPH HARDELLOT.

BY PROF. W. MINTO, AUTHOR OF "CRACK OF DOOM."

CHAPTER XXVII.

JOHN BALL'S SERMON—AN INTERRUPTION.



RALPH would have informed the merchant of the appearance of Docket, and inquired whether he was there as a friend or as a spy, but he had no opportunity. The merchant vanished from his side im-

mediately after pointing out John Ball to him, and hurried off to give notice to the other chiefs of the gathering.

The news of the priest's coming spread rapidly through the meeting, and soon every point from which a view of the approaching figure could be obtained was crowded. The more eager spirits rushed down the slope to meet him, and escorted him in triumph to the camp.

The agitator was not at all imposing to look at as he sat upon his pony, which he halted about the middle of the enclosure. He was rather over the middle height, of spare, sinewy figure, the face also lean. He was not of imposing bulk, and yet when he began to speak he at once conveyed an impression of indomitable force. Fiery energy beamed from the eyes, and there was a suggestion of strength in the firm muscles of the lower part of the face and the square angular head. The hair grew thick round the forehead, and the tonsure was obviously artificial. He did not dismount to address the meeting: this pony had often served him as a movable platform on such occasions.

The popular effect of a speech depends far more upon the character of the speaker than upon the words used. There was not a man

in the crowd assembled at Wandlebury that had not heard of John Ball; many had heard him; and all, with the exception of Docket and his friend the canon, were prepared to applaud whatever fell from his lips. He had a character for humour too, and homely illustrations that would have fallen flat from an unknown orator seemed irresistibly droll as they came from him. The canon was heard afterwards to express a poor opinion of Ball's oratory, and our readers might agree with the canon if we were to report his words; but they fulfilled one important requisite of oratory—they moved the audience.

He had the art, among others, of surprising his hearers. The assembled commons expected to be regaled with bitter attacks on the rich. To their astonishment they found themselves listening, after the preliminary "God save you all!" to a pithy moral lecture on the virtue of moderation. Man, they were told, was the only animal that did not know when he had enough, and this point was enforced with several entertaining examples, and some which went too closely home to be entertaining.

They were more at their ease when he illustrated excess from the ways of the more fortunate sons of Adam, who had, he said—and this provoked an approving laugh—more abundant occasions for going to excess. He drew a picture of their luxurious ways of life, their gorgeous houses, their rare and delicate foods, their costly drinks, their horses and retinues.

The poor people listened with open mouth, feeling afresh the hardness and bareness of their own bleak lives, and hungering out of their wilderness after the far-off abundance. And they cheered vociferously when the speaker declared that all this superfluity

was meant by God for the sustenance of His feeble creation.

And yet, he said, the poor would not grudge the rich their comforts if only they would spend less on their own sensual enjoyment and perform their appointed duties. It was God's will that every man should work, and the knight had his appointed work as well as the peasant. His work it was to protect the industrious husbandman against the wild beasts that broke down his hedges and ravaged his fields, against the wild fowls that ate his corn, against the robbers who would seize upon the fruits of his toil, against the idle wasters who would neither work nor want. Let the knight do this, and the husbandman would cheerfully labour for him with his hands and strive to keep him in comfort.

But if the knight neglected this duty, what were the poor commons to do?

They were to refuse to work for him; they were to treat him as he really was—himself a robber and waster. And if he sought to compel them, they were to band together and resist him.

Such was Ball's simple scheme of social reformation. He aimed at the purification, not the destruction, of the feudal system, at the practical realisation of it as a community in which there were fixed ranks, each with its appointed duties, all vital, all operative.

The time had come for resistance, he cried. His audience cheered loudly, and Ralph Hardelot, seeing the ferocity and determination of the faces which had lately looked so stolid, wondered what his friend the merchant meant in hailing the orator as a champion who might be expected to discourage violence.

But the next turn in John Ball's discourse justified the confidence of Simon d'Ypres, and proved the orator's consummate art and his mastery of his audience.

"The time has come for resistance," he repeated, "but in this also beware of going to excess. Piers the Ploughman cannot exist without knighthood to protect him. They are but fools who tell him to sweep knighthood away. Only knighthood must be warned that Piers will no longer toil for him if he is a sluggard and false to his trust. They must work together as father and son."

Of this proposition the audience seemed more doubtful, but after a pause the authority of the speaker prevailed, and there was an approving murmur.

"You must gather together," he continued, "and give the lords of the soil to understand that you will no longer serve them if they do not serve you. Evil counsellors have misled

them, Pride and Vainglory, Gluttony and Lust, Falsehood and Flattery. You must stand together like men, and speak to them plainly face to face. Above all, you must lay your grievances before the king, the greatest lord of all, and charge him to call wrongdoers to account, to banish Guile and Falsehood from his court, and take Truth and Justice and Conscience as his counsellors."

Then, much to Ralph's delight, he proceeded to tell them that there was good hope of the young king, that God had touched his heart with pity for the poor commons, and that he was minded to inquire into their wrongs and chastise and reform their oppressors.

A voice exclaimed that this was but a trick. Ball turned sternly towards the interruption, and checked in an instant the jets of bitter laughter with which this suspicion was echoed here and there throughout the crowd.

"Friends," he said, "be not over-suspicious. False suspicion is an evil guide, and will certainly lead astray the man that trusts to it. Will you copy the vice of the subtle steward who is ever on the watch for fraud and deceit and sly evasion, and often suggests deceit to the honest tenant by the cunning with which he seeks to prevent it? Granted that there are many about the king's person who would gladly thwart his kindly intentions, be not you so foolish as to fall into their snares. They will try to make you believe that the king is against you. If you must be suspicious, suspect them, but do not suspect the king till you have spoken with him direct through men whom you can trust."

At hearing this, Ralph burned to tell the crowd that he had seen the king, and could assure them that his willingness to help the poor commons was no pretence. Hardly had the wish flashed through his mind, when he was startled to hear the priest say, as if interpreting his thoughts: "There is one here among us who has spoken with the king and heard from his own lips the assurance of his regard for the poor commons."

A buzz arose upon this, every man turning to his neighbour with "Who is it?" "Where is he?" "Do you know him?"

Ball turned to Simon d'Ypres, who stood near him, and raising his voice above the confused hum of inquiry, cried: "Bring him forward."

Though Ralph had been eager to speak a moment before, he was dazed at the sudden turning upon him of so many hundreds of pairs of curious eyes, as Simon beckoned to him to come forward. However, he made his way through the crowd.

Ball commanded silence. "Now," he said, "you will hear from one who has spoken with the king. Hush!"

But Ralph had never before faced such a crowd, and for a moment he was dizzy and speechless. It was but for a moment however. The pause was so short as to be hardly perceptible to the audience, though it seemed a long interval to him. Amidst the sea of faces, he saw Docket and the canon leering at his abashed visage, and the sight at once restored his self-possession.

"I need not tell you, my friends," he said, "how I was brought into the king's presence. Enough that I had occasion to allege before him that his commons suffered wrong where they had a right to expect protection, and that I heard him with his own lips declare that these wrongs should be inquired into, and that justice should be done. I also had suffered, and he stretched the shield of justice over me. What this good priest has told you is the truth. There can be no doubt of the king's goodness and clemency and desire to do justice. I have been sent here expressly to testify to your leaders of his benevolent intentions. The princess, his mother, also has a heart of pity for the weak and oppressed, and is a benign and gracious lady whom all the people should love."

These words were received with approving murmurs, the pale face and embarrassed demeanour of the young man helping to carry conviction home. When the murmurs began to die away, Ball again raised his voice.

"Enough, my friends!" he cried. "You see how the matter stands. My counsel to you is that you strengthen the hands of this kind-hearted young prince. If only you are united, your strength will prevail against the wiles of the evil counsellors who for their own ends try to possess the ear of greatness. Unite, combine, gather to one head, and you will be irresistible. It may be that you will have in the end to choose your own lords and protectors, and that your present lords are too besotted by their power and their ever-growing greed of greater and greater luxury to rule their vassals with mercy and justice. If they will not bend, they must break. But you must try honestly in the first instance to bend them, or to strengthen the hands of the king to bend them."

The priest wound up his harangue with a familiar figure, "Might and Right, Will and Skill," he said, "are the four arms of your mill. If Right goes before Might and Skill before Will, then does the mill turn right, and everything goes smoothly. But if

Might goes before Right, and Will before Skill, the wheel goes the wrong way and your mill is broken in pieces."

When Ball had ended his speech, cries of approval went up from many voices, and a loud confused noise of promiscuous talk ensued. Here and there small rings were formed, in which the more forward spirits eagerly discussed what he had said. No one succeeded in gaining the ear of the whole crowd, and the various speakers were content to keep possession each of his own little circle. Ralph overheard one fierce-looking and excited orator declaiming against the folly of being afraid of mail-clad men. It was quite an easy thing, according to him, to dispose of them if only you kept your presence of mind. A man in a plain coat was generally killed because he got into a panic, and hit out wildly instead of striking at the vulnerable points. Give him a good hatchet, and he would strike off the knee-caps or the elbow-caps or the vizor, and once a breach was made in the moving fortress, the man within was at your mercy. Or he would strike a spike up between the plates of the thigh-pieces, or between the cuirass and the neck camail. The notion that it was unfair to strike below the waist was a clever invention in the interest of a mail-clad knight against the unarmed peasant. If a man had to be killed, it was absurd to give him a choice where he was to be struck. "Strike wherever you can best reach the skin," he said, "or where you can open up a road. Of course if you strike full on a whole piece of steel, you will only blunt your weapon. Aim at the joints, hack off the guards; that is the way to go to work."

"And what," asked a sly rustic, "would your enemy be doing while you were hacking at him?"

"Well," retorted the ready theorist, "if you cannot keep out of the way of the blows of a heavily-armed man, being yourself light and unencumbered, you must be a fool indeed. Why you might even rush in before he could strike you, catch him by the legs, and tilt him on his back. And once you had him on his back, you might hack him to pieces at your leisure, for he could no more rise than a tortoise."

In the midst of these and other animated discussions, a horn was heard to sound some little way down the hill on the west, and presently came another blast from a point along the ridge in the direction of Cambridge.

Ralph was talking at the time with Simon d'Ypres, John Ball, and one or two of the

leaders who had grouped themselves round the popular priest, and were exchanging such items of news as they had heard concerning the rising in Ghent and the war in France. They stopped their conversation at the sound of the horn. Simon d'Ypres looked keenly at Ralph, who met his gaze without in the least understanding why it was so searching, and asked simply what the sounds meant.

"They mean I fear that we are interrupted," was the answer.

Presently scouts came running in with the news that a party of horse, led by a knight who was recognised as the Sheriff of Cambridgeshire, was riding along the foot of the hill, as if to get behind the camp, while another party was riding up along the Roman Road from Cambridge.

John Ball was urged to fly along the road by which he had come, while it was yet clear, and set off at once.

The chiefs held a hurried consultation. They had no means of resistance. To avoid suspicion they had come unarmed, arranging the gathering with such secrecy that they had little fear of interruption.

"Some one must have betrayed us," said one.

"It is only too likely," Simon answered, "but in the meantime we must get off as well as we can."

Among the conspirators was one in the disguise of a Minorite friar, and another in the habit of a Pardoner. These were set up to preach at opposite ends of the camp, as if it was their eloquence that had attracted the crowd.

But with the news of the approaching men-at-arms a panic established itself. Some few kept up the pretence of listening to the sham preachers, and these proved to be the wisest. The majority poured over the sides of the camp like a swarm of bees, and dispersed themselves over the fields, running helter skelter, hither and thither, trying to get as far as possible from the men-at-arms, who occupied themselves in chasing the fugitives and beating and wounding them with their lances. So many poured from the camp that the pursuers supposed it to be emptied, and did not think it worth while to return from the chase to look. Thus Simon d'Ypres and most of the leaders escaped.

Among the captives were Docket and the Canon.

On their information Ralph was that evening arrested by order of the Sheriff and lodged in the prison of Cambridge Castle.

Poor youth! Bitterly he remembered what Simon d'Ypres had said to him, "Put not

your trust in princes." And from angry looks cast at him, and angry mutterings overheard before he left Wandlebury, he had the comfort of knowing that he was suspected of treachery by the other side also. Such is sometimes the fate of the dividers of strife.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

A TROUBLESOME RELATION.

THE case against Ralph, thus immured in Cambridge Castle, was strong, at least while unsifted; and it was the interest of nobody in authority to put it to the proof.

Docket made oath and Chowley solemnly confirmed him that Ralph had been a ring-leader in the seditious talk that went on at Wandlebury; that so far from giving the mob assurance of the king's willingness to redress grievances, he had denounced the king's clemency as a trick. Both averred that they had heard him wickedly explaining to a gaping and applauding crowd the surest way of penetrating the armour of a knight.

It was partly spite and partly an abject effort after self-preservation. They owed Ralph a grudge, and they calculated that they might get more easily out of a compromising situation themselves if they preferred a strong accusation against another. Others were incriminated also, and descriptions given to help in their apprehension; but when the officers of the sheriff searched for them, they were not to be found. It was not the fault of Docket or the canon; they were most anxious to give all the help they could to bring the miscreants to justice. Thus they purchased their own release.

The sheriff was only too glad to have laid hands on anybody, so as not to seem to have too hopelessly bungled the affair. In his report to Burley he did not minimise the account given by the two worthies of Ralph's prominence in the seditious gathering.

Burley took an opportunity of speaking with the Chancellor over the matter. He was annoyed at the failure of his plot for capturing the sedition-mongers, and annoyed with Ralph, who might if he had chosen have made the capture easy and certain. An object on which to vent his irritation was welcome, and any punishment that the young man might suffer would have been a passing solace and satisfaction. But knowing Ralph to be a relation of the chancellor's, he incidentally amidst other business rehearsed

the circumstances and submitted the matter for advice.

Ralph's consanguinity did not help him with the Chancellor. Sudbury's hands were full of the weightiest and most harassing affairs of state. The burdens of which we spoke in our opening chapters had not lightened as the months progressed. On the contrary they had grown heavier and more galling. No advantage had come to the English cause in France from the death of Charles the Sage; the towns and the barons of Brittany leant more than before to Paris, and were giving Buckingham the cold shoulder. England had gained nothing by the death of the French king; her Prime Minister only found himself more and more distracted by intrigues and ambitions let loose by the removal of this great centre of gravity in the political system. The new Pope Urban was eager to fight the anti-Pope Clement before he should recover from the shock; and in the general scramble for Crowns the wary Duke of Lancaster saw his opportunity in Castile. Christendom in general was like a huge Donnybrook Fair.

There were grand opportunities for adventure and enterprise in this unsettled state of things. But none of the many schemes that were a-foot could be prosecuted without money, and the English exchequer, for which the unfortunate Sudbury was responsible, was hardly full enough even for purposes of defence.

In such circumstances of cruel perplexity and maddening impotence to find a poor relation doing what little lay in his power to add to the great man's heavy embarrassments, was irritating to the last degree. What business had this wretched meddler to try to set the people against taxes that Parliament had ordered, and excite their foolish heads with utterly impracticable alternatives? Reasonable enough in abstract justice, granted; but that only made them the more irritating.

The consanguinity aggravated the offence. Such things are bad enough in strangers bound by no ties to see reason and to help in difficulties.

The chancellor was furious. "Let him remain in prison," he said with an angry frown, half choking with vexation; "the discipline is much needed."

"Sharper discipline," said Burley, fixing his eyes significantly on the chancellor, "sharper discipline, it seems to me, would not be out of place if what these men say is true." Burley had earlier in his career held command among the free companions in

France, and there acquired a taste for summary methods.

The chancellor was angry enough to believe anything against Ralph and to approve inwardly of any punishment, but he could not openly sanction Burley's suggestion. "It is enough," he said, "that he remain in prison. The lesson may be wholesome."

"But what," persisted Burley, "if the king should ask for him, and he should come back to plague us about commissions of inquiry and redress?"

The chancellor pondered for a moment, and his frown grew darker. "We can say he has escaped," he said at length. "The king will soon forget all about him."

Orders were accordingly sent down to the sheriff to see that Ralph was kept in prison during the king's pleasure.

CHAPTER XXIX.

CLARA ROOS IS SAD—THE PRINCESS DISCOVERS WHY, AND RESOLVES TO MAKE SOME INQUIRIES FOR HER.

It was quite possible that the king might have forgotten all about Ralph Hardelot. The truth was that he had taken a much more lively interest in getting up the combat between the clerk and Rainham than in his scheme for the pacification of the commons.

But he had a remembrancer in the person of Clara Roos, who after an interval was the means of recalling the young man to the king's memory.

It was some time however before she could know what had become of Ralph. The princess, in whose train she now was, spent several weeks at her great Kentish castle of Leeds, in the beautiful valley between Maidstone and Ashford, before returning to London. By the time she did return, the court was at Northampton for the meeting of Parliament there. Clara would have questioned Reginald about his brother, but Reginald was with the chancellor at Northampton, and as after the Parliament there was a meeting of convocation at the same place and for the same purpose, over which Sudbury presided as archbishop, November was past before Reginald returned with his master to Lambeth.

Thus Clara was kept in suspense all through the months of October and November, the growing cold and the lengthening darkness keeping pace with the augmentation

of her vague uneasiness. She was too proud to question the princess, too high-spirited to give any outward sign of the care that sat upon her, too wilful to give any hint to her confessor: she would only wonder and wait.

At last she met Reginald, and what she heard from him gave body to her vague fears. He could tell her nothing about Ralph, except that once he had ventured to ask the chancellor whether anything had resulted from his mission to Stourbridge Fair, and had been sharply commanded never to open his mouth on the subject again. "I desire never to hear his name again," the chancellor had said with frowning emphasis.

What had he done? What had become of him? Why had he sent no message to her?

The London residence of the princess at this time was the house known as the King's Wardrobe, on St. Andrew's Hill, between the Black Friars and St. Paul's.

One afternoon, in the second week of December, the princess came in from vespers at St. Paul's, and found Clara seated in the embrasure of a window, looking out dreamily at the dying day. A piece of embroidery lay in her lap, and opposite her, on a low stand, was an open book, but the light had failed, and now she lay back with her eyes fixed on the cross of St. Paul's, which stood out clear above the dark tops of the intervening houses. She had been dreaming thus since the vesper bells of St. Paul's began to ring.

Clara rose hastily when the princess entered, but the princess kindly bade her be seated, and sat down beside her.

"You look sad, my child," she said. "What is it that troubles you?"

"Nay, madame," answered Clara, "I have no reason to be sad. You are very kind to me."

The princess looked at her face for a moment with thoughtful interest. "Why, child," she said, "your eyes are glistening. They are full of tears."

"I was listening to the bells, madame," said Clara evasively. "They have a mournful sound in the fading light. And the footsteps in the street, too."

"Only if the heart is mournful," said the princess cheerfully. "We do not think of such things when we are happy."

"I have no reason to be unhappy, madame," said Clara again. "You are very kind to me."

"But sometimes we are unhappy without reason. I must send Father William to you. Is it the book that has moved you? Let me see what it is."

It was Chaucer's *Book of the Duchess*, that

exquisitely tender poem in which the first wife of John of Gaunt has a more lasting memorial than any other of the Plantagenet ladies, with all the glory of their richly-carved tombs.

The widow of the Black Prince and mother of the young Richard was not over-pleased when she saw what the book was. The aspiring Duke of Lancaster, a man of many ambitions, was suspected, with or without reason, of designs upon the throne. It was natural at least that the young king's mother should distrust and dislike him, and it was with some dryness in her tones that she asked, when she saw that Clara had been reading the *Book of the Duchess*, "Where did you get this?"

"It was a New Year's gift from a friend when I was at Cavendish Hall."

The princess still looked inquiringly, though she said nothing, as if wondering how the book could have reached Cavendish. There was a touch of defiance in Clara's voice as she answered the suppressed inquiry.

"Ralph HardeLOT copied it for me. His brother is in the service of the archbishop, and obtained a copy when he was at Bruges with the archbishop, and the Duke of Lancaster and his retinue were also there."

Clara gave this information in a hard, matter-of-fact tone, as if challenging any one to say that it was more than an ordinary matter of fact that she should have received a present from Ralph HardeLOT.

The princess repeated the name with a smile. "Ah, Ralph HardeLOT! The young clerk who fought so well at Castle Hedingham, and who helped you to escape from Sturmere?"

"Yes, madame," assented Clara. "And what of that?" she would have added but for her respect for the princess. It was with difficulty that she kept her voice from suggesting the defiant question.

The princess looked sadly and thoughtfully for a minute out into the deepening twilight. "Ah, I see now," she said at last, "why you look sad. Do you know I am rather glad to see some moisture in your eyes?"

Clara would fain have disclaimed sentimentality, but she was too much in awe of the princess. But she could not suppress a look of demure mockery which would have been visible in a clearer light.

The princess went on: "Do you know why? Lady Cavendish has told me that you have a heart of flint, that she never saw you betray the least symptom of pity or tenderness. And that, my child, is not a good

character for a woman. Nothing, she said, would move you."

"Lady Cavendish," said Clara in a lower tone, and with a slight quiver of the lip, "never tried the effect of kindness."

"But I fear," answered the princess with a smile, "that the good prioress of Dartford gives you no better a character. She tells me that you almost frightened to death a gentle creature of a nun there; that you appeared at her bedside in the middle of the night with a knife in your hand and commanded her to tell her beads, for her last hour had come."

The impenitent Clara could not keep from laughing at the reminiscence, and the princess caught the infection and laughed too.

"It was so dull in the priory, madame," pleaded Clara in an apologetic tone, recovering herself.

The princess shook her head. "And that was your way of amusing yourself?"

"I was very sorry afterwards," said Clara, with an effort to assume an air of penitence. "The dear old sister was so frightened I could hardly persuade her I was not in earnest. When I stooped down to kiss her, she screamed. I did not think she would go into such a panic."

"Well, I hope the prioress gave you a proper penance. She seemed to be glad you were not going back to the priory."

"Sister Anne forgave me," said Clara. "The prioress would never have known if she had not screamed. The dear old thing cried about it afterwards, and begged me to forgive her for screaming."

Clara's eyes were glistening again, though there was a smile upon her lips.

"Well, then, child," said the princess, "I know now that you have a better heart than they think."

"Ugly women are always spiteful," said Clara, in indirect compliment to her patroness.

"Let us see," said she, smiling at a flattery which was evidently sincere, "let us see, if we can, what you have been reading. I believe I can guess. The tale of Ceyx and Aleyone."

She took the book close to the window, and read:

"Ah, mercy, sweet lady dear!
Quod she, to Juno her goddess.
'Help me out of this distress,
And give me grace my lord to see
Soon, or wit whe'erso he be,
Or how he fareth, or in what wise.'"

"It is a very touching tale," said Clara, with a sigh.

"Yes," answered the princess smiling, "and Aleyone is not the only lady who longs to know where her lord is."

"My lord, madame, though I have never admitted him as such, is in Brittany, I hope," said Clara, in a subdued voice.

"From which," said the princess impatiently, "we both hope he will never return. But this Ralph Hardelot—is that not his name?"

"Yes, madame."

"Have you no desire to know what has become of him?"

Clara was silent.

"Answer me, child," said the princess imperiously.

"Has he never come back to report to the king?" asked Clara in a hesitating voice.

"That is not an answer," said the princess.

"You love him, do you not?"

"I do not know whether he loves me," said Clara, bursting into tears, "and I do not know where he is."

CHAPTER XXX.

THE KING TAKES THE MATTER IN HAND—
CLARA IS DISSATISFIED.

THE result of the conversation between Clara and the princess was that the princess spoke to the king, and the king spoke to Sir Simon Burley.

Not however at once. Richard approached the subject with a certain amount of shyness as well as slyness, as is often the way with children of the most affectionate and impulsive disposition when they wish to ask for something and are doubtful how their request will be received. He divined somehow that the young clerk's mission to Stourbridge Fair was not altogether acceptable to his adviser, and that it must have miscarried, otherwise he would have heard more about it. Burley's severe silence increased his diffidence about his own share in the negotiation. He felt in short like a naughty boy who with the best of intentions had meddled in things that were beyond him, and had incurred the displeasure of his elders, a displeasure none the less felt that it was never openly expressed. Unhappily for himself, and also for his subjects, Richard's temper was the reverse of forceful and overbearing, though he was tenacious to obstinacy of anything on which his heart was set.

The marriage of the young king to the

best advantage of the kingdom was one of the great questions of state at the time. Several negotiations had been begun, but all had fallen through. Mary of France, Katherine of Milan, Katherine of Bohemia—it had not been possible to arrange satisfactory terms with any of those princesses. Another alliance was now on the *tapis*, with Anne of Bohemia, sister of the reigning Emperor of the Romans; an alliance recommended by the ecclesiastical as well as the political situation. Sir Simon Burley was the leading negotiator in this affair, as his father had been in two of the others. It was arranged that he should start for Nuremberg on his matrimonial embassy soon after Christmas.

Burley never suspected in what direction his young master was leading when he began one day about a fortnight after the princess had spoken to him to talk about this marriage treaty, and the ambassador's visit to the continent.

"It would be dangerous to travel through Flanders," he said.

Burley agreed, and said he proposed to travel up the Rhine.

"Do you think the earl will be able to take Ghent next spring? I suppose there can be no doubt he has raised the siege for the present?"

"It can be only a question of time. Ghent cannot hold out long. The rabble will soon disgust the better sort, and the gates will be opened as they have been in Ypres. The better sort in truth as I hear would very gladly admit the earl at once, for if they do not they will soon have little left. Every man who is known to be rich is obliged to disgorge for the benefit of the soldiers, and is put to death as an enemy to the good town of Ghent if he refuses or pleads poverty. The rake of the good citizens goes much deeper into the hoards of the rich than the earl's taxes used to do."

"Yet the rascals seem to fight well," said the king.

"They will soon tire of it."

"Many good knights have been killed," said the king.

"Yes," said Burley. "I am truly sorry for Sir William de Namur."

"Will his son Sir Robert come here to pay homage? He will be able to tell us all about it."

"Doubtless, sire," answered Burley.

"Do you think our rascals would fight as well?" pursued the king.

"They are not so well armed," said Burley. "And they have nobody to lead them. All our martial citizens are loyal. Besides the

example of Ghent will teach them what they have to expect."

"Can we depend upon all the trained fighting men?" asked the king.

"Nearly all, I should say—all the weight and following."

"By the way," asked the king after a moment's pause, during which he seemed to be considering what Burley had said—"what became of that young clerk whom you sent from Hedingham? Did he find his mutinous friends? Has any answer come to our gracious message to them?"

"He disappointed me, sire," said Burley.

"How?" asked the king.

"He proved false. After your majesty's kindness to him, I expected more loyal conduct."

"What did he do?" asked the king.

"He kept his plans and his movements secret from the Master of Pembroke, where he lodged, and he was followed one day to a conventicle, where the rankest sedition was preached to a gaping crowd."

"And did he endure this?"

"Not only so, but it would seem that no one was more inflammatory than himself."

"Have you any proof of this?" asked the king, with a passing glance of suspicion at his adviser.

"The evidence of two men whom the sheriff captured at the conventicle. They heard him declare that your proffer of inquiry and redress was a trick."

The king's face flushed.

"Is this true?" he said. "Did they indeed hear him say so?"

"I cannot tell, sire. I can show you the sheriff's letter."

"Why was I not told of this before?" asked the king.

Burley shrugged his shoulders. "What was the use, sire? It would only have annoyed you. I should not have mentioned it if you had not asked me."

Richard pondered for a little. "The traitor should be apprehended," he said angrily.

"He was apprehended, sire," said Burley, "but he has since escaped."

The king looked vexed and thoughtful. "Ah, well," he said at last, with a sigh, but in a more cheerful tone. "Will you send me the letter?"

"Certainly, sire." It was not without compunction that Burley read in the boy's face traces of reflection on the ingratitude and dishonesty of mankind. But what could he do? This raw fancy about inquiry and redress could breed nothing but unsettlement and vexation, could not be carried out. Why

should he saddle himself with the dangerous task of telling the unpalatable truth? And so with his own private reflection that women and children should not be permitted to meddle in affairs of state, and some self-pity on the hardship and danger of having to serve a boy-king, Sir Simon Burley went his way thinking that this matter at least was settled.

So it might have been, if women and children had been excluded from all further dealings with it. But they got their hands in again.

The king was too vexed about Ralph Hardelot's alleged treachery to be in any hurry to report to his mother what he had heard. For a time he could not bear to think of it. But one day when he called at the Wardrobe, he found Clara sitting with the princess, and relieved his mind at last of the painful subject. Clara was a favourite with the boy: her tart replies to his banter never failed to amuse him, and her defiant freedom from affectation was a refreshing variety.

"Well, my lady Clara," he said, "we must get you another husband. This one, I fear, will not do."

"I have one too many already, sire," answered Clara promptly, turning pale all the same as she divined from the king's manner that something had happened to Ralph.

"But you need not complain," he pursued. "Look at the trouble I have in getting a wife, with so many sage persons to advise me. What wonder if your silly head cannot make the right choice at once?"

"Yes, it is very difficult, sire," sighed Clara with mock fervour. "But I do not think I will ask your sage persons to choose for me."

"Eureka!" cried the king laughing. "I will marry you myself, mademoiselle. That will save everybody trouble."

The princess did not like this boyish sally so much, and intervened. "Why do you jest with Clara about marriage?" she asked. "Have you heard anything about our young champion, Master Hardelot?"

The king's face darkened. "He has turned traitor," he said.

Clara looked up from her embroidery in astonishment. "Who says so? I do not believe it."

"You shall judge," said Richard. "You remember what I said to him at Castle Hedingham?"

"Yes, sire."

"That if the poor commons suffered wrong, it should be inquired into."

"Yes, sire."

"I spoke from the heart, did I not?"

"I do not doubt it, sire."

"Well, I am told that he declared to a gaping mob at Cambridge that this was a trick. What trick could there be? It is monstrous." The king took a turn through the room, and halting in front of Clara twitched the embroidery out of her hands. "I say it is monstrous! How can you sit and sew there when I tell you such a thing?"

"Pardon, my liege lord," said Clara, turning paler than before, "but who is the accuser?"

"The thing is beyond a doubt," cried the king. "Two men heard him. Sir Simon Burley has promised to send me the sheriff's letter."

"This is very sad news," said the princess.

"Pardon, sire," persisted Clara, in her hardest voice, "but who are the two men? I know Ralph Hardelot too well to believe it."

The king, with a violence of gesture better befitting his age than his dignity, flung about the room for a little, and suddenly kicking over a stool, exclaimed imperiously: "I do not believe it either. I cannot believe it."

"Then what has become of him?" asked the princess.

Before answering, the king with gracious courtesy and a penitent smile returned to Clara the embroidery that he had snatched out of her hands.

"What has become of him, madame!" he echoed. "He was put into Cambridge Castle, and he has escaped from it, which is a pity, for unless we can find him he cannot have an opportunity of clearing himself."

"Perhaps," suggested Clara, "we could find his accusers."

"You have a profound wit, Clara," cried the king. "You shall be my chief counsellor when I am my own master. I will get the sheriff's letter from Sir Simon without loss of time." With this he took his leave of the princess, and rode away.

It was some days however before the letter was procured. The king brought it in person.

"Here is the letter at last, my counsellor," he cried to Clara on entering. "But you will find it is as I told you."

Clara pondered over the letter while the boy king talked affectionately with his mother.

"Well, what do you make of it?" he asked. "Is it not all too clear?"

"Is it not strange, sire," answered Clara, "that both the accusers come from Sudbury, and that both are dependents of the archbishop? I know that the archbishop hates his cousin and will not hear his name mentioned."

"No, no," said the king quickly with a laugh after a moment's consideration. "That our chancellor has suborned them—no, no, it is too much. That is too wild and feminine, Mademoiselle Clara. I fear you must give him up."

"But why not send for these men, sire?" persisted Clara.

"True, true," said the king. "That is what you said the other day. But Burley does not think it worth while. They would only swear what they swore before. Besides his flight is a sign of guilt."

This was indeed difficult to get over. Still Clara was not convinced. It did not occur

to her as possible that Ralph was still a prisoner, and she could not understand his flight and subsequent disappearance. If he was at large and innocent, why did he not appear and clear himself? She could not understand this, and yet she could not believe him guilty. If the king would not take steps to solve the mystery, she would.

She had need to make haste, for the prison of Cambridge Castle, although Ralph had found a friend there in one of the warders, was not a healthy lodging, and it was the interest of no person in authority that Ralph HardeLOT should ever leave it. Sir Simon Burley was no worse than other statesmen of the time; he was indeed the superior of most in courage and accomplishments; but if he could have given the Sheriff of Cambridge a hint without committing himself, he would have rid himself of this petty annoyance with as little compunction as he would have felt in brushing away a fly.

(To be continued.)

A SONG OF SPRING.

God's Love has broken winter's chain,
The Earth is Paradise again.
A smile of sun, a kiss of show'rs
Stars nature's firmament with flowers:
After this waiting, what relief
To scent the spring: the robin thief
Chirps champion on the holly bough,
Let's sing! the winter's over now,
And lovers lead beloved ones home.
The snowdrop's come!

Have you forgotten? Love, last year
Our springtime smiled without a tear!
That night when we went out and kist
The roses folded up in mist!
That day you pulled the branches down
And made for me a leafy crown!
To you, sweet heart, when sun had set
I gave closed daisies, Margaret!
'Tis spring again! Love's hour has come.
The snowdrop's home.

Have you not felt as yet? You will,
That wild reaction, and the thrill
Of nature's resurrection-day,
That comes as prelude to our May!
The May we've sworn to love, whose birth
Sends carols round the weary earth.
I have forgiven all; can you,
Who sent me winter thyme and rue,
Forget love's birthday? Spring is home.
The snowdrop's come!

Let's turn the year's sad leaf: forget
Its tear-stained pages, Margaret.
The chequered chronicle of time
That died in sorrow, born in rhyme.
Love's epitaph! 'twas I alone
Carved on a monument of stone;
"Look round! Eternity means love,
There's no decay! In caves above
The swallows gather winging home.
The snowdrop's come!"

CLEMENT SCOTT.



GARDEN VIEW OF HINCHINGBROOKE.

GLIMPSES OF OLD ENGLISH HOMES.

III.—HINCHINGBROOKE.¹

BELONGING TO THE EARL OF SANDWICH.

IN strong contrast to the ancient grandeur of Penshurst, and the stately magnificence of Arundel, yet possessing a distinct charm peculiarly its own, Hinchingsbrooke may with justice lay claim to being one of the loveliest of old English homes.

Originally a nunnery, it became later the property of the Cromwell family, and since the year 1627 the favourite residence of the Montagues.

Post tot naufragia portum, (after many shipwrecks a haven) is the family motto emblazoned among armorial quarterings on the stained glass of the windows through which the sunshine comes dyed in colours of rubies, and amethysts, and gold, and the restful words would almost seem to have been suggested by the calm quiet of the old

court into which one enters through an ancient Norman gateway, having three arches, one large and two smaller ones, grey with age and time's softened colouring.

This old gateway, partly covered with ivy and creeping plants which have grown up the walls but do not altogether conceal the mellowed stone work, is embellished and carved with more than ordinary skill. On each side upon projecting pillars stand statues of wild men the size of life. Each holding a tree uprooted, they are represented as covered with shaggy hair, wearing long beards and moustachios, with no article of dress save a girdle round the waist. These "Wodehouses" or "Green men," for they were known by both names in the olden times, were favourite characters with our

¹ The following article has been read and revised by Lord Sandwich, by whose permission the historical portraits are now for the first time reproduced.

ancestors, as well in this country as on the Continent. Froissart mentions them at the court of France in 1392, and they were very commonly displayed in court masques and public processions in England. As a part of ancient state and magnificence, the wild men of Hinchbrooke are most appropriately placed to watch and ward the principal gate. Although the carving is chipped and defaced, the uncouth-looking figures still guard their post with their sightless stone eyes, and unwieldy clubs, as they have guarded it through centuries.

The centre of the court-yard is smooth green grass, and three sides of the quadrangle are formed first—by a long low building covered with ivy, having narrow windows, and an indented roof. This is the most ancient part of the house, the only actual remains of the original convent; it is now used for offices and servants' rooms. The second side is that end of the dwelling where is the entrance door, square and low, and the great bow windows in mullioned stone frames. These windows, as well as those on the other side of the house are profusely embellished with shields of the family of Cromwell, the arms of Queen Elizabeth, and a variety of heraldic cognizances denoting the honours of the Tudor line; the falcon, the portcullis, a ton with a branch, and roses of different forms, which are upon the upper cornice of each window. The sombre green of a tall yew hedge forms the third side, whilst the Norman gateway already referred to makes the fourth, completing the quadrangle, and forming a harmonious whole in its quiet, subdued beauty, wearing such a reposeful and old-world air.

The gallant Edward, first Earl of Sandwich and son of Sir Sydney Montagu, was not destined to find a "haven" in this restful old home, although a long life devoted to the service of his country, during which he literally encountered "many shipwrecks," would have seemed fully to entitle him to it. It is this Lord Sandwich to whom Pepys, his secretary, so constantly refers in his celebrated *Diary*. Although Sir Sydney Montagu never swerved in his allegiance to the royal house, Clarendon tells us that his son, having been emancipated when very young from his father's control, and married into a family which "trode awry," was won over by the "caresses" of Cromwell to take command in his army, Montagu being then little more than twenty years of age. Young as he was he had already fought at the head of his regiment in the battles of Lincoln, Marston Moor, York, Naseby, Bridgewater and Bristol,

at the storming of which latter place he showed such gallantry, and displayed such successful diplomacy in his negotiations with Prince Rupert, that his conduct was reported to Parliament with the highest encomiums. Later he became Desborough's colleague in the office of High Admiral, and in 1656 he accompanied the gallant Blake to the Mediterranean, on whose death he succeeded to the sole command of the fleet. The death of Oliver Cromwell soon after this changed the whole face of affairs—Montagu resigned his command and retired for a short time into the country, but later he was again appointed Admiral of the fleet conjointly with Monk. Things were now beginning to show a reaction to loyalty, and negotiations were set on foot to restore Charles. On May 23, 1660, we find an account in Pepys' notes of how King Charles II. came on board the ship *Naseby*, which had already been commanded by the youthful Admiral with honour, and how after dinner the sovereign changed the name of the vessel to *Charles*, a circumstance Dryden tells of in the following lines:—

"The *Naseby*, now no longer England's shame,
But better to be lost in Charles his name."

After the conclusion of this ceremony Sir Edward Montagu weighed anchor, and set sail with the restored King for England.

On June 29, 1660, Pepys mentions that he has been "up to White Hall, where I got my warrant from the Duke to be Clerke of the Acts. Also I got my Lord's warrant from the Secretary for his honour of Earle of Portsmouth, and Viscount Montagu of Hinchbroke." New titles are added on July 10 of the same year, when Pepys again goes with his "Lord," as he invariably from the first calls his patron, "to the Secretary's to desire the despatch of his bill to be signed by the King. His bill is to be Earle of Sandwich, Viscount Hinchbrooke, and Baron of St. Neots."

The Admiral seems to have been much tried at times by the over-interference of his colleague Monk, but Clarendon writes that "he was willing to do him all honour in the world, though he will many times express his thoughts of Monk being a thick-skulled fool."

Lord Sandwich was devoted to his profession, and took pride in adorning the vessels under his command, where "he received the gentlemen who visited him with great civility"—Pepys says, and appears to have been as hospitable when on board his

ship as he was at his fine seat at Hinchbrook. March 4, 1661, the *Diary* goes on to say that "My Lord went this morning on his journey to Hinchbrook, the chief business being to look over and determine how, and in what manner his great work of building shall be done." Unfortunately much of this "work of building" was destroyed by fire in 1830. In a glowing account of the "coronacon" day, as Pepys spells it, he mentions that "my Lord Sandwich preceded the King [Charles II] carrying the sceptre."

It was on board his ship that Lord Sandwich was invested with the Order of the Garter, "with a dispensation for the other ceremonies of the habit of the Order, and other things, till hereafter, when it can be done." In a glass case which hangs in the "Ship Room" at Hinchbrook, and which contains miniatures of the first Lord Sandwich and his wife, is a faded piece of blue ribbon which is that same ribbon of the Garter so proudly described by the faithful Pepys as being put about his Lord's neck by the herald on that famous "Lord's Day," two hundred and twenty-seven years ago. Wet and stained with sea-water it was taken, together with a curious old watch also hanging in the case, from a dead body washed ashore after the battle of Southwold Bay, May, 1672, and the two together were partly the means of identifying the body as that of the brave Admiral of the fleet who had perished in the defence of his country instead of finding a "haven" at his dearly-loved Hinchbrook.

Lord Sandwich received the office of the Great Wardrobe, and the thanks of Parliament for his services and loyalty. When Charles II. married Katherine, daughter of the King of Portugal, he was chosen to be his Majesty's proxy on the occasion, and sent to bring over the bride. He also accompanied the Duke of York when he went to fetch the Queen Mother, Henrietta Maria. In 1664 the gallant sailor once more put to sea, the fleet in which he served under the Duke of York being most successful. He was also appointed Ambassador Extra-



EDWARD, FIRST EARL OF SANDWICH.

From the Picture by SIR P. LELY at Hinchbrook.

ordinary to the Court of Madrid, and it was during this time that the Queen Regent Mariana, who was most friendly and grateful to the English envoy, presented him with full-length portraits by Herara, of herself and her son, the child-king, which now hang in the long music-room at Hinchbrook. The Queen is represented as dressed in a religious habit, which was the widow's weeds worn in Spain, the little king, son of Philip IV. of Spain and Mariana of Austria, is a child of four years, with light flowing hair, and dressed in a red coat trimmed with silver. Above him is an eagle with extended wings bearing a sword, while an angel hovers over the child, holding the Spanish crown. The expression of the face is pathetically sad, and

too surely foreshadowed the future life of the "Melancholy Monarch" who was one of the most unfortunate Princes that ever inherited a crown.

In the year 1672, on a new war breaking out with the Dutch, Lord Sandwich again served under the Duke of York, as Vice-Admiral. It was during this war, in the several battles of which the gallant officer showed even more than his usual bravery, that Edward, first Earl of Sandwich, lost his life. When he saw that it was all over with his ship the *Royal James*, he ordered his captain, the officers, his own servants, &c., into the long boat, peremptorily refusing to leave himself in spite of every entreaty, and when the boat pushed off the brave form of the Admiral still stood erect on the quarter-deck of the burning vessel. "Thus perished the man whose noble end to a noble life called forth eulogiums from friend and foe." The battle had been on the 28 May, 1672, and "on the 10 of June his body was found off Harwich clad in the uniform he had worn with so much honour, still adorned with the insignia of England's noblest Order, of which he had proved himself so worthy a knight, the gracious form, strange and almost miraculous as it may appear, unblemished in every part save some marks of fire on the face and hands." After a public funeral all that was mortal of Edward Montagu, first Earl of Sandwich, was interred on the North side of the altar in Henry VII.'s chapel in Westminster Abbey, on July 1, 1672.

Master Pepys' devotion to "his Lord" was extreme, but one or two amusing notes of the *Diary* prove that his prudent nature sometimes warred with his desire to do his Lord honour. On January 9th, 1663, he writes: "By discourse with my wife thought upon inviting my Lord Sandwich to a dinner shortly. It will cost me at least ten or twelve pounds; but, however, some arguments of prudence I have, which I shall think again upon before I proceed to that expense." The same faithful chronicler suffers great uneasiness at his Lord's predilection for play, and mentions with regret that he lost £50 to the King at my Lady Castlemaine's. Upon one occasion Lord Sandwich confided to his prudent secretary the startling fact that he was £10,000 in debt, his income being £8,000, and in the very midst of the discussion Lady Crewe came into the room to inform his lordship that another son was born to him. Poor Samuel devoutly exclaimed, "May God send my Lord to study the laying up something for it!"

Not to Lord Sandwich, but to his father,

Sir Sydney Montagu, did Sir Oliver Cromwell, uncle and godfather of the Protector, part with Hinchinbrooke, where he had constantly entertained a very costly guest, King James I. His magnificence towards his sovereign led him into financial difficulties which necessitated parting with the beautiful old place. One notable visit is recorded in 1603, when James was on his "progress" to take possession of the throne of England, and is thus described by an old writer of the time: "The 27th of April the King removed from Burleigh towards Hinchinbrooke, to Sir Oliver Cromwells, and about some halfe mile ere he came there, his majesty was met by the Bayliffe of Huntingdon, who made to him a long oration, and there delivered him the sword which his highnesse gave to the Earle of Southampton to bear before him to master Oliver Cromwells House, where his highnesse and his followers, with all comers, had such entertainment as was not the like in any place before, there was such plentie and varieties of meates and diversitie of wines, and the sellars open at every man's pleasure. . . . Master Cromwell presented his majestie with many rich and acceptable gifts, as a very great and fayre wrought standing cuppe of gold, goodly horses, deepe mouthed hounds, divers hawkes of excellent wing, and at the remove gave fifty pounds amongst his majestie's officers."

It was after this visit that King James is reported to have said to Sir Oliver at parting, "Marry, mon, thou hast treated me better than any ane syn I left Edinbro'"—a compliment which is supposed to have had the rare merit of being true. A large apartment, hung with some good bits of old tapestry, is still shown at Hinchinbrooke as James I.'s bedroom.

The young Oliver Cromwell, whose father Robert, the brewer, lived in Huntingdon, spent much of his time when a boy at Hinchinbrooke, and as children he and the baby prince Charles played together under the wide-spreading ancient limes, said to be as old as the original nunnery itself. Tradition says that the boys came to blows, as the best of children will, and that upon one occasion Oliver Cromwell caused the royal child's blood to flow, which later was to stain his own name for ever as the man who in stern fanaticism caused the death of his King.

The town of Huntingdon abounds with relics of Cromwell. The grammar school which he attended still stands; the site of the house where he was born is pointed out; he tumbled into the river Ouse one day and



OLIVER CROMWELL.

From the Picture by WALKER at Hinchingsbrooke.

would have been drowned but for the timely efforts of a curate living near Huntingdon who happened to be passing at the time. When in later years Cromwell marched through the place at the head of the Parliamentary army, he curiously enough met this same clergyman, and reminded him of the incident. The man being a strong loyalist made answer in a way little calculated to flatter the "General." "Yes, I well remember it, and wish I had put you in rather than see you in arms against your King." When a baby in his cradle tradition also tells us that a pet monkey carried Oliver Cromwell up to the battlemented roof at Hinchingsbrooke, but that despite the terror of the assembled household, ready with mattresses to catch the infant should the animal drop him, the monkey calmly took

the child back to his room and laid him again in his bed. As a boy the future ruler of England is said to have been wild and unruly, often incurring punishment by his wayward conduct and practical jokes. "One Christmas night the revels at Hinchingsbrooke were interrupted by some unseemly pranks of his conceiving, which called down upon him a sentence from the Master of Misrule that Sir Oliver ordered into immediate execution, viz., that the young recreant should be subjected then and there to a severe ducking in one of the adjoining fishponds."

When in 1628 Cromwell was returned as member for Huntingdon, at which time his cousin Hampden also took his seat, his appearance on the occasion was such that the King is said to have exclaimed,

"Oddsfish! that chaplain must be a bishop; just put me in mind of him next vacancy." Dr. South remarks in his writings: "Who that beheld such a bankrupt, beggarly fellow as Cromwell first entering the Parliament House, with a torn coat, and greasy hat (perhaps neither of them paid for), would have believed that in a few years," etc., etc. It was at this very Parliament that Hampden,

the features grew to have a look of suspicion, his last days being embittered by distrust of all around him, and constant fear of assassination. When the end came, however, he died peaceably in his bed, apparently undisturbed by remembrance of that bloody scaffold erected in front of Whitehall, where a King expiated by a shameful death the mistakes of an unfortunate career. The splendid



CROMWELL'S MOTHER.

From the Picture by WALKER at Hinchingbrooke.

Cromwell, and Pym, bore such bold testimony to their political and religious faith, standing firm to their ideas of right. But the history of Cromwell is the history of England.

The portrait of the Protector which hangs in the music-room at Hinchingbrooke is an oval half-length, representing him in armour, with a plain-falling collar. The face is dark and stern, but shows character and decision in every line. Towards the end of his life

funeral conducted with more than regal pomp which was given to the man who as a boy played under the old limes at Hinchingbrooke with the baby prince, was not to be the final end of his greatness, for upon the accession of Charles II. the Protector's body was dug up and hung upon the "Traitors' Tree."

Opposite the portrait of Cromwell at Hinchingbrooke hangs one of General Monk, also a half-length oval, and in armour, with

the long hair as worn at the period. Oliver considered Monk one of his best generals, but at one time had doubts of his fidelity, and when he was in command in Scotland the Protector wrote to him in the following curious language: "There be that tell me, there is a certain cunning fellow in Scotland, called George Monk, who is said to lie in wait there to introduce Charles Stuart; I pray you use your diligence to apprehend him, and send him up to me." Guizot says of Monk, "*C'était un homme capable de grandes choses, quoiqu'il n'eût pas de grandeur dans l'âme.*" His jealousy of his noble colleague Lord Sandwich greatly bears out the French historian's opinion. Monk was created Duke of Albemarle by Charles II.

Between these portraits of Cromwell and Monk is a three-quarter length one of General Ireton, of whom it was said that he "grafted the soldier on the lawyer, and the statesman on the saint." He was a man of undoubted courage, and although a violent republican, and also the son-in-law of Cromwell, he ventured upon more than one occasion to differ from him, and expostulate boldly when he disapproved of the Protector's conduct.

To go back to a still earlier reign: Sir Henry Cromwell, father of Sir Oliver, and from the liberality of his largesses called the "Golden Knight," received Queen Elizabeth at Hinchinbrooke in August, 1564, after her visit to the University of Cambridge, but no particular account of the entertainments at the time seems to have been preserved. Henry VIII. originally granted the place to his minister, Sir Richard Williams, who assumed the name of Cromwell, and rose rapidly into favour with his imperious sovereign, obtaining from him a lion's share of rich abbey lands. Before this it was a nunnery to which the nuns of Eltesley in Cambridgeshire are said to have been removed by William the Conqueror, who is therefore reckoned to be the founder of the Priory which was of the Benedictine order, dedicated to St. James. The west side of the park still goes by the name of the nuns' meadow, and across a tributary of the river Ouse, just outside one of the park gates, is the Nuns' Bridge, a plain structure, venerable-looking, but guiltless of any attempt at architectural beauty. During some of the alterations of the place the bones of several nuns were found under the old part of the house.

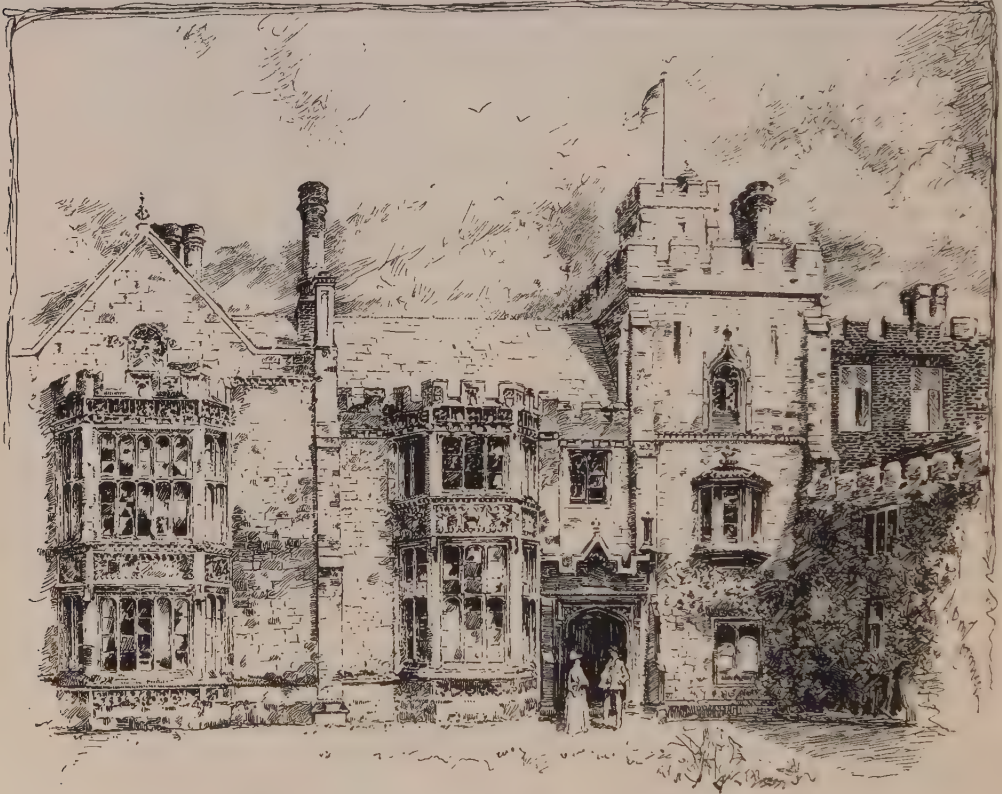
The great characteristic of Hinchinbrooke, as it now is, is its brightness. Not a gloomy corner exists, save perhaps in the low buildings which were actually a part of the

nunnery itself. In all the principal rooms immense windows, both square and circular, let in floods of sunshine, in the cosy library lighting up the woodwork, all of which is of oak black with age, richly and elaborately carved by the hand of some great old master. The chimney-piece and massive frame above it are of the same dark oak, heavily carved, and bearing the date 1580 cut in the wood. These pieces were brought from Holland. No pictures are in this room, but well-filled bookshelves reach from the floor almost to the ceiling, where a bordering of heavy gold paper, relieved by a design in dark blue, runs the length of the walls above the bookcases. The upper parts of the windows, one of which is a deep bay directly facing the raised terrace which forms so charming a walk, are of coloured glass having heraldic designs and crests of present members of the Montagu family.

Unless during a total eclipse of the sun, the drawing-room, which is entered through the large folding-doors of dark carved oak separating it from the library, could scarcely fail to be bright even without actual sunshine, for one end of it is entirely formed by a wide, high window, formerly the east window of the chapel, while at one side of the room is a second great bay, even larger than that in the library. This drawing-room has not yet been renovated, as have many other parts of the house, but in it are to be found some interesting pictures. On either side of the chimney-piece are low bookshelves let into the walls, above which on the left hang portraits of the Duchesse de Berri, Elizabeth, Countess of Sandwich, and the celebrated Ninon de l'Enclos. On the right those of Hortense Mancini, Duchesse de Mazarin, Mary, Queen of James II. of England, and Henrietta Maria, Duchess of Orleans. It appears odd to find the picture of an English peeress placed between two such notoriously celebrated characters as Louise d'Orleans, Duchesse de Berri, and Mademoiselle de l'Enclos; but it seems that the latter at least, together with the Duchesse de Mazarin, were the lady's chosen friends, and Elizabeth, wife of the third Earl of Sandwich, although a very brilliant member of society, was almost as distinguished for her gallantries as for her wit and cleverness. Pope writes of her:—"This lady is both an honour and a disgrace to her native country." She spent much of her time in Paris, and appears to have shared with the two French ladies just referred to the admiration of the witty but profligate Abbé Charles de St. Evremond, who constantly mentions her in his writings. She

died at Paris, at her house in the Rue Vaugirard, Faubourg St. Germain, in 1757. It was when she first went to Paris that Lady Sandwich made the acquaintance of the French beauties whose portraits now adorn the drawing-room at Hinchingsbrooke, for at her return to France in 1729 they were all dead. That the pious Mary of Modena, wife of James II., who is said to have "lived a saint, and died in the very odour of sanctity," should be placed in this motley company,

remained for some years. It was Prince Rupert who invented mezzotinto, and Horace Walpole relates the following anecdote as the way in which he did it:—"Prince Rupert, when in Holland, was one morning attracted by seeing a sentinel vehemently rubbing the barrel of his musket. On approaching and examining the gun, he found that the damp of the early morning had rusted the metal, and this, combined with friction, had produced a kind of arabesque or pattern on the



ENTRANCE DOOR AND CORNER OF OLD NUNNERY, HINCINGBROOKE.

seems a trifle hard upon that excellent lady; perhaps her frame suited theirs.

On either side of the end-window one finds Charles V., Emperor of Germany, by Titian, and Prince Rupert, the former of whom spent his life in warfare until his abdication, after which he secluded himself from the world in the convent of San Yuste, in Estremadura, where he died. The latter was the imprudent and unlucky, but brave, prince whom Pepys says was "wanting in patience and a seasoned head." Among the many wanderings of his adventurous life he found himself in America, where he re-

metal like a friezed work eaten in with numerous little dots, part of which the soldier was scraping away. This set the Prince thinking how he could produce a lasting effect of the same kind, and in combination with his friend Vaillant the painter he invented a steel roller cut with tools to make teeth in the manner of a file, or rasp, with projecting points which produced the black ground, and this being scraped away or diminished at pleasure left the gradations of light." Prince Rupert was a messmate of the first Lord Sandwich, and Pepys tells us that in Sir Peter Lely's studio he saw

pictures of both the brave sailors; the present portrait is however by Van Dyck. Another Van Dyck, Henrietta Maria, wife of Charles I., and a portrait of Edward, first Earl of Sandwich, when young, complete the list of pictures in this bright, cheerful room, capable of being made one of the most beautiful in the house.

In the large entrance hall at Hinchingsbrooke many a Yule log has burned in the immense stone fireplace while waits sang their joyous carols on Christmas Eve, the old clock the while ticking out Time's relentless movements with always the same monotonous sound, as though saying over and over again, "You may waste, but you cannot stop me." Near the clock stands a huge carved chest, in which a modern Ginevra might easily hide, and like her unlucky namesake, die. An antlered stag's head is over the entrance door, and curious guns and weapons brought by Captain Cook from the Sandwich Islands, hang crossed upon the walls. The stone floor is covered by a warm-tinted Turkey rug, and a large-sized modern table having a carved oak chair drawn up to it, is in the centre. Over the fireplace hangs the full-length portrait of the late Lord Sandwich, presented by the tenant-farmers of the County of Huntingdonshire and other friends. There are also pictures of Kings George II. and George III., and of several British admirals, and curious models of vessels. Upon a carved oak buffet or side-board stand two immensely tall brass candlesticks evidently intended for a church altar, and facing these, in the grand old window which we have already seen from the outside looking upon the lovely entrance court, stands upon a high pedestal a bronze model of the statue of Frederick the Elector of Brandenburg, the original of which is on the bridge near the palace at Berlin. This bronze was given to the present Earl of Sandwich when as Viscount Hinchingsbrooke he went with a mission to Berlin in 1862 to invest the late Emperor of Germany, then King of Prussia, with the Order of the Garter. To the left of the wide open fireplace in this great hall stands a beautifully carved *prie-dieu*.

In leaving the hall one passes along a corridor, where on the right is a sort of conservatory filled with plants and singing-birds. On the left is the "Ship Room," so called from the fact that the walls are covered with pictures of ships and the different naval engagements in which the first Lord Sandwich was engaged. Descending five or six steps the principal staircase is on your right, the walls panelled in light var-

nished oak, the arms of the house of Montagu, surmounted by an Earl's coronet, cut in the panels, while the different armorial bearings of the family arranged on shields of wood are placed just below the large window which lights the staircase from above. Numberless portraits hang upon the walls, but a dear little person in a crimson dress, holding a basket of cherries in her hand, at once appeals to your affections, and one grows to love the quaint, old-fashioned child who was the Honourable Mary Montagu, but who died before the innocent wonder in the wide child-eyes could turn to the knowledge of life and its illusions.

The large female figure in a white dress with brown drapery, leaning on an anchor, is Louisa, wife of the sixth Earl of Sandwich, painted by Sir Thomas Lawrence. She was the mother of Harriet, Lady Ashburton, the friend of Carlyle, and of the charming Comtesse Walewski. Comte Walewski held several diplomatic posts, and in 1854 came as French ambassador to England, but was recalled to Paris the ensuing year to take the portfolio of foreign affairs. Seated on a bank putting a wreath of flowers around the neck of a lamb is that Countess of Sandwich already mentioned as witty and wicked, who led such a merry life in Paris, and became the friend of the gay French beauties. Descending the staircase again, a door almost facing it leads into a large room often used as a dining-room, where hangs the wonderful portrait of the first Napoleon, painted by Paul de la Roche. The dark, clever face has a melancholy expression, while the penetrating eyes seem to turn and follow you as you turn, never losing their hold upon your imagination if you once study their marvellous depths. The picture is said to have been painted from memory, but if so the painter must surely have been haunted by a likeness more real than one generally obtains from life. The figure is three-quarter length, in uniform, and with the hand thrust into the coat in the favourite Napoleonic attitude, and when lit by two shaded lamps throwing a strong light upon the features, the effect is almost startling, such wonderful depths of expression lie in the speaking countenance.

A list of portraits too long to describe are in this most pleasant room, having a large glass door which opens out upon the smooth shaven lawn, but space allows us to select only one from the number. So sad and tragic is the story of Margaret Ray, that we feel bound to relate it. The girl was beauti-



THE OLD NORMAN GATEWAY, HINCHINGBROOKE.

ful, and was, some say, the daughter of a stay-maker in Covent Garden, while others assert that her father was a labourer. Certain it is that John, fourth Earl of Sandwich, struck with her extreme beauty, took her under his protection, educated her, and established her at Hinchingsbrooke. His marriage had been an unhappy one, and he was for many years separated from his wife. All testimony goes to prove that Miss Ray was remarkable while under his roof for her discreet and circumspect conduct in a most equivocal position, and the wife of the Bishop of Lincoln writes of her:—"She was assiduous to please, so excellent and unassuming, I felt it cruel to sit directly opposite her, and yet find it impossible to notice her." But the fastidious Earl was very strict that no one should, as he expressed it, "exceed the boundary line;" therefore at Christmas time, as well as at other frequent entertainments, when Margaret's great musical talent was in constant demand, she appeared among the guests, but no one was allowed to speak to her. Upon one occasion a neighbour, Major Reynolds, brought with him to Hinchingsbrooke a brother officer, by name Captain Hackman, who at first sight fell violently in love with the unfortunate Margaret. Even-

tually the soldier deserted the army for the church, obtained a living in Norfolk, and wrote a passionate love-letter to Miss Ray, offering to marry her, and promising protection for her children by Lord Sandwich. This offer was refused with decision, whether from fidelity to her protector or indifference to her adorer we cannot say. Her refusal and a wretched jealousy drove Hackman to the verge of madness. He came to London, watched her movements, followed her one night from Covent Garden Theatre to the very door of her coach, and deliberately discharged a pistol, which he held in his right hand, in the face of the unhappy woman, whilst with a second pistol in his left he shot himself. She died instantly, but her murderer, although wounded, recovered sufficiently to be tried and condemned. He made a pathetic speech, in which he vehemently asserted that the murder was a sudden frenzy, only the suicide being premeditated. Lord Sandwich was overcome with grief at his loss, and his friend Cradock tells us that upon going to see him he found him terribly depressed, and sitting gazing at the portrait of Miss Ray, doubtless this very picture by Gainsborough, which was pronounced a "speaking likeness."

Next to this dining-room where, had we but time, we would linger longer, is the drawing-room, already described, opening into the oak library, and directly opposite the library door, at the other end of the corridor, is the long music room, where hang the portraits of Cromwell and his generals, and to which we must return presently, as the list of interesting pictures there is by no means exhausted.

The view of the house from the entrance court gives no idea of the size and extent of Hinchingbrooke. Just that little corner seems almost as if it lay in an enchanted

as well as stern men of Cromwell's time, with their gloomy ideas of right.

Queens and princes, long lists of fair women and brave men, all in turn have passed through those massive wooden gates, beneath the grand old arch which still stands as it has stood through hundreds of rolling years.

Standing on the broad terrace a stretch of lawn lies before you, with spreading cedar trees and luxuriant shrubs; beyond lies the long, low, irregular side of the house, displaying in its different parts the architectural taste of the earliest as well as the



BALCONY OF LADY SANDWICH'S SITTING-ROOM, HINCHINGBROOKE.

sleep; the green grass flecked with shadow and light by the winter's sun; the convent cells which long years ago were homes of silent prayer, wrapped now in a friendly ivy mantle which conceals the ravages of time; the deep mullioned windows, the wide hospitable door surmounted by the ancient coronet and family arms carved in stone, harmonizing gracefully with the sombre yew hedge; and lastly the grand old gateway with its huge quaint figures and the heavy oaken doors which have opened to welcome weary penitents and exiled kings returning to claim their own again, and gay cavaliers,

latest period of Queen Elizabeth's reign, the very irregularity of design being peculiar to the era. The large windows are all projecting, and being repeated in the second story make the effect doubly fine. One circular bow window is particularly rich in carved ornaments; there are sculptured shields and crests of the Cromwell family alliance, and above the window on the exterior is the date—"Anno Domini 1602"—between the united initials "O.C." on one side, "E.C.A." on the other; the whole surmounted by balustrades, with the royal arms of Elizabeth in the centre, supported by the lion and

dragon between obelisks and other ornaments both numerous and minute. Upon the cornice of the building adjoining this window, which is part of the old Priory, is the date 1431, and in a corner formed by one of the angles of the house, there is in the second story a short stone balcony, on to which opens one of the windows of Lady Sandwich's sitting-room, one of the brightest and cheeriest rooms possible. The house covers a much larger space of ground than one would at first suppose, while the roofs of different heights, and chimneys of different forms and sizes, give to the whole a singularly picturesque appearance. A large square tower, built by the present owner, adds much to the general effect, and from this tower floats the flag with the arms of the house of Montagu, when the lord of the manor is at home. Upon some parts of the walls of the house ivy has been allowed to grow, the deep green of its shining leaves contrasting well with the time-tinted stone-work, while the two windows facing the short balcony already referred to are literally set in a framework of lovely roses, which in the summer time are one mass of soft yellow bloom against the mellowed colouring of the stone.

The billiard-room at Hinchbrooke is a peculiarly attractive corner, yet must yield the palm to Lord Sandwich's own sitting-room, where is comfort in every sense. Here are found a few choice pictures, among them the portrait of the late Lady Sandwich, with beautiful, loving eyes. Out of this room opens a smaller "den," more given up to hard work and business. In a small apartment near these two, called the garden room, hangs a fine portrait of Elizabeth Popham, Viscountess Hinchbrooke. The up-stairs rooms are bright and comfortable, and in many of them, as well as in the upper corridors, hang valuable pictures, notably those of John Wilmot, Earl of Rochester, who in such romantic fashion ran away with and married "Mistress Mallett," the beauty and heiress of the north, whom the first Lady Sandwich much wished to secure as a wife for her eldest son, Lord Hinchbrooke; a half-length one of this Lady Sandwich herself; Mrs. Elizabeth Cromwell, mother of the Protector, and her husband Robert, the brewer; also William Laud, Archbishop of Canterbury, a copy after Van Dyck.

In returning to the large music- or ball-room, for it is used for both these purposes, we must again quote our friend Master Samuel Pepys, who so constantly, all through his *Diary*, alludes to the beautiful Lady Castlemaine, Barbara Villiers, afterwards Duchess

of Cleveland, whose charms evidently exercised a wonderful fascination on the devout Samuel. On July 10th, 1664, he writes: "My Lady Sandwich showed us my Lady Castlemaine's picture, finely done; given my Lord; and a most beautiful picture it is." The portrait, a full length one, is by Sir Peter Lely, and is taken in a sitting position with one arm raised, the head resting on the hand. It is a delicate oval face, with dark hair and eyes, no trace, in the mild and rather dreamy expression, of the imperious and ambitious nature which ruled a king and gave years of anxiety to courtiers. Lord Sandwich's housekeeper, "Sarah," who was in charge of his lodgings in Westminster, evidently furnished Mr. Pepy's with abundant gossip, amongst other things informing him that "the king supped every night in the week preceding his nuptials with Lady Castlemaine; likewise, when the whole street was aglow with bonfires the night of the queen's arrival, there was no fire at my lady's door." On the appointment of the ladies of the bedchamber to the queen, Pepys records that "Lady Sandwich was justified in her fear that the king would still keep in with Lady Castlemaine." And for long years afterwards she remained his principal favourite, finally dying at Chiswick in her sixty-ninth year.

A portrait of the king (Charles II.) by Lely hangs next to the lovely favourite. Andrew Marvell's bitter satire on this monarch is well known:—

"Of stature tall, and sable hue,
Much like the son of Kish, that lofty Jew;
Ten years of need he lingered in exile,
And fed his father's asses all the while."

Opposite this dark king is Edward, first Earl of Sandwich, in robes of the Garter, and near by a portrait by Sir Joshua Reynolds of that William, Duke of Cumberland, who from his cruelty was called "Billy the Butcher." There are also pictures of Louis XIV., *le grand monarque*, and Maria Theresa, Queen of France, both by Mignard. A large full-length in a Turkish costume represents the celebrated John, fourth Earl of Sandwich, to whom Horace Walpole so frequently refers in his letters. Although he never appears friendly to Lord Sandwich in his remarks, he seems constantly compelled to do him justice in his public capacity, and in mentioning the famous occasion of Wilkes's libel, he writes: "I do not admire politicians, but when they are excellent in their way, give them their due; no one but Lord Sandwich could have struck a stroke like this." It was from an incident con-

nected with Wilkes that Lord Sandwich gained the name of "Jemmy Twitcher," which sobriquet he never afterwards lost. He and Wilkes had once been friends, but the latter having composed a scurrilous and disloyal poem, the former was so incensed that he procured a copy and read it aloud in the House of Lords. Just at this juncture *The Beggar's Opera* was being acted, and when Macheath exclaimed, "But that Jemmy Twitcher should peach surprises me!" the chief part of the audience, who were partizans of "Wilkes and Liberty," burst into a round

Plenipotentiary to the States-General, and again at the treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle, and it was on this latter occasion that, at a large international dinner, he gave the following witty toast. The different envoys had become poetical as well as loyal in their phraseology; the Frenchman gave "his Royal Master, the Sun, who illuminates the whole World;" the Spaniard "his Master, the Moon, scarcely inferior in brilliancy and influence." - When Lord Sandwich rose he toasted with all the honours, "his Master, Joshua, who made both the Sun and the Moon



HINCHINGBROOKE FROM THE PARK.

of applause, applying the passage to Lord Sandwich.

"Peaching" was more than they proposed to stand from a man whose own private life left much to be desired. It was this same earl who established the unfortunate Margaret Ray at Hinchingsbrooke, and, judging from his character, there is a quiet satire in his choosing the dress of a Turk for his portrait. In spite of the stains on his private life he filled successive public posts honourably and well. He spoke with remarkable force in Parliament, and became a Lord of the Admiralty. In 1746 he was appointed

to stand still." In any business in which he was engaged Lord Sandwich was famed for his regularity, despatch, and industry, and is credited with having invented sandwiches in order to take some nourishment without interrupting his work; it was this which gave rise to the amusing lines written about him and Lord Spencer:—

"Two noble earls, whom if I quote
Some folks might call me sinner;
The one invented half a coat,
The other half a dinner."

Over the chimney-piece, in this same nobly proportioned music-room, hangs the portrait

of Field-Marshal Henry William Paget, first Marquis of Anglesey, K.G., in the uniform of a colonel of the Seventh Hussars. The brave names "Peninsular" and "Waterloo" are written on the frame, and at both places the gallant soldier brilliantly distinguished himself. His daughter, Lady Mary Paget, became Countess of Sandwich and mother of the present earl.

Hinchingbrooke can rightly be called a memory-haunted place, filled as it is with recollections of battles and victories by sea and land; of men and women who have attained the highest pinnacles of earthly glory, and who long hundreds of years ago were filled with passionate human purpose,

images dreaming away the present in quiet corners, where a great calm and peace seem to have settled, after the yearning and unrest which make life a tragedy to those who feel, whereas would they but stop to think, it might seem the veriest comedy.

On the morning of New Year's Day, 1887, Hinchingbrooke lay a long line of soft dark colour in a white world. The grass in the old courtyard was covered with a pure white veil of new-fallen snow; the ivy on the nunnery walls was wreathed in glistening silver; the leaves of the tall yew hedge were outlined by gleaming threads of white; all the trees in the park had their leafless skeleton branches wrapped in a feathery



HINCHINGBROOKE FROM THE TERRACE.

some for good, and some for evil. Reverently and lovingly have we tried to sketch their lives, so long since passed beyond criticism of praise or blame, and reluctantly do we leave much still unsaid, and turn from the voices calling to us through the corridors of memory. These old manor houses of England are palpable illustrations of centuries of her national life, connected with many names which have passed out of the living world into history. They charm the senses with their pale reminiscences, and one never tires of rambling about rooms and corridors bright with the same sunshine which gilded life for those breathing, living realities in the far away past, or shadowy in the long English twilight which lights only their painted

frost, while each plant and tiniest shrub were decked in the same pure white, and above all was spread out the clear pale blue of an English sky. Brilliant sunshine kissed each starry snowflake to sparkling beauty, and brightened the whole frosted landscape, whose silvery drapery it had not warmth enough to melt. Over the white meadows, and through the clear still air, came the sound of church bells, softened by distance to a musical melody, and on every side cheery greetings passed from one to another, with friendly wishes for a "Happy New Year." So would we, also, in heartiest sincerity, wish many happy new years to Hinchingbrooke and its owner.

ELIZABETH BALCH.



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COACHING DAYS AND COACHING WAYS.



THE DOVER ROAD.—PART II.

THE Dover Road after leaving Rochester runs through Chatham, celebrated for its dockyard, for its lines, in which Mr. Pickwick playfully chased his hat till it introduced him to the Wardles, and gave a new start by doing so to his adventures; celebrated also for a gentleman of David Copperfield's acquaintance who used to live here in a low small shop, which was darkened rather than lightened by a little window, and who was wont to remark, "O my lungs and liver! what do you want? O Goroo! Goroo!" to any one who offered him for sale an old waistcoat.

I went, when I was at Chatham, to see whether tradition could still point out the residence of this peculiar man of genius whose strange exclamation has added so far as I know another gem to the English language, and whose remarks on his constitution are so pregnant with melancholy meaning to people who live sedentary lives; but my search was unsuccessful; the home of the author of "Goroo! Goroo!" is no longer pointed out to dyspeptic travellers; so I set my face for Canterbury, finding nothing in Chatham to interest me further.

The Dover Road after leaving Chatham is

From a Drawing by HERBERT RAILTON.

simply the old Watling Street with modern improvements and nothing more. It runs consequently in nearly as straight a line as can be imagined, through a fine rolling country, commanding here and there fine views, and here and there no views at all. But that plethora of historic incident which marked the Dover Road as far as Rochester still recurs; till, at the end of twenty-five miles one furlong we reach Canterbury, which is a sort of historical reservoir in itself.

We are not there however yet. By no means. And on the way there (after passing through Rainham and Moor Street) Newington, six miles from Chatham, first gives me pause. For here a very dolorous event occurred in what we are pleased to call the dark ages. And it occurred in a priory for nuns, I am sorry to say, which was founded shortly after the Domesday Survey. There was a difference of opinion among the ladies on a rainy afternoon, and the next morning the prioress was found strangled in her bed. The catastrophe striking even the mediæval

authorities as something out of the ordinary course of nature, they took decisive measures for staying the scandal by burying all the nuns alive in a chalk pit; a curious instance of an adroit dealing with a difficulty, which may be seen (the chalk pit, not the difficulty) to this day.

After which heavy business we had better

from Agincourt, at the cost of nine shillings and sixpence ("Are visions about?") Here also George the First and George the Second refreshed repeatedly on their way to Hanover at the George or Rose, but, as I apprehend, at a more extended tariff. The George and the Rose both stand still—but as inns, alas! no more. They are fallen from their previous



From a Drawing by HERBERT RAILTON.

get on to Sittingbourne (thirty-nine miles, six furlongs from London) for a little refreshment. And Sittingbourne is, or rather was, in the old coaching days a good place for a dinner. At all events, here many of our English kings dined, Henry the Fifth amongst the number, who was sumptuously entertained at the Red Lion on his return

divinity, and now cast a shade, and an extremely dismal one too, one as a shop, and the other as a lecture-hall—which is a good instance of the sort of degraded disguise in which so many of the once famous hostleries of the great roads of England coyly hide themselves from the historian's inquiring eyes.



Fatherly advice

From a Drawing by HUGH THOMSON.

Sittingbourne is not exactly the sort of place now, in spite of its august past, to make a weary traveller dance, and sing, and rejoice, and play the lute—as Mr. Chadband would have it. Far from it, if the truth must be told. It is indeed depressing to a distinct degree, and was the birthplace of a once celebrated critic.

Here Theobald was born towards the end of the seventeenth century. He edited Shakespeare, and said nasty things of Pope, who marked, learned, and inwardly digested them, and thus in the *Dunciad* remembered him kindly :

“Here to her chosen all her works she shows,”

sings the little man of Twickenham, describing a pastime of the great goddess Dulness.

"Prose swell'd to Verse, verse loitering into Prose :

How random thoughts now meaning chance to find,

Now leave all memory of sense behind :

How Prologues into prefaces decay,

And these to notes are frittered quite away :

How index-learning turns no student pale,

Yet holds the eel of science by the tail ;

How, with less reading than makes felons 'scape,

Less human genius than God gives an ape,

Small thanks to France, and none to Rome or Greece,

A past, vamp'd future, old, revised, new piece,

'Twixt Plantus, Fletcher, Shakespeare, and

Corneille,

Can make a Cibber, Tibbald, or Ogell."

Which last, though far from a good rhyme, enshrines, I fear, our critic's name for ever. For by Tibbald, I much regret to say, Theobald is meant. And when Theobald read it, I've no doubt he wished that Sittingbourne had never seen him.



From a Drawing by HERBERT RAILTON.

After leaving which town, forward the long reaches of the Dover Road stretch past Bapchild, past Radfield, past Green Street, where in the days of the road at the Swan the London coaches changed horses ; and so on

to Ospringe, where at the Red Lion horses were also kept, and a Camera Regis in a Maison Dieu as well, for the use of such kings on this truly royal road as had got galled in the saddle and felt disposed to lie on their royal faces for a night. This Maison



From a Drawing by HERBERT RAILTON.

Dieu was founded by Henry the Second, and came afterwards into the hands of the Knights Templars. By them it was no doubt administered according to their *debonair* wont. Barmaids, hot soup, old Malvoisie, and no change given over the counter, put fresh life into the old place, and dimly heralded the profuse hospitality of the coaching days ; made many knights and squires of high estate linger on their pilgrimage, and forget whither they were going. For they were going to Canterbury we must suppose ; and from Boughton Hill, about four miles on, the spire of the great cathedral was first seen from the backs of war-horses, mules, from the top of stage coaches, or from other points of view attainable by travellers on the Dover Road of all ranks, and at various periods in its history. None but pedestrians or bicyclists get this view now, because the

railway after leaving Faversham makes a detour which does not command it.

At Faversham I should like to have paused if I had any business there at all, for it is a most picturesque place, and enshrines among its traditions a most picturesque murder, redolent of gloom, premeditation, and the sixteenth century. The Dover Road proper however avoids Faversham altogether, so I must avoid it too, and passing over Boughton Hill, and shortly afterwards passing by "Courtenay's Gate" (where in May, 1838, Sir William Courtenay, Knight of Malta, an amiable man, believing himself to be some-

coachmen and coaches, and wheelers and leaders, and time-bills, and Carey's *Itinerary* and Paterson's *Roads*, and other data for horsey history, vanishes as a tale that is told. Only for a moment however, for the coaching tale of the Dover Road has not been told yet at all, and very shortly has to be.

Meanwhile the history of Canterbury—and by its history I mean its long list of historical visitors, who reached it by the Dover Road, and not by the London, Chatham, and Dover Railway—calls for instant telling. For its list of historical visitors is long and distinguished, and the visitors must be made to



From a Drawing by HERBERT RAILTON.

body who he wasn't, was shot, after his remarkable pilgrimage), pass into Canterbury itself, which as a cathedral town stands alone—like its cathedral. And everywhere in Canterbury—at the Falstaff Inn beyond the West Gate, in the incomparable High Street, a very coloured vista itself of mediævalism—on the grand cathedral's dreaming close, "the middle age is gorgeous upon earth again," as a modern poet very felicitously puts it. On all sides, at every turn, history, romance, legend, spring beneath our feet. For the moment, in face of such a treasure house of the fantastic past, all recollections of

rotate in the order of their rotation, as a game-keeper speaking of undisciplined beaters at a battue once geographically remarked.

To avoid then a too profound plunge into the past, I shall skip such uncomfortably early visitors as King Lucius, Ethelbert, and Augustine, who are so antique that they would be very likely to get me into trouble if I meddled with them, and mention Becket, who has been much overdone, only to point out that so many skulls have been attributed to him, that the modern inhabitants have sunk into a horrid state of incredulity as to any of them. The latest skull had been



Asking the Way.

From a Drawing by HUGH THOMSON.

discovered (by the *Daily Telegraph*, I believe) when I was at Canterbury last; but the burghers of Canterbury when I spoke of it looked at me with a pitying smile, and

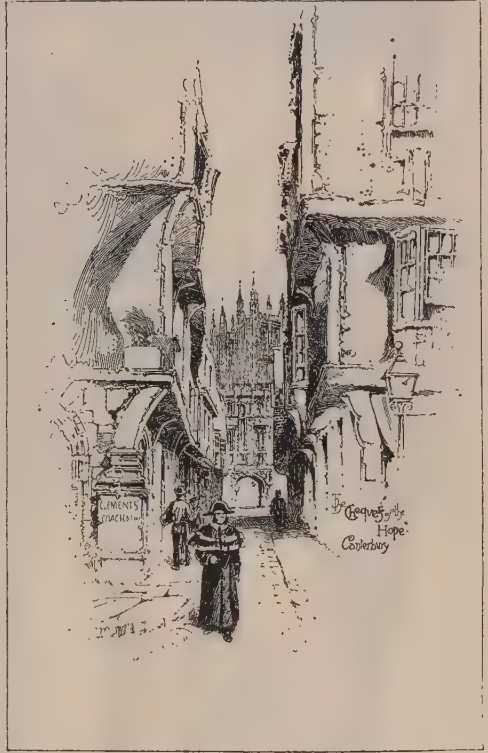
directed me to the nearest house of refreshment. Skulls or no skulls however it is certain that the fracture of Becket's at Canterbury at five o'clock on December 29,

1170, was the magnet which drew most visitors to the town; and it is equally certain that the church in which Becket was murdered in the glorious choir of Conrad (the Prior, not the Corsair) was entirely burnt down in 1174. The early inhabitants were much annoyed at this catastrophe. They held no local inquiry according to our more modern custom, but they beat the walls and pavements of the church and blasphemed, with equally satisfactory results. After which they sent for another architect, and William of Sens appeared upon the scene. All went well with William till one day there was an eclipse of the sun, upon which he fell off a scaffolding raised for turning the vault, and found himself so extremely unwell when he got to the bottom that he had to return to France—*viâ* Dover of course.

The cathedral, in spite of these mishaps, was completed in 1184. To Becket's shrine, "blazing with gold and jewels," came, amongst others, Richard Cœur de Lion, on shank's mare—barefoot too, and from Sandwich, which seems a curious place to have come from; but Richard at the time was fresh from an Austrian dungeon, and could not be expected to know what was what, or what was the best port in his own country. After Richard came Edward—he with the long legs, who knew, as he proved in the case of Wallace, what to do with a patriot when he caught him. Edward approached the shrine with a kingly gift—with nothing more or less indeed than the crown of Scotland, which next to his own crown, which he kept on his head, was about as costly a thing as he could have thought of. At Becket's shrine knelt Henry the Fifth, "his cuises on his thigh, gallantly armed," but his beaver off on this occasion, I trust, though it was fresh from the splendid shocks of Agincourt. In 1520 Henry the Eighth knelt here with a much greater man—that is to say, with Charles the Fifth. The two young kings rode together from Dover, and entered the city through St. George's Gate. They sat in the same coach—I mean under the same canopy, and Wolsey, who was going strong at the time, was not far off. In point of fact he rode in front, which was the right place for him if intellect took precedence in the processions of the age. Canterbury looked its best, I should imagine, on that Whit-Sunday. The old streets lined with clergy in full ecclesiastical costume; the best blood of England thronging about bluff King Hal; the bluest blood of Spain acting as duly phlegmatic escort to the young monarch of Castile and Arragon, Granada, Naples, Sicily

and Milan, Franche-Comte and the Nether lands, Peru and Mexico, Tunis and Oran, and the Philippines, "and all the fair spiced islands of the East."

Archbishop Warham met this distinguished pair at the west door of the cathedral, and no doubt performed with due dignity the ornate duties of his distinguished office. But it was not only in such purely official exercises as these that this good archbishop shone. He was as good at a feast as at a reception—as he had proved sixteen years before. On the occasion indeed of his installation, which



From a Drawing by HERBERT RAILTON.

must have been a very trying time, this primate gave a foolish trifling banquet in the archbishop's palace, built by Lanfranc, which, from what I can read of it, would have made some of our most redoubtable, seasoned aldermen stare, and on the morrow seek medical aid. I should not like to name the number of courses, or hint at the number of "subtalties" which appeared between each course. "Subtalties" meanwhile strikes me as good. But were they good for one? That is the question! I doubt it, considering the quaint mediæval precautions that had been



Watering the horse

From a Drawing by HUGH THOMSON.

taken for dealing with the morrow. The high steward, the Duke of Buckingham, indeed, (who served the Bishop with his own hands, entered the hall on horseback, and had his own table decorated with "subtlyties,") was especially prepared for ensuing fatalities. For he had the right, in recognition of his services, of staying for three days at the archbishop's nearest manor for the purpose of being bled! So that really, so far as I can see, when our ancestors banqueted they banqueted, and looked upon apoplexy as a

comes tired of naming them. They were all here more or less—and those who were not here ought to have been. They were all here mostly for "drams or prayers," except Charles the First, who came here to be married. He carved some pheasant and some venison for Henrietta Maria with his own royal, white, and extremely beautiful hands, and retired to rest with his royal bride in the room over the gateway of St. Augustine's College. His son was at Canterbury too of course at the time of the



From a Drawing by HERBERT RAILTON.

naturally culminating epilogue to a merry feast.

Archbishop Warham, on this magnificent occasion, had as guests the king and queen themselves, so that I suppose courtly conversation took up most of his time, and enabled him to make a show of eating while others gorged. But from this sweeping accusation I am pleased to be able to except the clergy, who fed on lampreys one and all, and withstood subtlyties as they withstood all that is evil.

But the truth is that so many kings of England visited Canterbury that one be-

Restoration; but with the second Charles's connection with the Dover Road I have already fully dealt.

The mention of St. Augustine's College reminds me of a more famous Canterbury seat of learning. The King's School was established by Henry the Eighth at the Dissolution. It possesses a Norman staircase which is quite unique, up which Christopher Marlowe, who was educated here, must often have passed, rebellious more generally than not I suspect, and having the lowest possible opinion of his instructors. And after Marlowe, and some distance behind



From a Drawing by HERBERT RAILTON.

him, comes Lord Justice Tenterden, who was on the contrary a very studious and grateful boy—so much so that in after life and with all due solemnity he used to declare “that to the free school of Canterbury he owed, under the Divine blessing, the first and best means of his elevation in life.” The future judge’s grandfather used to shave people for a penny in a small shop opposite the west front of the cathedral. And the last time the good judge came down to Canterbury he brought his son Charles with him, and showed him the spot, and read him a small homily, which Charles I hope digested.

It will not be forgotten that Canterbury as a cathedral town was graced for a short but stirring period in his life by the presence of Mr. Micawber. “I am about, my dear Copperfield,” he wrote, “to establish myself

in one of the provincial towns of our favoured island (where the society may be described as a happy admixture of the agricultural and the clerical), in immediate connection with one of the learned professions.” Which connection it will be remembered led the writer into the society of Uriah Heep, which society led him into that painful slough of despond which compelled him to describe himself as a “foundered barque,” “a fallen tower,” and “a shattered fragment of the temple once called man.”

We all know, I should hope, how the great man rose superior to this lamentable state of affairs—how in this very town of Canterbury, supported by David Copperfield and Traddles, he bearded Heep in his den, “or,” as our lively neighbour the Gaul would have it, “in his bureau”; how with a perfect

miracle of dexterity or luck, he caught the advancing knuckles of Uriah (bent on ravishing away the compromising document) with a ruler, and disabled him then and there, remarking at the same moment, "Approach me again, you—you—you Heep of infamy, and if your head is human I'll break it." All these great landmarks of literature are to me as it were everlasting mile-stones on the old Dover Road, and I but mention them to fix their site.

Fifteen miles or so separate Dover from Canterbury. Near Bridge, which is about

martial gatherings out of many between these whiles : King John's army of 60,000 men was encamped here in 1213, when Philip Augustus thought of invading England, but thought better of it afterwards, and left the business to his son ; and after John's days, in the time of Henry the Third, the Downs were turned temporarily into an armed camp by Simon de Montfort, who hourly expected a visitation from Queen Elinor of France. A less martial spectacle was to be witnessed here on the 10th of May, 1625, when Henrietta Maria, on her



"Walking up the Hill"

From a Drawing by HUGH THOMSON.

five miles on, lived Hooker, to whom the living of Bishopsbourne was given in 1595. Hooker's library and the sanctity of his life were so remarkable that travellers to Dover in those days turned off the road to improve their minds and eyes ; after which they ascended Barnham Downs, a very windy plateau about four miles long, where many people have gathered together in a highly nervous state, from the days of Julius Cæsar to that less distant period of history when Napoleon's camp threatened Kent and Christendom from the opposite heights of Boulogne. To name two instances of

way from Dover to Canterbury—on her way to church in fact—selected Barnham Downs as the scene of her first drawing-room—and a very draughty drawing-room it must have been. Low dress and plumes were however not *de rigueur* in 1625, in addition to which the court ladies who were present to pay their respects to their sovereign were provided providentially with a tent. After which nothing much occurred on Barnham Downs till the muster for Napoleon's invasion already mentioned, except wind and snowstorms, and frantic struggles of overdue mail coachmen to make up lost time,

and the stopping of mail coachmen so struggling by a gentleman named Black Robbin, who rode a black mare and drank a great deal meanwhile at a small inn between Bishopsbourne and Barnham, whose sign still perpetuates his name.

And so into Dover, which is seventy-one miles exactly from the Surrey side of London Bridge, and bears very few traces about it now of the Coaching Age, either in its inns or its atmosphere. Attacked on two sides by the demon steam—by land and by sea, with steam packets roaring at one end of

senger by the Mail.] “Gentleman’s valise and hot water to Concord. (You will find a sea coal fire, sir.) Fetch barber to Concord! Stir about now there for Concord;” and so on. Where is this drawer now to be found at Dover, I ask? Where is Concord, with its vision of comfort and a sea-coal fire? Where is the Royal George indeed? Its place is no longer known among Dover inns—or it may be the Lord Warden Hotel, for aught that I know.

And the customs of the inhabitants have as much changed of course as the sea view of



From a Drawing by HERBERT RAILTON.

the pier and tidal trains at the other, the very memories of old-fashioned travel seem to have folded their wings and fled. There is no touch perceptible of the Dover of 1775—of the Dover, that is to say, of Mr. Jarvis Lorry and the old Dover Mail. Where is the drawer at the Royal George who opened the coach door “as his custom was”? Who used to cry into the ears of still half-awakened passengers the following programme of peace “Bed room and breakfast, sir? Yes, sir! That way, sir. Show Concord!” [The Concord bedchamber was always assigned to a pas-

their town. Dover no longer “hides itself away from the beach, or runs its head into the chalk cliffs like a marine ostrich; nor do the inhabitants stroll about at the dead of night and look seaward; particularly at those times when the tide made and was near flood.” Or if they do they are looking for a Channel Steamer, and not for smuggled brandy. Nor do small tradesmen with no business unaccountably realize large fortunes; nor does everybody in the town loath the sight of a lamplighter; for the pier lamps are lighted every evening!

they remain ; and long no doubt they will remain so. A sea-port cannot be the exodus of an empire without some such natural tendency to extravagance.

Of the coaches on this Dover Road I have refrained up till now from speaking, not because I was reserving the best thing till the last, but in point of fact for an exactly opposite reason. An indisputable authority on the subject tells me that, considering its importance as the principal route for travellers



From a Drawing by HERBERT RAILTON.

No ! Dover and its inhabitants are indeed changed, and the only memory of the old coaching days left in the place are its long bills. Long I regret to say they were. Long

between England and France, there were not many coaches running on the Dover Road. I fancy that most people who had the wherewithal and wanted to catch a packet when



A snapped pole.



From a Drawing by HUGH THOMSON.

the tide set, posted, and congratulated themselves. Mr. Jarvis Lorry I know was not amongst this number, but then he travelled by the Dover Mail, which was always an institution, kept good time, and carried in its day historic matter.

Of the other coaches on the Dover Road I shall make no mention. For once in a way, a catalogue will not be missed, especially when that catalogue if made, would contain no sounding names in coaching story, would register no records in the way of speed, catastrophes, or drivers especially cunning, sober, or drunk. Yet one coach besides the Dover Mail on this road I will mention, because next to the Mail it took high rank—in some estimations a rank above it; because with its coachman in its best days, I have had the pleasure of shaking hands. Yes! I have shaken hands with a classic coachman!

No tyro he when coaching was the fashion, but an artist to the tips of his fingers—one of the old school, whom I have heard described, by one who knew them well, as Grand Gentlemen; parties who at the end of a trying journey over heavy roads took their ease at their inn with an air, dis-embarrassed themselves of their belchers, and sat down to a pint of sterling port.

Yes, in Mr. William Clements, who still enjoys a hale old age at Canterbury, I have chanced on a type now almost extinct, and which another generation will only read of in descriptions more or less fabulous, and wonder whether such people have ever been. Mr. Clements, who still takes a sort of paternal interest in those revivals of the coaching which delight our millionaires during the prevalence of what we are pleased to call our summer weather, lives in a snug house of his

own, surrounded by memories of his former triumphs. A duchess might envy the Chippendale furniture in his drawing-room, and the bow window commands an extensive view of a rambling block of buildings which in days gone by housed the treasures of a choice stud.

master of his craft, was initiated in an instant into all its dark mysteries of "fanning," "springing," "pointing," "chopping," and "towelling." I went through snowdrifts, I drank rums and milk, hair-breadth escapes in imminent deadly floods were momentary occurrences, I alighted



From a Drawing by HERBERT RAILTON.

As I listened to this man, it seemed to me that I came into direct personal contact with the very genius of coaching days and coaching ways—felt the impulse which throbbed in the brains of our ancestors to be at the coaching office early to book the box seat: sat by the side of a consummate

at galleried inns, waiters all subservient showed me to "Concords" in all quarters of the empire. I revelled in the full glories of the coaching age in short in a moment! For had I not touched hands with its oldest, its most revered representative?

W. OUTRAM TRISTRAM.





LIL: A LIVERPOOL CHILD.

BY AGNES C. MAITLAND.

"All, I could never be
All men ignored in me.
This I was worth to God—whose wheel the pitcher shaped."
R. BROWNING.

CHAPTER I.



HE was standing in the midst of a group of companions at their favourite corner under the lamp-post on the greasy pavement, just where a narrow, dark court opened on to the narrow street. A puny, under-sized child of thirteen—untidy, ragged, and bare-headed—for the moment she was the centre of interest and attraction, and her voice rang shrilly out across the street, while her dark eyes flashed in the lamp-light.

"I'll not be nobody's white slave," she cried; "I'll not bear it. He hadn't no right to put her over me, he hadn't. He thinks I'll put up with it, does he? I'll soon show him!"

"That's right, Lil!"

"Stand up for yourself, gal! Stand up for yourself!"

"Don't be put upon—I wouldn't!"

"Lil ain't no softy. She'll not be tramped on."

"Go it, Lil! Go it!"

Some of the group were sympathising, but most of the elders were more than half mocking at her fury.

"You know what I done for him—you, 'Lizer, an' you, Em'ly," she continued passionately, appealing from the multitude to

individuals. "Worked and slaved, an' kep' things as I could, and got 'im his dinner reg'lar, an' fetched 'im 'ome from the public nights, an' now he serves me o' this!"

"It's a shame—it is a bloomin' shame!" answered 'Lizer, soothingly. "Drat 'em all, Lil. Don't you care."

"Our Anna's last place," observed one girl somewhat outside the group, "the master took an' married again, an' his gell—she was missus till then, yer see—she up an' give it him well, an' turned out and did for herself. But there—she was a fust hand at the millinery, an' a heap older than Lil."

"What'll yer do, Lil?" questioned one of the elders. "Yer've got no trade at all. Now, if yer was like me ye'd go to business, get lodgin's, an' keep yerself. I wouldn't live at home—no, not for nobody."

"Nor me neither! Nor me!" echoed two or three more; for though most in the group were under seventeen, fully half were "doing for themselves," working at the card-box making, or at upholstering, or at horse-hair weaving—a poor trade that last in these days—or at rope and string factories, or at "the feathering," or at cigar-making. There were no "basket girls" among them. These girls were "a cut above that"—as they themselves would have said. They lived in lodgings, perhaps two or three together, on their own earnings, proud of their independence; but what lodgings and what living! Small wonder that the lingering

daylight and the gas-lamp, as it flickered and wavered in the damp wind, showed pale faces and puny, undeveloped figures. Here and there was a girl of a better mould, taller and more strongly made, but though the framework might be good, it was only a framework, and had never been filled out. The best looking were those that lived at home. There was a startling precocity—nay, rather a look of age—on some of the young faces; one or two were dully sullen, others half cunning and half bold, but all were alike in one particular: over every forehead, without exception, covering even the eyebrows in most cases, hung a “bang,” a heavy, untidy straight mass of hair, more like a damp thatch than a fringe.

“I’ll not stop at home, any way, if I starve for it,” cried Lil. “I’ll let him see that! She’ll not get me to work for her an’ her brat, an’ slave myself that she may be a fine madam!”

“Yer might as well go to service as that,” cried ‘Lizer scoffingly, “yer might, indeed;” and a loud laugh of scorn rang out from the girls, for “service” as a means of earning your livelihood was held in open contempt by most of them as utterly unworthy of any girl with a spirit.

But the story of Lil’s wrongs was already palling upon her public. The clock had struck five some minutes ago, and the sound of a steady—though as yet distant—tramp of many feet began to make itself heard. It was the men and boys turning out of the dockyards and works at the bottom of the long street that led to the docks and the river, and coming up towards their homes.

The girls grew restless at the sound; first one and then another moved off. Most of them had a friend, a chum or pal, to meet, or if not they wished to join the noisy chaff and rough play that was sure to be set agoing somewhere when the lads turned out. Some of these friendships were but the ignorant innocent likings of boy and girl, and some—alas!—were not; but only too often the girl child’s innocence had been lost before she knew what it was, and not by her own fault.

Lil had no such friends. In a few minutes she was left alone, her passion still raging hotly within her. One or two of the girls cried out to her to “Come along,” but she shook her head sullenly and stood still, fiercely twisting her chilly, numbed fingers in and out the rags in the front of her dress, and beating one foot on the pavement.

After a few minutes she turned away and walked a little bit along the street. It was

very dark and she was growing colder and colder. A sudden sense of utter desolation came over her. “They don’t care! Nobody cares!” she cried bitterly, and then all in a moment her fury seemed to die out of her. She stopped in her aimless, hurried walk, clutched at the railings of the nearest cellar, and leaning on them, burst into a passion of tears and sobs, self-pitying tears, that nevertheless relieved her. The street was empty, most doors were shut to keep out the damp fog from the river. At the all-sorts shop at the corner a few women with dirty shawls over their heads were gossiping while they did their marketing; further on a brighter light and an illuminated barrel of coloured glass showed the public-house, but it was too early for them to be very busy there as yet. No one came Lil’s way; the child had her cry out undisturbed, and it did her good.

Yet, though she was exhausted both with want of food and with her own passions, hardly were her tears spent before hot anger broke out in her again; but against herself this time.

“Oh, what a fool—a fool to cry!” she exclaimed bitterly. “To think as I should have cried for that! It makes me mad with myself, it does. Why, I ain’t cried—not since I can’t remember when! Not since I left school an’ mother died, any way!”

Poor Lil! Two years ago she had been a board school scholar—a fifth standard girl—and only some among us can know what an extensive range of knowledge that is supposed to imply. Her home had been in no way remarkable; to the outside observer it was just like any other of a hundred homes in the neighbourhood, except that it contained only one child—herself—instead of half a dozen. Her father was a dock labourer, sometimes earning good wages for a few weeks together, then for as many weeks more getting no work at all, or only a day now and again, or even it might be but a half or a quarter day, and always spending more than two-thirds of his yearly earnings on the two items of rent and drink, which both went on much the same, whether he was in work or out. Yet he was not a bad father, nor yet a drunkard—far from it. Her mother had been a factory girl before she married, and at her marriage knew less about keeping a house as it should be kept than one could easily have believed possible for a full-grown human being in a civilised land. Though she started in life with the best intentions, ignorance first, and then the ghastly uncertainty as to work and wages that overhung every hour of their existence, soon broke down and

destroyed her hopes of keeping a "nice little 'ome." She could take her glass, too, as well as her husband, and before Lil was five the two or three bits of good furniture they had possessed were pawned and forfeited, and the home was represented by a cellar and an attic in a four-roomed house, the parlour and bedroom above it being let separately, while the whole catalogue of its contents might be given in half a dozen words—two or three damaged chairs, a bedstead and a mattress, a heap of rags, a cracked looking-glass, and a three-legged table, with a *very* scant allowance of pots and mugs.

Yet this home, such as it was, was much to Lil. Her mother was a loving-hearted woman. Happily, it has never yet been discovered that a woman's capacity for loving must be measured by the depth of her knowledge of domestic economy or by the height and strength of her temperance principles, else indeed this world would be a worse place by a good deal than it is now. Lil never knew how much her mother's love compassed her round, but she knew that every good thing she had came from her mother, and when at eleven years old she was fetched home from school to hear that her mother had fallen into the dock and was drowned, she was a heart-broken child for days and weeks together.

But she was a child both of strong impulse and of considerable energy (the two do not always go together), and before her mother's funeral she had formed a plan of life for herself. She would live with her father and do everything for him herself, "so as he shouldn't miss mother." Mother had, she supposed, loved him; at least, they never used to have words like most people's fathers and mothers, and she would love him and do for him, and make him comfortable all she could.

But the best will in the world and the most loving wishes cannot work miracles. Lil had not even the remotest conception of what comfort is, much less any idea how to produce it in a cellar kitchen. She knew nothing of cooking; though it was taught in the board school, she had passed the fifth standard and escaped from the meshes of the educational net too soon to reach the cookery class. She knew nothing of cleaning—how could she when she had never lived in a moderately clean room in her life, and had hardly ever seen a clean place except the school? She did know how to wash herself, for clean hands and face had been compulsory at school, but as for mending her own clothes or her father's, or making anything

for herself, she had no notion whatever how to set about it. The high standard of execution demanded in all sewing at the school seemed to set it quite apart from anything in her life as a fine but useless art. It was impossible to imagine herself sitting down at home to set rows of almost invisible stitches in her father's ragged shirt or her own torn petticoat. In the eternal fitness of things cobbler-stitch was more suitable, so cobbler-stitch it was. As for making new things, Lil had never had a new frock in her life; everything she wore had been bought in a slop shop or pawnshop, the cast-off tawdry ragged finery of richer children.

She did her best; she tried to lay out the money as mother used to, she tried to cook the dinner, and now and then she gave the kitchen a clean up, but things got worse and worse very fast. Her father spent more time and money at the public than ever, and Lil used to go and wait about for him and bring him home at nights because "mother used to," quite regardless of the fact that it only aggravated him to have a slip of a child like her waiting for him. She was very conscious of her devotion to him, and proud of it; proud too, in a childish way, of her position as keeping his house. Her love for him was very genuine and passionate, yet with an odd mixture of motherly protectiveness in it too; she would have done anything for him, no matter what. Her education fell from her as the brown enfolding sheaths fall from expanding leaf buds; it had had its place to fill in her schooldays—it was needed no longer now the real claims of life came upon her, so it just shrivelled up and vanished. Six months after she left school she could hardly do the commonest sum, though she had satisfied the inspector only so recently that she was capable of doing "practice, bills of parcels, rule of three, and addition and subtraction of proper fractions."

A year later she could hardly write, and no wonder, for she had never had a pen in her hand since leaving school. She could read easily still, for she liked reading, but the literature within her reach was strictly limited to *Bow Bells* or the *London Journal*, borrowed from a neighbour, an evening paper when some exciting murder or divorce trial or great accident had induced her father to buy it, and now and again when she could "bone" a halfpenny out of the house money, a halfpenny novelette. One must not, however, be too hard on the halfpenny novelette. Its influence was not entirely bad, for while holding out ridiculously

impossible and false views of life, it did tend somehow to impress upon Lil's mind that upon the whole villainy is villainous, and truth-speaking and courage are good.

In the daytime she roamed about as it seemed best to her when what she called her work was done. In the evening if her father was not in she roamed again, making plenty of acquaintances about the neighbouring streets and courts, sometimes wandering on to some of the bigger, better-lighted streets to stare in at the shop windows; and once or twice, when her father was on a night shift and she was sure he would not be home, getting treated to a penny gaff or a music hall. Lil was popular when she was not in a temper; she was good company, for she had a ready tongue, and she might have been treated much oftener, but, from some feeling incomprehensible to herself and quite indescribable, she never would let a "lad" treat her, and she never would go at all, there or anywhere else, if she had the slightest reason to think that her father might want her. Yet what did she not renounce in giving up that for him? How little we can realise it! Warmth and light, amusement and interest, and splendour and glory, music and laughter—yes, and the pleasure of tears too; all she had ever known of the higher joys life has to offer might be summed up in the words "penny gaff," and she had given this up not once or twice but many times for fear her father might want her. And now—now it was all ended! Lil's father had married again.

It had come upon her with an awful blow. An older girl might have anticipated it. Lil had never looked forward at all; she had thought she and her father would just go on as they were. Not even though she had noticed that her father had spent less at the public lately, and yet had been little at home; not even though she had seen that he had bought a new neckerchief and had laughed at him for blacking his boots, had the thought ever dawned on her that he might possibly be looking for another wife.

And then this morning—only this very morning—he had come in soon after ten o'clock, "before she was tidied up or anything," dressed in a better suit than she knew had been in pawn, looking somewhat uneasy, and bringing with him a tidy, comfortable-looking woman about his own age, with a bonny, curly-headed child of two in her arms.

"Why, father!" cried Lil amazed; but he stopped her, saying sheepishly with a jerk of the thumb over his shoulder at his companions:

"'Tis a new mother for you, Lil, and a little brother too. I've married her; we've been to church to-day."

Lil felt as if the world was reeling. She stood still, clutching at the mantel-board. She could not speak for an instant. She scarcely heard as he added, "An' it's sorely some one as knows what's what is needed by the looks o' things here. It's a poor place, Maggie."

"Ay, it's poor enough, Jock Henderson," returned the woman in a round pleasant voice; "but then it'll look a heap different time as my bits of things get in here. We'll have 'em straight by night. You'll help me, Lil, won't you? We'll soon be friends, eh?"

"Friends!" burst out Lil, her powers of speech returning in a flood. "Friends! You and me? Do you think as I'll stop here to have a stepmother over me? Not if I knows it! Father, it's shameful; you've served me shameful! Oh, I hate you—I do! I do!" And the poor passionate child flung herself out of the door, and fled into the streets.

She did not hear the pitiful "Eh, Jock, but ye should have told her, it's hard on her coming like this," that the kindly woman uttered; while her father rubbed his head in embarrassment and distress as he answered:

"I was a bit feared she'd take it hard, but I thought it 'ud be better when 'twas done an' couldn't be undone."

His wife shook her head, and sighed a little, but then she began to busy herself with her boy, releasing him from the shawl he had been wrapped in, and setting him on his feet on the floor (not without an inward shudder at the state of it), while her husband looked on with pleasure, and then began to coax the sturdy little lad, till, for a while, the newly-married pair forgot Lil.

She was tearing through the streets, up and down, back and forwards, round again through court and alley, in aimless, impotent yet furious misery. She could not speak to any one yet. "Oh, it's cruel, it's cruel!" she cried to herself. It was not only that her father had married again, had loved some one better than her, had brought home a stepmother, had slighted all she could do and had done for him, but it was the way he had done it. She had thought she was everything to him, and he had not thought it worth while even to tell her what he was intending to do. Her love, her pride, her vanity, her self-importance were all wounded well-nigh to death, and her heart was torn with jealousy besides. She was like a mad

thing, yet she could not take herself very far away from the home that only that very morning she had thought all her own. She kept coming back, as a bird comes back to its rifled nest, watching every movement and any comings or goings, yet flying out of sight in an instant if any one looked her way.

Once she saw a cart come to the door with a few nice bits of furniture, better far than any she had ever known. She saw her father come out, and the man who had brought them help him to carry them in; then from her hiding place she saw the man and her father shaking hands, and her father smiling and looking proud and pleased at something the man had said. He had not looked so for long enough. It made her feel sick with anger and she fled again. Once more she had ventured so near that she could see in to the fireside, where a fire was blazing such as she would never have made. "Wasting good coals like that!" she said to herself. "She'll soon come to the end of the money!" But the door opened just as she was peering in to see who was there, and she had only time to dart back and hide herself at the corner of the entry before her stepmother came out and looked anxiously up and down a minute.

"I see nothing of her," Lil could hear her say. "I do wonder where the child has got to;" and she almost laughed to herself in spite of her anger.

She told no one her trouble all day, not even Mrs. Evans, the knocker-up, who lodged next door but two. She felt a sort of shame, a sense of slight put upon herself; her pride was so hurt that she could not speak of it. Mrs. Evans earned a scanty and unpleasant livelihood by walking round the neighbourhood between the hours of four and seven A.M., and sometimes earlier, to rouse up different work-people in time for their work, earning about a penny a day and generally a good many curses, levelled at herself as the nearest representative of things in general, from those whom she thus served. From the nature of her pursuit she was at home all day, and having leisure for much conversation and no family of her own she had taken rather a fancy to Lil. But to-day Lil never went near her; she could not bear her questions.

But after dusk, when the girls of the neighbourhood gathered together at their accustomed corner, some on their way back from work, others just running out on any excuse from their homes, a longing to tell some one, to impart something of her passion, to feel her anger justified in the eyes of

others, overcame her; she burst out, as we have seen, to the whole group at once with her story, was listened to for a few minutes, sympathised with a little, and laughed at just as much, and then left all alone in her pain and anger and misery, till now, thrown back upon herself, in bitterness and in despair she was turning her steps homewards, not knowing where else to go, driven unknown to herself by the instincts of hunger, yet hating herself for yielding.

Once she had reached the door of her home she did not hesitate, but flung it open and marched in, her head held very high. But what a changed place it was! In spite of herself she almost started back. In place of the cracked fourpenny lamp, that had served them so long and that smelt so bad, a neat white lamp shed a bright light all through the room and shone on sundry pieces of polished furniture, a new hearth-rug, a clock on the mantel-shelf, and, most wonderful of all, a clean, well-whitened stone floor. Even on her wedding-day the new Mrs. Henderson had not been able to put up with the state of things she found. She had made an errand to take her husband out for a couple of hours, and then with the help of a friend had turned to and given the place a good clean.

But she was one of those women, rare in her class, who can be clean without worshipping cleanliness, and who understand that the means of producing cleanliness do not produce comfort. All signs of her work had been cleared off before her husband came in, and now she sat by the fire, sewing in hand, like any "fine madam" in poor Lil's phrase, while Jock sat opposite her, pipe in mouth and newspaper on his knee, but not reading, because occupied in watching little Tim as he scrambled about on the rug. It was a pretty picture of family life, but Lil felt there was no place in it for her. She stood still in the midst of the room.

"Come in to the fire and warm yourself, lassie," said Mrs. Henderson kindly, making way for her; "you look fair perished."

Lil made no answer. The warmth and light were taking such effect upon her that she was afraid of bursting into tears again. If her father had spoken it might have been different, but he did but scratch his head, and turn upon her a very perplexed gaze. She snatched a crust of bread from the table, and hurried up the dark stairs to the attic. The only light in the room, by which she had been accustomed to go to bed, came from a lamp-post distant some twenty yards, but faint though it was

it was sufficient to show her that even here were more of the hated changes. Since her mother's death she had slept beside her father; now the old bedstead, that she never remembered with anything on it but a straw mattress and a heap of mixed rags, was covered with proper bedding, blankets, and a counterpane that showed white in the faint light. In the far corner stood a small bed, that had once been hers but that she had outgrown, and which had only never been pawned because it was so rickety as to be worthless, and it too had fresh bedding.

"They mean to turn me out. There ain't no place for me!" she cried, as the full significance of these arrangements burst upon her. "That's for the little 'un!"

Hastily she began to devour her crust. "If that's what they mean I won't go; I'll just stop to spite 'em," she was thinking to herself, when she heard steps on the stair.

"Lil, my dear," said a voice from the darkness that she quickly recognised as her stepmother's. "You'll be wondering where you are to sleep. The parlour folk is moving out, and we's to have the whole place to-morrow, an' then we'll be more comf'ble, but for to-night they let you have a bed in their empty room."

Surprise changed Lil's first speech very much indeed from anything that she had intended or expected it to be.

"How's father going to pay for a whole house likes o' this?" she asked. "It's little enough money he gets to pay for what we 'ave. You talk like a fool."

"Nay, my dear," answered the cheery voice, "I've a trade of my own. I've a knitting machine, and I make good money too. I hope you an' him'll be better off nor you have been."

But this was a fresh offence to the poor child. "Better off than when mother was 'ere, she means," was the stinging thought as she retorted, "Don't you be a-dearing me like that; it makes me sick, it does. I ain't your dear—no, nor never will be, but I'll make it a dear day for you as you ever comed 'ere—ay, I will. Coming sneaking 'ere, where father and I was 'appy together. Oh, I'll serve you out, I will! I'll be even with you! I'll let you see!" And so the frenzied child raved on, till suddenly a sort of blank sensation made her aware that she was speaking to empty space. Mrs. Henderson had wisely left her alone, and she sighed as she went down the stairs, but smiled as she opened the kitchen door, and said "She'll come round after a bit, I hope."

The day that he had persuaded Maggie to

marry him had been a better day for Jock Henderson than he was at all aware of yet; and she must have seen something worth caring for in him. Already since he had known her he had given up drinking at the gin-palaces, and she had gone far to make a different man of him; but the mistake of keeping his intended marriage a secret from Lil seemed likely to trouble their new life a good deal. Maggie had several times asked to see Lil before the marriage, but Jock had always put it off on some excuse or other; but indeed he hardly knew why he had been so loath to tell the child his plans. Anyhow, he had managed to take the worst possible way with her.

Left alone, Lil, worn out with passion, hunger, and fatigue, hurried down to the empty room below, flung herself just as she was on the bed prepared for her, and, with her heart full of plans of vengeance, fell asleep.

And the morning found her mood unchanged. Sullenly she came down and took no notice of her stepmother's greeting and kind friendly words. Her father had gone to work hours ago. The room was tidy and the tea-pot was by the fire for her; she took it up without a word, and began to eat and drink in silence.

Little Tim came with baby-trotting steps across the floor, and looking up in her face with wondering eyes put his little hands upon her knees. She drew back so hastily as almost to throw the child down, and—cursed him for "a hateful brat." (Lil's only continuation school, you see, had been the street, and the education got there was not likely to be lost as the earlier education had been.)

Mrs. Henderson was a good woman, but not a perfect one, nor a very patient one. The little Tim, bewildered and frightened at the angry look and words, stared at Lil amazed for a minute, then burst into a loud roar. His mother caught him up, crying hotly:

"For shame of yourself, Lil! For shame! I wonder you weren't afraid to curse an innocent little child like that. I'll tell your father what ways you have learnt. Why, little Tim never heard such words in his life afore, and to think he should hear them from you as ought to be his sister! There, there, laddie, don't cry! None shall hurt ye! Mother's own lad! Mother's precious laddie!"

Lil had turned very white. Her own passion had frightened her. Her own heart was echoing her stepmother's reproach.

"I never cursed any one before, whatever they did to me—never," she thought, in a kind of wild unspeakable terror. "Oh, what is coming to me? I was never real bad before!" She sat very still a minute or two, but her heart was beating furiously, so that it took away her breath, and she could not speak. Her stepmother did not look at her; she laid down the bread she was eating—it would have choked her—and then without a word she got up, deliberately put her chair back against the wall, opened the door, and walked up the cellar steps into the court and on into the street. Her stepmother's attention was attracted by the noise of the door. Her short-lived anger had died out; she called to her kindly, "Come back, child—you didn't mean it;" but Lil would not hear, and went on.

And now she was all alone in the streets just as yesterday. Yes, but to-day was worse than yesterday. Yesterday she had been angry—mad, as she would have said—with her father; she was wronged, and felt herself completely justified in being angry. But to-day—what had she done?—what made her feel so badly, so different? More angry even than before with her father, she could not any more find a sort of bitter pleasure in thinking of her wrongs, because—because—what had she done? Oh, she would not think of it! And yet all the while her own words were echoing in her ears—her words when she cursed the little child as it came to her so confiding, so friendly like. And she had done it wilfully too. She had felt drawn to the little thing; she knew she could have loved it, and yet just out of spite at its mother and her father, she had done a thing such as she had never done before—a thing that she felt to be utterly hateful and horrible in herself—a thing that she had always thought real bad in any one else to do to a "little 'un," though as for swearing at folks as provoked you, that was a different matter and of very small consequence!

She was very miserable.

As she wandered along the narrow street with uncertain, loitering steps, her friend Mrs. Evans came suddenly round the corner. "Mrs. Evins," as the neighbourhood called her, had been refreshing after her morning's labours—"Just a drop to warm me; I needs it most mornings, I can tell ye, an' so would you, tramp, trampin' the streets hours together for a penny 'ere an' a penny there," she frequently observed; and now a faint odour of gin hung about her person, and her countenance beamed with the optimism that is born of two "goes" one after another,

and which sees no evil anywhere while it has the power of purchasing a third.

"Why, Lil, wot ever's up?" she exclaimed as she stopped in front of Lil, setting her hands on her hips under her frowzy shawl, so as to show the rolling stoutness of her figure, while her bonnet with dirty yellow ribbons slightly marred the dignity of her attitude by slipping down on one side. "You don't never mean to say you're a-taking on like this cos your father's gone an' married again? Lor, child, whativer did you expect, eh? Answer me that, eh? An' him a likely figure of a man as any woman might ha' taken up with an' not been ashamed o' herself. Why, I'd not say as I'd 'ave said nay to 'im myself if he'd arst me—not as he ever looked my way either," she added with a coarse laugh.

Lil did not laugh nor answer, yet neither did she move away. She had found no real sympathy yesterday among "the gells," and though yesterday Mrs. Evans's words would have added fuel to the flame of her wrath, to-day the dull pain in her breast was so bad that she felt she must speak to somebody.

"Was you greatly took aback, Lil—was that it?" and as the girl nodded a mute assent she added, "Come 'ome with me, Lil, an' tell us all about it, an' we'll get our breakfasts together. I've a bloater 'ere as it 'ud do yer heart good to smell, an' we'll go 'alves. Yer look as if yer 'adn't tasted this week."

Perhaps the kindness of this offer was not quite disinterested, for Jock Henderson's marriage had excited to wildness the curiosity and gossip of the court, and it would be, if not money in Mrs. Evans's pocket, yet certainly worth one or two cups of tea or even a go or two of gin to her if she was able to tell the whole story on good authority.

But the kindness, such as it was, was welcome to Lil. The two went back together. Lil cast an apprehensive glance homewards, but no one looked out, and unseen she slipped into Mrs. Evans's lodgings.

Mrs. Evans of course occupied but one room, and that one was neither neat nor sweet, having never known an opened window within the memory of man. "Let me be warm," she used to say. "I hates your draughtses. Gammon all that the tracking woman says about fresh air. It makes yer 'ungry, an' it makes yer cold, an' wot's the good when yer've got little enough to fill yer belly any time? I'd rather die warm nor live cold."

Bustling about, she soon got the fire up, and over the cup of hot tea that was so

welcome to her chilled frame Lil told the story of her wrongs.

Mrs. Evans was, to tell the truth, rather disappointed to find Lil knew so little, and had nothing to say about the courtship and first acquaintance. However, she sympathised fully with Lil as to the way "she had been served," and when the story was done she meditated a minute or two in silence. "Lil's a likely girl and stirring," she thought. "I could get a 'eap more work now Potter's and Burton's yards is starting again, an' if I don't get it some'un else will. It 'ud be a chance for me—I will;" and then and there she spake with her lips.

"Look 'ere, Lil," she said, "if they ain't good to yer, yer come an' live with me. I allus 'ad a liking for yer, Lil, yer knows, cos yer're like my girl wot died"—and here she showed a disposition to weep—"an' there's a 'ome an' a welcome 'ere ready for yer if ye like to come. Wot d'ye say?"

Lil hesitated. It was a refuge for her pride; that of itself was a strong temptation. She should be in a way independent like the other girls, for of course she should work; she never imagined for an instant that Mrs. Evans would keep her for nothing; she knew too much of the world for that. But then there was her father. True, he had "treated her bad, shameful," and she did want to be revenged on him, but still it seemed to hurt her hard to think of leaving him altogether. She would have liked to have been revenged some other way. And somehow, too, the thought of little Tim seemed to draw her

home; it was queer, but she wanted to see the little thing again. She drew a long breath; these perplexities of feeling worried her.

"I don't know what father 'ud say," she answered doubtfully.

"'E 'aven't treated you that well that yer need fret about that," observed Mrs. Evans, watching her closely. "If yer 'ad been a brat o' six he couldn't ha' made less on yer."

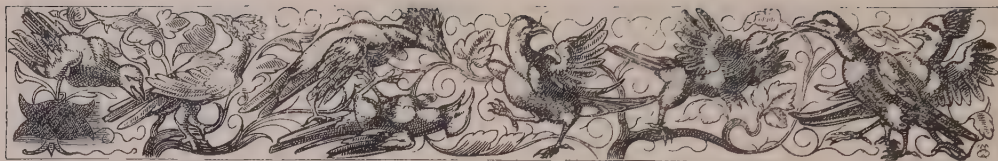
"I could get a heap of work out of her," she was thinking the while, "and once she came to me I'd be safe enough; she'd be too proud to give in and go back; there's a heap o' grit in Lil."

"I don't know," repeated Lil again. Then she added after a minute with some spirit, "I'll go back now, and if he treats me right I'll stop, an' if not I'll come straight away to you, an' thank you kindly. There ain't many as wants me—specially not my own," she added bitterly.

With that decision Mrs. Evans was forced to be content. "Well, well, I 'opes 'e'll do right by yer now, though 'e ain't done it before," she observed somewhat hypocritically, for she was getting more and more set on having Lil with her—"an' if not yer knows where to come to, an' where there'll hever be a welcome"—and here that disposition to weep returned again, and she rocked herself back and forwards in her chair, repeating sleepily, "Hever an' hever. Amen." The gin, coupled with her early rising, was having its effect, and even before Lil left her she was drowsing in her chair.

(To be continued.)





ET CÆTERA.



O much impertinent satire has been expended by modern wits and wittlings on the month upon which we are entering that if May would only co-operate in the most modest degree, a reaction against

this ridicule, I feel sure, would set in. It would take only a very little sunshine to make her less dull, at any rate, than the worn out jokes which are cracked about her, or that have been cracked any time this last twenty years. Quite half that period must have elapsed since a weekly jester was inspired with the utterance: "It is not always May, so runs the poet's plaint, I'm not a bard but say, I'm jolly glad it ain't," and many a man of sensibility must have often longed during that time that a month so sweetly named, and really and truly surrounded by such a cluster of poetic associations, would do something to put to shame the author of this outrage. But no, or so far as I can recollect—No! May has been wet, May has been windy, May has nipped us up with morning frost, and even sprinkled us twice, at least, in my own recollection, pretty thickly with snow; but it has in no single year that I can recall made any serious effort to retrieve its traditional, or one must now say perhaps its legendary, character. What it may be doing or meditating when this humble protest sees the light of publication, I know not, nor do I care to compete with the prophets of the meteorological department in "the most gratuitous form of error." But if it be not too late, or too early to address a remonstrance to the goddess Maia; to remind her of what she was, (at least if evidence drawn from the nomenclature of popular amusement, and the rough and ready botany of the people may be relied on), and alas! of what she is; to bid her look on that picture and on this; if the time, I say, have arrived, or have not passed, for making such an appeal, I venture with great sub-

mission to make it. I am not one of those who profess to "carry the people in their pocket," to divine the inmost wishes of the democracy with unerring precision, and to proclaim it with oracular authority. Yet I will make bold to affirm that a genial May, a balmy May, a May in which it will be possible to dispense, if not with the overcoat, at any rate with that aggravated form of it, the Ulster, will receive the favourable consideration of the British public.

It would be something gained to have saved the aspirations of our youthful poets from the cruel snubs of their cynical elders.

No more distressing case of this kind has ever come under my notice than that which follows. A young fellow of my acquaintance who fancies himself in the madrigal, was moved by the approach of the romantic month to an attempt in this order of composition. Having invented the refrain, which, we all know is the most important thing about these artless flights of the Muse, he thus began:

Merrily Joan a-maying goes,
Sing hey! such a day! O the buds of May!
In her kirtle short, and her blue, blue hose,
Merrily goes she a-maying!
And it's O, but her heart is as gay as a jest,
And the spring is a-tiptoe within her breast.
She laughs at the hawthorn dim with bloom,
And the litter of gold at the root of the broom,
And she hears what the brooks are saying.

Here there was an interval for refreshment. Exhausted by his very creditable effort the youth went out to take a turn in the garden. He re-entered to find that a fiend, in the disguise of an uncle, had appended to the stanza this highly offensive parody:

Gingerly Jones a-maying goes,
Sing hey! *what* a day! O the winds of May!
With a comforter red, and a blue, blue nose
Cautiously goes he a-maying.
And it's O! with the wrapper across his chest,
And the warmth of the stout merino vest,
He feels that he ought to have kept his room,
And he sees at the corner the doctor's brougham,
And knows what the doctor is saying.

The young poet says that he wouldn't have minded it so much if the joke had been a new one; but as he justly observed it was as old as the hills. However, such as it was, it effectually quenched the fire of inspiration. It was a day or two before he could bring himself to take up his pen again, and when he did so he thought it best to drop the pastoral style altogether and attempt something in the classical manner. This, after a brief reference to one of Dr. Smith's excellent manuals, was the result:

O sprung from the olden brood of heaven,
Maia, daughter of Atlas the strong,
Fairest and first of the Pleiads seven,
Queen of the month of the dance and song!
Mother of him who with snaky caducee
Marshals the dead to the Stygian pier,
Swift, foot-feathered pursuivant of Zeus,
Mother of Hermes, hear, O hear!

But again the uncle was equal to the occasion, and the nephew after a temporary absence returned to find his adjuration "capped" with the following piece of deplorable ribaldry:

"Mother of Hermes?" Pooh, sir, pooh!
You silly young rhymer, who told you so?
No, madam! I feel 'tis insulting to you
To connect you with anyone half so low.
With the quicksilver down in the bulb, or near,
With the dew-drop fruz in the crocus-cup,
If you *are* the mother of mercury, dear,
You've neglected your duty of bringing him up.

After which I am informed the youth ceased to write poetry, and, when the first annoyance of this incident was over, he admitted to his uncle that May was a very trying month, and that he had been suffering for some days past from a severe cold in the head.

I do not know what truth there may be in the popular belief that the "climate of England has undergone a change" since the days when our ancestors danced round the maypole; but it is certain—and the kind of man who slaps his chest on a cold day, and declares the weather to be "bracing," may legitimately exult in the fact—that if our climate is not the same as it was in the days of maypole dancing we behave as if it was. There is something truly heroic in the way in which we regulate the fixtures of our open-air pastimes by sole reference to the calendar, and in sublime indifference to the weather reports. Cricket is, or was, supposed to begin on Good Friday, be the same late or early, warm or cold, and as regularly as that fast comes round you shall see certain

superstitious persons pitching wickets on the suburban commons and gravely proceeding to their attack and defence. So again with the peculiarly English sport of rowing. The Saturday next before Passion Week is dedicated by a tradition, rarely departed from, to the great aquatic contest between the two Universities, and for a fortnight before that date the banks of the river between Putney and Mortlake are crowded, not only with "old blues" in the technical sense, but with a host of spectators who have been invested with the appropriate colour by a biting north-east wind, and who solemnly shiver their approving or disapproving criticism of sixteen young men considerably warmer than themselves, and of two others who are perhaps a little chilly. I imagine that the intelligence of the "intelligent foreigner" is seldom more severely taxed than it is in the effort to account for this phenomenon by one of those broad generalizations in which his foreign intelligence delights. For it would not be worthy of that quality, to dismiss the problem with only the facile solution, embodied in the once commonly accepted Continental formula, that "the English are mad." Yet how to reconcile attendance at a four-mile Thames boat-race in the month of March—to say nothing of the preliminary visits to the river to witness the practising of the crews—with entire sanity? Perhaps, in virtue of their immeasurably larger number, the crowds who throng the bank on the eventful Saturday form the more singular study of the two. It was all very well a quarter of a century ago when members and ex-members of the two Universities constituted, with their friends and relations, a full two-thirds of the assembled spectators. The blood of youth is warmer, and that of kindred thicker, than water. Many of the riverside gazers had during the last few weeks been doing colder things in the way of attending boat-races on the banks of the Isis or the Cam. Many others braved wind and weather for the chance of a meeting with old friends at what was then a trysting-place made expressly for the purpose. It was all very well, I say, in the days when it was almost easier to walk along the towing-path from Putney to Mortlake, on the morning of the University boat-race, than it is to make one's way nowadays from the Albert Memorial to the Statue of Achilles through the Sunday promenaders between twelve and one. But now, when he (and still more, she) who seeks the pleasure of what is humorously called "seeing the boat-race," and is not able or

not contented to witness it from a riparian back-garden—where, comfort being secured, interest may be artificially “got up”—must needs form one of a densely packed crowd (through which you might with great labour and at the cost of much personal odium penetrate at the rate of a quarter of a mile an hour), to be rewarded at last by the sight of a couple of toy-boats crossing the contracted field of vision, usually a considerable distance apart, and both of them always so far off from the spectator as to be quite remote from human sympathies. When these are the conditions under which the boat-race has to be viewed by nineteen out of twenty of those who line the banks, even the most resolute practitioner of the invaluable, but almost extinct, art of “making believe” may really ask himself, *Cur quis non prandeat, hoc est?* Is this a reason for going without your lunch? I would be prepared to take my stand on the position that the diminution of “scale” alone is fatal to almost the entire interest of the race. When you see, as Edgar says (or something like it, unless my memory deceives me), in *King Lear*:—

The eight-oared boat
Diminished to its cox, its cox a boy
Almost too small for sight,

how is it possible to care which of the two sets of rhythmically moving marionettes outstrips the other? You might as well try to get excited over the Derby as viewed from the grand stand, if the horses never came nearer to you than they are when you see a faint line of coloured caps streaming along the ridge of “the hill.” How often moreover has there been really “a race” between the two University crews, at the Mortlake finish, in the last twenty years? To say that you can count such contests on your fingers would be to express yourself in the language of Oriental hyperbole. You can count them on your thumbs! This however is only the boat-race as it presents itself to the philosopher. And the world does not, it may perhaps be said, fortunately consist of philosophers, and a spectacle, or so-called spectacle, which draws Londoners from their homes by the hundred thousand, for one of their rare and much needed holidays, is deserving of all encouragement. We may hold, if we like, that it is a pleasure which would have confirmed the late Sir George Cornwall Lewis in the observation which nothing shall induce me to quote; but then, if that somewhat over-rated statesman were living, there would be nothing to prevent his staying at home.

“On eagles’ wings. The Drapers’ Company.” So ran a once familiar “example” in the once famous grammar of the still remembered Lindley Murray. No one ever knew what induced the immortal grammarian—for capricious fate appears to have destined him to a sort of immortality of proverb, quite independently of the life of his works—to select that singular collocation of names to illustrate the use of the possessive apostrophe as appended to the plural of a noun substantive; but his choice of this particular corporation has given it a chance above its fellows of surviving, long after reformers shall in their madness have done away with the City guilds. Its name occurring the other day in a connection too suggestive of pecuniary difficulties, must have awakened emotions which the Spectacle-makers, for instance, or the Loriners would never have excited, though the wing with which the Drapers’ Company was associated was not that of the eagle so much as of the bee. The Drapers have been sending their old port to the market, for what reason is not known; but of that the market, always discretion itself when such chances present themselves, refrained from inquiring. Perhaps the sight of continually falling rents has smitten the worshipful one with a panic—even as it has smitten some of the colleges of either University. Or perhaps the Drapers think to propitiate their political enemies by adopting a more ascetic way of life. Their ’34 sold for something like 315 shillings a dozen, and their ’50, which nine men out of ten, if they would only tell the truth (which they never will), prefer to its elder sister, fetched a price proportioned directly to its greater age and inversely—at least *me judice*—to its real merit as a wine. Humbly, however, do I venture to question the opinion of an expert who reported the sale of these mighty liquors and the prices given for them, that the ’50 is the greatest port now in existence; and I would wish, with as many expressions of profound deference as would fittingly accompany an introduction to a mandarin of the yellow button, to express my belief that the ’47—the slight excess of sweetness noticeable in some of its examples notwithstanding—is still the finest of all the vintages that the sun-kissed land of Portugal has yielded within the last century to an unworthy world. It is no doubt true that that wine is, as “the blind old man of Scio’s rocky isle” expresses it, on “the threshold of old age;” but it has not yet overstepped that melancholy limit. It is trembling, no doubt, is the ’47, on the very verge and

boundary of senility; but it has not yet entered its dotage. Its magnificent colour is not yet dimmed nor its bodily strength abated. Another year or two and it may become what the older wines are already, and what some of them, to the thinking of some of us, have long been—namely, “curious;” and curiosity is to the old age of wine, what eccentricity is to that of man. The word is merely the “courtesy-title” of defects due to advanced years, and which, though men speak of them with tenderness, are defects all the same. When we say that an aged gentleman is eccentric, we simply mean as a rule that he has unpleasant ways which his juniors think it only graceful and dutiful to overlook, and such, I contend, are the ways which constitute the “curiosity” of the too senile vintages. There is the way of excessive and obtrusive dryness, and the way of almost cynical bitterness—and above all, and most characteristic of all marks of extreme old age in men or wines, the way of weakness. A too-old port is, in literal strictness of etymology, the ghost of its former self. It is a disembodied spirit. Yet it should not now be “laid.” Unlike the majority of ghosts, it has been subjected to that operation too long already. All these venerable survivals should be disposed of as promptly as possible in the only respectful way. They will hurt no drinker, for theirs is a blameless and innocuous old age. They should as a mere matter of piety be drunk at once—perhaps “standing and in silence,” at any rate with all the outward marks of reverence due to superannuated heroes, who in their time have played a great part in the world.

Mr. Robert Buchanan is a writer of large experience and no mean ability, but one would hardly have expected him to have triumphantly solved—according at least to the very plausible claim of his admirers—a dramatico-literary problem which has hitherto defied solution. A certain, though not a very large, number of good acting plays have been founded before Mr. Buchanan’s time on popular novels, but to the best of my knowledge he is the first playwright who has succeeded in constructing a popular and successful drama on any one of the great masterpieces of English fiction. Of these there have been dramatic adaptations innumerable, but, with the very doubtful exception of Mr. Wills’s *Olivia*—doubtful because that practised and dexterous dramatist has deliberately turned the *Vicar of Wakefield* into a “two-part piece” for Miss Ellen Terry

and Mr. Henry Irving—none of them have made any mark whatever, and by far the greater number of them have been ludicrous failures. Scott’s romantic children have been desperately maltreated at the hands of the dramatic gypsies, and Dickens’s wrongs in this kind, as well as his somewhat excessive sensibility to them, are notorious. I can recall one barely tolerable *Kenilworth*, one just “outsittable” *Fortunes of Nigel*, and, thanks mainly to the late Mr. Fechter, a passable *Bride of Lammermoor*; but no decent *Ivanhoe*, or *Fair Maid of Perth*, or *Woodstock*, or *Quentin Durward*, all of them great stories merely as stories; and only during the last dozen years or so a *Peccol of the Peak* of the *pour rire* variety. Where again are the successful, even the moderately successful, adaptations of the novels of Dickens—though from the days of *Oliver Twist* down to those of *Our Mutual Friend* they have been all, or almost all, of them laid hands upon by the dramatist in turn? Here however we have Mr. Buchanan taking up two of the most difficult and risky of classical fictions, and, after making out of one of them a play popular enough to run for more than a year, producing within the last month or so a dramatic version of the other, which promises, so far as can be judged from appearances, to rival if not to surpass the former success. It may be said that the hero of *Joseph’s Sweetheart* is not Fielding’s Joseph Andrews any more than the hero of *Sophia* is Fielding’s Tom Jones; but that does not very much affect the question. Previous adapters have taken equal and greater liberties with their authors with by no means equally satisfactory results. In this last case moreover Mr. Buchanan has only claimed a license to alter the plot and incident of the original, and has been fairly successful in preserving character, except in so far as it is necessarily modified by changes of plot and incident. On the whole he may fairly claim to have beaten the record—a not very remarkable one, it is true—in the matter of dramatic adaptation; and play-goers will await his next undertaking in this line with curiosity.

Longevity, I suppose, has always been an interesting topic, and the capricious and irrational pessimism of the present age has probably not in any way diminished its attraction. We know indeed historically that even a systematic and reasoned pessimism does not always have this effect, and that Schopenhauer himself directed much study to the best method of indefinitely pro-

longing his stay in the worst of all possible worlds. It must be remembered too, that when the most fascinating of all possible philosophical writers called our world the worst of all possible worlds he really meant it as an adverse criticism on the existing scheme of things, and not merely as a dry statement of the conditions which govern its existence. It differs in this respect from the opposite doctrine immortally ridiculed by Voltaire. The popular interpretation of the phrase "the best of all possible worlds;" has always been treated as though it meant the best of "all conceivable worlds." In the mouth of Leibnitz, however, it undoubtedly meant only "the best world possible under all the circumstances," and since in many cases "bad is the best," the phrase did not after all commit Leibnitz to very much. Indeed, the ingenious Von Hartmann, the successor and critic of Schopenhauer, has pointed out that if only one sort of world were possible at the beginning of things, that world might be with equal correctness described as the best and as the worst of all possible worlds, since, by the hypothesis, there could not possibly be either a better or a worse one. To return however to the subject of longevity by the route of Schopenhauerism, I repeat that that merciless exhibitor of the vanity and essential misery of human life was not at all in a hurry to go. No more is that feeble generation of men which has succeeded him, and which prattles his doctrines without understanding them, or the peace and sober enjoyment of all that is really enjoyable in the world which properly understood they bring. We are all as glad to cheat death of a few more years, and as eager to learn the trick of doing so as if our age was optimistic to the core instead of being what a famous but "unfortunate nobleman," once described as "very much un-so." With what a delicious flutter of expectation we all of us turned to Dr. Burney Yeo's article on "The Secret of Long Life" in a recent number of one of the monthly reviews! Was he really going to teach us the knack? was the worthy doctor, in very truth, about to distil for us drop by drop the golden elixir of the mediæval alchemist? Could he have done so he would undoubtedly have been the most "beloved physician" since the days of St. Luke. But no! there was no magic in this excellent article. It was simply a scientific inquiry into the physical and mental conditions most favourable to length of days, accompanied by a review of the statistics of longevity in the various professions and occupations. We can

read it—we candidates for centenarianism—with respect and interest, but not with that tremor of expectation which the first sight of its title had aroused in our minds. Of course our desire of long life, I am speaking at least of all those who are worthy of the great age in which they live, was no mere selfish wish for the prolongation of earthly pleasures. It was merely our sublime yearning to extend—I believe that is the correct phrase—our "period of usefulness." We all want to protract lives of "noble strenuousness" in the service of mankind as far as possible beyond the much too contracted limit which David thought fit to assign to them. Three-score and ten might be a fair enough allowance for the life of an Oriental people who lived before the invention of noble strenuousness, and who would have been utterly unable to appreciate that ideal of an eternity of fussy activity which is apparently accepted—or rather for which a certain number of persons among us are really trying to obtain acceptance among ourselves. "There is a touch of deep pathos," observed a journalistic commentator on the death of the late Emperor of Germany, about the dying man's last words and in the first words of his successor. "I have still so much to do," murmured the old soldier on his death-bed. "Ninety-one years of constant unremitting labour this man had toiled," says the sympathetic writer, "and still he had so much to do, which must now remain for ever undone. For the night cometh when no man can work, at least not here. But the first words of his son on him suggests that elsewhere the active spirit may find fitting sphere for exercise." A "touch of deep pathos," indeed—we might say of tragedy. To think that ninety-one years of labour should not have earned the labourer the right—or, at any rate, should not have begotten in him the desire—of rest. To think that "a fitting sphere elsewhere" for the exercise of its activity should immediately become a desideratum for the departed spirit, or at least that it should be considered the correct and edifying thing to assume that such is the case! To me I candidly confess the state of mind which looks forward to an eternity of labour—no matter in what cause—as the ideal transcendental future of the human race appears about as melancholy a one as it is possible to conceive. Fortunately there is good reason to believe that it is also unnatural—a mere product of the age of steam and electricity, and destined in the normal course of things to its inevitable reaction.

H. D. TRAILL.



SOLITUDE.

Engraved by R. TAYLOR, from a Drawing by DAVIDSON KNOWLES.

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GLIMPSES OF OLD ENGLISH HOMES.

IV.—ERIDGE CASTLE.¹

BELONGING TO THE MARQUIS OF ABERGAVENNY, K.G.



O better place than Eridge could be chosen as an example of the country life and splendid hospitality of an English nobleman of the nineteenth century. All the national sports of the country are to be found within easy reach of it—hunting, racing, deer-taking, fishing, and shooting—and large is the number of those generously asked to share in these amusements by the present owner of the place. While the greater part of the

ivy-coloured walls of the castle itself is of comparatively recent date the park, covering an area of some two thousand five hundred acres, is one of the oldest and most beautiful in all England. A description of it in the year 1606 is preserved to us in a letter from Aaron Hill to his friend Mr. J. Mallet:—"There is a place called Eridge Park belonging to Lord Abergavenny, and an open, old, appropriated forest of the name of Water-down, that butted on the park enclosure. There was also near it a house called Eridge

House. The park was an assemblage of all nature's beauties, hills, vales, brooks, lawns, groves, thickets, rocks, and waterfalls; all wildly noble and irregularly amiable."

If this account of the beauties of Eridge Park was correct in 1606 it is doubly so now, and so varied is the character of the timber and shrubbery that at one point you can drive, or walk, through an avenue of dark pines, still and solemn as the aisle of a cathedral, while a short way beyond you come to branching beeches which border the broad paths, and have a tangle of sweet-smelling undergrowth where the sunshine plays hide and seek with the shadows, and from which hares and rabbits dart out suddenly, scampering across the road only to hide themselves again in like retreats of leafy green. Yet a little further on large oaks stand, each one alone, that no lesser tree may injure its beauty by too close contact, and again stretching away to the left, masses of bracken and feathery ferns form pleasant resting places for the herds of deer grazing peacefully, with their heads turned towards the breeze, that the first warning of danger may come the more quickly to their sensitive ears. There are in all seven hundred head of deer, one hundred red, the rest fallow.

To those who love to find themselves mounted on a well-bred horse, with soft turf under foot and a clear winter sky overhead, there can be no pleasanter way of spending a February morning than in that peculiar form of sport called taking up the deer. One

¹ The following article has been read and revised by Lord Abergavenny, by whose permission the historical portraits are now for the first time reproduced.

animal is selected from the herd to be placed in a separate part of the park and fattened for venison, and the first preliminary to securing this result is for a chosen few to meet at old Fred the keeper's cottage some distance from the castle; there will be found some ten or twelve fine Scotch deerhounds, with long gray hair and keen, but cruel eyes. Two or three mounted men take each a hound in leash and station themselves at distances along the line which the deer will probably take, the remainder of the pack being kept in reserve until needed. Then the word to start is given, with many cautions to mind the rabbit holes, and strict injunctions from Lord Abergavenny to ride only on the broad grassy paths, orders which are fairly well obeyed at first, but which are recklessly forgotten after the chase has actually begun. Warily the herd of deer are approached by the sportsmen, and closer and closer the graceful animals draw together, scenting danger, and ready for defence. Until now the impatient horses have been held in check, but when the huntsman has pointed out the chosen quarry he is separated from the herd, each rider chooses his own line of country, horses are urged to their full speed, rabbit holes are forgotten and grassy paths deserted, while all ride wildly after the flying deer—the hounds meanwhile being slipped from leash and joining in the chase. Almost invariably the hunted animal takes to the water, and with antlers raised, and fiery eyes fixed upon his pursuers, he defies them all, men and dogs alike, and stands at bay, a living picture of that which Sir Edwin Landseer has so faithfully portrayed on canvas. No small skill is now needed to capture the beautiful creature, who is very dangerous in his angry strength, and more than one accident has happened in Eridge Park before the poor beast with slender swift-running legs fast bound, and branching antlers sawn off, is carried triumphantly to that part of the enclosure reserved for such as he, whose free forest life is over and done for.

When the rhododendrons are in bloom, long glowing lines of colour lead from the lodge gates at Eridge to the entrance of the castle, where the brave words "*Ne vile velis*" (incline to nothing base), the motto of the Nevills, greet the eye on reaching the stone doorway, guarded by the Nevill bull and ornamented with the rose and the portcullis, which were given as badges to the Nevills by John of Gaunt, and was a distinction conferred upon only two other families in the kingdom. From the absolute impartiality

with which their ancestor Warwick the King-maker attached himself at different times to the contending houses of York and Lancaster the Nevills have also the right to quarter both the Red and White Rose.

Although from *Domesday Book* it may be collected that the park and chase were here before the Conquest, and although we learn from writers of the time that in 1411 the lordship was in possession of Richard Beauchamp, Earl of Warwick and Lord of Burgavenny, we find no mention of Eridge as being the family home of the Nevills until about the year 1787, when Henry, second earl and forty-fourth Baron of Abergavenny, made it his principal residence. Even then the castle was not as it is now, but was completed in its present form at a much later date, only the centre part of the house being a portion of the original building mentioned in Aaron Hill's letter. Restored by the second Earl of Abergavenny, a curious thing is to be noticed in the fact that the ornamentation of the walls have in many ways been faithfully copied from those of a room at Warwick Castle, represented in one of the portraits of Richard Nevill, Earl of Warwick, bearing the date 1449, and in a second portrait, of the sixth Earl of Westmoreland taken at Raby Castle in 1569. Thus something at least of those beautiful old homes once the possession of the Nevills still remains to them on the walls of Eridge, their present residence.

The family of Nevill dates back to a certain Gilbert de Nevill, a Norman chieftain, who is said to have been admiral to William the Conqueror, and from him descends through many illustrious ancestors, and is connected by marriage with all the noblest names of England during the thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth centuries, down to the present time. The first family portrait which one sees on entering the richly-carved oak hall at Eridge, is that of Henry Nevill, 33rd Baron of Abergavenny, who was appointed one of the judges at the trial of the unfortunate Mary Queen of Scots. He is represented as a stout, middle-aged man, seated in an arm-chair, and the mild expression of his countenance makes it difficult for us to believe that he was one of those who at that iniquitous trial at Fotheringay condemned the defenceless woman, who alone, without counsel, advisers, or friends, was left to defend herself against the combined weight of the legislative and judicial power of a great kingdom. Some months later, when the final act of the tragedy took place, and Lord Abergavenny was again present, this time as

one of the witnesses of Mary Stuart's death, the hapless woman when dividing her jewels amongst those standing around, handed to him a string of pearls which she unclasped from her neck so soon to be disfigured by the headsman's axe. For many years this necklace was worn in turn by distinguished women of the house of Nevill, several of whose portraits are painted with the pearls of the murdered Queen about their own fair throats. At last a certain lord of Eridge, who surely could have had but a slender appreciation for relics, and less than his share of sentiment, sold the famous necklace

denote the rank of its dead-and-gone wearer, cannot help giving a thought to the scenes it has witnessed, and all that has transpired since it was fashioned and worn.

Two steps from where the peer's robe hangs, one pauses to examine a stained glass window where the sunlight streams through the heraldic quarterings of the various families into which the Nevills have intermarried, whose names date back through centuries. Three ancestors of the present Marquis of Abergavenny were at the battle of Agincourt, namely, Lord John de Beauchamp, Lord Le Despencer Burgavenny, and



ERIDGE CASTLE FROM THE LAKE.

which had been worn by the ill-fated Mary, and given by her to his ancestor under such pathetic circumstances, and his successors have never been able to recover it.

Leaving the entrance hall a narrow passage-way leads to the foot of the principal staircase, where stands a high glass case, in which hangs the identical Peer's robe worn by Lord Abergavenny at the execution of Mary Stuart. The colour is unfaded, and is still as red as was the unhappy Queen's blood on that dreary morning at Fotheringay. Even the most thoughtless, when passing the curious old mantle hanging soulless in its case, with the two ermine bands which

the Earl of Worcester. The direct ancestor of the present head of the family was Ralph de Nevill, first Earl of Westmoreland, who succeeded his father in the possession of his titles and manors in the year 1389. Honours seem to have been heaped upon him by King Richard the Second, and Henry the Fourth, who made him amongst other things, Earl Marshal of England, and when the warlike King Henry the Fifth came to the crown, Earl Ralph was still in favour. This powerful nobleman married first Margaret, daughter of the Earl of Stafford, and secondly Lady Joan Beaufort, daughter of John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, and he was grandfather

to King Edward IV. and King Richard III. Edward Nevill, son of Earl Ralph and Joan Beaufort, by his marriage with Elizabeth Beauchamp became Baron of Burgavenny, and directly from him are the Nevills of Abergavenny descended.

The elder brother of this Edward Nevill became in right of his marriage, Earl of Salisbury, and accompanied Henry VI. to Paris when he went to be crowned King of France, the English having overcome the armies of the French in spite of the inspired Jeanne d'Arc, the maid of Orleans, who so proudly carried to battle the white banner dotted with Fleur-de-lys, bearing the motto

portcullis and rose. A border of circular shields upon which are the quarterings of the Nevill family from 1060 until 1483, runs completely around the walls, below the pictures; and a large stone fireplace with curious fire-dogs, and surmounted with the Nevill arms, stands at one side. In this room hang many family portraits, but the one claiming our first attention is that of Richard Nevill, Earl of Warwick, commonly called the king-maker. A strong resolute



DINING-ROOM BRIDGE CASTLE.

“Jésu Maria,” and emblazoned with the figure of the Saviour.

Before mounting the staircase which leads past the stained glass window so rich in heraldic designs, we must enter the lofty dining hall, where the oak carving of the walls was all executed by workmen on the estate, from timber grown in the park. The walls themselves are painted a dull red, relieved by carvings of the head of the Nevill bull in gilt, and the badges of the

face, and eyes which in life must have looked deep behind men's mere expressions, and read clearly their hidden meanings. This Earl of Warwick, and his father Lord Salisbury, are by all historians allowed to have been two of the most powerful nobles who ever flourished in England. The historian Dugdale says:—“This is that Richard Nevill who was called the stout Earl of Warwick, and well he might be so-called, in regard he bore such great sway towards the

latter end of King Henry VI. and part of Edward IV.'s reign." In 1452 first began that struggle between the houses of York and Lancaster, which was called the Wars of the Roses, the Earl of Warwick being at first on the side of York. In Shakspeare's *King Henry VI.* the following pertinent dialogue between these two shows how well they understood each other :—

WARWICK. My heart assures me that the Earl of Warwick
Shall one day make the Duke of York a king.
YORK. And Nevil, this I do assure myself :
Richard shall live to make the Earl of Warwick
The greatest man in England, but the king.

After the defeat of the Yorkists at the battle of St. Albans, Nevill's father Lord Salisbury was carried to York and there beheaded. Richard Plantagenet himself was killed, but Warwick remained the "greatest man in England." He continued fighting for the heir of the Duke of York, the Earl of March, who became Edward IV., while King Henry VI. of the side of Lancaster was made a prisoner. Every possible honour and distinction was conferred by Edward IV. upon his powerful subject until his influence became unbounded. Hume tells us that no less than 30,000 persons lived daily at his board at the different manors and castles which he possessed in England. The people in general bore him an unlimited affection ; his numerous retainers were more devoted to his will than to the prince or the laws ; and he was the greatest, as well as the last of those mighty Barons who formerly overawed the crown, and rendered the people incapable of any regular system of civil government. When he was sent to Rouen to treat for peace with the French King, he was received with much enthusiasm, and such court was paid him, that Edward, highly incensed exclaimed, "Surely not I, but Richard Nevill must be accounted king of England !" Finally the king grew jealous and quarrelled with him, in consequence of which Warwick sent for his brothers George Nevill, Archbishop of York ; and John, Marquis Montagu, and declared to them his determination to restore King Henry to the throne. He first gave his daughter Isabel in marriage to George, Duke of Clarence the king's brother, in order to attach him to his house ; then he succeeded in taking Edward IV. prisoner, and carried him off to his castle of Middleham in Yorkshire, where he left him in the custody of his brother the Archbishop. Eventually this king escaped, and raised another army, when Richard Nevill with the Duke of

Clarence fled to Normandy where he joined King Henry VI. and his Queen. Here he made a solemn treaty to restore Henry, and married his second daughter, Anne, to Edward Prince of Wales, Henry's son. He actually succeeded in keeping this treaty, and placing Henry VI. again upon the throne, when Edward was in turn compelled to fly to the continent. It had taken Warwick just eleven days to crush the White Rose of York and cause the Red Rose of Lancaster to bloom again. Less than a year later Edward returned to England, and the opposing houses of York and Lancaster terminated their disputes on Barnet Field, where the powerful Warwick was slain by Sir Roger Kingston. His body was taken to London, and afterwards interred in the monastery of Bisham in Berks, where his father lay buried. Warwick is described by a Burgundian chronicler who knew him well, as "*le plus subtil homme de son vivant.*"

A horrid history is that of the second daughter, Anne, who had been married to Edward Prince of Wales. Her husband was stabbed in cold blood at the battle of Tewkesbury by Richard, Duke of Gloucester, (afterwards King Richard III.) and the wretched woman deliberately married his murderer. So at least says one historian, but an old chronicler gives a different rendering of the tale. He tells how the Duke of Gloucester being of crafty and cunning mind, found out the Lady Anne Nevill who was in the city of London, disguised as a cook-maid in a mean household, and forthwith carried her to the sanctuary of St. Martin. The marriage was afterwards celebrated at Westminster by the uncle of the unlucky lady Anne, George Nevill, Archbishop of York. After the death of Edward his brother Gloucester succeeded to the throne, and the Lady Anne passed in state, as Queen of England, through the city of London to the Tower. This poor Queen's life and love were bound up in her little boy who died, and after his loss she fell into a lingering decline, which many attributed to poison, and died at Westminster Palace.

The historian Green says that "in the three years which followed the battle of Towton, the power of the Nevills overshadowed that of the Crown," whilst another of the time tells us that the decline of that power must be dated from the day when Elizabeth Woodville married King Edward of England.

Of the title of Baron of Burgavenny, (or Abergavenny), Leland in the time of Henry



PORTRAIT OF QUEEN ELIZABETH WHEN YOUNG.

From the Picture at Eridge Castle.

VIII. writes—"The Lord of Burgavenny is one of the ancyentest Barons of the realme." It is in fact the premier barony of England, and the first who bore the title, Hamelyn de Baalm, was son of one Drew de Baalm, a Norman of distinction who came into England with William the Conqueror, and received from him the higher part of Gwent, situated in the marches of South Wales, which was allowed to him as a Barony. He built the castle of Abergavenny in Wales, (now a ruin), and founded the Priory of Abergavenny wherè he was buried.

The name of Richard Beauchamp Earl of Warwick and Baron of Abergavenny, is also a noted one in English history. He figured as a hero in many lands, and the Emperor of Germany said of him that "no Christian Prince had another such knight for wisdom, nurture, and manhood, and if all courtesy was lost yet it might be found again in him." Any portrait which may have existed of this ancestor, or of many others whose names are nobly mentioned, is not to be found at Eridge. Either by fire, or from other causes, many valuable pictures have disappeared,



RICHARD NEVILL, EARL OF WARWICK, THE "KING-MAKER" AND "LAST OF THE BARONS."

From the Picture at Eridge Castle.

and the present collection at the castle is not a large one. There is a full length portrait of the present Marquis of Abergavenny taken when a young man, and in the uniform of the Life Guards; also one of the lovely daughter of the famous Jack Robinson. These are the principal pictures of note in the dining-room. From this large apartment a door leads to the library, almost the cosiest and most comfortable room in the house. The windows reaching down to the

floor open out on to the terrace, and lovely glimpses of velvety lawns, and spreading trees, the still water of the lake, and the varied beauties of the park beyond encircled by the misty Sussex hills, can be seen from them. The room is not grand and lofty, as is the hall just left, but has a low white ceiling ornamented with the portcullis and the rose, the walls are lined with books, and the impression given by the whole is best expressed by the German word *freundlich*.

It is a homelike, liveable room, not silent with pale dead memories, but echoing cheery words and rippling laughter. A room breathing from every corner warm living hopes and fancies, not haunted by buried lives which have naught to do with the present time. Books and photographs, papers and magazines of to-day, lie upon the different tables, and near the comfortable sofas and armchairs, while flowers, sweet-scented living flowers, are in every available spot. In the winter time crackling logs send out a cheerful blaze, and the flames seem to leap and dance in sympathetic pleasure as the exciting run of the day is discussed and the incidents attendant upon the capture of Reynard during the short frosty hours of December daylight, are again gone over in the warm glow of the fire. The doings of even Warwick the king-maker have then but scant interest for those who have taken part in the hunt and divided the honours of the day with the good hounds who have "run straight" and "found early." Surely no room in all England can be pleasanter than the library at Eridge after a good day's run with the hounds; sons and daughters of the house of Nevill are equally keen about "sport," and the doughtiest of their ancestors in their gilded frames may well be proud of the younger generation's prowess in the hunting field.

Almost regretfully we leave this pleasant apartment with its ruddy glow of firelight, and cheerful life of to-day, although the doing so leads us back to the contemplation of fresh dignities belonging to the house of Nevill, and the history of Lady Cecily Nevill, Duchess of York, is too strange a one to be omitted. An old manuscript in the British Museum gives an account of the honours and alliances connected with that lady's name, so curious that we must quote the paragraph in full: "From Lady Cecily Neville, Duchess of York, who was great aunt to Henry Neville, late Lord Abergavenny, and father of John Neville, now Lord Abergavenny, and Prime Baron of England, are lineally descended seven kings of England, three queens of England, four princes of Wales, four kings of Scotland, two queens of Scotland, one queen of Spaine, and one queen of Bohemia; as also one Prince Elector Palatine of the Rhine." Horace Walpole describes this lady as "a Princess of spotless character." She strongly opposed the marriage of her eldest son, King Edward IV., with his subject, Elizabeth Woodville.

We are told that "the Duchess of York was remarkable for her beauty, and still

more so for her indomitable pride. In the north she was called the 'Rose of Raby,' but in the neighbourhood of her baronial residence, Fotheringay Castle, the common people called her 'Proud Cis.' She had a throne room at Fotheringay, where she gave receptions with the state of a queen." It was said of her that "in her good she was not elated, in her evil days she was not cast down." She died after having lived to see "three princes of her body crowned, and four murdered. She was the youngest daughter of Ralph, Lord Nevill of Raby, Staindrop, Branspath, Sherrffhutton, Middleham, and Warkworth, first Earl of Westmoreland, and Earl Marshal of England, and of his wife Lady Joan Beaufort, daughter of John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster and Aquitaine, and King of Castile and Leon, and the sister of King Henry IV. of England, and to Lady Philippa Queen of Portugal, and to Lady Katherine Queen of Spaine, from whom descended all the Emperors of Germany, the Kings of Spaine, the House of Austria, and most of the princes throughout Christendom now living."

In referring to this genealogical record the historian Roland quaintly adds: "the like cannot be said of any other English family."

Lady Cicely was sister to that Edward Nevill who married the heiress of the House of Beauchamp, and became Lord Burgavenny, direct ancestor of the present owner of Eridge. All the places named in this curious manuscript belonged at one time to the Nevill family, but the mad ambition and consequent fall of Richard Nevill, the king-maker, together with other reasons of State, lost many lands and possessions for his descendants, and now of all these princely homes Abergavenny Castle in Monmouthshire (now a ruin), Birling Place in Kent, and ivy-covered Eridge alone remain to them. Still another place, "the manor of Sculton Burdeleys came to George Nevill, 32nd Baron, and was held of the King *in chief* by the service of Grand Serjeanty, to be the Chief Larderer when the Kings and Queens of England are crowned; and the Larderer is entitled to take for the performance of the said service, the fees, profits, and advantages due and accustomed, viz: the remainder of all the beef, mutton, veal, venison, kid, bacon, with all other kinds of flesh meat, and likewise of fish, salt, and all other things which may remain after dinner in the said office of the Larderer."

"Mr. Roland, as deputy of the second Earl of Abergavenny, served the office of

Chief Lardener at the coronation of King George the IV., and took a compensation of 200 guineas in lieu of the remnants of the feast, to which he was entitled as perquisites."

During the reign of Henry VIII., the magnificent seat of Raby Castle, Durham, still belonged to the Nevills, and several of the Lords of Burgavenny are buried in the Collegiate church of Staindrop, separated from Raby only by a rivulet. A brother of Lord Abergavenny in the time of Henry VIII., was a member of the Privy Council and Secretary of State to the King. It is upon the tomb of his wife, a daughter of Lord Dacre and Dame Anne Graistock buried at Marden in the diocese of Canterbury, that we find the following extraordinary inscription:—

"O Lord my Saviour and heavenly Maker,
Have mercy on Elizabeth Graistock and Baker."

The fourth Earl of Westmoreland, also called Ralph Nevill, was one of those who subscribed the letter to Pope Clement VII., intimating to his holiness that unless he complied with the wishes of King Henry VIII. upon the subject of his divorce from Catherine of Aragon, they would shake off the supremacy of Rome. Pending the obtaining of this divorce, Queen Catherine was removed to More, a house in Hertfordshire which had been originally built by George Nevill, Archbishop of York. This Earl's successor Henry Nevill, was celebrated for his marriages, the third of which scandalized many people in the sixteenth century, and would have shocked many more in the nineteenth, for he boldly wedded his deceased wife's sister. For so doing he tells us he had good reasons, among which he mentions the following:—

I. It is the duty of every man to marry. (1 Cor. viii. 2.)

II. It is the duty of every man to marry the woman he loveth best.

III. That a man should marry the sister of his late wife is a thing not contrary to Scripture, or experience, or common sense.

IV. That many a worse hath oft been covered over by the mantle of religion, the dispensation of the Pope, or the will of the king.

Stout Henry Nevill goes on to say that his "opynyon" was "gathered out of the Leviticall Lawes, and though there were that quoted the Old Testament against him, such did so to the hindrance of their own cause, for they remembered not the patriarch

Jacob, who took unto himself two *live sisters*."

In Swallow's book *De Nova Villa*, he says in regard to this marriage that "doubtless the earl expected that Elizabeth would remember her own father's exploits in the matrimonial field, and would therefore look leniently at the lesser liberties of her Barons." But he was altogether mistaken. He further quotes a letter from the Queen addressed to the Archbishop of York, where she writes that she thinks the Earl's proceedings contrary to the law of God, and "such example so suffered a hurt in slandery'g of our realme," concluding the oddly expressed epistle with the following sentence—"Our pleasure is in this matter ye shall procede by ye authorite which ye have as Archbishop without notifying to hym [Henry Nevill] of theis our lettres, written to your Grace under our signett." Marriage with a deceased wife's sister would from this seem to have been a burning question in those days as well as in the present.

In the Park at Eridge there are the remains of a military station of the Saxon invaders of the county, which retains the name of Saxonbury Hill, and the ruins of an ancient fortification can still be traced on the summit of that hill. It is said that towards the close of the fifth century the Saxons under their famous chief Ella, at the instance of Hengist, King of Kent, invaded England, and settled in Sussex, and this was probably one of the stations occupied by them.

Chroniclers of the time assure us that there can be no doubt as to the fact that from a very early age a large mansion stood upon the site which Eridge now occupies, and that it was used by the family as a residence up to the reign of Charles I. In the time of Charles I. one of the gentlemen of the bed-chamber was a certain Lord Abergavenny who upon one occasion when in waiting at Whitehall was reading Shakespeare aloud to the king before he slept. His Majesty was very still, and listening attentively, when suddenly he started upright in bed convulsively grasping the book, the while pointing with his hand across the room to some object at which he gazed with wild and horror-stricken eyes, but which was invisible to his attendant. When pressed to explain what it was that had so agitated him, he confessed that he thought he saw a vision of the murdered Strafford which had come to reproach him with his broken royal word.

Several curious spots are to be found in Eridge Park. There yet exists the entrance

to a large rocky cavern popularly called the Smuggler's cave, which was formerly used as a sort of half-way house between New Haven and London, where contraband goods from across the sea were quietly stored until needed. Rumour had it that rare presents of wine &c. found their way in olden times to the lords of Eridge, who found it prudent to take no notice of the nefarious practices carried on in their wide domains. At another place on the estate called Forge Wood was found the first iron ever used in England. This was smelted by fires fed with oak wood, in which the surrounding country abounded, but so much of it was used and it began so rapidly to disappear, that finally an Act of Parliament was passed to prohibit its further employment, as it was needed for building purposes of the navy. The railings of St. Paul's Cathedral were made from iron found in this place.

The oak carvings found in the different rooms at Eridge are of great beauty, some being in the light, natural colour, some dark and stained with time. One apartment goes by the name of the oak room, and the walls, ceiling and chimney-piece, are all of the good old English wood. Upon a rounded "boss" in the centre of the ceiling is carved the date, 1533, and small carvings of scriptural subjects form a broad band around the walls. Over the mantelpiece in this room are six religious pictures which were carefully walled up during the time of the Reformation. Queer times, those old Reformation days, and more vigorous than persuasive were the means adopted by Elizabeth to enforce the new religion. During the first year of her reign it was made compulsory for every layman or woman "to pay a fine of one shilling each time they failed to attend their parish church, and should any speak against the book of Common Prayer the following terms of imprisonment were ordered:—'For a first offence, six months; a second, one year; a third, for life.' After April 1st, 1563, it was further ordained that should one maintain in writing the Pope's supremacy in the Church, that one should be declared guilty of high treason, which meant that the offender, were he a man, should be hung, cut down alive, his breast and stomach cut open, his heart (still palpitating) be drawn out, and then, while yet warm his limbs should be hacked off, dipped in boiling pitch, and exposed over the gates on spikes. If a woman, she should be burned alive." We are told "that these proceedings in the cause of religion failed to increase the love of the Catholics for their Queen, even as the pro-

ceedings of her late sister had failed to win the Protestant heart," and we can scarcely wonder at the fact. In spite of all England had suffered during the horrors of the Popish persecution under Bloody Mary, the old faith was still so strong, that it "lay like lees at the bottom of men's hearts, and if the vessel was ever so little stirred it came to the top." Charles Nevill, sixth and last Earl of Westmoreland, was one of those who still clung to the early faith, and who entered heart and soul into the great rising in the north in 1569. He and his companions were furious at the irresolution and timidity which had been shown by that Duke of Norfolk to whom they had looked as a leader, who should have married the fair Scottish Queen, and re-established the Church of Rome, but who had only succeeded in losing his head upon which he had thought to place a crown. The sister of this Duke of Norfolk was wife of Charles Nevill, but being a Protestant she had nothing to do with instigating the rebellion in which her husband was so deeply engaged. Wordsworth tells of the number who answered the Earl's summons upon this occasion:—

"Seven hundred knights, retainers all
Of Nevill, at their master's call
Had sate together in Raby Hall;
Such strength that earldom held of yore,
Ner wanted at this time rich store
Of well-appointed chivalry."

The rising in the north has been treated of in history, and song, and story, all telling how towards the end poor Lady Westmoreland prayed alone for her lord while "the snow drove wildly and the wind howled dismally around the old towers of Brancepeth and Raby," and how Charles Nevill became an outlaw, and finally died in exile.

Queen Elizabeth's progress through Kent, and visit to Eridge in 1573 is thus recorded:—"She was at her own house Knowle, for five days, from thence she went to Byrlingham [Birling] the Lord Burgavenny's, where she remained three days; and then made a visit to Sir Thomas Gresham, at Mayfield, thence to Eridge, another house of Lord Burgavenny's, for six days."

It was during this visit to Eridge that good Queen Bess received in audience the French Ambassador in order to discuss with him the proposed alliance with the Duke d'Alençon, brother of Charles IX. of France, the very marriage, the disapproving of which lost Sir Philip Sidney Elizabeth's royal favour, and caused his retirement from Court.

From Eridge also, at the time of this same visit, the Queen issued orders for prolonging and even hardening the imprisonment of her unhappy cousin, Mary Stuart. The letter giving these instructions has been preserved, and was written by Lord Burleigh whilst acting as Elizabeth's secretary during her visit to Eridge, to the Earl of Shrewsbury, at that time keeper of the person of the Scottish Queen. It reads as follows:—

“By Alexander Bogg, bryning to me your Lordship's letter, I was glad to understand of your Lordship's well doing; and am now commanded to wryte to your Lordship by her Majty', that she is pleased if your Lordship shall think you may without perill conduct the Quene of Scots to ye Well of Buckston, according unto her most earnest desyre, your Lordship shall so doo, using such care and respect for her person to continew in your chardg as hytherto your Lordship hath honorably, happely, and s'visably doone. And when your Lordship shall determyn to remove with the sayd Quene thythar, it were good yt [that] as little forknolledg abroad as may conveniently be gyven, and nevertheless, yt for ye time she shall be there yt all others, being strangers from your Lordship's company, be forbyden to come thythar, during ye time of ye sayd Quene's abode ther. And this I wryte because her Majty. was very unwylling yt she should go thythar, or for the acheving of some funder enterprise to escape; but on the other part, I told her Majty. that if in very her sickness were to be releved therby, her Majty. could not in honor deny hir to have ye naturall remedy thereof; and so hir Majty. commanded me to wryte to your Lordship yt you might conduct hir thythar, and also to have good respect to hir. And according to this hir Majty's determination: the French Embassador being with her at Eridge, my Lord of Burgeni's housse in

Waterdown Forest in Sussex, hath received knolledg from hir Majty. that you shall thus doo.

“The second sute of the Embassador was also for a salve-conduct directly for ye Duke of Alanzon to come to the Quene's Majty. now at Dover; but thereto soch answer is gyven to discomfort a wovar as I think namely he will not come. Suer I am ther is no salve-conduct yet granted.

“The Quene's Majty. hath had a hard begynning of a progress in the Weld of Kent: and namely in some part of Sussex, wher surely ar more wonderous rocks and vallyes, and much worss ground, than in ye Peek. Now we are bending to Ry, and



DRAWING-ROOM, ERIDGE CASTLE.

so afterwards to Dover, where we shall have amends.

* * * * *

“Your Lordship's at command,

“W. BARGHLEY.

“To the Rt. Honorable, my very good Lord, ye Earl of Shrewsbury.”

The allusion in this letter to the uneven state of the ground seems to have been confirmed long years after by Horace Walpole, who in a letter to Richard Beatty, Esq., dated 1752, says:—“Pray whenever you travel in Kentish roads, take care of keeping your driver sober.”

Can we not fancy the haughty queen, secure in the obedience of her subjects, dictating the substance of this letter from Eridge House, where surrounded by the soft sough of the wind as it blows softly over the Sussex hills she breathes freedom and life and enjoys the tranquillizing effect of pleasant rural sights and sounds after the fatigues of royal state? Little however does Elizabeth heed the hedgerows decked with the wild English rose, or the meadows gleaming with cowslips and buttercups, or the trailing hop wreaths drooping in ripe golden clusters, each passing breeze wafting the

Time laughs low to himself at the one queen plotting for the stricter keeping of her rival, and the other grasping at every hope of relief from the weary imprisonment allotted to her. He smiles grimly as through the vista of years he sees the stately tombs in the old stone Abbey of Westminster, so slightly removed the one from the other, and with so little choice between them, and laughs again at the slender difference which will exist in the end for the imperious Elizabeth planning her own safety in the free sunshine of Eridge, and the weeping Mary bewailing her fate in the gloom of Fotheringay.



ERIDGE CASTLE.

surrounding fragrance to her; nor does she pause to remember that any one of these simple country sights would be a rest to the aching eyes of Mary Stuart, carried from one dreary old castle to another, that perchance the last might prove stronger against all effort to escape.

After the letter has been dictated to Burleigh, the queen turns to the Ambassador of Charles IX., and discusses with him this French alliance, which for the moment pleases her fancy, although she will not yet grant a passport to her foreign wooer that he may plead his cause in person.

And the while the great scene-shifter

Time sees all this and laughs as well he may, at mortals.

One of the *souvenirs* of Queen Elizabeth at Eridge is an old music book bearing the date 1591, and supposed to be in the original handwriting of the redoubtable daughter of Henry VIII. She presented it to the Lord Abergavenny who was her host during her visit. And there is a small head in the drawing-room representing her with a more than usually high ruff, and hair the tint of which her most infatuated courtier could not have called auburn, it is so hopelessly, uncomprisingly red. A charming boy, the second Earl of Abergavenny, painted by Sir

Joshua Reynolds, and another portrait by the same artist of a certain Sir John Macpherson also hang in this room which opens out from the library already described. Further on, beyond the oak room, is the comfortable smoking room whose walls have listened to many a good story in their day, if, as the song book tells us, walls have ears. A curious set of pictures of the different cavalry regiments in the reign of George II. hang around this after-dinner retreat, the originals of which are at Windsor.

Many members of England's royal family have come to Eridge for pleasure and amusement since the days of Queen Bess and Mary Stuart. When the present sovereign was as yet the Princess Victoria she spent some time at Tunbridge Wells with her mother the Duchess of Kent, and often wandered along the grassy roads of Eridge Park, and read beneath a shady oak near the house itself.

In Lady Abergavenny's sitting-room, one of the cheeriest apartments of the house, hangs a small engraving of the Duchess of Kent and her daughter given by her Majesty, and in the same room is a picture of the lovely twin daughters of the present Marquis, Lady Rose and Lady Violet Nevill, painted with a snowy wintry landscape, and Eridge in the distance. Two portraits of the present Lady Abergavenny, of the mother of the

present owner of Eridge, and two quaint pictures of the wife of the Honourable G. Nevill and her niece Lady Henrietta Nevill, are also to be found amongst the larger pictures, while photographs, flowers, and books, lazily comfortable chairs and the delightful arrangement of a thoroughly English room, makes the place a peculiarly tempting one.

The Prince of Wales, Prince Albert Victor, the Duke of Edinburgh, Princess Louise, and Princess Mary of Teck have all at different times stayed as guests at the ivy-covered castle, and poor Prince Louis Napoleon loved Eridge as every one who shares its kindly hospitality always does love it.

Each distinguished guest who comes to Eridge plants a pine, or a cedar tree on the lawn before the castle door, and the one planted by the young French exile whose tragic death roused sympathy in every heart, stands not far from two bearing the names respectively of Disraeli, 1868, and Earl of Beaconsfield, 1877, each time when he was Prime Minister.

There are many older homes in England than Eridge, and many houses more strictly historical, but none more hospitable, more delightful, or more dear.

ELIZABETH BALCH.





THE MEDIATION OF RALPH HARDELLOT.

BY PROF. W. MINTO, AUTHOR OF "CRACK OF DOOM."

CHAPTER XXXI.

CLARA ACTS FOR HERSELF.



SINGLE girl against the world. Clara stood quite alone in her championship of Ralph. They were all against her. The princess, she could see, believed him to be a traitor, though she was too kind-hearted to acknowledge this, and simply lamented the sadness of the circumstances. As for the boy-king, who at first had been disposed to side with her, he had evidently been talked over.

The weight of authority was against her, but she would not give way. She clung all the more obstinately to her belief that Ralph had been maligned. The one thing that shook her faith in him was that he remained in concealment. Why did he not come boldly forward, assert his innocence, and challenge his accusers? Why did he not let her know if he was alive? That might be because he had lost his life or was lingering somewhere in painful illness, and often she lay awake torturing herself with horrible imaginations of hardship and danger. Or it might be that he did not care to let her know, and the thought of this sometimes filled her eyes with tears, and sometimes touched her pride. But in no mood would she ever admit to herself that he had been disloyal to his trust.

Not that she gave much outward sign of the care that lay at her heart. She was not pale or hollow-eyed or tearful, or at all doleful in her manner. The demure gravity and reserve which always marked her in mixed company, and which seemed so incomprehensible to the few intimates who

had seen her wilder outbursts of animal spirits, was a little intensified; but the difference was not enough to be remarked by any one in the busy court where there were so many personages whose changes of manner it was of more consequence to observe.

So Clara carried her heavy heart unbetrayed through the festivities of Christmas and the last days of the year. There was music and merrymaking throughout the city, overflowing into the streets; there were gorgeous services in the brightly-decked churches; there were splendid banquets at which the ladies looked on, and dances and revels in which they played a more active part. Amidst it all Clara's thoughts often dwelt on a certain homeless fugitive, and she busily revolved plans for the clearing of his fair fame, but none of those around her suspected how tenaciously she clung to the maligned enthusiast.

But what could she do? If she had been a man, she would have gone in search of the two accusers, and she often pictured herself face to face with them, dragging the truth out of them, forcing them to confess their falsehood. But, alas! she was only a woman, and an expedition to Sudbury in the depth of winter was out of the question. Reluctantly she was forced to the conclusion that her only hope lay in an appeal to Ralph's brother Reginald. He had already told her that he knew nothing, but she would ask him to help her in clearing up the mystery.

During Christmas week she several times saw Reginald at a distance in great state ceremonials, he in the retinue of the archbishop, she in the train of the princess. At the great services in St. Paul's the gallant young courtier, with a portentous earnestness of visage that at another time would have furnished her with much matter for private

laughter, tried to convey to her by looks the assurance of his most respectful and undying homage. But it was some days before she could get speech of him ; and she had made up her mind to risk all misconstruction and send him a message to come to her when chance threw the desired opportunity in her way.

It was New Year's day, and the Duke of Lancaster—King of Castile, as it was the fashion at court to call him—gave a great feast in his Savoy Palace, the last great feast ever held in that magnificent structure. Distinction was lent to the occasion by the first social appearance of the recently married Harry of Bolingbroke and his bride Mary Bohun, and many of the great people of court were there, among others the young king and his mother, and the chancellor-archbishop.

Dinner was at an hour that seems strange nowadays—eleven o'clock ; and after dinner there was dancing, also at an hour to which we are not accustomed, between one and three in the afternoon, soon after which there was an adjournment for prayers and supper, when the revels were resumed. The great folks danced or looked on in the tapestried chamber, "the chamber of parements," our modern drawing-room ; the hall was cleared for the dances of the meaner folk. Among the latter were the gentlewomen of the princess and the young squires of the archbishop's household, and there Clara and Reginald met, and in the gay and noisy crowd, amidst the lively chatter and the loud stirring strains of pipe and string, found an opportunity of conversing as freely as if they had been alone.

The lively Reginald rattled on at such a pace—now pouring court gossip into her ear, now asking her questions about her life with the princess, and now paying her fantastic compliments—that Clara found a difficulty in introducing the subject on which she wished to speak. It almost seemed to her as if he were purposely avoiding it. But she was not to be baffled. She had had a hard fight with her maidenly pride before bringing herself to the resolution of taking action on behalf of Ralph, but she had determined to do it, at whatever cost to her own feelings. Accordingly she interrupted Reginald in one of his high-flown speeches by saying to him in a dry voice :—

"How strongly you remind me of your brother !"

"Indeed !" cried Reginald. "The resemblance is not apparent to my weak vision. He is dark ; I am fair. His voice is rich and deep ; mine is, as you hear, not I hope disagreeable, but not—"

"It is by force of contraries that you make me think of him," said Clara. "He never paid me any compliments."

"Cold-blooded Lollard !" cried Reginald. "Is it possible ? I cannot believe it ! Could any man have—"

"Your flatteries have made me giddy," interrupted Clara. "Let us sit down in that window."

Reginald conducted her ceremoniously to the recess. The scene brought back to her powerfully a similar situation some years before in Cavendish Hall, but Clara was not easily overpowered by melting memories when she was on her mettle, and she had nerved herself to carry this business through without betraying how deeply it affected her. As soon as she was seated she fixed her eyes on Reginald, and before he had time to begin, asked him directly in a tone of forced indifference :—

"Have you heard anything further about your brother ?"

"Nothing."

"You don't know what has become of him ?"

"How should I know ? He has never done me the honour, though I am his elder brother, to consult me about his movements. I told him without being asked that he would get into trouble. But the voice of wisdom is never regarded. Why does he not take the world as he finds it ? It is a good enough world."

"You seem to enjoy it ?"

"Have I not been dancing with you ? What higher happiness could the heart of man desire ?"

An impatient ghost of a smile was Clara's only acknowledgment of this tribute. "I have heard something," she pursued, in the same dry tone, and proceeded to tell him about Ralph's seizure and imprisonment on the evidence of Docket and Chowley. "Do you know anything of these men ?" she concluded.

"Docket and Chowley ? Oh, yes, I know them well," said Reginald. "They tried to do me also an ill turn."

"Did they ?" she exclaimed with quick interest, forgetting her rôle of indifference. "Then they are spiteful and malignant. I was certain they had slandered him."

"It is extremely probable," said Reginald.

"What can be done to clear him ?" she asked.

Reginald shrugged his shoulders and was silent.

"Can they not be found and compelled to retract their falsehoods ?" she demanded impetuously.

"To find them," said Reginald, "would not be difficult, but—" He repeated his gesture of helplessness. "I met Docket," he continued, "only yesterday at St Paul's porch, in his very best dun clothes, his great bumpkin face all mottled with the cold. He did not care to meet my eye, and pretended to stare vacantly about him, but I hailed him and asked what he did in London. Before he found his tongue I gave him to understand that I knew what had brought him here. Of course I did not show such a lout that I minded what he had said and done against me, and when he saw that I did not look angrily, he became most odiously fawning, and humbly asked my interest to further his business."

Clara looked impatient, but her look changed to one of excited interest as Reginald went on:

"It seems," he continued, "that he has been playing the spy again, and knows that Ralph's friends, the pretended merchants whom he met at Sudbury, are now in London. Docket knows where to lay hands on them, and has been communicating with the chancellor's officers, to whom he thinks he might sell his knowledge at a profitable rate. I promised to do my utmost for him."

"But you will not do it?" said Clara mechanically. Her face had assumed an air of intense preoccupation, after her first start of surprise.

Reginald smiled maliciously. "Oh, yes," he said. "I should not be sorry to be quits with Master Docket. Playing the spy is a dangerous office, and though the catiff has a great advantage for it in his look of stupidity, his face is big enough to be easy to recognize, and I do not think it could haunt our sedition-merchants long without their becoming aware of its presence. Besides, he has been haggling over his price with my lord's officers, and if he does not come quickly to terms, he may have to part with his secret for a less pleasant reward than he expects. Oh, yes, I shall keep my promise, and do my utmost to encourage Master Docket in his new trade."

"Listen," said Clara, after a moment's pause. "You say you are my devoted slave?"

"It is the simple truth," said Reginald, with a profound reverence.

"Your deeds shall show it. Will you see those merchants and find out what has become of your brother?" She flushed crimson; the significance of this test of devotion to her coming immediately as an afterthought.

Reginald looked lightly away so as not to

appear to observe her blushes, and hummed in a hesitating manner, knitting his brows.

"You have caught me in a trap, my lady," he said after a pause, looking her full in the face with a smile.

"How so?"

"You impose an impossible adventure. I do not know where the merchants are."

"If they are in London you can find them. Besides this Docket knows. Where does he lodge?"

"The noble Docket lodges at Ypres Inn, in Thames Street."

"If he is spying on them they cannot be far distant."

Reginald paused to reflect, while she fixed her eyes on him relentlessly. He made up his mind after a short hesitation. "You have a subtle wit, Lady Clara," he said, with an uneasy laugh. "But it is impossible. I should only be playing into Master Docket's hands. I should be charged with being one of them. No other good could come of it."

"And you will incur no danger for my sake?" said Clara, in a dry tone.

He covered his confusion with an extravagant protestation. "At least have the mercy to bid me slay myself at your feet, that I may have the comfort of dying before your eyes, and dying without shame."

"Let us join another dance," said Clara.

That evening Clara could not conceal a certain air of dejection as she waited on the princess in her chamber.

"If he only knew," the princess said with a look of motherly compassion, "what a true heart is sorrowing for him. But he cannot be worthy, dear child, of your sorrow, or he would long since have appeared to clear his fame."

Clara's fortitude was not proof against kindness. "I do not believe he knows," she sobbed, "and there is no one to tell him."

"God comfort you, poor child," said the compassionate woman. "You must try to forget him."

"I will try, madame."

"I began to think you had forgotten him," said the princess more cheerfully. "You looked so bright and fresh in that rose-coloured dress to-day. You seemed to me quite the most graceful dancer in the hall."

"Did you see us dance, madame?"

"I looked on from the gallery for a little. That handsome youth you were dancing with is Ralph's brother, is he not?"

"Yes, madame," she said, and made a brave effort to keep back the tears which rose to her eyes again.

"If I can find where he is, madame,"

Clara said later on in a broken and hesitating voice, "or can find means to let him know what is said against him, will you let him have audience of the king?"

"Ever faithful," said the princess with a kindly smile. "Yes, I think I may promise that his defence will be heard. But we must not," she continued, shaking her head, "encourage Richard to act without his counsellors."

Next morning, at the princess's request, her chaplain, Father William de Fulbourne, gave Clara a kindly lecture on the sin of wilful judgment, and the duty of the young to submit themselves to the wisdom of their elders. She heard the good Father with reverence and every appearance of contrition, but it is to be feared that she did not make the practical application that was intended. She was thinking, in fact, of another matter, a resolution she had formed to confront Ralph's accuser.

The hour of noon brought a surprise. One of the squires of the princess's household, William de Harpley, reported that a Flemish merchant wished to submit to her inspection some wonderful bargains in gold work and silver work, which he had purchased cheap in Ghent in consequence of the troubles there. The princess had some scruples, but they gave way before the irresistible temptation of a bargain. She would buy some trifle for Clara at least, and consented that the merchant should be admitted. To Clara's astonishment she recognized in him one of Ralph's associates, the henchman Lawrence.

Fortunately all eyes were bent upon the pack which he carried in his arms, and proceeded at once deferentially to open, so that Clara's astonished look passed unobserved. All the ladies of the household collected in a flutter to examine the merchant's wares, which consisted chiefly of clasps, brooches, and earrings in gold and silver filigree. He had not many things, but they were of the most delicate workmanship, and soon there was a lively buzz of criticism and haggling.

In the midst of this excitement Lawrence, who had shown not the slightest sign of recognizing Clara, contrived to say to her two words, to which nobody but her would have attached any meaning if they had happened to overhear. These words were—"Blackfriars—Vespers."

When the hour of Vespers came, Clara excused herself from attending the princess and St. Paul's, and hurried down to the church of the Black Friars, then one of the

finest in London, though all trace of it has now disappeared. It was but a stone's throw from the Wardrobe.

In the north aisle she found Lawrence waiting for her.

"You understood me, madame?" he said, saluting her respectfully.

"Perfectly."

"I have been sent to speak with you about Ralph HardeLOT."

"Where is he?" she asked.

He looked surprised. "I thought you knew," he said. "He is in prison in Cambridge Castle."

It was Clara's turn to express astonishment. "But we were told he had escaped."

"The king is under that belief?"

"Yes. This was told to the king as a proof that he was guilty of the charges made against him."

Lawrence informed her that for some time he and his fellows had suspected Ralph of treachery to them. Through a confederate in Cambridge Castle they had learnt the truth of the case, that Ralph was kept a prisoner there on the charge of complicity in their designs. Then Lawrence had been sent to assist him to escape. But Ralph had refused to stir. He would listen to no argument; he was a prisoner by the king's order on charges that he repudiated, and he would remain in prison till he was cleared of them. It was then that Lawrence had been commissioned to see Clara, and urge her to press for an inquiry.

"Surely," said Lawrence, when Clara had told him how matters stood, "surely when the king knows that Master HardeLOT is still a prisoner, he will at once have him released?"

Clara's intelligence and practical instinct had developed wonderfully during her short experience of court life. She was able to correct Lawrence on this point. "That might be," she said, "if the king were free to follow his own inclination. But he must have been misinformed for a purpose. Those who misled him must have a reason for keeping Ralph out of sight, and—"

She shuddered at the conclusion to which her argument pointed. Lawrence saw it. "It might be better, after all, that he should escape," he said.

"If he does escape," said Clara, "I think he might be helped to an audience of the king."

Before they separated Clara told him what she knew about the espionage of Docket on himself and his master. "Then we had better make all haste from London," he said. "We have now learnt all that we wished to know."

Clara left the church with a lighter heart than she had known for some months. A prettier or brighter figure you could not imagine than hers as she hurried up St. Andrew's Hill in the gathering dusk of the frosty January evening. Purple hood and mantle, the ground white with snow, big flakes beginning to fall from the dark sky fluttering down past the quaint gables and windows of the winding street. It was a pretty figure hurrying along, and if you had been near enough to see the sweet, oval, warm-tinted face and sparkling eyes looking out from the grey fur edging of the purple hood, the vision would have warmed your heart for hours.

Father William ascribed the change in her demeanour to the efficacy of his excellent counsels, and accepted the thanks of the princess with happy humility.

Reginald Hardelot did, after all, though with considerable misgiving and reluctance, resolve to do something in pursuance of Clara's request. It stung him to think that she regarded him as cowardly and faint-hearted. On the day after Clara's meeting with the merchant's emissary, he took his way into the city, humming many a snatch of song to keep up his spirits, and called at Ypres Inn on purpose to see Docket. But Docket had mysteriously disappeared. He had gone out about dusk the previous evening, as the long night began to fall, and had not returned. "He has had the spy's usual hire," thought Reginald to himself, and there was more heart in his music as he was rowed back to Lambeth.

CHAPTER XXXII.

WHAT THE LEADERS OF THE DISCONTENTED COMMONS WANT WITH RALPH—THEY RELEASE HIM FROM CAMBRIDGE CASTLE.

THE reason of the revived interest taken in Ralph Hardelot by the champions of the commons was the simple one that they wanted him. The heads of an agitation so intense as this was now becoming, have no force to waste at the prompting of any other motive.

They wanted him as means to an end, that end being to win over the sympathies of the young king.

This was now the most urgent point in their policy, absolutely indispensable to their schemes of reformation, to touch the king's conscience, and secure his support—disabuse

him at least of prejudice against them and fears of their designs.

Ralph Hardelot was not a very distinguished intermediary, but the king had shown a disposition to listen to him before, and might do so again. They had to content themselves with such instruments as were within their reach: they had not much choice: they were only too glad of direct access to the king through any channel. No great baron was likely to take up their cause; "each man for himself, there is no other," was the rule at Court. Their hopes of the king himself lay mainly in his youth. He was as yet uncorrupted, unsophisticated. He had been carefully nurtured in the purest principles of chivalry and religion; taught to regard clemency as the highest virtue of a king, redress of wrongs, championship of the weak, as his highest honour and duty. The force of the ideal lessons of his mother and his tutors on a nature fundamentally generous had not yet been weakened by experience of the world. To win over a youth reared in a moral atmosphere of such purity was not impossible, if only a direct appeal could be made to his generous instincts.

There are some who suspect that the motives of the agitators were much more coarse and homespun, far from being so purely utopian and disinterested; that their real aim was simply to get possession of the king's person and rule England in his name. That this wild and crude ambition entered some heads is possible enough; but nobody can study the history of the time without becoming convinced that in that age of glaring contrasts the prime movers in this affair were romantically pure in their aspirations. Purification, and not political revolution was the dream of the reforming spirit of the age. The effects of corruption were seen and felt everywhere. Judges, sheriffs, summoners, bishops, abbots, stewards, royal purveyors, holders of offices of power and trust, of all sorts and degrees, abused their power and trust to their own private advantage. And wildly visionary and innocently puerile as the aspiration now seems, the proposed remedy was, retaining the system, to clear out the dishonest servants and put honest men in their places. They did not propose to abolish dignities, but to substitute faithful for unfaithful dignitaries. It was a moral and not a political reformation that was in their minds.

Such at least was the moving idea in its purity, however much it may have been mixed with grosser motives and wilder aims in the rough heads and hearts into which it

passed. Ideas must be carried out by human instruments, and as they travel from man to man they take with them at each transition something of the nature of the successive individuals, so that they are found in strange alloys before their impulse is exhausted. The Scriptures of the Peasants' Rebellion are the anonymous *Vision of Piers the Plowman* and the Tracts of Wycliffe. In them you find that ideal of a purified feudal system which the insurgents more or less consciously sought to realize. Some of the leaders may have dreamt of taking the place of the old nobility. It was natural enough that they should think themselves capable of administering affairs with greater honesty and justice and kindliness than the old nobility had shown. But there was no thought of any system of government different from that to which they were accustomed. The "gentleman" against whom John Ball protested in his famous lines—

"When Adam dalf and Eve span,
Wo was thanne the gentilman?"

was the gentleman who did no work of any kind, spiritual, or directorial, or manual: the crude communism put into Ball's mouth by Froissart is inconsistent with the letters quoted by Walsingham, and with the tenor of the other Puritan literature of the time.

A moral reformation of rulers and their instruments: such was the doctrine spread among the common people by zealous preachers, who read of the acts of the prophets in the Old Testament and modelled themselves on their fiery example. Down among the great masses who, from their painful experience of oppressive underlings, were inclined to listen gladly to such preaching, there was no thought of any change of system.

No change of system, except in one particular, and it must be admitted that the exception was considerable. Out of the vague discontent one very definite desire began to take shape—a desire to get rid of one class in the community, the lowest—the class of serfs.

The hardships of bondage in its various forms had been for some time on the increase, and were felt all the more keenly that there had been considerable improvement in the general condition of the peasantry.

We cannot expect our readers here to follow us in a dissertation on the very intricate subject of bondage in England, but a few words will suffice to show why at this period it had become intolerable. The essence of serfdom is that a man's whole time and labour are at the command of a

superior, who may call upon him at any time to do any kind of work without any definite limit as to the amount. The lot of the serf thus varies with the temper and circumstances of his master; if the master is easy and prosperous, the task-work is likely to be correspondingly light and considerate. In such circumstances also when the master can, with little sacrifice to himself, dispense with some of his servile labour, many serfs are likely to obtain, with or without documentary manumission, the privileges of freemen.

The first half of the fourteenth century, putting it broadly, was such a stage in the history of villeinage in England, the natural tendencies to express or virtual emancipation being helped by the intervention of the ministers of religion, who urged upon masters that the manumission of slaves was a pious and a meritorious act before God and man. Then came a variety of causes telling unfavourably upon all who had either themselves been, or whose ancestors had been, in a state of serfdom, and who could not produce documentary evidence of their freedom. First, there was the terrible calamity of the Black Plague, which enormously increased the value of labour. Masters were thereby tempted not only to exact the utmost possible from such serfs as remained to them, but also to reclaim many who had been using the privileges of freemen. Foreign wars and court splendour increased the number of absentee lords; a general rise in the scale of living augmented their demands upon their estates, and stimulated the sharpness of unscrupulous bailiffs. The substitution of leasehold farms for demesne farms told in the same direction of aggravating the condition of bondmen. Their services were often part of the lease, and were more sharply seen to than they had been under the customary lord. Similarly with estates that were sold to commercial investors eager to make the most out of the soil.

Many causes thus combined to exasperate the agrarian population. In every parish the machinery of the law was in action under the plea of technical rights to thrust them back into the base servitude from which many had gradually freed themselves. Thousands who had tasted the sweets of freedom found themselves in danger. They had no chance in the courts of law against superiors who claimed rights of service over them. Apart from chicanery and corruption, the law naturally laid stress on formal documents, and the value of these was only now becoming apparent to the poor and ignorant. Some villeins who had purchased their free-

dom met to carouse over the happy event. The carousal was prolonged into the night; their lights failed them; and they used the wax of the seals of their deeds of manumission for candles. Their lord, hearing of this, reclaimed them, and the law sustained his claim. In another case, a wealthy farmer, of servile origin, was called upon to pay an exorbitant rent. He refused. The abbot, who was his superior lord, sent a force of men to his house, who broke it open, beat him and his servants, smashed his fences, and carried off as much of his stock as they pleased. The farmer brought an action against the abbot, but the abbot simply pleaded that the man was his *nativus*, his born serf, and no serf could sue his owner in a court of law. There were hundreds of such cases. Old court rolls were produced with the names of tenants or their ancestors in them as bondmen; if no formal deed could be produced on the other side, the case was at an end. Forgeries were freely made, and still more freely suspected: legal learning and skill were all on the side of the rich. This was how "the craft of clerks" became hateful to the peasantry, so that among the more ignorant, ability to read and write was regarded as a criminal accomplishment.

Of course there was another side to the quarrel between master and bondman. The master could make out a good enough case to justify his conscience in pressing for his legal rights. It was he that was the ill-used man in his own eyes; the serf that was ungrateful and unreasonable. It was for the kindness and indulgence of himself and his fathers that he was now made to suffer. In effect, it came to this, that he was like a big brother, who should allow the use of his toys to a younger when he did not want them himself, or when he chanced to be in a generous mood. The day comes when the big brother wants to have them back, and he finds to his anger that a new right of property has been established, and that they are no longer regarded as his. If he tries to reclaim them, bickerings and heart-burnings arise. With children of a larger growth the resentment on both sides is proportionately fierce.

To such outrageous lengths were technical rights, real or spurious, pushed by the lords of the soil, and such pitiless cruelty was used in enforcing them, that the champions of the enraged peasantry saw no hope of relief except in the total abolition of serfdom by the issue of wholesale charters of manumission direct from the king. They still had a touching faith in him as the fountain of justice, the supreme source of law and order. To him they still looked for protection against

pillage and extortion, if only his ear could be disabused of the false persuasions of evil counsellors.

The leaders whom we have seen at work organising combination among the discontented peasants knew the value of a definite demand, the justice of which was widely felt in binding scattered units together. A novel and unpopular tax to which every adult was liable gave them great additional leverage.

The time was now ripe for formulating their demands and supporting them by what is now known in international politics as a "moral demonstration;" the demonstration being made in this case not with ironclads, but by a great rising of the poor commons with arms in their hands. It was hoped that the mere show of strength would suffice. That their professions on this head were sincere was abundantly proved by their subsequent conduct.

But first the young king—from whom personally they were to demand emancipation, and of whom they had more hope than of older men hardened in their iniquities—must be clearly informed as to their objects and assured of their loyalty to his person. No show of strength could be made till midsummer, when the days were long and the nights were warm and there was little work to be done in the fields: but meantime the king's mind might be prepared for their demands.

And for this mission John Kirby, who passed under the name of Simon d'Ypres and other *aliases*, thought of Ralph HardeLOT. It was a mission not without danger, as Kirby well knew. But Ralph was of the stuff of which martyrs are made. There was no reason why he should be denied his destiny. At any rate, somebody must be had for the service, and Ralph was at hand.

His liberation from Cambridge Castle was easy enough. It was a simple matter of bribery. With an inconsistency of which perhaps he was not conscious, Kirby did not hesitate to make use of the corruption that it was his aim to uproot. If it did cross his mind that there was any harm in bribing Ralph's gaolers, the end doubtless justified the means.

There was greater difficulty in persuading Ralph to take the liberty offered him. He clung obstinately to the idea that escape would look like guilt, but at last, when all that Lawrence had learnt was made known to him, he was brought to see that in escape lay his only chance of clearing his character.

About a fortnight after Clara's interview with Lawrence, Kirby's nephew, a little bit of stick planed on one of its faces was put

into her hands by a beggar as she came out of St. Paul's in the train of the princess. This rude tablet had written on it the single word—FREE.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

RALPH IS HELPED BY THE PRINCESS TO AN AUDIENCE OF THE KING.

FEBRUARY and March had passed, and the warm rains of April had begun before the princess was called upon to redeem her promise to procure an interview with the king. Lawrence Kirby more than once saw Clara, and brought her news of Ralph's welfare. The excuse he gave for the delay was that Ralph had suffered so much from his three months' imprisonment in Cambridge Castle, that it would take him some time to recover his strength. There was another reason, but of this Clara was not informed. Simon d'Ypres was in no hurry. The champions of the commons did not consider it advisable to approach the king too long before the peasants were ready for action.

Meantime in the upper regions the great game of politics went on as keenly as if no interruption were threatened from beneath. If the signs of discontent and subterranean convulsion were seen, they were not regarded.

The Earl of Buckingham's great expedition into France had proved a disastrous failure. The Duke of Brittany had promised aid, but found at the last moment that his subjects would not follow him. His towns had shut their gates against the allies whom he had invited. Our hold on France had not been strengthened by the King's death.

But other enterprises were on foot. The same wind and tide that brought back Buckingham and part of his discomfited army, brought into the port of Plymouth an ambassador from the king of Portugal, professing great indignation that the heiresses of Don Pedro were kept out of their rights by the King of Castile, and offering, with English co-operation, to win the crown for John of Gaunt.

The unfortunate chancellor smiled grimly over this generous offer as he thought of the ways and means. The collection of the tax for Buckingham's expedition, now a recognised abortion, was not proceeding happily. Two moietyes had been due in January. The reception given to the collectors had made him apprehensive of Whitsuntide, when the last moiety fell to be paid. Where was the money to be found for the cherished ambition

and grand adventure of another king's uncle? But of this base embarrassment nothing was visible to Sir John Ferrand, the King of Portugal's ambassador. He and the Earl of Buckingham rode lovingly together from Plymouth to the Court of Westminster, and there for the first fifteen days of April he was royally entertained, and courteously pressed to prolong his stay for the grand celebration of St. George's Day at Windsor.

One day during the Portuguese ambassador's stay at Westminster, the king called at the Wardrobe, where the princess was lodged, and was told that Ralph Hardelet was in waiting to see him. The princess was most unwilling to encourage her son, who was not yet quite fifteen, to do anything without the advice of his appointed guardians and councillors, but she held herself bound by her promise to Clara, and thought no harm could come of giving the young man an opportunity of clearing himself.

Richard looked displeased at first, but catching Clara in the act of stealing an anxious look at his countenance, he turned to her, and began to rally her on another subject. "Ah, Mistress Clara," he said, "I have tidings for you about your doughty husband. He has come back with my uncle of Buckingham, not a scratch the worse, and gone down to Sturmere to settle accounts with his tenants. Three shiploads of good men were cast away and perished on the voyage homeward: pity he was not among them, but Satan is kind to his own. Well, well, if Father Neptune refuses to rid you of your encumbrance, we must put our trust in the Pope. I trust, dear madam," he added, turning to his mother, "that Clara's suit to the Holy Father has been more favoured by Fortune than our armies in France?"

The boy had a boy's love of teasing. But the princess, seeing Clara's blank dismay, good-naturedly came to the rescue.

"But you will not, my dear son," she said, "reject poor Clara's supplication that you will see her champion?"

The king turned to Clara. "It is not for my own sake," she faltered. "But he has been slandered to your royal grace."

"Did he not flee from his accusers?" asked the king.

"Not," said the princess, "it appears, till long after you were told that he had fled. And he would not take freedom when it was offered to him, lest flight should look like guilt in your eyes."

This was more fully explained to the king. But still he hesitated and looked uneasy. "What can the traitor say?" he asked petulantly. "He can only deny what the

others have said. However," he added, after a pause, during which Clara felt her heart beating with anxious excitement, "I suppose I must see him."

Haste was made to bring Ralph into his presence. At the sight of him the boy's prepossession in his favour revived. There was little change in Ralph's appearance, except that he looked thinner and his face had a more steadfast expression. He bore himself with courteous humility in the royal presence, but his tall figure still had the lithe, alert carriage of ready strength, and his eyes when he spoke still had the frankness and fearlessness which had won the confidence of the chivalrous boy-king at their first meeting.

The king received him with gracious dignity. "Are you not," he said, "afraid to show your face in our presence?"

"I have no cause, sire," answered Ralph. "I laboured honestly to acquit myself of your majesty's gracious instructions."

"We have heard otherwise," said the king, and was silent and thoughtful for a space. "But it may be," he resumed, "that the movers of the common people are slandered also. Did not the churls say that our proffer of inquiry into their grievances was a trick?"

"Nay, sire," answered Ralph. "On the contrary, they were right joyful of it, and I was myself called for in their assembly as one who had had the honour of hearing your merciful disposition from your own lips, to assure the people that they might trust in your clemency."

"This is strangely unlike what we heard," said the king, turning to his mother with a perplexed air. "What am I to believe?"

"You should question him farther, dear son," said the princess, meeting his looks of doubt and mistrust with a benign smile.

Richard shook his head and muttered inaudibly to himself. After a pause he asked: "You say they were content to have an inquiry?"

"They were content, sire," answered Ralph, "but I pray your grace to hold me excused if I say that this would not content them now. It is of this principally that I am charged to speak to you, sire."

"Charged to speak to me," cried the king in surprise. "Do you come then as a commissary from them?" He turned to the princess excitedly. "My gracious mother," he said, "is not this a trick that you have played on me? I understood that it was of himself that this gentleman desired to speak, and now he addresses me as the messenger of discontented subjects whom inquiry will not content."

Before the princess, who was indeed as much surprised as the king himself, could frame a reply, Ralph threw himself on his knees.

"I pray you, sire, to pardon me if my devotion to your grace and my zeal for the contentment of the realm carry me too far. I do not come as a commissary; I come of my own motive."

This was strictly true; for Simon d'Ypres had so managed that Ralph had volunteered to speak to the King.

"I know these men," Ralph continued, "I know what they feel and what they say among themselves; I know how loyal and true in their hearts they are to you, and how they look to you as they did before to your noble father for comfort and redress; and I beseech you of your grace to hear me."

The king was partly appeased, but still doubtful whether he ought not to terminate the interview. He looked doubtfully towards the princess, and said to her: "If this matter concerns the realm, I ought not to hear it except in the presence of my council." But it was evident from his manner that curiosity was tempting him strongly.

"You can inform your council afterwards," said the princess softly. She also was interested in the ominous statement that mere inquiry would no longer give satisfaction.

"I ought, sire, to say," added Ralph, "that the commons put little trust in your present council."

"Say on, then," said the king hastily. "Tell me plainly what they want."

Thus authorized, Ralph proceeded in carefully respectful language, and with repeated protestations of the firm loyalty of his clients, to lay before the king a statement of what they considered necessary to the satisfaction of discontent.

It needed all the grace and temperance of speech that Ralph could command to obtain a patient hearing. For the facts were startling enough. It had come to this, that nothing short of the abolition of villeinage and other forms of bondage would suffice.

This was what Ralph had charged himself to make known to the king as best he could; and as he discoursed with respectful gravity of the high duties of rulers set by God over the people to shield the weak against the tyranny of the strong, he was warmed into unconscious eloquence by the answering glow in the eyes of the generous youth.

The seed had not fallen on barren ground; if disinterested youth could have had its way, much bloodshed might have been averted.

(To be continued.)

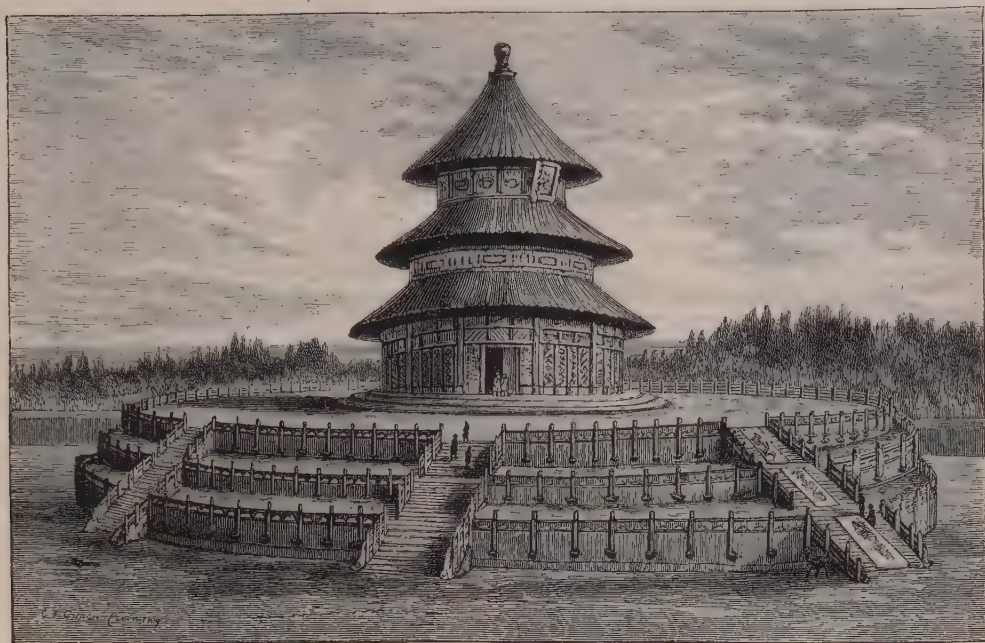


FIG. 1.—TEMPLE OF HEAVEN AT PEKING.
From a Drawing by C. F. GORDON CUMMING.

PAGODAS, AURIOLES, AND UMBRELLAS.

PART I.

Of all the eccentricities of Oriental architecture, few are so remarkable, or have given rise to so much conjecture concerning their origin, as the fantastic pagodas of China and Japan.

Those tall towers, which, like the minarets which tell of the worship of Islam, are landmarks seen from afar, sometimes happily placed on crags or hillocks, but more often rising from the dead level of China's great plains.

But unlike those slender, pillar-like towers, from whose summit the faithful are called to worship, the primary purpose of these pagodas is to act as a relic-shrine, wherein to store some fragment of a Buddhist saint, or some scrap of his clothing; and moreover, they are invariably built in several distinct stories, each with a separate, projecting, and more or less ornamental, overhanging roof and verandah.

Those of which I can speak from personal observation, vary in number from three stories (as at the Temple of Heaven at Peking, Fig. 1) to thirteen, as at the pagoda

of Pa-Li-Chuang, near to Peking, or that at Tung-Chow on the way thither. Five, seven, or nine are, however, much more frequently seen.

These pagodas are very numerous and of all sizes, from mere miniatures to two hundred feet in height, and a diameter at the base of sixty to seventy feet. In China the majority of these structures are octagonal, and from each corner hangs a small bell which tinkles with every breath of wind (Fig. 2). The general effect, however, is that of a tall circular tower, formed by a series of low structures piled one above the other.

In some cases, but rarely, the pagoda is square, and this is the form which has been copied by the Japanese, and as my first acquaintance with pagodas of this type commenced in Japan, I therein found nothing to suggest the original idea which led to their erection, and which has there been wholly lost sight of.

What that idea was it is now my object to trace.

All the pagodas I saw in Japan were of much the same type, generally built in five stories, with very fine dark-red woodwork, and harmonious grey tiles, while beneath the

temple wherein is placed the relic-shrine, which, in some cases, is a miniature pagoda, while the walls around are adorned with numerous images of Buddha.

In many cases we find a pagoda erected within the court of a Buddhist temple, as the storehouse of its relics. The honour thus due to Buddha was extended to such of his priests as were most distinguished for their learning and devotion, so that in many cases, pagodas were erected to contain the ashes saved from the funeral pyre.

In later times, however, this primary purpose seems to have been abandoned, and many of the more recent pagodas are said to have been built on the ancient model, but solely with a view to geomantic influences, the tall towers being supposed to have some mysterious effect on that strange, undefinable fung-shui—the mystic spirit of the

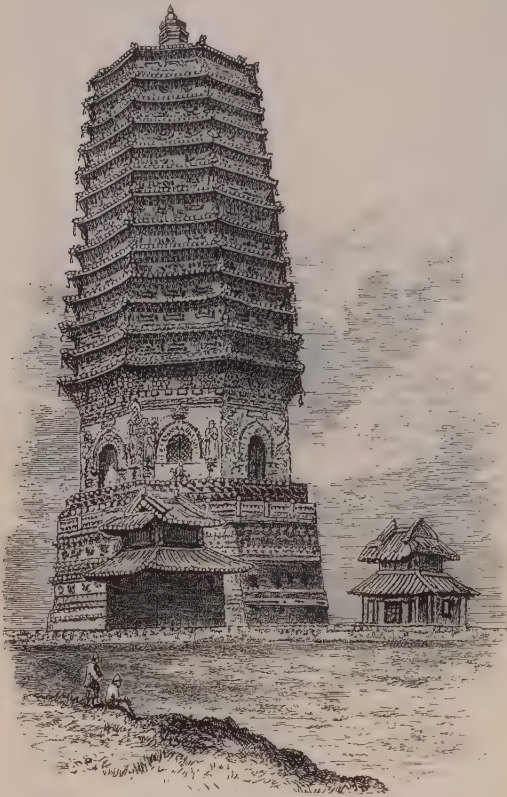


FIG. 2.—PAGODA AT PA-LI-CHUANG, NEAR PEKIN.
From a Drawing by C. F. GORDON CUMMING.

shadow of each projecting roof are innumerable boldly carved dragons' heads peering from beneath the eaves, and panels of fine wood-carving between the stories. The summit is invariably crowned by an honorific symbol in metal, consisting of nine rings, discs or cupolas as the case may be, piled one above the other (Fig. 3). On further examination, we shall find that these rings and these accumulated roofs are developments of the same original simple emblem.

With regard to the construction of these towers, there are instances in which the pagoda is of solid masonry throughout, but far more frequently it consists of two towers, one within the other, and between them winds a spiral staircase which leads to the summit. In this case, the inner tower is generally divided into as many rooms as there are stories, the lower floor forming the



FIG. 3.—FIVE-STORIED PAGODA WITH NINE RING TEE, AT YASAKA, JAPAN.

From a Drawing by C. F. GORDON CUMMING.

dragon who rules over wind and water, and who controls all human destinies. Several of the finest nine-storied pagodas in the neighbourhood of Canton have been erected

solely for this purpose, in the belief that by their means lurking evils would be dispelled, and the general peace and prosperity of the province insured.

Not only is the fertility of the fields thus provided for, but even the learning and general distinction of the citizens! Such an one was erected in the district of Sam-shuee in 1860 because the prosperity of the neighbourhood had for some years been falling off, and the candidates for literary honours at the great examinations had been peculiarly unsuccessful. So a three-storied pagoda was erected, each story consecrated to a different

faced with fine porcelain bricks, chiefly red and yellow, but the nine curved and projecting roofs were of the loveliest brilliant green porcelain tiles. On the summit of the tower was a strong iron bar, supporting nine iron discs or rings, surmounted by a gilded ball. Five precious pearls were concealed in the roof, as propitiatory offerings to the guardian spirits who have power to shield the city from all dangers of the night—to avert dust-storms, conflagrations, tempestuous winds, and the overflow of the river.

Now to consider the origin of this unique style of architecture. It appears to me that the solution of this greatly discussed question is simple, and suggests itself irresistibly to the mind of the traveller on observing the remarkable similarity in form of the Chinese pagoda to the elaborate state umbrella, the use of which, in the exceedingly Buddhist kingdom of Burmah, symbolises the highest honour that can be conferred on any mortal. By comparing the accompanying sketches which I have made from two of these, with combinations of three, five, and seven umbrellas, their similarity to the form of the pagoda is evident at a glance, and at once suggested itself to my mind (Figs. 4 and 5).



FIG. 4.—BURMESE STATE UMBRELLA.

From a Drawing by C. F. GORDON CUMMING.

deity. The God of Wealth (as controlling the very foundations of prosperity) occupied the ground floor, the God of Peace the second floor, while the God of Learning reigned in the top story.

Probably the finest specimen of these many-storied towers, was the famous porcelain pagoda at Nanking, built in the year A.D. 1413, and so ruthlessly destroyed by the Taiping rebels in 1853, that now not one trace of it remains. It was octagonal and built in nine stories, each thirty feet in height. Though built in the usual fashion with clay bricks, the whole structure was



FIG. 5.—BURMESE STATE UMBRELLA, CLOTH OF GOLD.

From a Drawing by C. F. GORDON CUMMING.

This idea received further confirmation from a picture by a Burmese artist representing a great four-storied dagoba surrounded by many pyramidal spires of seven-fold umbrellas, clearly proving the link between

this honourable emblem and the relic-shrine.

Again, passing southward to Siam, where Buddhism has left so many of its most majestic ruins, we find equally elaborated triple and quintuple regal umbrellas forming tiers of canopies strung on one handle. Some of these gorgeously be-jewelled state umbrellas have heavy flounces of the richest embroidery, and are encrusted with such a weight of gold and precious stones as to require several men to carry them!

Such is the importance attached to these symbols of dignity that they hold an important place even in the state jewellery—notably in the Collar of the Royal Order of

the funereal boats of Siam, as shown in Kaempfer's *History of Japan*, pub. 1727. One of these boats has a tall pyramidal tower surmounted by three umbrellas (Fig. 6). In the other the tower itself consists of ten umbrellas, precisely suggesting the pagoda form (Fig. 7).

Similar honour is paid to the illustrious dead in Borneo. In St. John's *Life in the Forests in the Far East* he tells us, that while ascending the Abai river he passed a chief's grave which was ornamented with sevenfold umbrellas.

In all these cases the object to be attained is honour to relics of the dead, which is precisely the intention of the pagoda.

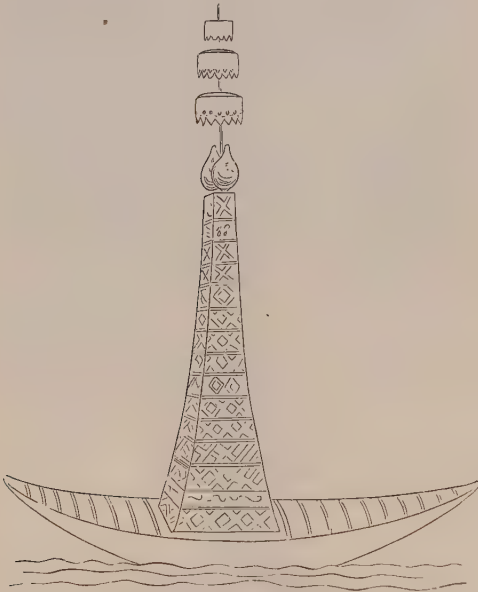


FIG. 6.—SIAMESE FUNERAL BOAT.

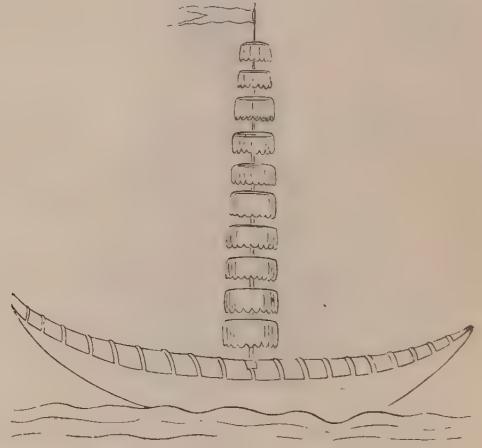


FIG. 7.—SIAMESE FUNERAL BOAT.

the White Elephant of Siam, which is reserved exclusively for crowned heads, and has been conferred by the King of Siam on Queen Victoria, the Prince of Wales and the Emperor of Germany.

The central ornament of the collar represents a triple white elephant, bearing a relic-shrine. On either side stand two pyramids of nine umbrellas. Thus the accumulated dignity of thirty-six umbrellas is conferred on the sacred beasts and their burden.

The Star of the Order also shows a white elephant bearing a gorgeous relic-shrine, and a stand of umbrellas on either side.

Still more clearly is the identity of symbolism suggested by two engravings of

As a very clear proof of this, I may here refer to a sketch of a monument in a cemetery at Kioto in Japan, over the cremated ashes of a Buddhist priest. The nine roofs, although square, admit of no doubt as to their meaning.

But according to Chinese tradition the earliest pagodas were built, not according to Burmese models, but as exact reproductions of certain stupas, topes or dagobas which were the relic-shrines of Buddhism in Hindoostan. Now the ordinary form of such ancient structures as have survived in Indian architecture is that of a bell surmounted by an ornamental cupola, known to antiquaries as a chatta, which is the ordinary Indian

name for any sunshade. Those on the summit of temples are generally made of polished brass, but on some very old buildings they were sculptured in stone as shown in the annexed figure from the Buddhist Rock Temple at Karlee (Fig. 8). Subse-

one, of which (namely, the great Tope at Peshawur, which was four hundred feet in height, and contained relics of Buddha,) the pilgrim expressly states that it was surmounted by a cupola and twenty-five copper-gilt chattas. (This is the precise description given in ancient records of Ceylon, of the decoration on the summit of those mighty relic-shrines in the Pre-Christian city of Anaradhapura, the ruins of which remain to this day in the silent forest.)

The object here described is unmistakably the Tee, and nowise suggests that the building itself was of the present form, or in any way resembling the pyramid of Burmese umbrellas.

On comparing notes on this subject with a



FIG. 8.—DAGOBA WITHIN THE ROCK TEMPLE AT KARLEE, BOMBAY, SURMOUNTED BY THE CHATTA IN STONE.

quently when these honorific chattas were multiplied it was found convenient to represent them in a conventionalised form, as a sort of spire consisting of an upright bar supporting a series of discs or rings. This is drawn as the Tee, and the annexed figures illustrate this symbol as the stone spire of a dagoba and the brass spire of a pagoda. See Figs. 9 and 10.

Thus the idea of the overshadowing umbrella is clearly indicated, although in a form totally unlike that of the pagoda of China. And yet we learn that one of the earliest of these was a large stupa erected about the year A.D. 664 by the celebrated Chinese traveller Hiouen Tshang, to contain the books and statues which he had collected in Thibet and India during his seventeen years wandering. This structure is expressly stated to have been on the exact model of the relic-shrines of Hindoostan, in describing



FIG. 9.—TEE IN FOURTEEN LAYERS ON CHARTEN NAMGYEL, BUDDHIST.

far-travelled and keenly observant friend, Mr. W. Simpson (the well-known correspondent of the *Illustrated London News*), he gave me the accompanying sketch (Fig. 11) of an exceedingly ancient sculptured stone which had attracted his attention at Dras in Ladak, while noting objects of interest connected with Thibetan Buddhism. This

is one of two upright stones, each about six feet in height, standing on either side of the high-road from Cashmere to Leh. They are covered with sculptured human figures except on one side, on which is shown this small

gonal form being due to the Chinese reverence for a mysterious eight-sided diagram of inexplicable meaning.

Various other details may, however, be noted as illustrating a phase of reverence which to us appears so singularly barbaric, and which nevertheless has undoubtedly found a place in numerous widely scattered races, resulting even in certain cases in the actual worship of the honour-conferring object!

As regards the place of the umbrella in early Buddhist art, we must gather our proofs from sculptured stones such as we find scattered in the dark forests, whose silent solitudes now clothe the site of many a once busy and populous city. In such surroundings, in India, Cambodia, and Ceylon, we find stupendous ruins of Cyclopean relic-shrines, some dating from pre-historic times and others of the first and later centuries.

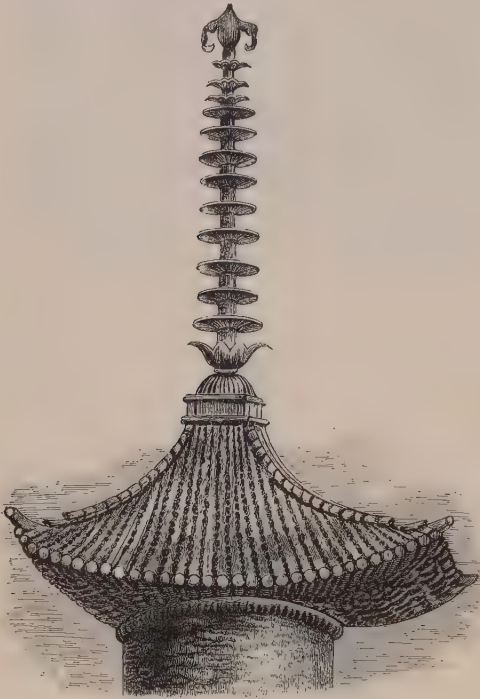


FIG. 10.—TEE ON PAGODA.

From a Drawing by C. F. GORDON CUMMING.

relic-shrine canopied by a spire of thirteen discs set so close as to form a pyramidal tower whose magnitude greatly exceeds that of the shrine.

The peculiar value of this sculpture is that it is apparently a representation of a recognised architectural type, and nothing could be more natural than that in the hands of a builder acquainted with the true meaning of the symbol, the tower of honorific umbrellas should be represented in more realistic style, so that each roof of the many stories should plainly suggest a real umbrella—not a perfectly circular mushroom of the form so common in India, but the spiked umbrella of China, on its frame-work of split bamboo, which results in a form like that in use among ourselves. This could be better suggested by a polygonal tower with projecting curved points at each angle, to which the pendent bells were added later as details of ornament—the preference given to the octa-

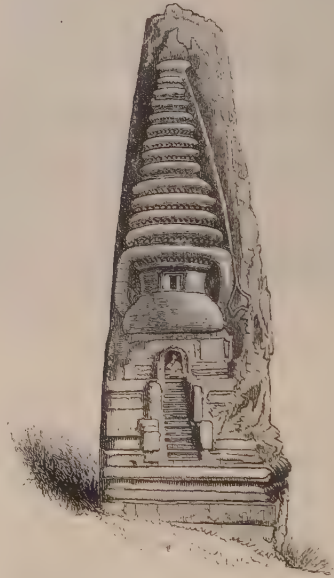


FIG. 11.—SCULPTURE OF A TOPE, DAGOBA, OR PAGODA, ON AN ANCIENT STONE PILLAR AT DRAS, LADAK.

Sketched by WILLIAM SIMPSON, R.I.

From some of these we may gather peculiarly interesting proofs of the manner in which the honorific umbrellas were originally multiplied and grouped, ere the idea presented itself of conventionalising them, so as to produce the pyramid of discs, which in its most compact form (as the Tee on the summit of the Tope), came to be recognised as the symbol of the whole.

First of all then, we find the single or triple umbrella overshadowing the image of Buddha as in the accompanying sketch, from a sculpture in the Caves of Ellora, in which the emblematic Wheel is shown beneath the Throne (Fig. 13).

Next we find a single flat stone umbrella, crowning the relic-shrine, as already shown in Fig. 8, which represents the dagoba

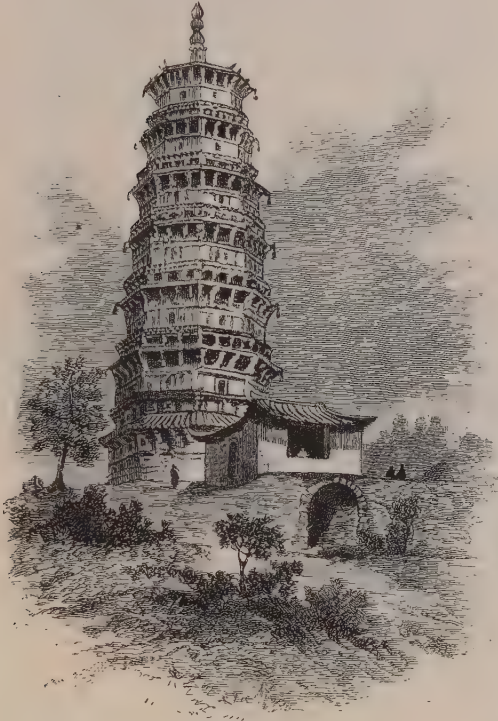


FIG. 12.—SEVEN-STORIED OCTAGON PAGODA.
From a Drawing by C. F. GORDON CUMMING.

in the interior of the great Buddhist Rock Temple of Karlee, on a mountain side in the neighbourhood of Bombay.

In the famous Sanchi Tope in Bhopal (in central India), which is simply a gigantic relic-shrine of solid masonry, dating from the first century, we find numerous sculptures illustrating this subject.

The great Tope is approached by noble gateways covered with sculpture in bas-relief. On a panel of the eastern gateway is shown the adoration of the Wheel of Light (symbolising Buddha) both by human beings and by cherubims with human bodies, and phoenix wings and tail, who bring celestial garlands as offerings. The wheel is overshadowed by the chatta, *i.e.* umbrella, which is itself adorned with garlands¹ (Fig. 14).

¹ For many details on the Sanctity of the Wheel,

On the northern gateway, approaching the same mighty relic-shrine, is sculptured a dagoba surmounted by three realistic umbrellas similarly adorned with garlands, also with a veil of drapery, such as in ancient Assyrian sculptures is represented attached to the regal sunshade. The conventional idea of massing these so as to diminish their resistance to the wind, had apparently not yet been devised. This sculpture is likewise surrounded by adoring cherubims, with peacock's wings and tail, and also by human worshippers and musicians bringing garlands and other offerings (Fig. 15).

On a third panel is shown a dagoba surmounted by two chattas placed one above the other, but there is as yet no conventionalising. They are unmistakable umbrellas adorned with garlands.

A fourth panel shows three umbrellas thus piled, and one on either side. Thus we have the primary idea of the accumulated honour of the five chattas, which subsequently, as



FIG. 13.—THREE UMBRELLAS OVER BUDDHA, IN THE CAVES OF ELLORA.

From a Drawing by C. F. GORDON CUMMING.

we have seen in the case of the great Tope at Peshawur, WERE INCREASED TO TWENTY-FIVE!

Of the perfectly realistic chatta we have and its practical use in prayer and praise, see *In the Himalayas, and on Indian Plains*, pp. 430—440, by C. F. Gordon Cumming. Pub. by Chatto and Windus.

a good example in solid masonry on the summit of a temple which stands on the sea-shore at Maha-Velli-pore (Fig. 16). How closely it resembles the ecclesiastical umbrella of China at the present day we may note from the annexed sketch of such an umbrella as we may see any day in China or Japan in a Buddhist temple or carried by Buddhist priests in solemn procession (Fig. 17).

Still more realistic are the golden umbrellas which crown the comparatively modern Chattr Manzil Palace in Lucknow, which hence, I believe, derives its name.

umbrella, all encrusted with precious stones—a regal offering, placed there some years ago, with most royal pomp and gorgeous ceremonial.

In sculpture the simple form of the umbrella was certainly retained till the fourth or fifth century, as we may gather from such examples as this group of six, suggestive of a great mushroom bed (Fig. 18), which is carved on a pillar of the Amravati Tope (another of the Cyclopean relic-shrines of ancient days).

Then we come to the conventionalised

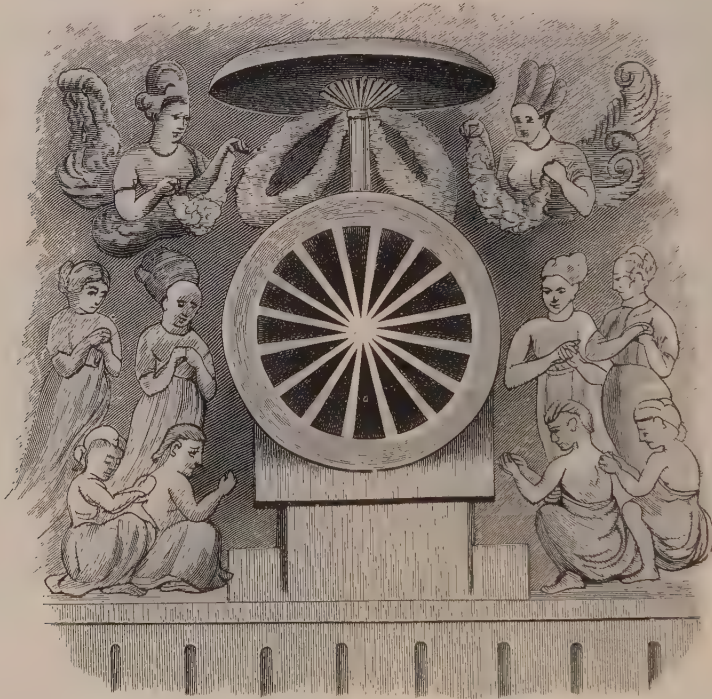


FIG. 14.—UMBRELLA OVERSHADOWING THE SACRED WHEEL. SCULPTURE AT THE SANCHI TOPE.

From a Drawing by C. F. GORDON CUMMING.

But such realism reaches its perfection in Rangoon, the capital of Pegu, a city whose chief feature is the multitude of its gigantic temples, pagodas, and other pyramidal relic-shrines, most of which are crowned with the umbrella symbol in the form of the Tee. But the greatest of all the pagodas (wherein are stored eight hairs from the head of Gautama Buddha, the water-dipper of Gaunagon Buddha, the robe of Kathapa Buddha, and the staff of Kanthathan Buddha,) is not only gilded from the base to the summit, so as to be positively dazzling in the sunlight, but further it is crowned by a magnificent

spire, which exemplifies how the dignity of multiplied chattas can be obtained with the least possible resistance to the winds.

Nor is it only in painting and sculpture that we find this symbolism as a survival of a reverence of the past. On the contrary, it is a reality of the nineteenth century, and one which not only holds a very prominent position in the state ceremonial of Oriental nations, but even peeps out, from many unexpected corners of Europe.

To glance first at the modern state-umbrellas of Asia.

In Burmah, whose strange, complex um-



FIG. 15.—FROM THE NORTHERN GATEWAY, SANCHI TOPE,
BHOPAL.

From a Drawing by C. F. GORDON CUMMING.

rella-towers we have already noticed, the high-sounding title of the king, is "Lord of



FIG. 16.—OLD TEMPLE AT MAHA-VELLI-PORE.

From a Drawing by C. F. GORDON CUMMING.



FIG. 17.—ECCLESIASTICAL UMBRELLA OF CHINA.

From a Drawing by C. F. GORDON CUMMING.

the twenty-four umbrellas" (in other words, Ruler of the twenty-four kingdoms).

In the treaty of Dec. 13th, 1769, between Burmah and China, the respective monarchs are described as "The Sun-descended King of Ava, the Lord who rules over the multi-

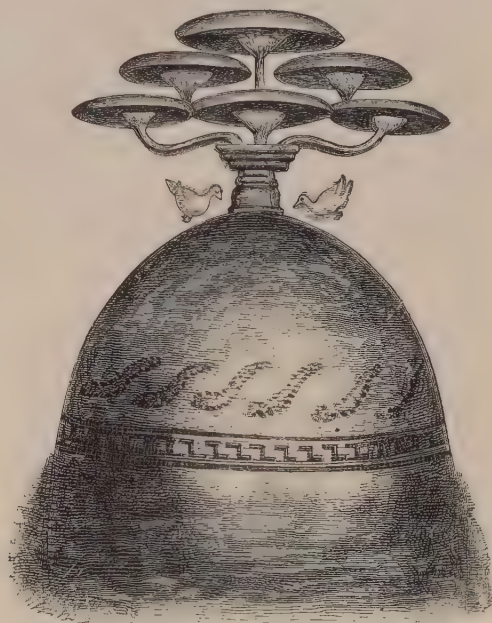


FIG. 18.—BAS-RELIEF ON A PILLAR AT THE AMRAVATI TOPE.
FOURTH OR FIFTH CENTURY.

From a Drawing by C. F. GORDON CUMMING.

tude of umbrella-bearing chiefs in the Western Kingdom" (fourteen such chiefs being then specified), and "The Master of the Golden Palace of China, who rules over a multitude of umbrella-bearing chiefs in the great Eastern Kingdom" (thirteen such being specified).

The number of umbrellas which may be carried before each noble, to denote his rank, is accurately defined by Imperial grant, this being the Burmese form of letters patent of nobility. These umbrellas are single, whereas in the regal sunshade concentrated honour is implied by multiplied canopies, as shown in one of pyramidal form found in the palace at Mandalay.¹

Of the golden umbrella, as an ecclesiastical distinction, special mention is made in a curious letter which, in the year 1802, was addressed by the great High Priest of Burmah to the Buddhist priesthood of Ceylon, on the occasion of the arrival in Burmah of six Cingalese priests, who had journeyed thither to desire ordination to the highest order of the priesthood. The letter tells of the magnificent ceremonial with which the event was celebrated by the order of the King, "Lord of the White Elephants," and how the candidates had been placed on golden howdahs borne by the stateliest elephants, and thus led in procession through the streets of Amarapoorā, attended by all the great dignitaries of the Empire, and preceded by all the insignia of royalty, while *over each priest were held two superb golden umbrellas, shining like the morning sun.*

So prominent is the position assigned in Burmah to this quaint symbol, that it generally attracts the special notice of travellers. Thus when, in 1870, Mr. Cushing visited the province of Kiang Tung, and was admitted to an audience with the Tsaubwa, or ruler of the province, he tells us how, on entering a fine hall, with four rows of pillars, he perceived the gilded throne on a raised dais, between the central pillars. On either side were seated a row of high dignitaries, those of highest rank being provided with velvet cushions, and all around the throne were grouped white, yellow, and golden umbrellas, and other emblems of princely rank.

In like manner in China, whenever you chance to meet any great man on his way to pay an official visit, or on his travels, you can tell his true rank by a glance at the great symbolic red umbrella, which is carried before him among many other insignia of state, such as banners and huge fans, borne on tall poles, and displaying dragons, and representations of the sun.

¹ This figure is given in Part II.

The four highest ranks of mandarin are entitled to a red silk umbrella with three founces—the smaller nobility may only have two. Gentlemen-commoners of the two highest ranks have a red state umbrella, surmounted by a gourd-shaped knob of block-tin. The two next degrees have the knob of wood only, though painted red. Then comes the fifth rank, whose umbrella must be of blue cloth, with a red-painted wooden knob at the top, and only two founces.

The governor-general of a province and a military officer of the first rank are heralded by two great red silk umbrellas.

Such being the honorific distinctions of the nobility, it follows that in all Imperial processions, where these are added to those which of right belong to the Emperor, they form the most striking feature in the procession. In olden days they likewise swelled the pomp of great religious demonstrations. Thus Hiouen Thsang (whose description of the great Tope at Peshawur I have already quoted) tells of a grand ceremonial at which *three hundred umbrellas of rich material were carried in the procession!*

It used also to be customary to carry twenty-four great state umbrellas before the Emperor when he went out hunting! An odd adjunct to a day's sport, doubtless very satisfactory to the game!

Even in modern days those who (having been so fortunate as to overcome all official prohibitions against peeping) have obtained stolen glimpses of great Imperial pageants in Peking, have noted the gorgeously embroidered triple umbrellas of richest silk brocade, as among the most salient features. Mr. William Simpson, to whose sketch-book I am indebted for several of the most interesting links in the illustration of this curious subject, was one of the very few who contrived to find means to see the great procession on the occasion of the Emperor's wedding in 1872.

Amongst other very suggestive sketches in the record of his travels in *Meeting the Sun*,² there is one of a magnificent umbrella procession. To quote Mr. Simpson's words, "The procession consisted principally of banners and very tall triple umbrellas of various colours, with dragons and phoenixes embroidered on them. There were round, square, and heart-shaped fans on very high poles. At last came the imperial canopy, or Yellow Dragon Umbrella, which, like the Chatta of Buddha, is a triple one. This was followed by the Bride's Chair, covered all over with yellow silk, with a golden crown-

² Longmans and Co., London.

like top, ornamented with the dragon and the phoenix" (symbolic of the Emperor and the Empress).

This reference to the Chatta of Buddha reminds us that this likewise is no dead letter, confined to sculpture and architecture, for every Buddhist temple is provided with great and gorgeous triple umbrellas, while in some of the great Lama monasteries of North China and Mongolia about a dozen large yellow satin umbrellas are ranged around the altar, the Lamas being specially privileged by the Emperor to assume the Imperial yellow—the concession extending

closer inspection, however, proves them to be only made of paper and tinsel, as are all other objects offered to the dead.

Very handsome umbrellas also hold a distinguished place in funeral ceremonies. At Peking a blue satin umbrella seems to denote that the deceased was a Manchu Tartar, while the Chinese affect white, embroidered with flowers, sometimes varied by camels and sporting dogs. The latter indicate that the deceased was of such high rank as to entitle him to go out hunting! a distinction which was recently further illustrated at the funeral of Prince Lau Fu, by the presence



FIG. 19.—PROCESSION OF STATE UMBRELLAS AT EMPEROR'S MARRIAGE, PEKING.

Sketched on the spot by WM. SIMPSON, R.I.

even to the right of roofing their monasteries with brilliant yellow china tiles.

The umbrella which is so highly prized by the living is also esteemed an acceptable offering to the dead. Hence, in those strange Cities of the Dead, which exist in the neighbourhood of many great Chinese cemeteries, where, each in his own hired house, the coffins of the wealthy dead are detained perhaps for years, awaiting the lucky day for burial,¹ umbrellas, which at the first glance appear identical with those of the mandarins, stand open beside the coffin. A.

¹ See *Wanderings in China*. C. F. Gordon Cumming.

of his two hundred and forty hounds, which, together with numerous camels and horses, swelled the magnificent and very gaily coloured procession.

Considering how many Eastern potentates have claimed the exclusive privilege of using a sunshade, it is not without interest to note that such a monopoly has never commended itself to the paternal government of the Celestial Empire, and that from time immemorial China's millions have had the full comfort to be derived from the use of stout umbrellas of waterproof oiled-paper on a folding frame of split bamboo.

The sumptuary laws, however, which regu-

late every tiny detail of domestic and social life in China, ordain that "the people" may not venture to use umbrellas of either silk or cloth, but only of stout paper—a law which entails no hardship, as the large paper umbrella is very cheap and exceedingly serviceable, and has moreover, the merit of being a much more picturesque object than the prosaic silk umbrella of our great factories. Wonderful indeed it is to prove the amount of wear and tear which such an one will undergo, and the tremendous force of rain which even the ordinary article will resist.

But there are certain towns in the interior famed for the quality of their manufacture. We touched at one of these on an expedition up the Min river above Foochow, and great was the delight of our boatmen, who invested in a large stock of strong serviceable umbrellas, at a sum equivalent to a quarter of a dollar each. These they displayed so proudly on the return voyage that our boat somewhat resembled a floating clump of fungi!

The Chinese, who love to inscribe maxims and high-flown sentiments on every available surface, sometimes condemn even their umbrellas to display sentences from the dry wisdom of Confucius. The more graceful fancy of the Japanese on the other hand, induces them to decorate their light sunshades with an endless variety of designs in gay colour, illustrative of mythology, or legendary lore. Unfortunately, however, from an artistic point of view, their passion for adopting foreign fashions is at work, and there are now a large number of shops in Tokio and other great cities, which manufacture silk umbrellas with steel frames, not to be distinguished from foreign work save by the curious name of the maker, and the lower price asked.

Happily the charming little parasols, which find so great favour among ourselves, and which form so pretty a feature in every group of Japanese women, and are in the hands of even the smallest children, are apparently in no danger of being speedily superseded for any imported novelty.

Of the place of the umbrella in the popular estimation of the Chinese, I cannot adduce a more striking instance than the recognised testimonial to a very popular official on leaving a large community, over which he has ruled beneficently and without oppression. It is a large umbrella of red silk or satin richly embroidered in gold. It is about four feet in diameter and is raised on a pole nine feet high and surmounted with a gilt knob.

Its name, Wang-ming-san, or, umbrella of myriad names, implies that it is an offering from at least ten thousand persons, who were all of one mind in giving it. Sometimes the principal names are painted amid clouds on the deep satin curtains. So this ponderous decoration is a most literal "Legion of honour," and the proud recipient is thenceforth distinguished as the owner of a TEN-THOUSAND-MAN-UMBRELLA!

Sometimes, in place of three curtains of satin, the honorific umbrella is composed of three rows of narrow silk ribbons of every variety of brilliant colour. On each ribbon three Chinese characters are woven in gold thread, and each ribbon terminates in three circular brass bells. The triple characters on these multitudinous ribbons seemed to me to be all different. The three rows are each about eighteen inches in depth, and overhang one another. A very good specimen of this curious umbrella was exhibited in the Chinese department of the "Inventories" at South Kensington.

This great honour has occasionally been bestowed on very just foreigners. Thus in Feb., 1877, when Sir Arthur Kennedy was about to leave Hong Kong, his term as governor having expired, ten thousand Chinese inhabitants of the colony presented him with a state umbrella, as a token of respect, this being considered the highest compliment that could be paid to his worth and wisdom. A similar honour was bestowed by the people of Perak on a recent governor of the Straits Settlements, at the time of his departure.

If we look at that fertile group of isles lying midway between China and Japan, and so long claimed by both, though finally annexed by Japan in 1879—the group which is called by the former Lieue-kieu, by the latter Riu-kiu, and by ourselves Loo-Choo—there too, we find that the umbrella is the acknowledged symbol of royalty. A gentleman who chanced to be at the capital (Nafakiang) on the New Year Festival (22nd Jan., 1876), relates how all the people inaugurated the holiday, by a visit to the Castle to do homage to the king, who however was unwell, so the *levée* took the simple form of passing in procession before the Castle, and making a profound bow before its main entrance, on either side of which stood a man supporting a huge umbrella, from the edge of which hung a deep curtain, these being the insignia of royalty.

C. F. GORDON CUMMING.



The Green Man
at
Wolham

From a Drawing by HERBERT RAILTON.

COACHING DAYS AND COACHING WAYS.

THE YORK ROAD.—PART I.

THERE were two main roads to York in the old coaching days. The first of these was measured from Shoreditch, and went by way of Ware; the second was measured from Hicks's Hall, and went by way of Barnet. At the Wheatsheaf inn at Alconbury Hill, down in Huntingdonshire, these two roads to York became one and the same road; but the Ware route was four miles one furlong the shorter of the two.

When we want to go to York now we breakfast at half-past eight, if we are wise, and catch the ten o'clock Scotch express from King's Cross. Our grandfathers did not breakfast at all; not because they had no appetite at half-past eight, but because they had to start from High Holborn at half-past six.

According to the faculty, early rising is a

healthy thing, yet I have known it bring strong men to their bier; and besides, however enjoyable, though perilous, it may be in summer, I think that few of us care to leap from our beds at half-past five on a raw January morning.

Yet this is what our ancestors had to do who wanted to catch one of the crack northern coaches.

Shall we follow them in the spirit on one of these ghastly expeditions?

Our coach—we will take the Regent for choice—as we cannot get further than Stamford this journey—starts at 6.30 from the George and Blue Boar, but we are not there yet. We are in bed in Berkeley Square, Marylebone Lane, or where you please.

Our sleep has been fevered with grim visions of the coming strife. It is broken

by a loud knocking at the outer door, as in *Macbeth*.

Our servant, who has overslept himself according to immemorial receipt, now comes to tell us that it is half-past five, and that the hackney coach ordered overnight to take us to the coach office is already at the door.

Unless on these occasions you ordered a hackney coach overnight, you were utterly undone.

We now use strange words, and ask what sort of a morn it is. We are told that it is foggy, and we soon see that it is yellow. We

into the eager morning air. The eager morning air is yellow, and in it, the hackney coachman, his horse, his coach, our servant, who helps us in, all look supereminently the same colour.

In the fulness of time we arrive at the George and Blue Boar, Holborn. On his legal fare being tendered to the hackney coachman, he throws down his hat and offers to fight us for five shillings. We decline the stirring invitation and hurry into the inn yard. All here is bustle and animation in a sort of half gloom.



From a Drawing by HERBERT RAILTON.

have thoughts of not going to York, but we recollect that we have already bought our ticket. At the same time knocking from the hackney coachman below tells us that time flies.

We now fly into our boots and hat and other things. A horrible attempt at preparing breakfast has been made in the interval by the penitent valet; an impromptu effort in the way of a dingy table-cloth, a tea urn, a loaf and a pat of butter, which causes us to shy as a thoroughbred shies at a traction engine. We seize our portmanteau, and hurry out

The Stamford Regent stands ready for her flight; four chestnuts with a good deal of blood about them seem anxious to be off; ostlers making noises after the manner of engines letting off steam in underground stations, are giving the finishing touches to the toilet. Afar off in a dim doorway the celebrated Tom Hennesy draws on his gloves, and says sweet nothings to a pretty housemaid, with her black hair out of curl. Ostlers are thrusting luggage into the boot. The boot seems to have an insatiable appetite for luggage. It swallows everything that is



Putting to the Team.

From a Drawing by HUGH THOMSON.

thrown at it, and makes no sign. The two inside passengers now appear upon the scene. One of them is an Anglo-Indian, who has whiskers brushed as if by a whirlwind, a voice like a bull, and a complexion in harmony with his surroundings. A sort of Jos Sedley going to York. The other is a lady of uncertain age, who wears her hair in curl papers, and pretends to a rooted antipathy to travelling alone with a man. This antipathy she communicates to the guard in a faded whisper. The guard grinning all over his face communicates this faded whisper to the Bengal Civil Servant. He receives it with matutinal curses.

"Confound it, sir," he roars, "then let her ride outside."

With which he hurls himself into the coach. From this point of vantage he shakes his fist at a wretched native in a turban, who, safely out of distance, salaams till his head almost touches the coach court-yard, and confesses that he has indeed omitted to provide the Sahib with his umbrella.

While a terrific volley of objurgations in Bengalese pours from one door of the coach,

the lady with the faded manner enters it by the other. At the same time the incomparable Tom Hennesy, languidly mounts on to his box. He chews a piece of sweet lavender given by the pretty housemaid—assumes the whip as a marshal does his bâton, and darts a deathly glance over his left shoulder at the lingering fair. "Let 'em go," he says, "and look out for yourselves." The ostlers fly from the chestnuts' heads—the four horses spring up to their collars—the guard performs "Oh, dear, what can the matter be?" on his bugle in a manner which would elicit an enthusiastic *encore* at an evening concert, and we are out of the coach-yard almost before we know it, stealing down Holborn Hill with that "fine fluent motion" which De Quincey described as characteristic of the Bristol Mail—but which indeed could be experienced on any crack coach which was finely driven.

And Tom Hennesy is a master of his art. His manner on the box—all great artists are mannerists—is so calm, so quiet—as to be almost supercilious. But he has to keep a sharp-look out, for he is driving



From a Drawing by HERBERT RAILTON.

through Egyptian darkness. The weather indeed reminds us of Homer's Hell ; and as for the cold, it would make a snipe shiver in an Irish bog. Up Cow-lane we steal, through Smithfield. The wheelers appear like phantom chestnuts ; the leaders are hardly seen ; the houses on each side of the way loom grim and ghostly. And through the gloom the Stamford Regent steals along, like some ghost of a coach itself. We on the box seat feel like unembodied joys. We have already lost the use of our hands and feet. Deep draughts of yellow fog complete our debility.

Suddenly shouts are heard ahead, and large herds of cattle throng the streets ; they seem to spring out of the foul air as everything does besides, but they come from Smithfield of course, or are going there. Drovers—looming phantom-like, like everything else, prove by a graceful flow of expletives that they are after all, but men. Our near side leader now mistakes a strayed bullock for some monster of mythology and swerves on one side after the manner of Balaam's ass, upon which our coachman, who has up to now sat perfectly upright with hands still, the very statue of an accomplished

charioteer, immobile as fate, turns his wrist under, and lets his thong "go" in such a way that the near side leader's hind leg is nearly severed from his body. Which duty done Tom Hennesy remarks "that there are some of 'em as never could hit a horse." And we feel, almost as poignantly as the near side leader has done, that he Tom Hennesy is not to be included in the category.

And now the Peacock at Islington begins to loom through the fog. Or rather the horn lantern of the old ostler, whose province it is to stand outside the inn and announce the names of the coaches as they drive up to the door, with the voice of an asthmatic

announces famous names though they are recognized as such no longer. They made our fathers' blood boil at times if we are to believe De Quincey. These names—the York Highflyer, the Leeds Union, the York Express, the Stamford Regent, the Rockingham, the Truth and Daylight—made our fathers' blood boil as these famed coaches carried northwards the heart-stirring news of Vittoria, or of Waterloo! But times are changed—such national telegrams (when we have them to transmit) are transmitted silently and decorously, by the telegraph. There is no advertisement possible in the way we travel now, except on the walls of railway stations—and of this latter



*The Two Bexes
at
Ponders End.*

From a Drawing by HERBERT RAILTON.

trumpet. All the northern coaches made a point of stopping at the Peacock, on their way north; though why they did so I have never been able to discover. The fact remains that there were twenty or more drawn up at a time here at seven o'clock in the morning. And such an outcry attending their arrival, such a clattering of hoofs, clanging of bugles, slamming of doors and stamping of feet on splash boards, as never was heard, well, out of Islington; and through all this din the raucous voice of the ostler continuously sounds, like the cry of a mediæval herald with a cold in his head announcing the entry of distinguished competitors to a tournament. And he

form I regret to say Mr. Ruskin does not approve.

But to return to ourselves and the Stamford Regent. The announcement of the Truth and Daylight Coach makes us hope that we too, shortly, may see the sun. We see it in due course, as our steaming team breast the ascent to Highgate archway. The sun springs lurid from a cloud of yellow mist. The great city lies before us, the coverlet of the fog but half withdrawn from its disturbed sleep. The dawn from Highgate is doubtless a grand sight. But it unfortunately inspires my next neighbour on the box seat with the idea that he is a Constable—this always occurs. He determines to paint the salient



At the Cross Roads.

From a Drawing by HUGH THOMSON.

landscape—this always occurs too. I ask Tom Hennesy at what point we may discern the bourn of the next public house. He says that the Green Man at Barnet is the first change, and expatiates on the soothing joys of rum and milk as applied to a constitution that has relished a winter's dawn breakfastless. The Green Man at Barnet is now to me like the star, seen, or not seen, by the mariner, and in due course I see it, and alight at the first opportunity. But not before Tom Hennesy. In front of the Green Man at Barnet his languidly sedate manner goes. For here

too, alas for the historic inconstancy of coachmen! he is a great favourite with the fair. Looks quite the coaching Lothario, as he lounges against the bar, his beaver adjusted rakishly, his melting glances fastened, now, on his next team already fuming in the traces, now on the Barnet Hebe as hopelessly, alas! in the toils.

"Take your seats, gentlemen, please."

And Barnet is soon a memory on the great north road. A memory however which shows some claim to "recollection dear," fixing as it does the site of a great battle, and of a highwayman's exploits, which have occupied almost the same space in history—I mean fiction—No! I mean history. To come to details:—On Hadley Green, half-a-mile to the north of the town, was fought, on a raw, cold and dismal Easter Day, in the year 1471, the famous battle between the Houses of York and Lancaster which ended in the death of the king-maker, and established Edward IV. upon the throne; and behind an oak tree

which still stands opposite the Green Man at the junction of the York and Holyhead Roads, the immortal Dick Turpin used to sit silent on his mare, Black Bess, patiently waiting for some traveller to speak to. The battle has been celebrated by Lord Lytton in *The Last of the Barons*, perhaps as fine an account of a mediæval "set to" as can be found out of Scott. The noble author lived at Copped Hall, near Totteridge, and often used to pay visits to the scene. The highwayman has been immortalized by Harrison Ainsworth. Did he not write in one night's

sitting the whole series of chapters.—I don't know how many there are—should not like to say how many there are not—in which is set forth in such stirring form the celebrated ride to York? Certainly he did, and Macaulay as certainly denied that such a thing ever took place, according to the invariable practice of Whig historians, who are always heavy when they handle volatile matter.

And Turpin's ride to York reminds me that there is another road to it, besides the one I am on; namely the road by Ware, which according to the prophet Ainsworth, Turpin took, though why he should have gone to Ware when he was already in Barnet is a matter which will ever remain one of conjecture to the curious. I think however that we will follow this Ware route for a few miles, just to get us clear of London, when I shall go off the York Road, so far as its history is concerned (I shall leave that to my next number), and tell here of some great northern coachmen, and some great northern catastrophes.

The York Road then, which goes by way of Ware, runs through Shoreditch, Stoke Newington, Stamford Hill to Tottenham, and so into Edmonton, through which place John Gilpin, Esq., passed at the rate of sixty miles an hour. The world has made itself acquainted with that famous ride. But the Bell at Edmonton now appears to be the Angel, and Edmonton gains as much fame perhaps from having been the residence of Charles Lamb as from Cowper's humorous poem.

A few miles further on and we are at Enfield Highway, and in the neighbourhood of that celebrated chase, where once our kings and queens used to disport themselves, but where now the jerry builder, and the credulous agriculturist who believes in small holdings, labour day by day. James I. was here hunting on an extremely wet day, on his royal progress up to London, and curiously, as it seems to me for such an acute sportsman, was much disconcerted by the showers. I had thought that a southerly wind and a rainy sky realized the hunter's ideal; but I suppose that James's padded



From a Drawing by HERBERT RAILTON.

saddle got wet, certain it is that he broke up the hunt long before he had a chance of breaking up the stag, and retired to London in the worst of moods. And I hope the Earl of Northumberland, who rode on his right hand, and the Earl of Nottingham, who rode upon his left, properly appreciated their positions.

The first of the Stuarts (so far as England is concerned) was in Enfield Chase again in 1606, but he had a better time on this occasion. He was entertained at Theobalds by Cecil, and was in the company of a first-class boon companion in the person of the King of Denmark. These two often, I apprehend, woke the night owl with a catch in Cecil's lordly halls, which the king already had his eye upon. They passed into his possession shortly afterwards by a process of exchange

and mart similar to that advocated in our society journals. Cecil gave up Theobalds for Hatfield; and I am not sure that he had the worst of the bargain.

I read that when the Princess Elizabeth was residing at Hatfield in charge of Sir Thomas Pope, Enfield Chase used to be favoured a good deal too with that prospective royal presence. The future Queen of England always knew what a wardrobe meant, and carried her love of finery with

they were after must have admired a mile off.

To leave hunting subjects behind us and get to graver matter. At Camelot Moat, situated in one of the most delightful and least desecrated parts of the chase, is laid the last scenes of the *Fortunes of Nigel*. Here Dalgarno waited impatiently for his rival, in order that he might wipe out a long score in a quiet glade; here, as he shaded his eyes with his hands and gazed eagerly down an



From a Drawing by HERBERT RAILTON.

The Falcon and the
Fog Swamp
Waltham.

her to the hunting field; to the considerable disgust, I should say, of her twelve ladies in waiting, who found themselves pursuing the flying hart, arrayed in white satin, and seated on ambling palfreys.

Fifty archers, too, had to be careful what they had on their backs (though details as to trimming of tunics is not given); but they had gilded bows in their hands, and scarlet boots on their feet, and yellow caps on their heads—and presented, I should say, a sufficiently startling *ensemble*, which the stag

alley, he received a shot which, grazing his hand, passed right through his brain, and laid him a lifeless corpse at the feet, or rather across the lap of the unfortunate victim of his profligacy. A very fitting close to a consummate scoundrel's career, and in most picturesque, in almost too picturesque, surroundings.

It is not however by romance alone that Enfield Chase earns fame as a trysting-place for people whose characters are doubtful. More sinister associations cling to it, associations linked with one of the most lurid

episodes of a nation's history. The old house of White Webbs, which in 1570 Elizabeth granted to Robert Huicke, her physician; was pulled down in 1790. A portion of the grounds of Middleton, however, still marks its site; and its position about a mile to the left of Enfield Wash, going north, gives to my gossip about the great roads of England its first batch of conspirators, in the authors of the gunpowder treason. For here, at this lonely house, then in the middle of Enfield

Catesby came up with Mr. Fawkes to an house by Enfield Chase called White Webbs, whither I came to them, and Mr. Catesby willed me to inquire whether the young prince came to the parliament; I tolde him I heard that his grace thought not to be there. Then must we have our horses, said Mr. Catesby, 'beyond the water, and provision of more company to surprise the prince, and leave the duke alone.'"

That a more important factor in the deadly



From a Drawing by HERBERT RAILTON.

Chase, nearly all the actors in the dark catastrophe, imminent at Westminster, at one time or another gathered. Over and over again the ten miles between Enfield Wash and London must have rung to the sound of their horses' hoofs, as they rode fiercely through the night—always through the night we may well believe—between White Webbs and London. That Catesby was here ten days before the meditated explosion is evident from Winter's confession:—

"Then was the parliament anew prorogued until the fifth of November, so as we all went down until some ten days before, when Mr.

design—if the latest judgment of posterity is to be believed—even than Catesby himself was frequently at the old house in Enfield Chase is shown in the examination of James Johnson; that is to say in the examination of Guy Fawkes.

It was stated by him that the place had been taken of Dr. Huicke by his master, Mr. Meaze, of Berkshire, for his sister, Mrs. Perkins (*alias* Mrs. Ann Vaux); that Mrs. Vaux had spent a month there, and mass had been said by a priest, whose name deponent did not know.

And as Mr. Meaze, of Berkshire, was



From a Drawing by HUGH THOMSON.

none other than Henry Garnet, the Provincial of the English Jesuits, the importance of the testimony becomes apparent, and the fact gives birth to a fancy. It is interesting to me to think that Mr. Meaze, of Berkshire, with his candid blue eyes, his fair curling hair, his polished, courteous manners, his form tending to an *embonpoint* by no means suggestive of asceticism; it is interesting to me, I say, to think that Mr. Meaze, of Berkshire, may have been a well-known and respected figure about Enfield Wash. That he may have been recognized as Father Garnet, for the first time as he stood absolutely under the beam on that May morning—"the morrow of the Invention of the Cross"—on the great scaffold at the west end of old St. Paul's; that he may have been recognized there by

some Enfield yeoman, who had ridden in from Enfield to see the show, little expecting to see in the last victim, in the most distinguished of all the victims perhaps, to a justly outraged justice, the courteous, handsome stranger, whom he had so admired and respected down in his quiet Enfield home!

And here I shall leave the historical part of the great north road and take to coaching. Of the great Tom Hennesy, with whom we have already made a driving acquaintance, an anecdote may first be told. The scene of it laid of course on the Barnet route to York, on which route the great Tom drove. Between Hatfield and Wellwyn then, Tom aforementioned nearly got into hot brandy and water. And in this wise—A

young gentleman, named Reynardson, who in the matter of coaching was at quite an early age a devotee, and has lived to write a book of his various experiences *Down the Road*, was seated at Tom Hennesy's side on one of his numerous journeys from London to Huntingdon. He—the young gentleman—burned as usual to be Jehu. Upon which Tom Hennesy, who seems to have been an extremely agreeable and vivacious box companion, said "Now then, sir, you must take them a bit." Mr. Reynardson did not refuse the contest. Far from it. He changed seats with Mr. Hennesy, "took them a bit," and all went well between Hatfield and Wellwyn. Arrived at this place (where the coach changed horses) Tom Hennesy remarked that he had better take them down the hill. And why did he think it necessary to depose his young *protégé* at the very apex of his triumph? Because he had the fear of a "three-cornered old chap named Barker" before his eyes. "Who would kick up a devil of a row if he saw you working." Thus spoke Tom Hennesy with great disrespect of the proprietor of the White Hart at Wellwyn who horsed the coach. Thus he spoke and prepared to take the reins from the unwilling hands of the unwilling neophyte when lo! he looked ahead and saw the very "three-cornered old chap" spoken of advancing up the hill to meet them. The situation was now summed up in three words, "Here's a go." At the same time Mr. Hennesy disdained to attempt disguise at a time when disguise was useless, and told Mr. Reynardson to drive on and not look at him—by him meaning Barker.

Perhaps he hoped to escape by a quick change at the inn below. But not so. Before the fresh horses had been put in, entered to them Mr. Barker, not wearing upon his face the most pleasant expression in the world. In fact it was so unpleasant that Tom saw that it meant mischief, and adopting the method prescribed by the best pugilists "opened fire" at once. In point of fact he remarked "Good morning, Mr. Barker, sir! Did you ever see a young gentleman take a coach steadier down a hill?" Mr. Barker showing no immediate inclination or capacity for answering this question, the glib Tom continued, "'Pon my word, sir, he could not have done it better. He's a pupil of mine, and I'm blest if he didn't do it capital! Don't you think he did, sir, for you seed him."

What could the three-cornered Barker

answer to this appeal? Nothing! And this is practically what he answered, muttering something about "against the rules," and "don't do it again." And so Tom and Mr. Reynardson got off very lightly from what might have been, had it not been less directly handled, an awkward dilemma—and Tom should have been grateful to Barker for once. But his gratitude, I am sorry to say, did not take a very grateful form. "Well, he was wonderful civil for him," he said as soon as they got off. So far so good, but now comes the fall. "But as I said before he's a cross-grained, three-cornered old chap at the best of times, and if I could only catch him lying drunk in the road, I'd run over him and kill him, blessed if



From a Drawing by HERBERT RAILTON.

I wouldn't"—and then comes the cause of so sanguinary an indignation—"What business had he to be walking up the hill? I suppose he thought he should catch me shouldering."

And "shouldering" in the tongue of coachmen and guards meant taking a fare not on the way bill and unknown to the proprietor.

This same Tom Hennesy had a celebrated whip—it was a crooked one—and in his practised hands inflicted deadly execution on lagging wheelers, and on leaders given to dropping going down declines, on coach horses



From a Drawing by HERBERT RAILTON.

meriting justice generally. But perhaps the most remarkable thing about this whip was that it was not Tom Hennesy's own. No! He had "conveyed it," as the wise call it, from a brother coachman, whose weakness it was to borrow stray whips with no fixed intention of returning them.

The end of this accomplished artist in his own line—clearly, from what I can learn, one of the most distinguished box figures on the first eighty-nine miles out of town of the great north road—is melancholy in the extreme to contemplate. But it is typical at the same time, typical of the remorseless destiny forced on men who were really fine men in their way, by the Nemesis of a new invention. It is a marvel to me when I read the record of their fall that stage coachmen did not form themselves into an amalgamated society, with branches everywhere, for smashing locomotives. Never surely was such a fall seen since the days of Lucifer, who is rather out of fashion, as the fall of the great stage coachmen before the demon steam. The observed of all observers at one moment! In another, heeded by no one; buried away in

obscure corners of out-of-the-way counties, driving 'buses; hanging about inn yards, yards where formerly their very footfall produced clumsy reverences from drunken postboys; melancholy, blue-nosed phantoms of their former selves. Seldom surely has there been so cruel a revolution!

Why this man Tom Hennesy, the dandy of the Stamford Regent! the knight of the crooked whip, the adored of barmaids, the idol of schoolboys, horsily inclined for eighty-nine miles of the finest coaching road in England, came down from mere natural force of circumstances—circumstances in a real sense over which he had no control—to what? To driving a two-horsed 'bus from Huntingdon to Cambridge.

Nor is the hope permitted that others of his craft as distinguished as he, fared better at the end of laborious lives when fortune should have shone kindest upon their efforts. John Barker indeed—the Daniel Lambert of the north road—not a swell coachman, but as strong as the man of Gath and as safe as the Bank of England, was saved the painful experience of seeing his empire ravished

away from him by the Great Northern Railway Company; but he was only saved from this humiliation by a mortification setting in after an accident to his right foot, and what the ultimate fate of Cartwright was, and what the last engagement of Leech, I scarcely like to consider. Yet few, not excepting even Hennesy, could show greener laurels than they.

For the first of them, Cartwright—who drove the York Express from Buckden to Welwyn and back—about seventy miles

tion of his favourite. But he continues his eagle flight undaunted.

“Cartwright’s perfections,” he cries, “end not here! His manner of treating his leaders is equally fine. His system is stillness, and to drive without using the whip; his personal equipment, not that of a dandy, but modest, respectable, in confirmed good taste.”

Well this it seems to me is the description of an artist’s salient traits—the sort of critical effort which we expend now on



From a Drawing by HERBERT RAILTON.

every day—was described by Peter Pry in the *Sporting Magazine*, and Peter Pry knew what he was describing, as almost everything that a fine coachman should be—“under fifty years of age, bony, without fat, healthy looking, evidently abstemious; moreover not too tall, but just the proper size to sit gracefully.” So much for a general view! And to descend to detail, “His right hand and whip were beautifully in unison;” at which point Peter Pry appears to me to rise into the regions of metaphor in the descrip-

tion of his favourite. But he continues his eagle flight undaunted. On authors who write African romances without having read their Dumas! And I could quote twenty more examples of a coachman’s fine points as carefully considered, had I the space to do so or the inclination. Cartwright’s great rival, to take one instance, has been as carefully weighed in as crucial a balance, and not found wanting. He drove the Edinburgh Mail from Stamford to Doncaster, about seventy-five miles. Not so polished a man as Cart-



From a Drawing by HUGH THOMSON.

wright quite; but of his method—quietness itself. Under his urbane direction, no hurry, no distress, no whipping, the pace ten miles an hour including stoppages seemed nothing to do. And a team of four bay blood mares did this nothing from Barnby Moor to Rossiter Bridge in exceptionally gratifying style.

Peter Pry in this neighbourhood, or, to speak more accurately, in the neighbourhood of Sutton, was witness of a local custom from Leech's box seat which filled him with an ingenuous surprise. This was the annual offering of extremely indigestible firstfruits to guards and coachmen, not excluding

passengers, by the honest-hearted farmers and cottagers of the roadside.

When I say that upon a tray covered with a beautiful damask napkin, plum cakes, tartlets, gingerbread, exquisite home-made bread, and biscuits, profusely appeared, my readers may understand what sort of a digestion was needed to cope with them on a May morning after sundry rums and milks. The deadly list however is not concluded; ales, currant and gooseberry wines, rounded the homicidal whole; ales and currant wines only more instantaneously fatal from the pleasing appearance which they presented in old-fashioned glass jugs embossed with jocund figures.

But was Peter Pry's figure jocund after he had partaken? "Eat and drink you must," he says. "I tasted all." Wretched man, let him describe in directly simple words his own miserable subsequent state! "My poor stomach," he writes, "not used to such luxuries at eleven in the morning, was in fine agitation for the remaining fifty miles

of the ride."

And who can say justly that this agitation was to be wondered at!

It must not be thought however that perils such as these, springing from an unreasonable hospitality were the only perils to be encountered in the coaching days on the great north road. Catastrophes abound in the record; and this very Stamford Regent which I have been speaking of used frequently to get into cold water when the floods were out and the weather rainy.

Mr. C. T. Birch-Reynardson who has much to say about the northern coaches in his *Down the Road*, commemorates one of these

contingencies which occurred in this wise—At a place called St. Neots, fifty-six miles from London, the Regent coach used to leave the main road, every now and then, for some reason which remains occult, and go round by some paper mills, which were naturally situated on the flat. The river Ouse has a habit, as is well known, of playfully overflowing its banks, and the consequence was that the road lying before the Regent coach lay sometimes for half a mile under water. Now an extra pair of leaders were put on, and ridden by a horsekeeper, who made the best of his way through a situation which was novel not to say precarious. The water was often up to the axle-trees; and on the particular occasion of which Mr. Reynardson writes, went beyond this limit and invaded the inside of the coach. For a moment or two the Stamford Regent was afloat, also two old ladies who were inside of it, with their goods and chattels. Their cries and laments when they found the coach gradually being converted into an Ark were heartrending in the extreme. They gave themselves utterly for gone, and prepared for the most comfortable, but moistest of all deaths. Nor were the outside passengers in very much better plight. For though they were not sitting absolutely in the water, as I am sorry to say the old ladies were; still they were sitting in wet clothes, which is the next thing to it—and in this situation commanded as fine a prospect of water above, below, and around, as has been seen by travellers I should say since the flood. In addition to this not altogether gratifying panorama of flood effects, unseen dangers were on every side; to wit, a large ditch on one side, and a series of huge heaps of stones on the other; both pleasantly invisible by reason of the great waters, but both clearly there for a specific purpose; the stones to overturn the coach; the ditch to receive it when it had been overturned. It must have been a truly critical five minutes for the Regent, Tom Hennessey, the passengers, the horses and everybody else, but they all got safely through and thanked their stars.

At Wandsford, thirty miles or so further down the road, this same coach nearly came to an overturn without the aid of water,

through the combined effects of a smart set of red roans who were fit for any gentleman's drag, a young coachman too full of valour, and a very awkward old and narrow bridge. The roans were fresh, and declined to face it. The coachman (young Norval, I mean young Percival, was his name) dropped into them. Upon which the roans committed themselves to a succession of sudden antics, too rapidly consecutive to be followed. What principally followed however was that in the twinkling of an eye the people on the Regent coach found themselves once more at the door of the Haycock Inn. A place of entertainment which they had a moment previously left, but with this radical change in the general position of affairs. The horses' heads pointed to London instead of to Stamford.

Young Percival having no explanation to offer as to how such a phenomenon could have occurred, handed the reins to Old Barker, much to the relief of the outside passengers, who had seldom felt so like humming tops in their lives, and by reason of the altitude at which they had been set spinning, were feeling very low in their minds. And Old Barker, safe as the Bank of England, as he always was, quieted the four roans, and negotiated the bridge without further revolution of anything, except wheels.

And here I think that I may leave the coaching side of the York Road. When I leave it, I leave by no means the most important or the most picturesque side of its story. With this I shall deal hereafter. When I shall have something to say of the York Road's grand inns, as fine specimens of their class of building as are to be found anywhere in England. Witness the great hostelries at Huntingdon, Stilton and Grantham. And these fine houses are not only interesting in themselves, picturesque as the quaint towns, of which they are the centre, but they are alive with history, fragrant with memories of those good old times, when the Mail performed the whole 199 miles in two days and three nights, if God permitted, and complaints were made about so extraordinary a velocity, which had caused several intrepid travellers on reaching London to die suddenly of an affection of the brain.

W. OUTRAM TRISTRAM.



LIL: A LIVERPOOL 'CHILD.

BY AGNES C. MAITLAND.

CHAPTER II.



LIL stayed out all day again, and went home at night in great uncertainty as to what she should do. Somewhere or other—perhaps at the board school—a vague idea of duty had managed to enter her soul, though it was greatly confused in her mind by a connection with funerals that she could not reason out. “Doing no more nor your duty” by a relation was a phrase constantly used in her hearing as a euphemistic expression for seeing that they had a decent funeral with all the outlay that could be afforded (and often much more) on mourning, hearse, mourning coach, and other trappings of woe. Yet in spite of this she had a sort of notion that duty referred to other things too, and that it was her duty to stop with her father, unless he turned her out. Maybe she had learned it at the penny gaff, or from one of her novelettes, but there it was, and it was of sufficient power to conquer in a sharp struggle with her pride, and to take her home, though not strong enough very much to affect her conduct when she got there. At any rate, she was not going to Mrs. Evans if they treated her proper like; that was all that her mind was made up to at present.

Mrs. Henderson was at her knitting machine as Lil somewhat shyly came down the cellar steps and into the kitchen. It clicked and worked so rapidly that her curiosity was excited.

“Come in, Lil,” said Mrs. Henderson, glancing up at her kindly without checking her work. “Little Tim’s asleep on the rug, and I thought it ’ud be a good chance to get on with this order I’ve got. He does pull at me so, I’ve no time for nothing.”

Lil did not answer, but she came a step nearer.

“It’s a queer-looking thing, isn’t it, till ye know the go of it, but it’s been a good friend to me,” continued Mrs. Henderson; and for a bit she talked on without waiting for any answer, and Lil sat down and looked round the old home, so changed that but for the dirty wall paper she would not have known it for the same place, and even that Mrs. Henderson had pasted up where it used to hang torn and ragged.

It was nicer and “comfortabler,” as she would have said, and she was almost inclined to yield to the good influence, and indeed had made one or two remarks about the machine, when the door opened, and her father came in.

“Ere’s something like a ’ome,” he observed approvingly, as he came into the warmth and light. “Outside it’s enough to cut you in two.”

Mrs. Henderson looked up with a smile, but Lil frowned as she caught the words, and relapsed into sullenness. The old wild loyalty to her dead mother awoke in her heart. He had forgotten mother, but she was not going to forget her—no, nor to think any stranger better than her. The very fact that she had been herself almost betrayed into approving the new state of things made her more angry both with him and with her-

self. She set her lips; her face took on a hard, bitter look, strange in one so young.

But her father hardly noticed her. Seeing her there he supposed all was right again between her and her stepmother; he had expected her to "take on a bit" at first, but to get over it soon, and at all times he was a very inarticulate being where anything of feeling was concerned.

The noise of his coming in awoke little Tim. He did not stir, but looked up and smiled as his new "da" stepped up to the rug. He was one of those sweet engaging children that are to be found, thank Heaven, in every class of life, whose looks captivate the beholder at once, and whose smiles are competed for alike by older children and by grown-up people. He was like a little king as he lay there on the rug, his curls all tossed and tumbled, his blue eyes shining in the firelight, his round, plump legs bare, having kicked off the restraining shawl that his mother had put over him, and his hands clutching a penny wooden horse that "da" had bought for him yesterday, while he smiled regally upon them all.

"Yer little beggar," observed Mr. Henderson briefly, as he looked down upon him, and Mrs. Henderson left her machine and stood beside her husband to look at her treasure.

"Bless him!" she said. "He's a bonny lad, isn't he, Jock? Ye lazy lad, get up and come to mother."

But behold, Tim, with true regal caprice, in the plenitude of his power, preferred to stretch out his little hands to "da," smiling the while as one who confers a great favour. Jock caught him up, laughing at his wife, and began tossing him, playing with him, making him shriek with joyous laughter, while Mrs. Henderson looked on in dear delight, pretending to scold them both for making such a noise, but hardly able to conceal her rapture.

In a minute or two, however, she turned round, saying: "Just look at 'em, Lil. Did you ever see the like? How Tim takes to your father."

But the room was empty. Lil had silently fled and was up in the old attic, which was all her own now, wringing her hands, tearing about the narrow space in a paroxysm of jealous misery.

Oh! how she hated—hated them both—the woman and the child who had stolen into her life and her home and spoilt it all!

And yet the very pain that seemed to madden her had its root in the knowledge deep down in her heart that she might hate

them, but that they were not hateful—nay, but much better than herself, and that, indeed, she could have loved them both, especially little Tim, only she would not.

* * * *

Three or four days later, and one evening Lil burst into Mrs. Evans's little room as if pursued by some wild creature.

"I've come to you," she said. "I can't stand it no longer, and I won't!"

"An' it's welcome ye are, my gal," observed Mrs. Evans effusively. "I thought it 'ud come to this soon, an' it's glad I am to 'ave a 'ome an' a shelter to hoffer the orphin—or, at least, one as is as good."

"They put upon me worse nor ever; father thinks nothing o' me now—ony o' that brat!"

"Ay, ay! Sit ye down, child. I've bin a watching her ways about the court, and I says to myself, says I, 'It'll not be long as Lil 'ull stand that. No gell with a bit o' sperrit o' her own would.'"

"No, they wouldn't, would they?"

"She's a mean-spirited tyke if ever there was one, an' that's my opinion; an' if it's any good to yer, ye're welcome to it. Never a word to a neighbour at the pump, not so much as 'Won't yer look in,' or 'Would yer be so kind, mum, as to tell me the best chandler's 'ere about,' being as she is a stranger; but even if folks demaans themselves to speak to her, she ain't got a civil word to give 'em back," continued Mrs. Evans, who, it is true, had been distinctly and firmly repulsed by the new comer. "No Lil, there's them as forsakes their own, an' there's them as takes them up, an' yer'll never find *me* a-forsaking on ye."

"Ye're real good to me," murmured Lil. Yet even while she spoke her heart was sinking a little. Mrs. Evans's room had never looked quite so squalid and untidy in her eyes before; never had the mixed odours, the remains of many meals, the filthy floor, the dirty clothing tossed here and there attracted her attention before. Even the few days of better things at home had had their effect; she had learnt to know there was something better. But she set her lips, and her heart grew hard again as she remembered other things.

"I'll stop with yer an' work for yer 's long 's yer'll 'ave me, Mrs. Evins," she said, and Mrs. Evans was filled with joy, foreseeing much work for Lil and less for herself, bad mornings when she could stop in bed and send Lil the rounds instead, besides a considerable extension of these rounds, on the strength of Lil's legs being still young.

That night, as Mrs. Evans was just sinking placidly into her first early sleep, soothed with a go of gin and this comfortable prospect, a queer, half-choked noise like a sob from Lil broke the thread of her dreaming.

"What's up, child?" she asked sleepily. "You ain't never a-crying, surely?"

"Crying? Not me!" said Lil indignantly. "It was—it was only just something as choked me—hiccups I b'lieve."

"Take—drop—gin!" murmured Mrs. Evans, drowsing off again; and Lil, slipping from her side, sought softly in the confusion of cups and plates for a jug with a drop of water, to check, if possible, the sobs that were shaking her from head to foot.

It was the thought of little Tim—not her father, not the home, not the new comforts, but little Tim. For only the day before she had quarrelled fiercely with her stepmother; for the first time she had goaded her with words and taunts until the patient woman had turned upon her; and Lil had gloried in her success in exasperating her. Mrs. Henderson had threatened to tell her husband, and he had walked in in the midst of the quarrel, and had sided altogether with his wife. Lil had vowed she'd be beholden to them no more; she'd be off next day, that she would. And then before nightfall Mrs. Henderson had come to her and said,

"Let bygones be bygones, Lil. I ought to a' had more patience." And in spite of Lil's dignified silence, she had gone on to say: "I wants to know if you'll do sommat for me, Lil. I wants to know if you'll take little Tim to sleep wi' you. He's getting big an' he's a bit of a bother to me, an' if you'd take him, Lil—if you'd take him in your room," she went on, pleading against herself and the girl's sullen looks, "it 'ud be a real comfort to me."

"Surely once she took to him, it 'ud turn her heart a bit to me," the mother thought in her loving cunning, "an' she couldn't but take to him, once she had him to sleep with her, bless him—though I should miss him, I should."

Alas! Lil's only answer then was a fierce "No! I'll not!" and she had forthwith rushed out.

But now—now, how different she felt! She seemed to ache for the touch of those little dimpled hands and feet. She might have had that little curly head lying beside her own on the pillow instead of Mrs. Evans's frowzy grizzled locks; she might have watched the blue eyes opening to laugh at her, and the arms stretched out to her; for, in spite of all her jealousy, she had petted the little fellow when

she thought no one saw, and he had taken to her greatly. She might have had him all to herself for hours and hours, and the pain at her heart seemed to gather and gather till she could hardly bear it.

But there was grit in Lil, as Mrs. Evans had said, and that strength of will which is such a force either for good or evil. She did not swerve from her purpose, even when next day, which was Sunday, she saw her father riding little Tim on his shoulder about the court, and the child caught sight of her and called to her. No, she would not hear or even look at them, but marched out of the court with her head held high, while her father set down little Tim, and scratched his head with a look of grieved perplexity.

Mrs. Evans spent that Sunday in calling on her patrons and hunting up new ones, and so successful was she that there was a long fresh round, worth at least two-and-sixpence a day, ready for Monday morning.

And so Lil's new life began, close beside her old one, and yet so strangely changed. Her first morning was fine fortunately, but cold—cold as death itself. It was different from any cold she had ever felt before; it seemed to get a hold upon one, that cold at four in the morning, as no daylight cold ever did.

"It grips your inside and fair wrings it," Mrs. Evans once observed, when she wished to describe the sensation.

It was cold to Lil in her scanty clothing as she hurried along, but far, far colder as at some wind-swept street corner she stood beating on the door with a heavy stick, till at last a growl from within told that her work was done, and the sleeper was waked. Then on again, through streets all deadly still, not a sound but her own footsteps breaking the silence as she passed swiftly on through the familiar ways, all unfamiliar in the loneliness and darkness. It was a relief when the first clang of hammers began to ring in the yards, and very glad was she when, at half-past six, her task was finished, and she could creep back to the empty room and lie down on the bed alone to rest and get the chill out of her bones, while Mrs. Evans, as usual, stayed out to refresh and warm at her favourite early public.

She dropped asleep after a while, and was roused by Mrs. Evans bustling in.

"Come, child," she cried, "why, fire's not lit yet! Come, come, be stirring. I'm fair worn out; yer must light the fire every morning, an' get breakfast for me too, afore ye think o' sleeping."

After that breakfast, Mrs. Evans dozed off

as usual in her chair, after bidding Lil tidy up the place. And Lil did a little fitful and superficial cleaning and tidying—very poor work it would have seemed to Mrs. Henderson—resting between whiles, for her limbs ached with her unwonted early rising and wandering in the cold.

Towards afternoon Mrs. Evans roused up and informed Lil that Mrs. Skinner, the midwife, had promised to drop in to tea if she had not a case on, and Mrs. Murphy, from round the corner, too.

"They are that took up with yer luck, Lil, comin' to live along wi' me—droppin' on yer feet like—they said as they must look in just to wish yer joy."

So Lil went forth again on sundry errands in preparation for the festivity, the last being with the beer-jug and the gin-bottle.

"An' go to one o' Walkerses publics—them with the glass barrel yer knows," observed Mrs. Evans, as she handed them to her. "It's a step further, but they gives yer the long pull there, an' their gin's tip-top."

Mrs. Skinner, a burly woman, with a large, pale, flabby countenance, was not a tea drinker. "I get's too much tea o' nights, an' when I'm at my cases," she observed, "I daren't take a drop o' beer then, so I relishes it now:" and, in accordance with her guest's well-known tastes, Mrs. Evans had filled her jug. Mrs. Murphy and herself preferred tea with a drop. This was a great occasion, for Mrs. Evans thought she saw before her a not distant prospect of doubling her income, and Lil's "bite and bits of things" would not amount to much. Therefore the savoury sausage smoked in a blackened frying-pan, which had to be held carefully tilted on one side, because there was a hole in it, and before the fire was a pile of dripping toast. The fire was piled high, and the heat in the little room was stifling, even before the tea was poured out.

Mrs. Murphy was the first to arrive, a little, dark-haired woman, with an aggrieved manner. She had been married twice, but, as she herself frequently observed, "the suck-umstances was pecooliar,"—both her husbands being still alive. Married early to a sailor, he had left her, as she had often said, "with a boy and a babe," and sailing into the vast afar—Australia it was commonly believed—had returned no more. With considerable energy and exasperation she had managed to maintain herself a few years, but whether or not it was for the traditional seven years so firmly believed in by the British public as setting a wife free from a vanished husband, it is impossible to say; it

was a delicate subject, and no one liked to ask outright. At any rate she espoused Mr. Murphy, another sailor, and—just like the aggravatiousness of things—in less than a year afterwards "the former thing," as Bianca says of her deserted husband, reappeared, with a long story and a well-filled purse.

"They give me my choice honourable," Mrs. Murphy said afterwards. "They said as I could stick to which I liked best; but I said 'No, Joe Lingen'—that was my first—I'll not say what I'd have liked—bygones is bygones—but I'll stick to him as I rightly belongs to, an' that's Mike Murphy.'"

The sense of personal martyrdom so evident in Mrs. Murphy's manner, was supposed to date from this remarkable triumph of virtue. Perhaps it was more remarkable still, that Joe and Mike had been mates ever since, and the best of friends.

Mrs. Skinner was late. "A case," she said in an explanatory whisper as at length she seated herself beside Mrs. Murphy. "Oh, them babies! If ever there is an ill-convenient time for me, that is the time they manages to come at. I'm fair done out."

"Take a drop o' beer, dear; it'll bring you round," said Mrs. Evans soothingly; while Mrs. Murphy ejaculated:

"Dear, dear, you do look bad, for sure."

"My looks *an'* my feelings is alike then," replied Mrs. Skinner, with a slight tendency to snappiness. But she was prevailed on soon to "pick a bit," and beginning to revive after a little desultory conversation about her most recent experiences, turned her attention to Lil.

"Well, Lil," she began in a slightly hortatory tone, "so you're the gell as Mrs. Evins 'as took such a fancy to, an' 'as, so to say, 'dopted. Well, you *are* in luck's way."

Lil did not answer; she only shrugged her shoulders slightly and continued chopping her sausage into bits convenient to be placed on her bread and so eaten. (Mrs. Evans's one fork was placed at Mrs. Skinner's service, as the great lady of the party.) That day's experience had told her, if she had not known it before, that she would well earn all she got from Mrs. Evans.

That lady was looking slightly uneasy. Mrs. Skinner was a person of wealth, position, and influence—the "dear duchess" of those courts and alleys. She condescended greatly in coming to Mrs. Evans. It would be disastrous to offend her, but still Mrs. Evans did not feel quite sure enough of Lil to wish the whole flow of Mrs. Skinner's powers of exhortation turned upon her.

"Ain't yer thankful, hay? Yer ought to be," continued Mrs. Skinner more sternly, as she received no answer. "Mrs. Evins as everybody knows 'as seen better days — to take up wi' a gell like you!"

"Ah! but Mrs. Skinner dear," interposed Mrs. Evans, with an apologetic smile intended to be very sweet, "ye see I loves Lil, she's that like my own poor gell that was took, and Lil loves me, don't yer, Lil? An' she's been that bad used and scorned by them as should 'a done better by her, that she's real glad to come to me. Arn't yer, Lil?"

"Yes, I am," said Lil briefly.

The reference to her wrongs had been very judiciously introduced to touch her pride.

"That's well," continued Mrs. Skinner, in a mollified tone; and Mrs. Murphy struck in:

"If only folks 'ud do their dooty. That's what I allus says, an' what I've acted up to, whether it was to my own good or not."

"Yer 'ave indeed, Mrs. Murphy dear, yer 'ave indeed; no one more so," cried Mrs. Evans, understanding the reference to that triumph of virtue already spoken of. "If there was more like yer and Mrs. Skinner now."

"Yer may say that indeed, Mrs. Evins," said Mrs. Skinner with much dignity. "I'm sure my duty, what it costes me there's only One as knows. What with the nights and the up and downness, and the knock-knock-ing at the door, till one 'ud think they'd beat it in, an' the running 'ere an' running there, an' everyone thinking they're the fust consequence, it's awful worriting, it is," and she sighed deeply. "I know I ain't long for this world with it all." And as Mrs. Evans and Mrs. Murphy began to condole with and comfort their afflicted friend by assuring her how ill she looked, and how short her life was likely to be, Lil seized her opportunity to slip away and wander alone through the streets in the darkness till the visitors had gone home, when she and Mrs. Evans promptly retired to bed, to rise again soon after three and find it raining hard, with an east wind blowing.

And thus the days went by. It was winter; the fine mornings were few indeed. Three or four times a week Lil crept home drenched to the very skin. It was curious, too, that her round grew longer and longer, while Mrs. Evans's grew shorter, and on some of the worst days Mrs. Evans's head was so bad she could not lift it from the

pillow, and Lil had to take her list as well as her own. And these days began to come oftener and oftener as the cold strengthened with the lengthening January days. Mrs. Evans fed her well enough as far as quantity went, but for all that she was getting very thin, and her clothes were almost worn to pieces.

Lil was always very tired in the afternoon; a sort of weary feeling crept over her, she could hardly drag her limbs along. She used always to go out if it was not wet, and watch for a chance of seeing what Mrs. Henderson and little Tim were doing. She never would let her stepmother speak to her, however. Many a time she had run into Mrs. Evans's and banged the door if she thought Mrs. Henderson looked at her as though she were going to speak, and Mrs. Evans always loudly applauded her spirit on these occasions; but many a time, too, did she follow them unseen along the streets, when Mrs. Henderson was taking her work home, or was out giving little Tim the daily airing that she thought so necessary, and her neighbours so ridiculous. Once or twice Lil had fallen in with her father, who was in good work just now, and he had tried to stop her; but she had turned from him. Once he had even caught her hand, but she had wrenched it away and fled. Often on Saturdays and Sundays Lil had seen him with Tim and his wife; she knew he loved Tim—no one could help it. She thought he was perfectly happy and satisfied, and had forgotten her and ceased to care for her. "He's got her and Tim," she said to herself. "He don't want me."

She little guessed how the dumb inarticulate spirit, incapable of finding expression, yet yearned for her, and how her father spent hours of wondering how he could bring her back. If he had applied to the law, no doubt he could have made her return, but what did he know of the law? To the poor man in his ignorance the law is generally but a powerful engine, blind in its operation, too often threatening utter destruction, and he would indeed be rash who should himself set it in motion.

Yet Lil loved him still in her secret heart, and jealousy—the fruit of that love—was as strong a motive to keep her away even as pride.

In the course of her early morning walks she had gone further through the town now than ever before; she had found a short way down to one group of houses where two clients lived, and following on, came past the yards with their deafening clamour, between

two great graving-docks, where men crept like pigmies, dwarfed by their own achievements, about the hulls of huge ships, and so on to the tide-washed dock wall, where under the lee of a shed she found a little shelter from the keen wind. Here she would loiter sometimes for long hours together, watching the tossing grey-brown waves under the wintry sky, the gulls that wheeled and called and fluttered, the passing vessels—tugs towing long lines of flats or lofty ships, red-sailed flats bound for Runcom and the salt mines, heavy mud flats, coasting steamers, sailing vessels; while across the river, in the Sloyne, lay the big training ship and countless smaller ships at anchor. The stream was not quite at its narrowest here; above, on her left hand, it widened till it lay like a great lake between the low shores, and below, narrowing to where the throng of vessels was thickest, it widened again towards the mouth. Lil did not know why she liked it, the sea wind often made her shiver after the close hot air of Mrs. Evans's room, but there was some sense of freedom there that attracted her. Since her humiliation she had never cared to join the other girls; alone there she forgot herself a little, and the passions that fretted her young life away were lulled.

So often did she come that those who worked about there got to look for her. She had noticed a woman who came down every day for perhaps a week together—an elderly woman, neatly dressed all in black, with a queer, old-fashioned black bonnet, and bent shoulders. Lil knew who she was; the Biblewoman they called her. Once, in her mother's lifetime, she had called at their door, but her father had said he wanted none such cattle about his house, and ever after the door had been shut against her.

One day as Lil sat cowered under the shed wall, staring dully out over the water, this person stopped. "Are ye no cold, lassie?" she said. "I see ye here every day."

Lil looked up at the kindly shrewd Scotch face.

"Yes, I'm cold enough, but I likes it too," she said, drawn in spite of herself into a confidence.

"Ay! The caller feeling minds me o' the hill air in my ain Scotland, but there's few here as likes it. I've been ilka day lately to bring John Hutchison yonder news o' his wife; she's i' hospital and been sair ill, an' I'm seeing her ilka day. Have ye none belonging ye, lassie, that ye are aye alone?"

"No!" said Lil fiercely, "I've none." And then more gently, but still with bitter-

ness, "At least I have a father, but he don't want me."

"Has he turned ye out?" said the woman, well accustomed to such occurrences in the seething life around her.

"No, I turned myself out. Mother's dead, and he took an' married again. It was a shame, it was!"

"A bad woman, perhaps? Was she bad to ye?"

No answer for a while, and the woman watched in silence the working of the girl's face. The answer came at length however, as if wrung from her, reluctant, but true.

"No—no, not bad."

Another pause. "My lassie," said the woman, very slowly, "did ye no love yer father?"

"I did—I did!" cried poor Lil. "Everybody knows I did!"

"An' did ye no want him to be happy?"

Again no answer, and she added: "I'll be here to-morrow, lassie. Maybe we can have a bit talk. I must be going now." And she went without another word.

But that to-morrow never came.

Lil did not lift her head or look after the woman; she sat still, staring over the waves. Not want him to be happy? Why, that was just what she had wanted—the only thing she had cared about. She had tried all she could ever since mother had died—tried her hardest, and it had all been no good; it had come to nothing; and he had treated her—ah! it was hateful of him! And all the old bitter feelings surged up again in her heart. But somehow the words "Did ye no want him to be happy?" came echoing back in her mind in spite of herself. She knew—yes, she could not deny it, even to herself—he looked happier, better cared-for now, than he had done for long enough. When she thought of him with his new wife at his side and little Tim on his shoulder as they went out of the court last Sunday, she knew he had been happy then. Did she grudge it to him?

For long hours the girl, so unused to quiet thought, sat there pondering, thinking, seemingly gazing out at sea and sky, noticing nothing. Yet who can say when, or where, or whence is born that first faint stirring of the Spirit, which may come to mean, in all its widest senses, a new life?

It was the end of February. Black east wind had prevailed for weeks, keeping sailing vessels out of the river, and hanging a pall alike over sea and sky; but to-day there was a change coming. The wind had dropped

altogether since noon; the sky was grey still, but had a softened look, the greyness was no longer the blank, unbroken greyness of despair, but here and there it was varied into infinite shades, softened by tender, gleaming touches, where like a dawning hope light was almost, yet not quite, breaking through. Low down towards the western horizon there was a long line of faintly yellowish light, and through the afternoon hours, while Lil lingered there, it broadened and deepened. Presently a faint breath of air began stirring, breathing on her face so gently she hardly felt it, but it came again and again, always soft, yet growing steadily stronger. The long line of light began to arch upwards, and below it, pale and delicate, showed the heaven's own blue. The tide was flowing in, and the wind seemed to rise with it and like it, gentle, but strong and irresistible. The grey cloud lifted more and more, the blue below grew brighter and clearer, till at last the grey pall was drawn away over more than half the heavens, and the sun began to set in a sky of blue and gold, dotted with flecks of fleecy clouds.

Lil gazed at the pageant as though she saw it not, yet some of the beauty and the peacefulness of it entered into her heart and mind.

The sun sank lower and lower behind the Cheshire hills across the river, and brighter and brighter flamed the sky. The water caught and shared the glowing splendour that lit every tiniest cloud with crimson, pink, or gold. The ships stood out intensely black, with every spar and line defined where they showed against the sky, or moved across the shining pathway of the water. The very air seemed coloured; even the gulls' wings caught the rosy flush as they turned in their flight.

It did not last long. Lil stayed till the sun was gone, and the strange sudden glory had faded as swiftly as it came. She rose then, all cramped and chilled with her long waiting. With a strange cry she stretched her arms towards the dying light. "I don't grudge it him—no, I don't!" she said, with a half sob not wholly bitter, and then turned slowly to go back to the wretched little room which she called home.

Her shortest way after she left the docks lay along narrow back streets, but to-night for some reason—perhaps that she might still glance back at river and sky—she took a longer way, by a wide street that led into another, where were many shops and much traffic. A strange quiet filled her mind; some burden seemed to have fallen off, some

tight bond to have broken from round her heart as she uttered those words just now. Her limbs ached, she was very cold, but she hardly knew it.

As she turned into the street of shops, they were just beginning to light up, both within the shops and outside. Were her eyes dazzled, or was that little Tim she saw across the way, so far from home, and playing happily on the pavement? Yes, it was Tim, but he was not alone; she could see his mother getting served inside a small grocer's shop. No doubt he had run out unseen by her, and Lil stood and watched the child, with something really dazzling and dimming her eyes now.

Suddenly he caught sight of her; his face beamed all over with smiles. "Lil! Lil!" he shouted. She could hear him above all the noise and bustle, and then, as she did not come to him, he started off—he was always a bold child—to cross the crowded roadway to come to her.

There was a sudden louder noise of rattling wheels and galloping feet, a shout from behind it, "Stop him—stop him!" and Lil saw a runaway cart and horse tearing down the street, the people wildly clearing out of the way on all sides, and little Tim alone in the midst. There was a cry from many voices. Lil had thrown herself into the road—yes, she had reached him—Tim was in her arms—she had flung him aside—then a slip, a crash, the noise of a great shout, a grinding agony of pain for an instant, and then—silence.

* * * *

"What is it?" asked some one of a policeman some ten minutes after, when the crowd began to move off.

"It's a gell been run over," said the officer briskly, shutting up the note-book in which he had entered the name of the driver and owner of the peccant cart. "'Twas a plucky thing too. A little chap was out there in the street, and a runaway come along—driver been drinking, as usual. She snatched up the child, but her foot slipped, and another cart come round the corner, and there—well, she hadn't a chance," ended the officer, with an expressive shrug of the shoulders.

"Is the child hurt?"

"Not a scratch; but the gell's done for. 'Twas her stepbrother, folks are saying, but I don't know. A 775, he knows: he's gone down to the hospital with them."

* * * *

It seemed very long to Mrs. Henderson, watching by the little white bed where Lil lay, before her eyes opened and she faintly

tried to move her head, but really it was not much more than an hour.

Wonderingly she looked at the group round her. Mrs. Henderson, with Tim in her arms, her comely face all pale and drawn; Mrs. Evans, her apron to her eyes; Mrs. Skinner, crying too. What had brought them all, and where was she? Who were these strangers, too, who looked at her pityingly.

"Where is it?" she whispered, her eyes turning to Mrs. Henderson and imploring an answer even more than her lips.

"It's the hospital, dear." But before she could add more Lil started at her words.

"Oh, is it for Tim? Was Tim hurt?" she cried.

Alas, the start and the effort brought on a terrible agony of pain, it was many minutes before she could hear her stepmother's answer. "No, dear Lil, no. Tim's not hurt; you saved him, Lil. God bless you."

But a faint smile crossed Lil's lips as the words at last reached her ears. "I remember," she said simply. "I'm glad."

For a little time she lay very still, and the watchers could almost see life ebbing out before their eyes. But she revived again.

"Is this dying? Am I killed?" she asked presently, and as for all answer Mrs. Evans burst into a noisy fit of sobbing, and no one else spoke, a feeble gleam of amusement played over the white face. "It's a fine clean place for the likes of me to die in," she said.

There was a stir among the watchers. The doctor moved away.

"It won't last long," he murmured to the nurse, as he left to see some other patient, and a noiseless hand put up a screen around the bed.

"Is father there?" asked Lil anxiously, as she heard the slight movement. "Do get him to come—do!"

"We've sent for him, dear. He'll be here directly, Lil, if they can find him," said Mrs. Henderson, kneeling down by the low bed, still with Tim in her arms. "Oh, Lil—Lil! what ever shall I do? Oh, if only I'd seen him run out!" she cried bitterly. "I'd taught him to call you!"

"Never—you—mind," muttered Lil. "I—I ain't o' much good." Her words came with great panting gasps between them now. "Let Tim kiss me. Kiss me, Tim."

The little fellow, awed into stillness, leant over from his mother's arms. "Poor, poor," he said when he kissed her, his little hand patting her cheek, and Lil lay looking at him with such peace on her face as had hardly rested there in all her short life before.

"Is—is—father—?" she asked again presently, but could not finish, for the gasping sobs returned.

"No dear, not yet; he'll be here directly."

"Tell him,"—they could hardly catch the words now—"tell him—I—I didn't grudge—no more—"

"What's she say, poor dear?" said Mrs. Skinner curiously. "I can't 'ear 'er." And Lil's stepmother bent down closer yet to catch the words.

"Tell him,"—it was a last effort; she almost raised herself upon the pillow, and her voice came clearer and stronger—"tell father—I saved little Tim—for him."

Her eyelids closed—fluttered—closed again—and stirred no more. The angel of Death—nay, let us say rather of new Life—stood beside the bed, and on Lil's face there dawned to welcome him that true peace, that close-lipped smile, that pale still light, which we on earth see nowhere save on the face of the dead.

AGNES C. MAITLAND.





ET CÆTERA.



STUDENTS of what I may call the statistics of calamity must have observed that Spain contributes less than most other European states of any size or population to these returns. Nature is not on the whole very

hard upon her, and she does not destroy her people to any great degree, as is the case with more enterprising countries, by efforts of art. Except for the touch of earthquake—that ague of nations—by which Malaga was visited a few years ago, Spain has on the whole been kindly treated by the cosmic forces, those constantly revolting slaves of man. She gets off better than most southern lands in the matter of storms; she is not “in it” with the central European districts in the article of inundations; and as regards cholera, smallpox, and other epidemical scourges, she is easily left behind by more than one country which could be mentioned. Her immunity from artificial disaster is partly due, it is true, to herself, and to the steadiness with which she has resisted the temptation to travel by rail at any higher rate of speed than a well-mounted man. A railway collision in Spain is almost inconceivable, and if it occurred it probably would not be attended by worse consequence to any of the passengers than a slight headache. Nor do the Spaniards make up for this extreme deliberation of locomotive procedure, due perhaps to the national characteristics of a grave and stately engine-driver, by any infusion of the sporting element *in* the stability of their bridges—a question which supplies so pleasing an element of uncertainty to the pastime of railway travelling in America. Thus the Spaniards do not smash themselves to any great extent; nor

do they seem to burn themselves as often as do other peoples; so that the last fatal “catastrophe” reported from the Peninsula seemed quite like the breaking of a spell of long immunity from visitations of violent death on anything like a large scale.

The scale however was terribly large in that case, it must be admitted, and there was rather a ghastly irony about the disaster itself. “Fire in a Spanish Bull-ring. Two Hundred People Killed and Injured,” makes a capital “line” or two for a newspaper contents-bill, but to every one but a Spaniard there was a touch of horror about it which is wanting from the announcements of fires in opera-houses or theatres. The Romans built their amphitheatres of stone: otherwise some huge holocaust at a “Christian-and-lion” entertainment might have left behind it in history a hideous “sensation” of the same kind. I believe that there are worthy people in England, ardent supporters of the S.P.C.A., who held that this frightful catastrophe in the Spanish bull-ring was judicial—which of course it was not, any more than a neck-breaking “cropper” in a fox-hunt. But at the same time we *are* entitled to say, I think without being accused of national Pharisæism—or Pharisæic nationalism—that bull-fighting is not a pretty sport. I know that almost all Englishmen, and I fear not a few Englishwomen, who visit Spain, go to see a bull-fight; but then, as we know, that is only to “see what it is like,” so as to qualify themselves for condemning it with greater authority. It is their “painful duty” in fact, just as it is, or used to be before the switch went out of fashion, the painful duty of a schoolmaster to cane a boy. For myself, I have always shirked painful duties, so I witnessed my only bull-fight on a public holiday at

Seville from the top of the Giralda, a distance of about a quarter of a mile from the Plaza de Toros. Seen in this way, with miniature bulls and horses being tortured by microscopic *banderilleros* and *picadores* for the amusement of Liliputian spectators, the sight could hardly have shocked the most delicate sensibilities; so I looked at it through a powerful opera-glass (but of course not too powerful a one, for that would have been inhuman), and at the same time indulged in the curious reflection that had the magnifying power of the instrument been only a little stronger it would instantly have affected the moral character of my action. Morality apart however, the bull-fight is not nice—unless indeed it would be nice to get a knacker to allow you to watch him at work, as a relief from the labours of your own peculiar avocation. Indeed the knacker's yard has, I think, the advantage of the bull-ring in respect of disposing of its victims with more merciful speed and in a more straightforward fashion. After all, it can hardly be denied that when a horse has worn himself out in labour for mankind one might give him his despatch in some happier and more appropriate fashion than by leading the poor shambling, broken-kneed, unsuspecting brute blindfold into an arena, and allowing him to be disembowelled in instalments by the horns of a bull. It is not, to say the least of it, an honourable way of providing for an old public servant, as even the most convinced opponents of the pension system will acknowledge. As to the bull himself, that is a somewhat different matter. He has at least the "joy of battle," and his adversaries contend with him on terms approaching more or less—though of course rather less than more—to equality. The *picadores*, *chulos*, and so forth, do run a certain amount—and the *espada* no doubt a considerable amount—of risk in the encounters of the arena; and that to a certain extent redeems the thing from the human, though not, I imagine, from the taurine point of view, the bull never having even constructively assented to the proposition that he may legitimately be harried and killed by any one willing to incur danger in that sport. And as far as I can learn from "those who know," the boasted skill and daring even of the *espada* is not so very great; neither quality, I am told, being demanded in anything like the amount in which it is displayed daily by hunters of the "big game." On the whole, I must say that from the purely "sporting" point of view I prefer the kind of bull-fight which was got up some years ago, the story runs,

by a British consul at a southern Spanish sea-port. The contest was on this wise. Invitations were sent out by the consul to some half-dozen friends well equipped in respect of physical agility and its intellectual counterpart, the sense of humour, and luncheon was served in the bull-ring at one o'clock sharp. The party then sat down and regaled themselves on the oysters, the cutlets, and the champagne which had been thoughtfully provided for them, after which the *toril* door was thrown open and a magnificent bull stalked into the arena. After standing for a moment or two in silent wonder at this display of human insolence, the noble animal "went for" the lunch and lunchers, who dodged him to the best of their ability in all directions, and with the greater courage, skill, and persistence in that by the terms of the invitation it had been stipulated that the first man who scrambled out of the arena was to pay for the lunch. Being tossed out was not to count. The fun lasted for some considerable time and led to no fatal results. An arm and a collar-bone or two were all that suffered, but at last the bull, having made a dead set at a sportsman of a more florid, or at any rate, a more prominently florid, complexion than the rest, the heart, or possibly the wind, of the human quarry failed him; he leaped out of the ring, and I have no doubt honourably settled the reckoning for the lunch. I must confess for my own part that, though the pastime of these gentlemen was undoubtedly not conceived in a spirit of mature wisdom, it corresponds more closely with my notion of "sport" than a bull-fight of the ordinary type. Nothing however will ever persuade a Spaniard of that. As a rule he is passionately fond of the *corrida de toros*—a more expensive amusement than ratting, which it rather resembles, for you cannot have a decent bull-fight under £400—and I have heard grave and reverend señors declare that it does not exercise any brutalizing effect on the national character. In this connection it is certainly only fair to remark that it was to the excessive tender-heartedness of the nation that the late terrible disaster may in no fanciful fashion be traced. The local authorities could not bear the idea of not allowing the inmates of the neighbouring convict prison to see the show. Like the butcher who said to his youthful offspring, "Be a good boy, Billy, and you shall kill a lamb," they distributed tickets for the bull- and horse-slaughter among the convicts as a reward for good conduct, and it was one of these disreputable *aficionados* who struck

a match and set fire to the wooden benches of the ring,—an expedient by which the whole of them succeeded, it is said, in making their escape. Some men *will* mix up business with their pleasures.

Talking of Spain reminds one almost naturally of George Borrow, of whose works I see that a new and cheap issue is announced. They are to appear in half-crown volumes, and as the three volumes of the original edition of *The Bible in Spain* were offered to the public at 9s. each, the reduction is certainly a substantial one. I wonder whether it will popularize the author, for I cannot pretend to believe that he is popular now. No doubt he had his popularity to begin with. A copy of *Lavengro* now before me records the fact that in 1851 "The Bible in Spain; or, The Journeys Adventures and Imprisonment of an Englishman in an Attempt to Circulate the Scriptures in the Peninsula," was already in its fourth edition. But then the *mezzo cammin* of this century was a time when there was perhaps more belief in the proselytizing power of the Bible Society than there is now; and Mr. George Borrow's first book may have owed something of its original success to the patronage of what is known with surely a slight touch of Pharisaism as "the religious world." I do not, at any rate, understand his acquiring popularity as an author by any other than some such special and accidental means. Mr. Saintsbury made him, some time ago, the subject of an interesting and appreciative magazine article; and in nearly everything that he says of the peculiar charm of Borrow I certainly concur. But then I fail to see where the attraction for that excellent but immovable fellow, the "general reader," comes in. The general reader likes—I have heard him say so—"to know what he is reading," and that is what I defy any reader of George Borrow to know from one page to another. This no doubt is his charm—for those who are charmed by it; but then, how many matter-of-fact people there are upon whom it produces an exactly opposite effect. I don't believe that since *Tristram Shandy* there has ever been a book which sets all the obligations of coherence at more audacious defiance than *Lavengro*. It is a continuous series of solutions of continuity; and you may say generally of Borrow what Johnson said of Richardson, that if you read him for the story you would hang yourself. Yet no man tells a story better. He is always telling them from chapter to chapter, but they have seldom any connection with each other. And therein lies the stumbling

block for the steadily plodding feet of the "general reader." If however this worthy person has really become a Borrowian, and has acquired that peculiar relish for a unique literary delicacy which the Borrowian must possess, I can only wish him good luck and more power to his critical elbow. Indeed the acquirement of this relish implies, I venture to think, something more than development of the critical faculty; one might go so far as to say that it indicated the growth of a wider sympathy with, a deeper insight into, and a more humorous appreciation of human nature. For it is beyond question that the author of *The Bible in Spain* and *Lavengro*, curious as is his literary gift, is chiefly interesting to those who really "take to him" for his individuality. Anything more solitarily original than the nature of the man—with its extraordinary amalgam of Protestant bigotry, philosophic rationalism, John Bull prejudices, cosmopolitan *insouciance*, love of learning, passion for pugilism, frank delight in vagabondage, natural zest for story-telling, and shrewd perception of character—it is impossible to imagine; and with all this array of heterogeneous and contradictory qualities fused together by the quaintest, strangest, "unexpectedest" humour, there is no wonder that the man just as much as, if not more, than the writer, should give perpetual fillips to the amused curiosity. His highest attraction is the genuineness of his eccentricity. He is never posing, whereas Sterne is seldom doing anything else. The delightful touch of insanity in his humour is real and not assumed. Most people have met with "originals" of this kind in life as well as in books. Perhaps they are better to know in books than in life; but one is inclined to fancy that intercourse with George Borrow in the flesh would have been an inexhaustible source of intellectual amusement.

The other Sunday, on a road crossing a suburban common, I was passed in less than half an hour by, I should think, at least fifty cyclists. That, like pansies, is "for thoughts." For what we call "progress" is perhaps more instructively illustrated in these minor innovations upon our lives than in greater matters. Who would have believed thirty years ago that such a future was in store for the old "velocipede"—that respectable machine which did so much more justice to the second half of its derivation than the first? Who that at Blackheath in those days was privileged to see the velocipedist mingling on Easter Monday in that

lively cavalcade in which the palm (when the driver had no stick) was contended for by a crowd of baby-laden donkeys, not without dust and heat, could have believed that he would ever be a match for it with a fairly speedy ass? Firmly seated in a sort of arm-chair, itself weighing probably about a stone, and with a mass of machinery in and around him sufficient to set up in business a young locomotive steam engine, this pioneer of progress plodded bravely on, his knees mounting at each stroke to about the level of his chin, the dew of his anguish beading his furrowed brow, and his countenance wearing the joyous expression observable on the faces of those engaged in the not dissimilar exercise of climbing the treadmill? His friends, indulgently accommodating their pace to his, walked by his side, encouraging him with their remarks. After about ten minutes of these violent gymnastics, the athlete usually began to show signs of that satiety which dogs the footsteps of all earthly pleasures, and at the conclusion of a quarter of an hour he generally restored it to its enterprising proprietor, together with the modest fee charged for its use. The performance was an interesting one, but the general feeling of the spectators was for the most part closely akin to that attributed by the late Joseph Miller to the hirer of the sedan chair from which the bottom came out—namely, that were it not for the superior dignity of the conveyance, one might almost as well walk. What would the velocipedist of thirty years ago say if he had spent the intervening time in a certain hollow in the Catskill Mountains, and, conveyed by a friendly gnome, were suddenly to be set down rubbing his eyes on my suburban common? No doubt the bicycle, taking pace with pace, is an even greater improvement on its parent, the old hobby-horse, of which Lord Sherbrooke cherishes touching memories, than the tricycle is on the old velocipede. But then my supposed Rip Van Winkle would probably never have aspired to a two-wheeled machine; and one may imagine his delight at seeing a three-wheeler on which a man can travel more expeditiously and with less fatigue than on foot. He will probably not dream of emulating the youths in knee-breeches and strange uniforms who speed past him at a racing, sometimes a too racing, pace: the object of his envy will be the middle-aged citizen bowling along, not indeed with such startling velocity, but still at a sufficiently brisk rate to leave a well-girt pedestrian hopelessly in the rear. And when he hears that yon cyclist,

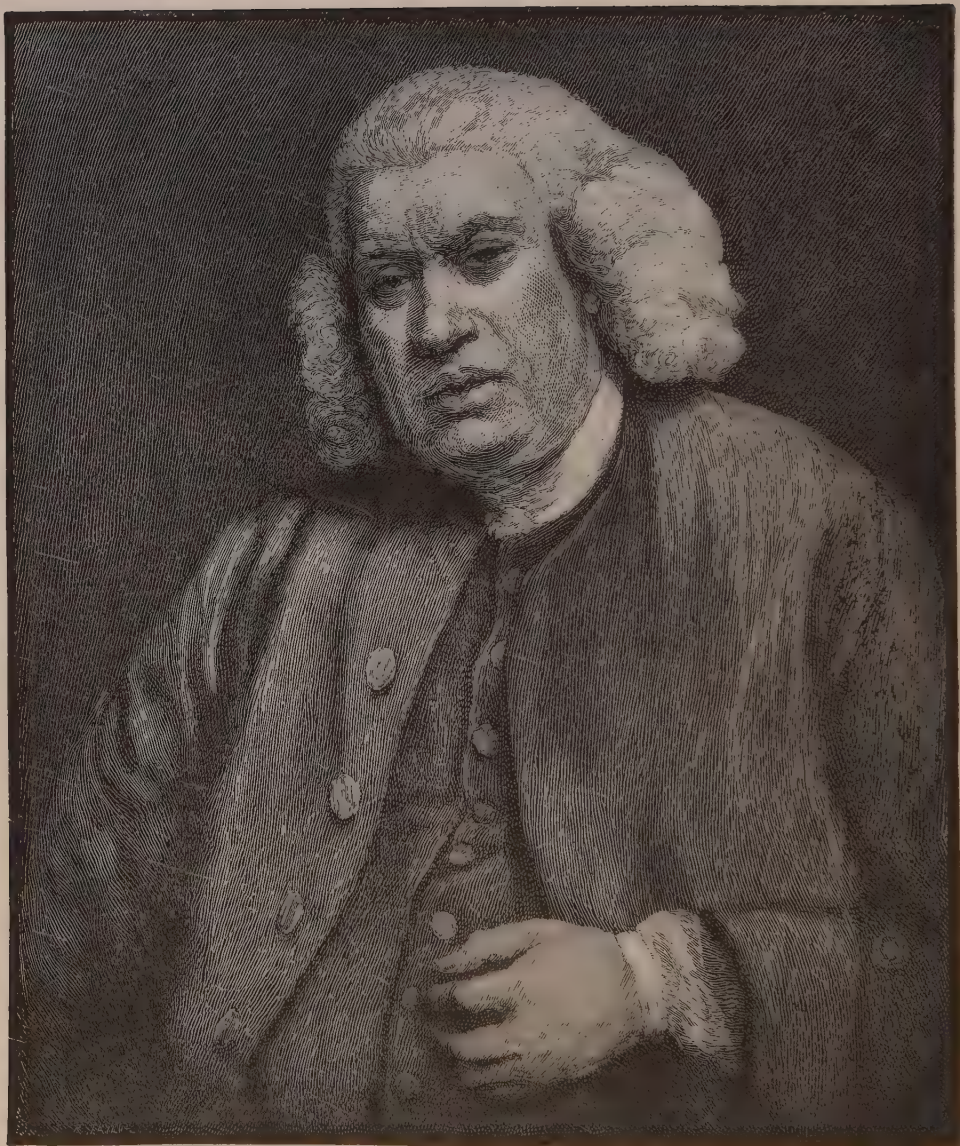
over whose head fifty summers have passed,—or would have passed if that season was of annual occurrence in this climate—can do his forty or fifty miles without serious difficulty, the awakened sleeper will regret bitterly—at least if he has slept to be as old as Mr. Joseph Jefferson looks in the third act of the drama with which his name is identified—that Progress has in this matter given him so long a start. But he might in that case console himself by reflecting that the element of dramatic surprise is added in his case to the discovery of changes which most of us, their unthinking contemporaries, have as usual failed to appreciate in any adequate measure. For there has been no national phenomenon quite like the rise of cycling since the displacement of the stage coach by the railway train. Seen economically, it is a sort of miniature reproduction of that mighty economic upheaval. It has created an immense industry, and given a new lease of commercial life to an ancient and declining manufacturing town; and it has shed a wintry gleam of prosperity over hundreds of the fine old decaying inns which dot the now re-peopled posting roads of the United Kingdom.

I suppose it is only natural to man, as soon as he gets hold of a new labour-saving or power-adding appliance, to see what use can be made of it for the destruction of his species. He is now busily engaged in trying to apply cycles to the purposes of warfare, with what results the opinion of experts appears as far as I can make out to be far from unanimous. But what is much worse than this attempt to press the harmless wheelman into the service of the soldier is the project recently started of turning the dog to military account. No doubt the idea has certain attractions of its own. The dog has the chief military virtues in the highest degree. In courage, in alertness, and in devotion he is the equal of the bravest of any brave band of fighting men that has ever won a place in history from the days of Leonidas to our own. But no one who knows the race can suppose, we should imagine, that the dog has any need to attest these faculties on the battle-field, and the inconsiderate promoters of this new project cannot have sufficiently considered the question whether we are justified in demoralizing the animal by compelling him to accept our imperfect standard of ethics. It is sufficiently discreditable to the human race that close intercourse with the dog through so many generations should have raised so little

their own standard of morality, but this is perhaps owing to the fact that it is only in comparatively recent times that the dog has been admitted to the place in society which is really his own. To many of their friends—I mean the friends of both parties—it gave an indescribable shock to discover the attitude of our national poet towards the canine race, and to learn that the critic—I crave his pardon if I wrong him, but I think he was a German—who wagered with malicious triumph that no one could find a line complimentary to the dog throughout the whole of Shakespeare, got the better of the eager patriots by whom the bet was taken, and like Mr. Hannibal Chollop “realized the stakes.” So at least as the story runs was the decision of the umpire to whom the wager was referred—that arbiter being of opinion that Crab in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, is not so treated by his creator as to indicate any intention on the part of the latter to make amends for the many unsympathetic or opprobrious references to the dog which are scattered up and down the plays. Nor, I grieve to say, can I find any conclusive ground for contesting the decision. There is no doubt, I think, that the portrait of Launce’s dog is and is meant to be an unfavourable one; while on the other hand there is nothing to show—and a single touch from that master-hand could have done it—that Shakespeare was depicting merely an individual and not the typical dog. Nay, his master’s extravagances could not on any other hypothesis than that Crab is fairly representative of his species have been regarded either by the dramatist or his audiences as diverting. For instance, “I think ‘Crab’ my dog be the sourest-natured dog that lives: my mother weeping, my father wailing, my sister crying, our maid howling, our cat wringing her hands, and all our house in a great perplexity, yet did not this cruel-hearted cur shed one tear; he is a stone, a very pibble-stone, and has no more pity in him than a dog.” And again at the close of Launce’s improvised dramatic rendering of the scene of parting—“Now come I to my sister; mark the moan she makes: now the dog at this time sheds not a tear, nor speaks a word.” It is evident that the fun here, such as it is, consists in Launce expecting or pretending to expect sympathy from an animal which was incapable—not *individually* but *generically* incapable of bestowing it. There would be no point in describing him as the “sourest-natured dog that lives” if his heartless behaviour had

been really due to personal defects of character. The melancholy inference is that Shakespeare himself regarded Crab’s indifference to the lamentations of the household as what was naturally to be expected from a dog under the circumstances; whereas any body who knows and appreciates dog-nature at all will feel that if Crab did really bear himself as described—if he shed no (canine) tear, spake no word in that most expressive language of his race, if he left father, mother, and sister without any attempt at consolation, nay if a community of sorrow did not actually bring about an armistice between him and the cat, he must have been in very truth what his master only declared him to be in jest, “the sourest-natured dog that lives!” So again with Crab’s conduct in Silvia’s dining-chamber, which he had no sooner entered than he “steps me to her trencher, and steals her capon’s leg.” Here Launce is made to exclaim, “O, ’tis a foul thing when a cur cannot keep himself in all companies!” the suggestion evidently being that Proteus’s “clownish servant” is as comically unreasonable in expecting honesty and good manners, as in looking for sympathy, from his dog. And though there is a touch of humorous pathos in what follows, “I have sat in the stocks for puddings he hath stolen, otherwise he had been executed. I have stood on the pillory for geese he hath killed, otherwise he had suffered for ’t,” yet here again the whole significance of the situation presupposes a conscienceless stolidity on the part of the dog. “Thou think’st not of this now”—as if any decent dog who had just stolen a fowl-bone at a house at which he was making a morning call would not have known perfectly well what his master was talking about, and been overwhelmed with shame and contrition at the recollection of his other offences. I am afraid we must admit that the virtues of the most virtuous of animals were unappreciated by the greatest of poets, and I think we may say further, that the *general* appreciation of these virtues is of very modern growth indeed. The hunter knew them of old, and the shepherd, and it is a far cry to the day when the dying Argus licked the hand of the Wanderer returning in the twentieth year; so that in one sense the love between dog and man may be said to be a reversion to primitive ways. But it is long also since the world ceased to be a world of shepherds and of hunters, and civilization had to endure for many a century before the present cordial relations were established between the two races.

H. D. TRAILL.



DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON.

Engraved by R. TAYLOR, from the Portrait in the National Gallery by SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

The English Illustrated Magazine.

JULY, 1888.

THE MEDIATION OF RALPH HARDELOT.

BY PROF. W. MINTO, AUTHOR OF "CRACK OF DOOM."

CHAPTER XXXIV.

RALPH IS MOVED TO SEE THE CHANCELLOR ALSO.



RALPH left the king's presence full of gratitude and hope. But he had charged himself with another duty, a more perilous one as the event proved. In his intercourse with the disaffected, it had come to Ralph's know-

ledge that the chancellor-archbishop was an object of intense and widespread hatred; and remembering the ties of blood and the obligation of former acts of kindness, he conceived it to be his duty with what delicacy he could to give the great man warning of the threats muttered against him, and to plead with him for conciliation.

All human passion concentrates itself on human objects, and the wrath of the peasantry, although the product of evil institutions rather than specially evil men, had fastened itself on a few great officials, of whom Sudbury was the chief. He had become in the popular imagination a sort of monster, in whom was incarnate all the heartlessness and cruelty, all the chicanery and greed from which poor men suffered. As the guardian of the great seal and chief of the king's officers, held vaguely responsible for everything that went amiss, excessive taxation, futile expenditure, miscarriage of the wars, indifference to the just complaints of the people, he was obnoxious enough; but to crown the misdeeds heaped indiscriminately on his responsibility, he was the representative of a type daily becoming more odious,

the worldly prelate, who meddled with public affairs to the neglect of his spiritual duties.

The worldly prelate was the special aversion of Wycliffe, and the invectives of his poor priests spread far and wide the personal odium against the chancellor, as the most conspicuous example of the class. In his person it was shown that the combination of spiritual with temporal business was bad for both; public affairs were mismanaged, while spiritual work was left to simoniacs and other children of anti-Christ, and those that would preach the true gospel were laid under interdict.

It was Sudbury's misfortune to incur the special hostility of John Ball. The restless priest of St. Mary's had been for years a thorn in the side of ecclesiastical authority. He had been excommunicated, imprisoned, forbidden to preach in churches; he preached all the same indefatigably in market-places and in churchyards, catching the people as they came out from the regular service, riding about on his pony from village to village in the Eastern counties and in Kent, always sure of an audience. His popularity was unbounded, and Sudbury, on whom it had fallen more than once officially to discipline the refractory preacher, had all through the winter since the imposition of the poll-tax, been a special object of his mockery and invective.

As the hatred of Sudbury spread, the catalogue of his crimes against the people and the realm was multiplied. Since the young king came to the throne there had been taxes and subsidies such as had never before been heard of. What had become of the vast sums thus raised? The chancellor was of humble origin; he lived in great state,

he was a munificent builder at Canterbury and elsewhere. Evidently he had enriched himself at the public expense. And why was it that in spite of all the extraordinary aids added to the king's ordinary revenue, the wars were so unprosperous? In the days of King Edward France had been harried, and glorious victories won without dipping into poor men's purses; our armies now, with tallage added to tallage, and subsidy to subsidy, could scarcely keep the French on their own side of the Channel. There must be treachery somewhere. Sudbury had been educated abroad, had lived abroad half his life; he was half a foreigner; he must have betrayed England to her enemies. There was nothing too bad to be laid to his charge. It was even whispered that the poll-tax was a subtle scheme in the interests of Sudbury's patron John of Gaunt to oust young Richard from the throne. The Black Prince had lost Aquitaine through the hearth-tax; an imitation of it had been devised by treacherous counsellors to prejudice the son of the Black Prince with his people.

Thus did malignant and injurious myths, bred of popular hatred, gather round the name of the unfortunate chancellor, and angry threats to call him to account began to be heard. His manner was too harsh and cold to inspire affection in private life, but it was a great grief and pain to his young kinsman, who had experienced kindness from him in happier days, to hear him slandered with accusations of impossible crimes. Ralph could not rest without making an effort to see him, and beg him to give attention to the miseries of the poor commons, and make such concessions to justice as might allay the general anger against his administration.

But the chancellor did not see justice as he saw it, and the young man's ill-advised generosity had unpleasant consequences for himself.

His brother Reginald tried energetically to dissuade him from his purpose when he presented himself at Lambeth on the day after his interview with the king. Reginald's high spirits were not in the least affected by the gathering clouds. The preposterous ignorance of the world shown in Ralph's simple-minded purpose amused him.

"Tell my lord," he said laughing, "that he is the most hated man in England, and may lose his head if he does not mend his ways! I have always said, dear Amendall, that there is madness in your poll. You might as well put that honest head of yours in the mouth of a lion, and prick his ribs with a bodkin to keep him in good temper."

But Ralph either would not see or did not

heed the danger. In vain also Reginald sought to convince him of the presumption of the undertaking. Did he think himself able to manage the affairs of the nation better than the chancellor, reputed incomparably the wisest man in England? This view of the case had not occurred to Ralph, but it staggered him only for a moment. He had no ambition to manage the affairs of the nation; he would approach the chancellor with all humility and respect; but things were known to him which on his knees he must implore the chancellor to consider. If they were known to the chancellor already, no matter; at least his conscience would be discharged.

Reginald still tried to dissuade him. "He will not hear you to the end," he said. "Therefore, why begin? The half of your long story will do no good. If, now, you were a magician, and knew how to transport all that you know and all that you feel in one bulk in one movement into the chancellor's mind, that might be worth doing, but take my word for it you will be in the gaoler's hands long before you have said anything to the purpose."

Ralph however would have his way, and most reluctantly Reginald, as the usher in charge for the time, went to announce that he desired an audience.

The chancellor, as Reginald had anticipated, did not look pleased at the announcement. He was pacing his chamber and dictating to one of his secretaries when Reginald entered, and paused and threw up his head with an angry frown.

"Send the meddler away," he said. "What does he want here?"

Reginald retired. It was as he expected. But when he was half out of the room, the chancellor called after him.

"No. Bring him up. I hear the traitor has dared to approach the king again."

Reginald returned to his brother, whistling in a very subdued key. "Brother Amendall," he said, "I told you so. I never saw the chancellor look more majestic."

The air of angry majesty was still on the chancellor's countenance when Ralph was introduced. He did not give the young man time to utter an apology for his intrusion.

"I hear," he said abruptly, in a stern voice, "you have been meddling in the king's affairs again."

Ralph had schooled himself to behave with meekness and humility, but he felt instinctively that a too humble bearing in the presence of this offended magnate would only exasperate him farther. Perhaps, too,

the unreasonableness and haughty sternness of the chancellor's manner awoke in him a certain natural resentment. His answer was respectful, but firm and steady in tone.

"My lord," he said, "I had an audience of the king yesterday."

"Of that I am aware," said the chancellor. When the king had spoken to him of what Ralph had communicated, the much-worried official had kept his temper with difficulty. Now that he had the author of this fresh annoyance before him, he gave free vent to the anger that he had been obliged to suppress.

"And now," he said, "you come to me with your crack-brained scheme. You come to try the effect of your school rhetoric on me. What reason, may I ask, can your presumption find for thinking that the nobles and other gentry of England would give up their heritage of bondmen? How do you propose to persuade Parliament to it?"

"It is but justice," said Ralph.

"Justice!" cried the chancellor bitterly. "Yes, the justice of the schools. You have learnt that from your self-sufficient doctor, who knows nothing of affairs, and would rule the world with subtle disquisitions from his cloister, as if men were made of potter's clay."

"But the peasants, my lord," said Ralph quietly, "are men also, and limited in their powers of endurance."

"I have heard of your threats also," said the chancellor. "What force is there in them? What can a rabble do? What became of the Jacquerie? But it is well to be forewarned. I require you to tell me where those seditious persons that you came from are to be found?"

Ralph's cheeks flushed. "That I cannot tell you, my lord," he said.

"Cannot! Will not, you mean. Means may be found to cure that inability."

"Will you not believe me when I say there is real danger to the realm if the peasants are left in their discontent?"

"No. There is no danger but in their secrecy. I say you must tell me where they are to be found. I will otherwise hold you as an aider and abettor of their treason."

"I cannot tell you, my lord," said Ralph.

"Then I must commit you to prison," said the chancellor. "I have no leisure for further parley."

"Let me entreat you," said Ralph, "to hear my reasons for believing that this discontent is dangerous, and dangerous, my lord, in especial to yourself. There are many foolish fancies and groundless calumnies spread abroad among the people."

"I do not value them a straw," said the

chancellor. "I have no leisure to hear of them. Again I require you to tell me the names of these men, and where they lurk?"

On this point Ralph was obdurate, and the interview ended as his brother had predicted. Ralph was fettered in the prison of Lambeth Palace before he could explain to the infatuated chancellor the danger in which he stood.

Next day the chancellor sent for him and again put him to the question. The chancellor would listen to nothing but the names of the conspirators, and Ralph with equal determination refused to betray them.

"Lest you should deem me tyrannical," said the chancellor at last bitterly, "you shall go before the king's marshal, and he shall judge whether what I ask is reasonable or no."

Ralph accordingly was indicted before that officer of being privy to the designs of traitors, and committed finally to *peine forte et dure* in the Marshalsea till he should be better advised. The chancellor took credit to himself for clemency in pressing for no heavier punishment.

CHAPTER XXXV.

THE BURSTING OF THE STORM.

THE sky was not clear when the great storm burst; it was thickly overcast, dark, and troubled. The signs of what was to come were there, if only they could have been rightly interpreted. But they were hung out in vain, foolishly laughed to scorn, perversely misunderstood, pridefully flouted and disregarded.

The clouds were dark, it was true, but clouds equally dark had gathered before and passed quietly away without breaking in tempest. There was no cause for special alarm or extraordinary precaution.

It seems incredible now that men should have been so blind and improvident. We are apt to dismiss the rulers of the time at once from all claim to our respect as an unhappy combination of incapables—weak and witless men burdened by the caprice of Fortune with a task immeasurably beyond their powers. But if we pause and reflect, we must recognize that the situation was even more tragic than this. The spectacle offered to the world was not the spectacle of incompetence struggling with difficulty, paying the inevitable penalty, and involving others in the ruin of its failure. Incompetence there was, but it was an incompetence

that poor humanity can never transcend, incompetence to remedy at a stroke the accumulated results of generations of cruel, self-complacent, brutally selfish habits of tyranny. The men of whom such a miracle is demanded are necessarily over-weighted.

It was natural enough to mistake the beginnings of insurrection for the final fling of a passing irritation at an unpopular tax. The wisest of us might have made the same blunder before the event. That the poll-tax, the subsidy of three groats, as it was called, should be unpopular, was not at all surprising or abnormal. It was only what might have been expected. No new tax ever is popular. "It is a common usage," says the quaint translator of Froissart; "none is gladde to pay or to opyn their purses if they may lette it." Many refused outright to pay the January instalment of the tax. The Government referred this naturally enough to the ordinary motive, repugnance to open the purse, a repugnance especially strong when the impost is of a new kind. They did not see—and we cannot fairly hold them foolish above the ordinary run of governments for not seeing—that it was not the weight of this particular impost in itself that the people felt; that this impost was the last straw that made the sum of their burdens intolerable, and thus became a symbol against which was directed all the pent-up and accumulated hatred of a long series of years of suffering. They failed to see this, and they failed even to see till too late the advantage that they gave to the leaders of the discontented peasants in providing them with a grievance that was common, however slight, and thus furnished a rallying cry, the force of which could be felt by all.

The payment of the January instalment was slack, but the ruling powers opposed a firm front to this, expecting the resistance to collapse, as it had collapsed before, when a solid body of organized force was opposed to loose, incoherent assemblages of reluctant atoms. A certain period of grace was allowed, and then the collectors proceeded to distrain. But the front of the resistance was also firm. The sheriff's officers were resisted. Numerous riots occurred all over the country when the distress warrants were put in execution. In Essex the resistance was especially obstinate. The Government resolved to make an example of Essex. A commission under the presidency of the chief justice of Common Pleas was sent down to try the rioters. The assize was held at Fobbing, and a grand jury was proceeding to find true bills against the accused when an interruption occurred. A riotous gathering broke

into the court room, chopped off the heads of the grand jury and carried them away on poles, and compelled the chief justice on pain of sharing the same fate to swear that he would never again hold a similar session.

A grand jury sacrificed, and a chief justice sworn off an obnoxious duty. This was a serious outrage on the law, but the law was not so strong in the fourteenth century as it is now, and incidents of the kind were not so uncommon. This might be a mere isolated explosion. There was no indication as yet of widely-organized resistance.

The next victim of the popular vengeance was a collector. And here it is necessary, if we would follow the course taken by the flames of the insurrection, and rightly understand this simple, but neglected, chapter of English history, to say a word or two about the machinery for raising the tax. This is the only clue by which we can find our way clearly through the scattered and otherwise unintelligible scraps of fact preserved by various chroniclers. Thus only can we see the unity of purpose pervading the acts of the insurgents in various localities, and understand the true magnitude and significance of the most dangerous insurrection that ever occurred in England.

The machinery was simple. Commissioners for each county were appointed by the Lord High Chancellor and the Treasurer. These commissioners appointed Assessors, who fixed, in conjunction with local authorities, the list of persons liable to the tax, and the amount for which each was liable. The rolls of taxpayers complete, they were handed to Sub-collectors, who went from village to village and township to township armed with these rolls, received the money, and paid it to a High Collector, who paid it in turn into the treasury. This was the ordinary course supposing the collection to proceed smoothly without resistance or challenge. But sometimes the Commissioners had to be called in to settle objections to the assessment, and sometimes the Sheriff and his officers to distrain the goods of sturdy recusants. We have named most of the officials implicated, and if the reader with this clue in his hand cares to go to the chronicles and records, he will find among the victims of the insurrection representatives of all the officials of the tax, and what is more he will find that the popular fury confined itself to them and to other instruments of the law whom they put in motion, such as the grand jurymen empanelled and decapitated at Fobbing.

The next victim of the rough instruments with which Nature was vindicating her

higher law was, as we have said, a collector. This ugly incident, which looked less serious at the time than the outrage at Fobbing, but which has obtained a more prominent place in current history owing to Stowe's graphic, if somewhat inaccurate account of it, occurred at Dartford, in Kent.

It occurred in this way. In many cases the persons named in the assessor's roll refused to pay on the ground of non-liability. In such cases an appeal was allowed to the Commissioner, the high official appointed for each county to control the imposition of the tax. The Commissioner for Kent was Sir John Leg, who had been one of the esquires of King Edward's household, a fellow-servant in that capacity of the poet Chaucer.¹ Leg was sent down to Dartford to hear appeals. Among the appeals was one on behalf of a daughter of Wat Tyler, for whom exemption was claimed as being under age. The frightened girl was dragged into court by the Collector and grossly insulted before the excited audience. The insolent ruffian had not long to wait for his punishment. The girl's father was at work on the roof of a neighbouring house, and some one ran at once and told him. Tyler caught up a helving hammer and hurried, boiling with rage, to call the collector to account. The collector "answered with stout words" and struck at him; whereupon the tiler, avoiding the blow, raised his hammer and smote the collector with such force that "the brains flew out of his head." The people were wild with joy over this lawless act of justice; Sir John Leg and his assessors had to flee for their lives.

This took place in Whitsun week, on Wednesday, the 5th of June, when the collectors were busy, and popular excitement ran high in every hundred. It was a serious defiance of the law, but the authorities at headquarters were not yet seriously alarmed. There was nothing yet beyond the bleating that might be expected when the sheep were being shorn. What reason was there to believe that the sheep would prove themselves capable of combining against their shearers?

That this unexpected thing was however possible was speedily demonstrated. The miracle rapidly unfolded itself before the eyes of wondering and panic-stricken authority. In a few days the isolated jets of discontent had combined and become a boiling flood, and

the strongholds of the upper classes, "compassed round with turbulent sound," were like rocky islets in an angry sea.

We shall never know whether it was infatuated foolhardiness or mere chance that brought the law in the very nick of time into direct personal collision with the man who had been chosen to lead the insurrection. The exact historian indeed has some reason to suspect that the whole story of the tiler and the Dartford collector is the mythical creation of a later time, imperfectly informed of the vast extent and careful organization of the great Peasants' Revolt, and trying to level it down to their understandings, as if it had been a casual riot. If a brutal insult was offered to Wat Tyler's daughter at the very time that had been fixed upon for the rising under his leadership, it is the most remarkable instance of opportune infatuation that history has to record. Be this as it may, within a week of the alleged occurrence, Wat Tyler was threatening the capital with 100,000 men at his back, and in every county of England local leaders were dictating terms to the lords of the soil in his name.

The full magnitude of the rising revealed itself with startling rapidity. To the authorities who looked on from London, seeing it grow bigger day after day, yet each day inclined to believe that it had reached its height, the morrow was always a surprise, and a great surprise, so huge were the strides with which the insurrection advanced.

There were riots at Dartford and at Gravesend on Wednesday in Whitsun week, mere casual brawls, as it appeared, within familiar limits. On Thursday the mob of Gravesend marched over to Dartford, and helped the local mob in wrecking the house of a collector and burning his tax-rolls. On Friday the combined mobs, led by Wat Tyler, marched on Rochester, raising the country as they went. A serf had been claimed in Gravesend by the agents of Sir Simon Burley a few days before, carried off by force, and imprisoned in Rochester Castle. The object of the rioters was said to be the rescue of this victim of fraud and force. A riotous attack on the capital town of a diocese was a grave but not an unprecedented breach of the peace. Not till Saturday did it begin to look as if the rioters had larger designs, and the riot was assuming the dimensions of an insurrection. Rochester Castle was one of the strongest castles in England, and the mobs that surged round its massive walls were apparently unable to break in. But instead of abandoning the enterprise and returning home, a picked body of them marched

¹ It is necessary to mention this, because Leg is sometimes discredited with having been a ruffianly tax-collector. He was not the collector, but the commissioner, a very different official. Leg afterwards fell a victim to the blind fury of the populace, but this was owing to his official position and not to any specific act of ruffianism.

on in the direction of Canterbury, and the rumour ran that as they advanced the populations of the villages on their route met them with open arms and joined them in their forward march.

This looked serious, and—more threatening still—the news came in of messengers riding hard in all directions, and of armed peasants mustering with ready obedience wherever they carried their eager summons. By Monday all Kent was on fire, and the flames were spreading rapidly northwards.

The temperance and singleness of purpose displayed by the rebels was not less remarkable than the celerity of their movements. Tyler and Ball and Jack Straw had their tumultuous followers wonderfully in hand. There was none of the indiscriminate slaughtering and plundering of haphazard insurrection. Very few lives were taken, and there was very little pillage. The fury of the insurgents was directed mainly against two classes of documents, rolls and distress warrants connected with the obnoxious subsidy, and manor-rolls of servile tenants containing the names of villeins and the services they were bound to render. That the leaders should have been able to raise so huge a gathering of armed men in so short a time says much for the perfection of their organization, and that having raised such undisciplined and angry swarms, they were able to keep anger within fixed bounds, is evidence of a power of command not easy to parallel.

By Monday the leaders were able to go to work at Canterbury. The contingent they had brought from Dartford, and the towns and villages along their route, was reinforced by levies from all the west of Kent, from Thanet and Whitstable to Romney Marsh. More lives might have been lost if authority had not been so taken by surprise, panic-stricken, and robbed of all power of resistance.

Their business at Canterbury was soon despatched. The gates were opened by the inhabitants, and a rush was made at once for the houses of the high collector for the county and the sheriff. Their lives were spared on condition that they surrendered their documents—the instruments of the obnoxious tax. Fires were lighted, and the peasants looked on, and cheered and hooted with frantic joy as subsidy rolls and green wax writs, parchment after parchment, were drawn from their boxes, pitched into the flames, and burnt to ashes.

Beyond this demonstration of wrath against the poll-tax very little damage was done, amazingly little considering the amount of turbulent rascality that might have found its

chance in such a commotion. It is a significant fact that the shrine of St. Thomas, enriched with the offerings of thousands of pilgrims, was left untouched. If the motives of leaders capable of organizing insurrection on such a scale had been personal ambition, they would not have failed to seize upon such a treasure to provide themselves with the sinews of war. Few of Edward's knights, accustomed to the plundering habits of the time, could have resisted the temptation.

The capture of Canterbury was an audacious act, but one still more audacious was to follow. London was their next object.

The advance on London showed the same judgment and strategic skill that marked all the proceedings of the insurgents till the death of Tyler. It was not without reason that Walsingham, an unwilling witness, described him as *magno sensu præditus*. There were two points at which the movement of such a horde as the insurgent peasants might easily have been checked, Rochester and Maidstone. Both were seized without loss of time.

One of Stowe's legends, collected two centuries after the event, is that the object of the capture of Maidstone was the liberation of John Ball from the Maidstone Gaol. But there is no evidence that Ball, often as he was imprisoned, was under duress at this time. A writ for his capture was issued by Archbishop Sudbury in February, but he was still at large at the end of April, when all who should attend his preachings were threatened with the greater excommunication. Froissart mentions him as having been at Canterbury with Tyler and Rakestraw or Jack Straw. The release of the great orator of the movement, if he had been imprisoned, would doubtless have been an urgent motive for seizing Maidstone and breaking open the gaol. But there was a strategic object also in taking possession of the town. It was one of the two points at which the insurgent host could conveniently be poured across the Medway. It was the rendezvous also for the south-west of Kent. The levies from the Ashford Valley and over the hills from the Sussex border, from Appledon and Tenterden and Crawford, all converged upon Maidstone.

While Straw crossed the river to gather and lead the men of Essex towards the capital, the Kentish insurgents left Canterbury early on Tuesday morning in two divisions, one going towards Maidstone, the other towards Rochester. The fortresses of both places were in their possession before night.

Then both divisions moved forward on London, their numbers growing at every mile. For such a mob the orderliness of its

behaviour was marvellous. The records of the proceedings afterwards taken against the rebels throughout Kent enable us to correct the exaggerations of panic-stricken rumour which are reproduced in the pages of Walsingham and Froissart. Such outrages as were committed had a definite aim, and were accomplished with as little effusion of blood as possible. There was no such indiscriminate slaughter of clerks and lawyers as tradition ascribes to the followers of Jack Cade seventy years later. Manor-houses were broken open, and court-rolls, the registers of servitude, were burnt; but lives were spared, and property, except in serfs, was respected. The leaders of the insurgents seem to have exhorted them as claimants for justice to show respect for order, and to have enforced their exhortations by making summary example of transgressors. Probably fewer outrages were perpetrated by the peasant mob than by any body of the king's forces on their way to the sea-coast.

Blackheath was their rendezvous; and soon after midday on Wednesday the two main bodies surged on to the heath, the Rochester division having crossed Shooter's Hill, the Maidstone division advancing by Eltham. In nothing was the capacity of their leaders better shown than in the simple arrangements that had been made for the prevention of confusion. The disposition of the huge crowds was geographical; the men from the various hundreds, most of them personally known to one another, keeping together under a chief previously agreed upon. Each hundred had its standard and standard-bearer. Very rude affairs some of those standards were, but they were known to the men of the locality and served to keep them together. Mounted marshals galloped hither and thither, and saw to it that those bodies did not press too closely together. Where a man did lose his company, which did not happen often, he trudged on in contented fraternity wherever he found himself—trudged on, and often ran, for so high was the excitement and so eager the desire to be at the end of their journey that frequently the whole vast throng broke into a hobbling trot, and looked like a tossing field of wheat as they swept over the uneven ground. And all the tumultuous rout pressed on, bound into one by a thought which became more and more single and definite and semi-instinctive as they advanced—the desire to speak with the king, to rid him once for all of evil counsellors, and to demand emancipation from bondage for themselves and their heirs for ever.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

THE PRINCESS SUSPECTS TREACHERY AT COURT.

AMIDST the confusion and panic that prevailed at court when it became fully apparent that the insurgents were marching on London, it was suggested to the king that he might again make use of the young man who once before had acted as his emissary to the discontented.

All through the troubles of the month of May—the weariest return of the merry month that England ever saw—Ralph had been left in the Marshalsea. Once or twice in Sudbury's perplexities, when the baffled desire to get hold of the moving spirits in the popular discontent rose to the height of passion, the angry chancellor had thought of sending for Ralph, and putting him on the rack till he should tell all he knew. But partly because his conscience had scruples, and partly because he felt that the torture would fail of its purpose, he put the temptation aside. Torture indeed would have been a relief to the prisoner. The good offices of his brother Reginald with a tipstaff had, unknown to himself, saved him from the full horrors of the prison; but it was a sore trial, even with a book to shorten the hours, to sit there fettered and know that mischief was brewing outside; that the deadly conflict which it was his heart's desire to avert was every day drawing nearer. Ralph spent many an hour of agony in the Marshalsea, and an opportunity of speaking out, even from the rack, would have been hailed by him with gratitude as a happy relief. Not that his pleadings could have been of the slightest avail. It was too late for mediation between the "incensed and mighty opposites." If he had been free he could only have precipitated the fate that afterwards overtook him, the usual fate of the divider of strife.

It was the Princess that asked what had become of him, and suggested that he might be useful in the crisis. It happened in this way. The princess was the first to bring to court authentic news of the scope and purpose of the insurrection. She had encountered the main body under Wat Tyler while on her way to the shrine of St. Thomas on the morrow of Trinity Sunday. No violence had been offered to herself or her train when she was recognized. They had cheered the king's mother, the Fair Maid of Kent, and one or two with rough gallantry had begged for a kiss from her. There was no other approach to discourtesy on the part

of the good-humoured crowd, hilarious with the excitement of their expedition. They had been loud in their professions of loyalty, and had testified it besides in an indirect way by exacting from her retinue an oath that they would never accept a king of the name of John. This boisterous exclusion of aspiring Lancaster from the succession was not displeasing to Richard's mother; still the appearance of the half-clad men, with their murderous-looking, barbarous weapons, maces, hatchets, hedge-bills, flails, and scythes, was so alarming, their clamour so uproarious, their gestures so uncouth, that the incident had put her in a panic, and she had turned her car and jolted along at the full speed of her horses, never stopping but to change them till she reached London.

All the mother's instincts were awake in the interests of her son's safety and honour. Something she had heard and clearly remembered through all her fears from the captain himself, Wat Tyler, who had begged her to assure the king of the devotion of his poor commons, and that they demanded nothing but freedom and justice. Also her attendants had gathered for her the flying rumours as they hurried through the disturbed country. And when she came to London, and found how things stood there, the council distracted, resolving upon nothing, adjourning from day to day, waiting upon events, a strong suspicion of treachery, confirmed by what she had heard as she fled along, took possession of her mind. She had heard that agents of John of Gaunt were busy in Kent, disseminating the report that it was his intention to liberate all his bondmen. What could this mean but that the crafty Lancaster was trying to oust her son? It was a suspicious circumstance that none of the king's uncles were in London. John of Gaunt was at Berwick, negotiating a treaty with the Scots. The Earl of Cambridge had just set sail for Portugal. Buckingham had retired to his wife's estates in Wales, not too well pleased with the marriage that had reduced them by a half. All were at a safe distance. And in the council that was left whom could she trust? If only Burley had been there. But he had not yet returned from Nuremberg, whither he had gone to settle the king's marriage with Anne of Bohemia. There was not another in the council, except perhaps the ostentatious parvenu De la Pole, whom she could implicitly trust. All the others were partisans of the Duke of Lancaster. Their hesitating conduct in such a crisis was suspicious.

Where was the anxious mother to turn?

She had only her woman's wit to oppose their crafty caution. If their counsel was suspicious, the boy-king must be urged to rely upon himself. The poor commons professed loyalty to the king; they trusted him and they did not trust his uncles: if Richard was to save his throne he must reciprocate their confidence.

It was late on Tuesday evening when the princess reached London, and found the king in the Tower, with Archbishop Sudbury, Salisbury, Warwick, De la Pole, and others of the council who considered the Tower the safest place in the unsettled state of the London populace. Much joy was expressed at her safe arrival, but as soon as she had learned the posture of affairs she pleaded fatigue, retired to her own chamber, and dismissing all her *demoiselles* except Clara Roos, whose cool courage and helpfulness in face of the insurgents had given her an additional claim on the favour of her mistress, she sent for the king and communicated to him her suspicions.

"The peril is such," she said in conclusion, "that each man thinks only of himself. We must be our own counsellors."

The boy's soft features had become more and more hard and thoughtful as he listened. He was silent for a moment and a vindictive look flashed into his eyes. It was a staggering revelation for a boy of fifteen to find every man about him suspect. But it did not cow his high spirit. The boy was transformed by the grave thoughts of a few moments into a self-reliant man. "They shall pay dear for their treachery some day," he said.

His mother was in too vindictive a mood herself to discourage this temper. "But meantime we must act," she said, and her eyes fell upon Clara, who looked as if she would fain speak.

"My grandfather was but a little older than I am," said the king, "when he took the reins into his own hands."

"True, my fair son," said the princess mechanically, starting from her contemplation of Clara's face, as if she had read and considered the unuttered thought written there. Presently she asked the king to tell her whether he had heard anything further of Master Hardelot, who had come to him from the discontented commons.

Richard's face flushed and he bit his lip.

"Their demands are as he delivered them to us," said the princess; "and they seem loyal to you as he assured us they were."

"My lord chancellor put him in prison," said Richard sharply.

They looked at him in surprised inquiry. The princess with Clara in her train had gone down to Leeds Castle immediately after Ralph's interview with the king, and they had heard nothing of him since, not a little to the disquietude of one of them.

"He refused to give the names of those who sent him," added the king. "The marshal held the chancellor justified. Would I were my own master!"

"And he carried no answer," said the princess. "Why not send him now?"

The king frowned. "Whom can I trust?" he asked bitterly.

Clara looked at him reproachfully. "Pardon me, sire," she said, "I will answer for his honesty with my life." And she blushed at her own warmth.

Richard's frowns of doubt and suspicion gave place to a gay laugh. "You are pledging, my brave Clara," he said, "what we can scarce call our own in these times, but there is no better surety to be had. I will send him, and you, dear mother, shall give him his message. But first we must discover where his good uncle has hidden him away."

This was easily discovered through the medium of Reginald, who was in the Tower with his master.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

PANIC-STRICKEN DELIBERATION.

SHORTLY after noon on Wednesday, about the time when the insurgents began to debouch on Blackheath, a writ under the Privy Seal for Ralph Hardelet's release was carried by his brother Reginald to the governor of the Marshalsea prison.

Through his brother's influence with the governor Ralph was the sole occupant of the cell in which he was confined. He was fastened without being manacled; he was allowed a stool to sit on, and a rough deal table for his book. This book was the *De Consolatione Philosophiæ*, the famous meditative work which helped so many in the Middle Ages to bear misfortune with equanimity. He was leaning his head on it when the bolts of the door were drawn, and looked up in a dreamy mood which quickly changed to one of eager surprise when he saw his brother enter.

Reginald strode forward into the dim light, and embraced him. "I come, Brother

Amendall," he said, "with better consolation than any you can get from the last of the Romans: I bring you freedom."

Reginald's airy manner was unaffected by the gravity of the times. Ralph looked at him in a puzzled way, as one newly awakened and keenly on the alert without understanding why.

"Shake off your dreams, my philosopher," said Reginald briskly; "I am sent for you by the king."

"The king!" cried Ralph. "I had renounced all hope of that."

"You should not have done that," said Reginald jauntily. "Hope is too precious a thing to be parted with lightly."

It was an excited world into which the prisoner came forth. Southwark, in which the Marshalsea stood, was profoundly disturbed by the advance of the insurgent host, and the accents of panic-stricken rumour filled its hostelrys and ran about its streets and lanes. Southwark was a leafy suburb then, the outer fringe of the city round its main southern entrance, a very different place from the present region of crowded railway terminuses, and huge warehouses, and noisome factories of soap and tallow and leather.

Earls and prelates of the southern counties, and the heads of the great monasteries of Canterbury, and Battle, and Lewes, had their town residences in Southwark, and hosts of travellers from the south, and holiday pilgrims bound for Canterbury, were lodged in its commodious inns. Southwark was more than usually crowded, for many visitors had come to town to witness the processions and pageants of Corpus Christi, and the Canterbury pilgrims of Whitsun week were stayed in their hostelrys by the sudden and unforeseen popular storm. These fair-weather strangers were dispersing homeward as fast as they could hie now that the track of the storm towards the capital was declared, and Ralph and Reginald when they came out of the Marshalsea found themselves in the thick of the noise and bustle of their hurried departure.

"You would have been free in a few hours more," said Reginald to his brother, "without the king's grace. The rabble will have no prisoners. Gaols are their abhorrence. The governor tells me that nearly all his warders and tipstiffs have fled."

Ralph made no answer. The unaccustomed light and hurry and noise bewildered him. He rode along in silence while his brother volubly directed his attention to the signs of the general excitement, all of which

the lively courtier treated in a humorous spirit.

The drawbridge at the Southwark end of London Bridge was up, and was not lowered till Reginald had given the password. The bridge itself was manned; and as they rode along Thames Street towards the Tower they could see that the riverside walls also and the landing stairs were under the care of the watch and ward. But mixed up with this militia, and standing in buzzing groups at the corners, or moving restlessly through the streets, were hundreds of the lower populace, rowdy apprentices and ragged labourers, who had thrown their work aside and come out to swell the excitement. The booths were all shut up, and such of the richer citizens as were not within doors walked about with very grave faces. On St. Catherine's Hill by the Tower people were gathered in knots eagerly discussing what they had heard, and watching the arrivals at the Tower on the alert to learn more.

The king was sitting with his council when Ralph arrived at the Tower, and he was conducted to the apartments of the princess. There he found also in waiting the governor of Rochester Castle, Sir John Newton, who had been seized by the insurgents and compelled at peril of his life to be the bearer of a message to the king. This message was to the effect that the commons of England, as the insurgents styled themselves, were deeply attached to the king's person—their leaders lost no opportunity of asseverating their loyalty—but that the king was young, and had been misled by evil counsellors, especially the king's uncles and their creatures, and they humbly besought him to come and confer with them in person, when they would inform him more particularly of the grievances under which they laboured, and the remedies that they proposed. Most reluctantly had Newton crossed the Thames on this service, leaving his children as hostages in the hands of the commons; bitterly had he felt and resented even with tears the reproaches thrown at him by his fellow-courtiers for consenting at whatever peril to act as the emissary of a rebellious rabble; and now he was waiting with heavy heart, distractedly answering the questions of the princess while the council deliberated of their decision.

Inside the council-chamber was a much more pitiable spectacle than the disgraced and heart-broken gentleman—a body of rulers corporately dismembered and individually demoralized by panic, gabbling at one another like a flock of geese. If some

Asmodeus could have transported them to Blackheath, taken the roof off the Green Man, and shown them the leaders of the commons in that humble tavern in quiet and earnest deliberation, it would have put them to shame. But the king's council was for the moment without a head.

Fear had broken the bonds of custom, and the instinct of self-preservation ran riot above all the restraints of conventional ceremony. Every man was eager to give voice to his own panic-stricken comments and suggestions, and as they could not all gain the general ear at once, each man turned to his neighbour trying desperately to be heard above the din. A confused gabble and babble of voices strained to make themselves audible filled the room.

The question was what answer should be sent to the request of the commons, but there was no authority in the chamber equal to keeping this or any other single question before the minds of the council. The members gesticulated and roared out expressions of impotent wrath. Sir John Newton was a coward; he should never have yielded Rochester Castle; it was strong enough to have held out till doomsday against such a rabble. Sir John Newton should be beheaded at once as a traitor, and his head sent to the insolent caitiffs with a warning that if they did not disperse at once the same fate was in store for them. This should be the answer, this or no answer at all, but a hundred or two of men-at-arms with Sir Robert Knolles at their head to ride into their camp and scatter them like a herd of swine. Those who in their hearts were in favour of a milder policy were not less loud in declaring what ought to have been done sooner before the insurgents had gained such a head.

The chancellor Sudbury, ready with a proposal in the midst of all this clamour, calm, pale, with a contemptuous smile on his lips, raised his hand in vain for order. He looked reproachful, he looked indignant, but nobody heeded him. The babble continued, and a confused roar and hiss echoed from the walls and roof in the ears of the powerless statesman.

Then the young king rose with all the composed majesty of a Plantagenet in his boyish face. He raised his voice and the penetrating treble, clear and strong, made itself heard above the din, and brought back the unruly council to a sense of the impropriety of its behaviour.

He beckoned to the chancellor to take advantage of the lull. The chancellor's tones

were hard and severe ; the disrespect of the council had made him acrimonious.

What was the meaning, he asked, of this ignoble panic before a herd of slaves? If they wished to confer with the king about their grievances let them choose spokesmen of their own number and petition to be heard by the king in presence of his council, and the king and his council could then determine to hear them or no. For himself he set no store by the opinion of the ignorant in matters of state ; but as his own conduct was called in question and he was branded by these men as an evil counsellor, he would not presume to gainsay any who deemed their opinion of higher worth, and wished to learn of their wisdom how to govern the kingdom. But as for this demand that the king should go to them, it was outrageous and insolent, and not for a moment to be listened to. Let this be their plain answer, and let them give the foolish and misguided men to understand that it was final.

There were murmurs of approval at this, and each man looked at his neighbour for encouragement. But their minds were really too agitated to rest firmly in any conclusion, and the next speaker, the Earl of Salisbury, swung them round to a more cautious policy. He professed himself of entire accord with the archbishop, and echoed his strong language about the insolence of the rebellious villeins. But had they duly weighed the danger of inflaming the rebels farther? There was another host assembled to the north of London ; were they satisfied of their power to withstand such numbers if they were made desperate by a rough answer? It behoved them to proceed warily in this matter and not take more in hand than they could execute, for not only their own lives, but the lives of their heirs and the very existence of nobility in England were at stake, and if they could appease the rabble in the meantime with fair words they might deliberate at their ease and take such measures as seemed to them best for the defence of themselves and their heritage. Such riotous assemblies were like loose frothy scum which had no body or substance and would dissolve

as quickly as it had risen if it were gently blown upon.

This was the substance of Salisbury's speech. His persuasive mildness had its effect. The approving murmurs were louder than before. The timid members of the council were emboldened to speak out in the same vein. The advocates of stronger measures were overborne by the majority, and in the end it was resolved as a compromise that the king should be rowed down next morning in his barge to Rotherhithe, a safe distance from the Tower, and that the rebels should be invited to meet him there and state their grievances. Against those who urged that their desire to speak with the king in person was a palpable trick to get him into their power, it was pointed out that he need not land but only hear them and speak with them from his barge.

This was agreed to. But there was one dissentient—the Lord High Chancellor. Sudbury listened in contemptuous silence to their consultation, and when they had done, desired in dignified and sarcastic language to be relieved of the Great Seal. He had striven, he said, to do his duty as a humble servant of the king, but if it was desired to pacify the rebellious people, nothing could be more pleasing to them than the removal of the hated counsellor at whose door they laid all their wrongs.

In the end the chancellor was taken at his word, and the Great Seal was resumed by the king himself, and remained in his keeping during the next two days. It is possible that nobody about the king was hardy enough to take the responsibility of the *clavis regni*. The next use to which it was to be put is one of the most singular in its history.

Thereafter Sir John Newton was called in and received his message. It was like a respite from death for him, and kneeling he began to make abject protestations of gratitude, but he was haughtily cut short and told that his knighthood had contracted a stain that it would be hard for him to wipe off. Of the means taken by the humiliated knight to recover his honour, we shall hear later on.

(To be continued.)



PAGODAS, AURIOLES, AND UMBRELLAS.

PART II.



REFERRING once more to the traces of the singular reverence bestowed on the Umbrella as proved from the Pre-Christian sculptures of Northern India, none are more curious than those which suggest the retention of primitive Tree-worship, in the earliest days of pure Buddhism. I have two sketches from the gateways of the Sanchi



FIG. 20.—SCULPTURE ON BAS-RELIEF. FIRST CENTURY. FROM A PILLAR ON THE GATEWAY AT THE SANCHI TOPE.

Tope showing how one-thousand-eight hundred years ago, a sacred flower-laden Sal tree (*Shorea robusta*) beneath which Gautama Buddha died at Kasia, was hung with garlands and approached by crowds of worshippers both human and celestial. But the point which concerns our present purpose is the very prominent position occupied by the umbrella. In one case the tree is overshadowed by a very large single chatta. In the other, which is sculptured on a pillar of the same gateway, two chattas combine their honour-conferring power on the sacred tree (Fig. 20). In each case these ministers of dignity are themselves adorned with garlands.

Another indication of the same reverence is to be seen on a sculptured stone at the Great Tope at Buddha Gaya, erected B.C. 250, in front of the sacred Bo-tree (*Ficus religiosa*) beneath which Gautama attained

to the Buddhahood, and which is still growing! Here, also, the umbrellas on either side of the tree are adorned with garlands.

Passing to Southern India, we find that on some of the ancient Buddhist sculptures at the Amravati Tope, the highest ideal of honour is expressed by the use of the sacred Lotus-leaf as a sun-shade (the ribbed leaf-cup being highly suggestive of that umbrella form). Although the upper part of one of these sculptured relic-shrines is broken, so that the original number is uncertain, there still remain eight of these overshadowing leaves, while on another a forest of about FIFTY UMBRELLA-SHAPED LOTUS-LEAVES are thus shown, piled all over the summit of a Dagoba. (Casts of these curious sculptures are exhibited on the Grand Staircase of the British Museum.¹) (Figs. 21 and 22.)

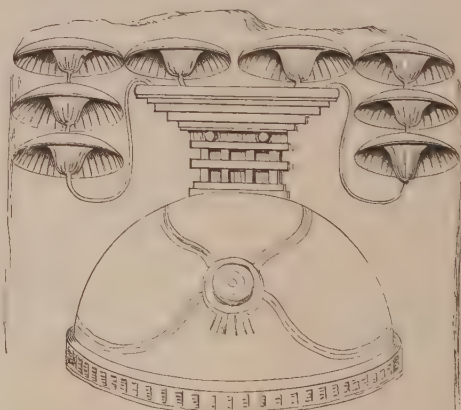


FIG. 21.—UMBRELLA-SHAPED LOTUS LEAVES. AMRAVATI TOPE.

On the other hand, in the Indian Court at South Kensington, near the entrance, there is a marble panel, brought from Jey-

¹ They are numbered 39 and 45.

pore, supposed to illustrate a Jain ideal of Heaven, and here the honours of the sunshade are bestowed on an object which apparently represents a lotus bud.

I trace some interesting survivals of the

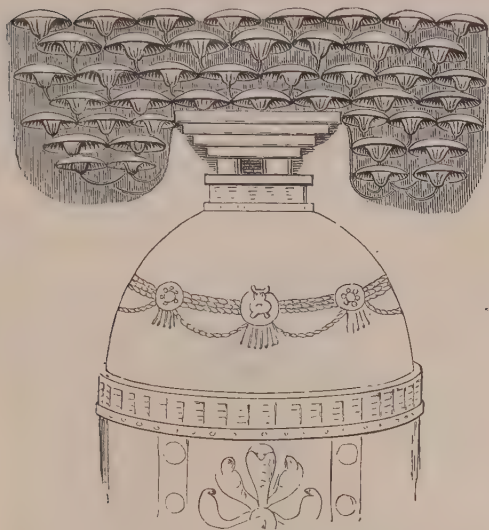


FIG. 22.—UMBRELLA-SHAPED LOTUS LEAVES. AMRAVATI TOPE.

same oddly-blended reverence in the modern religious art of Japan, where I was so fortunate as to become the possessor of two temple pictures exquisitely painted in miniature, in gold and colour, like the very finest medieval missal work. One of these is very large, and is painted on white silk mounted on rich and harmonious brocade.

A large central picture reveals scenes in the Buddhist heavens, while all around are set a framework of small separate subjects showing different incidents in the life of Buddha. But in nearly all of these his lotus-throne is overshadowed by a great tree—not the sacred bo or pipul, but a large-leaved tree, laden with scarlet blossoms. In some cases there is a tree on either side of the throne, while immediately above the head of Buddha is suspended an ornamental chatta. In one picture two enormous green leaves like those of the banana act as sunshades, and combine the idea of tree and umbrella.

But the most remarkable instance of the combination occurs in this same picture on either side of which is a large bell-shaped dagoba, on which the pagoda type is indicated by its being encircled by seven circles of small temples, separated by six

circles of umbrella-shaped tufts of leaves and blossoms, suggestive of rhododendron.

Far stranger than these however is the quaint adaptation of this odd sort of reverence to Christian art, illustrating the grotesque combination of the tree and umbrella, as shown in certain medieval illuminations. Here are some specimens of umbrella-shaped trees, which are introduced as accessories in pictures of the four Evangelists (Fig. 23)



FIG. 23.—TREE-SHAPED UMBRELLAS.
From RATISBON MANUSCRIPT.

in the celebrated manuscript of the convent of Nieder Muenster of Ratisbon, which manuscript is now in the library at Munich. The imaginative monkish artist must surely have had an inkling of Oriental myths, and thus have quaintly blended tree and chatta. An attendant spirit is always shown, ceaselessly watering these strange umbelliferous plants.

Curiously enough, Ratisbon furnishes another singular instance of the combination of the tree and the umbrella. In a volume called *Curiosités Mystérieuses*, there is reproduced an illumination from a church in that city, in which an angel appears at the right hand of our Lord, bearing a cross, to one arm of which is attached a half-closed umbrella. "Le pommeau," says the chronicler, "est orné de ce que les Romains nomment Ombrellino (petit dais en parasol). S'il s'agissait à coup sûr de ce baldaquin (qui est le propre de certains dignitaires) nous pourrions rappeler que ce mot figurait déjà dans l'étiquette impériale avant Constantin."

The said canopy "to which certain dignitaries are entitled," has in all ages and in most countries held a position of honour, of which we in the nineteenth century little dream.

But ere proceeding to trace out this subject I would remark that in point of fact the connection between trees and umbrellas is not so far-fetched as might at first sight appear, for the primary idea of the umbrella is undoubtedly derived from a shady tree,¹ with pendant boughs drooping from an upright stem as in the weeping willow; or the circular cluster of long fronds which crown the slender stem of each member of

¹ Umbrella, from *Umbra*, Shade.

the great families of tall (and in most cases perfectly upright) palm-trees, tree-ferns, and papawas.

So closely has this primitive model been adhered to by the peasants of Burmah and Bengal, that their great clumsy chattas (umbrellas) consist simply of a framework of bamboo covered with leaves, or else thatched with grass. Multitudes of these are always to be seen on the banks of the river at Benares, where a multitude of these huge umbrellas all along the waters' edge suggest the notion of a crop of gigantic yellow and scarlet fungi, some being simply thatched with dried grass, others with yellow matting, while a few are covered with scarlet cloth. Beneath their shadow sit proud Brahmins, some white-robed, some very lightly draped, like fine bronze statues, but all noble looking men, conscious of their high dignity in both worlds.¹

The usual ingenuity of the Chinese and Japanese was not long in devising an advance on the original idea. Many centuries must have elapsed since they bethought them of a method for converting leaves or bark into stout paper. So while they retain the idea of the tree in the strong bamboo handle and framework of split bamboo, they substitute (as we have seen) a thick waterproof paper for the primitive green leaves.

I find a very remarkable illustration of the leafy umbrella in Sir George Birdwood's *Industrial Arts of India*, showing how the supreme Adi-Buddha sprang from the seven-fold lotus. But in point of fact he stands on a flat-topped chatta! having no sort of connection with lotus-leaves or blossoms, and evidently introduced for its own sake.

As the shade-giving tree was deemed sacred, and received wide-spread adoration, it was only natural that (on the same principle that the disciples of a great leader receive a share in the worship offered to him, e.g. the five hundred disciples of Buddha) the umbrella should be exalted by tree-worshippers to a share of the reverence with which the tree itself was regarded. Hence we find cases in which it has actually been the object of adoration, as at the "chattom puaja" or umbrella worship of the Santhals, a very fine hill tribe near Calcutta, who at their great annual spring festival erect a tall Maypole adorned with garlands and crowned with a large open umbrella of most primitive

construction, round which they dance sun-wise as a religious act (Fig. 24).

Somewhat akin to this Santhal dance was one which in the still very recent days of heathenism in Fiji, was observed by the Rev. Thomas Williams, namely that at Somo-Somo in the Isle of Taviuni, as in many eastern countries, the king only was allowed to use the sunshade, a privilege, however, which, by royal favour, was extended to the two high priests. The sunshade in this case was made from the leaf of the cabbage-palm, which is rare in those Isles.

There was also a religious festival, when



FIG. 24.—WORSHIP OF THE UMBRELLA AT THE SPRING FESTIVAL BY THE SANTHALS (HILL TRIBE NEAR CALCUTTA).

the people assembled to entice the small gods of the sea (the luvē-ni-wai, or children of the waters) to come to visit their worshippers; these all danced in most fantastic style, while one, called the Linga Viu, or shade-bearer, danced in a circle all round the others, waving one of these palm-leaf sun-shades which he was specially privileged to carry.

In Ceylon also—that Isle of most lovely and varied vegetation—where a single leaf of the gigantic Talipot palm, folded like a fan, is carried by pilgrims as a sufficient protection from the sun or the rain, by day or by night—we are told by early travellers that in old days, before the occupation of the

¹ See *In the Himalayas and on the Indian Plains*, page 569. C. F. Gordon Cumming. Chatto and Windus.

Isle by the British, the exact grade of a noble was defined by the number of such sunshades which he was entitled to have carried before him, the narrow end being held by the bearer and the broad end forward. Percival however says that this privilege was only shared by the monarch with the Buddhist priests, to whom he committed the chief management of affairs and whom he loaded with honours, including that of having their seats covered with a white cloth.

It certainly is strange that in almost all nations, and in all ages, there should have been this same singular jealous regal monopoly of so useful an object as a portable sunshade, which was also available as a protection against rain. But so it has ever been, even in the highest civilisations of early ages. We find it depicted on some of the most ancient sculptures of Persepolis, and also on those of Babylon and Nineveh, but always as a distinctive mark of honour for the great men and rulers.

The Assyrian bas-reliefs show slaves holding a richly-ornamented umbrella above the head of the monarch, not only in scenes of peace, but even in time of war. It appears to be fringed with tassels and is provided on one side with an embroidered curtain. In these sculptures this mark of distinction is reserved exclusively for the monarch, and it never overshadows any other person, however eminent. The same thing is observed in the sculptures of Babylon and Nineveh, in which the king alone is thus distinguished.

Of the ancient Mexican Emperors it is likewise recorded that not only were they borne by relays of great nobles, but also that four more nobles of high estate were appointed to uphold the sacred umbrella which added dignity to the imperial procession.

Even in the beginning of the present century the Mohammedan rulers of Hindostan claimed a monopoly of the use of the sunshade, and no one was permitted to carry an umbrella in the imperial presence. Thus it is recorded that certain English merchants having been admitted to an audience with the King of Delhi, the ladies who were of the company were ordered to dispense with their parasols, as being an infringement of the great Mogul's prerogative. So they had to protect their heads as best they might from the sun's burning rays, by heaping on heavy folds of drapery.

The magnificence of these Indian state umbrellas was amazing. Some were of crimson velvet richly embroidered in gold, and the heavy golden handles, which were

eight feet high, were encrusted with diamonds. That of the Queen of Lucknow, which is now treasured in the South Kensington Museum, is of blue satin embroidered with gold and seed pearls. Some were of cloth of gold, others only of gilt paper. Some were even covered with gay feathers, but all had (or have) long handles, either of beautifully inlaid wood, of precious metals, or even of carved ivory. The state umbrella of Indore is shaped like a mushroom.

In the Assam Department of the Indian and Colonial Exhibition a remarkable double umbrella is shown, consisting of a very large umbrella overshadowing a smaller one. Both are of white silk almost resembling gauze, and each is bordered with two short valances. The whole structure is supported on a framework of bamboo. A long perfectly straight, small bamboo forms the handle, and this fits into a larger bamboo, in which centre the ribs of the great upper umbrella. The whole is crowned with a tall knob of gold, and has doubtless held a place of honour in great state ceremonials.



FIG. 25.—DOUBLE STATE UMBRELLA (OF WHITE GAUZE-SILK), ASSAM.

In Burmah the use of a White umbrella is reserved for the Emperor, while to the Buddhist priests is assigned the right to carry golden umbrellas, which means that they are covered with gilding. Hence the significance

of such war telegrams as announce the defeat of Burmese forces, the capture of their flags, and of sundry umbrellas!

Owing to this imperial monopoly of white, Europeans resident in Burmah were compelled either to forego the use of the white umbrella cover, so essential in the tropics, or else incurred serious risk in displaying it.

To this day, throughout India, in the Native States, the right to use an umbrella is still formally granted, as is also the privilege of using a palanquin or wearing certain shawls.

So fully is the effect of the dignity of the umbrella on the popular mind recognised, that on the occasion of the Prince of Wales's visit to India scrupulous care was taken that when riding on his gorgeously caparisoned elephant he should be specially distinguished by the symbolic golden umbrella held above his head.

The splendid canopy of every great man's elephant-howdah is another development of the same idea. So undoubtedly, was that golden canopy fringed with pearls which overshadowed the gorgeous peacock-throne of the kings of Delhi (a throne which was encrusted with precious stones, and which derived its name from the jewelled peacocks whose expanded tails formed the back of the throne, the natural colours being produced by the lavish use of rubies and sapphires, pearls and emeralds!).¹

Still more remarkable, as an instance of the exaltation of this symbol, are those golden umbrellas to which I have already alluded as holding so conspicuous a place on the summit of the King of Lucknow's palace.

We have seen that in Burmah great nobles are preceded by a procession of umbrellas, each with a single canopy, whereas the concentrated dignity of the king was symbolised by an enormous umbrella of pyramidal form with many canopies—nine, I think.

This treasure was among the objects captured in the palace at Mandalay and brought to England, which has become the storehouse for so many old Royal Umbrellas. Unfortunately it was much broken and most of its ornaments had been removed. Even the great pole supporting it, which was twenty feet high and six inches thick, was encircled by rings of gold, studded with rows of rubies. The umbrella itself is about thirty feet in diameter, and it is crowned by an ornament nine feet in height!

I have already alluded to the singular title

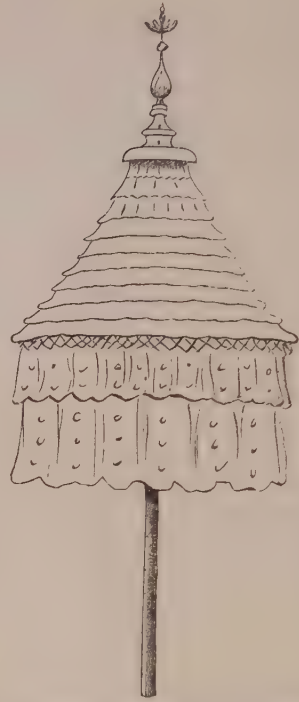


FIG. 26.—UMBRELLA IN THE PALACE AT MANDALAY.
Illustrated London News, April 3rd, 1886.

borne by the Kings of Burmah, *i.e.*, Lord of the Twenty-four Umbrellas—a title which we find it difficult to think of as other than a jest. India, however, furnishes a parallel, for when the Mahratta chiefs conquered Poonah (in the Presidency of Bombay) they forthwith assumed the title of Lord of the Umbrella, as one which evidently embodied a recognised supremacy, such as we trace in the ancient epic of Hindostan—the *Mahā-bārata*, where, in describing the death of the monarch Pândou, special mention is made, not only of the White Sunshade which overshadowed the litter whereon the mighty dead was laid, but it is also stated that crowds approached to do him homage, bringing offerings of fly-flaps and white umbrellas! At the present day the White Umbrella is peculiarly sacred to the goddess Parvati, the mountain-bride of Siva, and native mythological pictures represent her seated beneath such an one, richly jewelled.

Thus looking back—beyond the age of legendary story to actual mythology, we find the umbrella in its simplest realistic form in the hand of Vishnu in his fifth avatar, as a most hideous little dwarf. The same symbol belongs to Brahma and to Indra, and is indicated by a small circular

¹ See *In the Himalayas and on the Indian Plains*, page 205-6. C. F. Gordon Cumming. Chatto and Windus.

disc on the summit of the spire of certain pyramidal Hindoo temples. We also find the umbrella in its simple form depicted as overshadowing the snake gods of India, to whom homage is being rendered by cherubim of the tadpole or mermaid type (Fig. 27).

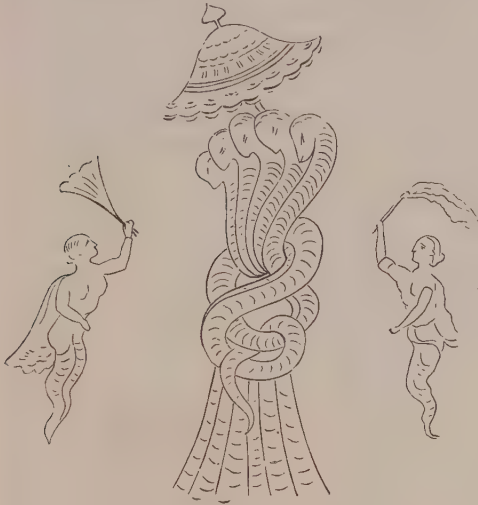


FIG. 27.—SNAKE GODS OF INDIA.
From BIRDWOOD'S *Industrial Arts*.

And we know how commonly the serpent in its turn assumes the office of sunshade, the five or seven-headed cobra uprearing its hood to form a canopy, either for Buddha or for the gods of Hindooism.

Umbrella stealing is not an unknown offence in Britain, but we do not often hear of so tempting a prize as that which proved too much for the honesty of a Brahmin who in the autumn of 1887 was convicted at the Calcutta Police Court not only of stealing a golden throne of the Hindoo god Shalgram, but of having also appropriated his golden umbrella, for which sacrilege he was sentenced to nine months rigorous imprisonment.

Reverting to medieval days we find that Persia likewise fully recognised the honour-conferring power of this symbol is as fully proven by the ancient title which has ever been bestowed on her high dignitaries, namely, Satrap or Chatrapa, which (like the titles of the Burmese kings and the Mahratta chiefs), simply means "Lord of the Umbrella."

Indeed it was from Persia that the idea of carrying a canopy of some rich stuff above any object to be revered seems first to have reached Europe; the *Baldachini* of ecclesiastical art, having derived their name

from Baldach, the ancient Persian name of the city of Bagdad. The baldachino, which is simply a richly-embroidered canopy, supported by four poles, carried by four bearers, is now familiar to us only in the gorgeous processions of the Greek or Roman Catholic churches, where it is borne above the consecrated Host, or sacred images.

But in the middle ages it figured in all solemn processions—coronations, marriages, funerals, triumphal progresses of great men—just as we may still see in Eastern lands, where the chief nobles of the kingdom are those selected for the honour of supporting the splendid canopy which overshadows the royal litter, or the funereal car whereon is laid the honoured dead.

A noteworthy example of the sunshade in this highly elaborated form is that gorgeous canopy something like a square tent, beneath



FIG. 28.—CANOPY, WITH FRINGE OF FINE BRASS-WORK.
CARRIED IN BUDDHIST PROCESSIONS.

which the Holy Carpets are annually conveyed from Cairo to Mecca and Medina, accompanied by thousands of pilgrims.

So then, in medieval days, when our own manufactures were still somewhat rude, the

kings of the East sent tents, canopies, and umbrellas of richly embroidered brocade as regal offerings to the potentates of western lands. Such was the gift of the Caliph Haroun Al Raschid to Charlemagne, and some such costly gifts found their way to England also, though these barbarous isles were slow to adopt their general use. Nevertheless, at the present day Queen Victoria's canopied throne may be cited as a development of the imperial umbrella; the Speaker's chair in Parliament and the Bishop's throne in many cathedrals show clearly how this honorary distinction became naturalised on British soil.

It is interesting to trace this gradual adaptation of the baldachino, and also its development in Gothic architecture, as it appears in stone carving over tombs or niches with figures of saints. We also find it in metal-work, as in the bronze canopy supported on four great twisted columns which overshadows the tomb of St. Peter and St. Paul in St. Peter's at Rome.

Precisely similar has been the development of this symbol in the Buddhist art of Japan, as shown in the splendid canopies of finely wrought brass work which are suspended above so many shrines. Some of these, which of course are fixtures, are very large, others so small that they can be carried in processions (Fig. 28). Some are oblong, others circular, some are draped with rich embroidery and heavy silken tassels, all faded and harmonious, others have a fringe of fine metal bangles, the effect of which is beautifully light and ornamental.

The Buddhist arks (wherein very sacred objects are periodically taken out for a processional airing) are invariably canopied



FIG. 29.—A COMPANY OF BUDDHIST SAINTS.

with baldachini of this type. Curiously enough, however, although the kindred arks wherein certain hill tribes of the Himalayas carry their goddess Parvati have no such raised canopy, only a simple pall, these are, in some places, surmounted by a silver relic-shrine overshadowed by a simple metal umbrella of the primitive form, as shown in one of Mr. Simpson's sketches.¹

Another illustration of Parvati shows her seated on a lotus-throne, overshadowed by a very handsome jewelled umbrella, of the simple form. I have already mentioned that the white umbrella is peculiarly sacred to this goddess.

The portable canopy of ornamental metal-

¹ See *In the Himalayas*, page 362. C. F. Gordon Cumming. Chatto and Windus.

work figures frequently in the Buddhist temple-pictures of Japan. I have one painted in gold on a dark background, which shows a company of twenty-five saintly women and several priests in a triumphal procession escorting Buddha himself, but the honours of the ornamental canopy or sunshade, are reserved for a female saint (on whom also fall rays of light from the forehead of Buddha).

As we believe all Buddhist art to have originated in India (including the Pagoda, which is a form now unknown to Indian architects) it is a point of some interest to observe the manner in which those ornamental canopies and banners are carried, slung from the tip of a long pole. Although I have never seen a sunshade thus carried in modern Oriental life, it was evidently an honorary distinction in India in the last century, as one of Daniell's studies of Indian life shows a Hindoo servant shielding his European master with a sunshade suspended from a lance, or reed.

In the Japanese picture to which I have referred, the symbol is further carried out by a strange banner, in the form of the Celestial bird, but having an umbrella-shaped head. I am told that on certain ancient Persian bas-reliefs such floating umbrella-headed banners are depicted around the Persian monarch as he sits enthroned after a victory, the said banners symbolising his might and majesty.

Another ecclesiastical symbol of honour which I believe to be simply a conventionalised form of the Umbrella is the Auriole, which is so invariably represented as encircling the heads of Buddha and his disciples, and very frequently of other deities. These have either the chatta overhead, the auriole behind the head, or a canopy, which, rising from behind the shoulders, overhangs the head, and it seems probable that the three forms are but variations of the one.

If you look at the Japanese parasol which is so often selected by photographers as an attractive background for a pretty girl's head, you will see how easily the idea of the auriole may suggest itself (Fig. 32). Now here are two examples of the commonest type of Japanese Buddhist art in sculpture and metal-work. Is not this the origin of such a solid halo as surrounds the head of Giso Sama (Fig. 30)—the protector of little children, whose lap is filled with small stones laid there by loving relatives, as cheap votive offerings on their behalf!

Instead of this solid glory, which we find alike in painting and in sculpture, a metal

ring is often substituted, especially in the case of those statues of Buddha which are scattered all over Japan (Fig. 31). Hence the Tee on the summit of relic-shrines, is composed either of a series of umbrella-shaped discs or an equal number of rings of glory.

In Indian native art, especially in old pictures, great persons, who would naturally be honoured with an umbrella, are frequently represented with an Auriole in lieu thereof. I have seen several examples of this, and am told that it is common throughout Rajpootana (which includes the great region between Kurachee and Delhi).

It is easy to see how this conventionalised circle of honour came to be assimilated into Christian art, thus adding a strong touch of similarity between the pictures of Christian and Buddhist saints. But the place of the actual umbrella in Christian symbolism is strange indeed, and can only be accounted for by remembering that in the Greek and Roman Catholic Churches priestly wisdom has ever been alive to the advantages of incorporating symbols already held in reverence by the people. So, as a gorgeous umbrella of state was the accepted badge of exalted rank, it was natural that a Roman Cardinal or Pontiff should assume this mark of distinction. Hence the scarlet umbrellas of the great Church dignitaries of Rome, which are carried in solemn procession by deacons, and are very similar to those which hold so important a place in Buddhist ceremonial. I have seen just such a great scarlet umbrella held above the head of the high priest of the Buddhist sect of Nicheren by priests of lower grade, while walking in solemn religious procession to the Temple of Ikegami, within which, still more imposing umbrellas were ranged around the altar.

As another example of the symbolic honour of the umbrella being enlisted in Church ceremonies, I may cite the great ecclesiastical umbrella surmounted by the cross which is carried by the Christians of Abyssinia in their religious processions, together with a large, richly ornamented metal cross. It is escorted by a whole company of small umbrellas which are simply almost flat discs on long poles, by no means calculated to shade the bearers, whose bare black heads seem nowise to shrink from the blazing sun.

Again at the funeral of King Theodore in the summer of 1868, a richly ornamented red umbrella (not a canopy such as overshadows the funeral car in other lands) was carried before the bier, as was depicted in the *Illustrated London News* of the day.

Nowhere has the idea of the regal dignity



FIG. 30.—ROCK SCULPTURE OF GISO SAMA AT HAKONE, JAPAN.
From a Drawing by C. F. GORDON CUMMING.



FIG. 31.—IMAGE OF GREAT BUDDHA AT HAKONE, JAPAN.
From a Drawing by C. F. GORDON CUMMING.

symbolised by this monopoly been more strikingly illustrated than in the case of the celebrated state umbrella which was among

the most valued possessions of King Coffee Calcallee of Ashantee, and which was captured at Coomassie when that city was taken by the British troops under Sir Garnet Wolseley, Feb. 4th, 1874. It was deemed so valuable a trophy that it was forthwith despatched to England in special charge of the Hon. H. Wood, 10th Hussars, for presentation to the Queen at Windsor.

This regal treasure is about twenty-two feet in circumference, and is constructed on a framework of forty-two ribs. It is of alternate divisions of black and dark crimson velvet, and has a deep border of the same with gold trimmings. A lion's claw, worked in gold, fastened to the ribs of the umbrella, and another on the outside, were supposed to act as a talisman, as were also a number of square and round knobs made of cloth and of leather which were attached to the umbrella as fetish charms to ensure good luck to the owner. On all state occasions, and also on the march, this ponderous object was carried open, and constantly twirled round and round.

Though less ornate, gigantic umbrellas of the same sort are the most striking features in a photograph showing Sir Garnet Wolseley's interview with King Quaco Duah of Coomassie,¹ as they also were at subsequent palavers of great chiefs, held near Cape Coast Castle. These huge umbrellas were made of shiny cloth on a bamboo framework, and in addition to these, a smaller one was held over each great man by his individual slave.

In like manner at the King of Dahomey's state ceremonials his attendants hold an ordinary umbrella over his head, though above that is an enormous and gorgeous flat sunshade, on a high pole, as the royal symbol.

In King Coffee's reign, and I suppose also at the present time in Ashantee, the highest mark of regal favour that could be conferred on an honoured guest, or as the reward of distinguished favour, was an umbrella adorned with such savage ornaments as teeth of animals, claws of birds, human jaws, and other bones interspersed with occasional bits of gold.

Many other African tribes likewise recognise the mystic meaning of the sunshade. In Morocco its use is exclusively an imperial privilege. No subject dare infringe the Emperor's prerogative by presuming to carry

¹ Who, having succeeded King Coffee as sovereign of Ashantee, indulged in a wholesale massacre of three hundred of his relations, including small children. Soon afterwards he himself died of small-pox.



FIG. 32.—JAPANESE GIRLS WITH UMBRELLAS, SUGGESTIVE OF HALO.
From a Drawing by C. F. GORDON CUMMING.

an umbrella (at all events he must not be caught doing so!). The Imaum of Sanah and the members of his royal house, and also the independent chiefs of Yemen, are each distinguished from the rest of mankind by the same symbol.

The umbrella also holds sway on the banks of the Niger, where the King of Yoruba's palace is distinguished by six very tall thatched pyramids rising from the roof like a row of canopies. When the king gives

audience to a visitor six men stand beside him, three on each side, supporting six large state umbrellas. Apparently the six canopies of thatch and the six umbrellas embody the same idea of high distinction.

These African umbrellas vary in shape as well as in colour and material. Some are round, some tall and pointed, some flat like a wheel. They are of velvet, silk, or cotton, of every colour from pale pink or violet to amber or black. Some are fringed with

shells, beads or bones, others scalloped, some festooned, some founced, some are of crimson and gold—lumps of real gold! genuine nuggets!

The medicine-men of Africa, taking advantage of the reverence inspired by this symbol, are invariably accompanied by an umbrella-bearer.

It is also enlisted on behalf of the dead. De Chaillu tells how on the death of Olenda, a great chief of the Ashira (a West African tribe), the people came to his camp to crave the boon of an umbrella to bury with their dead chief. Mr. Ogilvie-Grant also noted that in the cemetery at Cape Coast Castle many negro graves are overshadowed by primitive umbrellas, made of a frame-work of bamboo, thatched with leaves.

From tropical lands, where the fierce rays of the sun lend such special importance to the protecting canopy, let us turn to Europe, and see what has been the history of this simple little safeguard, which the poorest cottager now deems an essential, not indeed as a sunshade, but as a rain-guard. Little does he dream that less than two centuries ago, it was a luxury almost unknown in Britain, but still less does he know of its exalted honour in remote ages, and in so many lands.

To glance first at its position in classical lands. The Greeks and Romans seem to have been the first to admit such a refinement of luxury, as to allow great nobles and ladies of high degree the privilege of its use. In ancient Greece, as also in Alexandria, that once mighty and luxurious city, the sunshade is depicted on vases, in sculpture, and in verse, as figuring at the festivals of Bacchus, who, of all the gods, is alone thus distinguished. We hear of his golden image, six cubits high, and robed in purple, being borne triumphantly through the streets of Alexandria, the image being overshadowed by an umbrella with golden ornaments.

The movable sunshade, made to open and shut, is shown on divers old Greek and also on Etruscan vases, sometimes in the hands of lightly-draped ladies, sometimes of laurel-crowned mortals, guiltless of all raiment. It would appear from divers passages in ancient Greek poets that for a man to use a parasol was deemed effeminate, and contemptible to the last degree.

In Rome the Emperor Heliogabalus is said to have been carried in a litter overshadowed by a golden canopy, while attendants on either side upheld silken sunshades, on a light framework of bamboo. But

these do not seem to have been altogether an Imperial monopoly, for when ladies of high rank went out they were escorted by slaves, one of whom was the bearer of a white linen sunshade, on a long reed handle, whereby she could shield her mistress from the sun.

In later days, a distinguishing feature in the state processions of the magnificent Doges of Venice was the gorgeous umbrella of gold brocade, the use of which was a privilege specially granted to these faithful sons of the Church by Pope Alexander III. In the year 1288 it was decreed that this state umbrella should be further embellished by a small golden statue of the Annunciation affixed to the summit. This emblem of high rank seems even to have obtained a place in heraldry, for it is stated by Beatino, an Italian herald, that a vermilion umbrella in a field argent signifies dominion.

The great lords temporal were not long permitted to monopolise so marked a distinction. The same right was soon arrogated by the lords ecclesiastical. The Cardinals had already assumed broad-brimmed pyramidal hats analogous to that worn by the Emperor at Constantinople. Now such Cardinals as took their title from a Basilican Church or presided over one, were distinguished by a large umbrella which was carried over their heads in all solemn processions, and which at other times was suspended in the church!

So jealously was this privilege guarded that in Venice it was not till the middle of the eighteenth century that a Venetian noble (by name Michel Morosini) ventured to go out in his gondola, carrying a small green sunshade. It was square, and flat, and crowned by a little copper spire. He is said to have been the first Venetian who indulged in such a luxury. His example was speedily followed by the ladies of Venice, but some time elapsed ere men could summon sufficient courage to do so!

Passing on to France, the earliest mention of the subject, so far as I can learn, occurs in the Dialogues of Henri Estienne (published 1578), who makes one of his characters ask his friend whether he has ever seen the invention which Italian and Spanish nobles cause to be carried about with them, to shield them from the sun—a contrivance which is supported by a stick and can be folded up in a small space, but which, when open, expands to a circle large enough to shelter three or four persons. His friend replies, that he has never seen one, though he has often heard of it, adding that if

French women saw men carrying such things they would taunt them with effeminacy!

In 1622, however, large cumbersome umbrellas were beginning to come into use, and a writer of the period records that they were no longer called only *parasol*, but *parapluyes*, and also *Garde-Collet*, because they are as much used in winter as a defence against rain as in summer against the sun. These umbrellas were of enormous weight from the great circumference of the strong whalebone frame, held together by a copper ring attaching it to the heavy oak handle. The cover of oil-cloth was also of great weight. We think our "carriage umbrellas" of the present day somewhat ponderous, but imagine holding such an object as this in a driving rain-storm!

These were still in use in the latter part of the reign of Louis XIV—that long reign, from A.D. 1643 to 1715! a half century which witnessed many changes in greater matters than these! About the year 1675 the great ladies at the French court began to use small light parasols, which were carried by their attendants. What these were, is described by Richelet, who, writing towards the close of the seventeenth century, remarks concerning the small circles of leather, or oil-cloth, made to fold or expand by means of ribs of whalebone, and called parasols, these, he says, are only carried by women, and are only for use as sunshades, not being used in winter. In Paris about this time some fantastic great ladies were escorted by little negro attendants carrying a large ornamental parasol surmounted by a plume of ostrich feathers.

It would appear that prohibitive prices tended for long to reserve these simple contrivances for the use of the wealthy, at least we may so infer from learning that at the Hague in A.D. 1650 the price of a folding parasol ranged from fifteen to twenty-two *livres*. Though persons of moderate means could not aspire to become the owners of such luxuries, they were not debarred from their occasional enjoyment. We know of at least one "Parasol-lending Company" in Paris, which let out parasols at two farthings to persons who having to cross the Pont-Neuf might wish to linger thereon, but shrank from exposure to the sun. The company had an office at each end of the bridge, and the parasols which were hired from one office were returned at the other.

Towards the middle of the eighteenth century came the reign of stuff umbrellas, which were very generally carried by pedestrians; dandies, however, abstained from

their use, preferring to run the risk of a wetting, rather than carry a badge which at once proclaimed to all beholders that they were unaccompanied by a carriage!

But where common sense asserted herself, the comfort of a sun or rain shade quickly led to their general use, and so in 1776 we find the purse and glove manufacturers of Paris resolving to secure the market, and obtaining a monopoly of the right to manufacture all sorts of umbrellas and parasols, either folding or non-folding — whether mounted on whalebone or on copper, whether covered with silk, linen, or oil-cloth. Respectable umbrellas could now be obtained for less than 3*l.* apiece.

After this period their popularity must have advanced rapidly, for about 1786 Roland de la Platière remarks on the use of parasols having become so general in the town of Lyons that not only the women, but the men also, carried small light parasols of red or white material, trimmed with lace.

Then came the era of ornamental parasols, of which we have an excellent example in that of Madame de Pompadour, now the property of Baroness Gustave de Rothschild. It is a groundwork of blue silk whereon are fastened patterns of delicately-cut-out paper, over which are laid strange oriental miniature paintings on talc. Pretty little pink silk sunshades had their hour of favour from dainty dames, to be superseded by gold-embroidered silks, delicate blue trimmed with silver, and all sorts of fanciful varieties in stuff and colour.

But with the close of the eighteenth century came a general turning of the tables which affected even these. The pretty parasol was no longer the exclusive prerogative of high-born ladies, its stout representative was adopted by the coarsest of their unwashed sisters, and (perhaps in mockery of the ecclesiastical umbrella of high Church dignitaries, but greatly to the benefit of the artistic eye), the market-women devised for their own use immense and most picturesque scarlet umbrellas, such as continue to shade their stalls. Strolling singers and acrobats likewise adopted, as their locomotive shelter, bright red umbrellas, such as had hitherto been regarded as the exclusive right of Roman Cardinals.

About the beginning of the present century the younger French priests began to affect violet-coloured umbrellas. Since then there have been numberless variations in trivial details of fashion — in respect of material, colour, trimming, and handle. Sometimes a folding handle, sometimes one

long and straight—now fantastically hooked, or else stumpy and solid. One year all parasols are deeply fringed, the next they are severely bare. Now a simple knot of ribbon is added, and anon the most elaborate of lace trimmings—from priceless old point to the cheapest of modern lace, there is something to suit every purse, all within the strictest regulations of capricious fashion.

Strange indeed has been the enormous development of this item of trade within the last fifty years. Thus in A.D. 1830 there dwelt in the city of Paris 115 umbrella makers, and the total annual umbrella trade of France amounted to 280,000%. Now there are in Paris alone 408 manufacturers who employ 1,508 workmen, and turn out umbrellas to the value of 520,000% per annum. The total annual value of the manufacture in France is 1,200,000%. This includes nearly 600,000 cotton umbrellas, most of which are exported to Turkey; so the stream of commerce has turned, and instead of Persia sending silken umbrellas to France, France now sends cotton “gamps” to the Ottoman empire!

And now to glance at the short history of the umbrella in Britain—short because previous to the reign of Queen Anne (A.D. 1702 to 1714) it was a luxury practically undiscovered in these rainy isles. That it was not quite unknown must be inferred from the fact that in the Harleian MSS. (No. 603) in the British Museum, a Saxon king is represented as having an attendant who holds an umbrella over his head. Nevertheless in the time of James I. they were still regarded only as strange things from far countries, which furnished the theme for several poems!

Thomas Coryat in his *Crudities* (published 1611) describing sundry remarkable things he had observed during his travels, tells how some Italians carry fans, but others carry objects of “far greater price, that will cost at least a ducat (*i.e.* about 6s.) which they commonly call in the Italian tongue umbrellæ, that is, things that minister shadow unto them for shelter against the scorching heat of the sun. These are made of leather in the form of a little canopy, and hooped in the inside with divers little wooden hoops that extend the umbrella in a pretty large compass. They are used especially by horsemen, who carry them in their hands when they ride, fastening the end of the handle upon one of their thighs, and they impart so large a shadow unto them that it keepeth the heat of the sun from the upper parts of their body.”

A little later, we find amongst “Absurd classifications at picture sales,” a notice of

one at the Blue Goat Coffee House, St. Swithin's Lane, of “Roestraaten's incomparable paintings. Likewise a fine parcel of umbrellows, with other curiosities.”

Evidently the umbrella was still a rare object in Britain in 1719, when Daniel Defoe wrote his immortal *Robinson Crusoe*, and so graphically described Crusoe's efforts to make for his own use in sun and rain, such an umbrella as he had seen used in the Brazils, and all the difficulties he had to master ere he succeeded in making one which would open and shut, and how at last he contrived to make one which was quite serviceable, and covered it with skin, the hair upward, so that it cast off the rain like a pent-house, and kept off the sun so effectually that he could walk with comfort in the hottest hours of the day.

That umbrellas were, however, in use, even at that time, though only recognised as suitable for women, is evident, from the occurrence of the word in Kersey's Dictionary published 1708, when he mentions, “Umbrella, or umbrello; a kind of broad fan or screen commonly used by women to shelter them from rain.” And in Bailey's Dictionary, published about 1720, he gives the word umbrella, which he defines as “A little shadow, which women bear in their hands to shade them.” “Parasol; a sort of little canopy, or umbrella, which women carry to keep off the rain.”

In 1710 Dean Swift published his verses on *A City Shower*, in which he describes a woman hurrying along with her dress tucked up, “While streams run down the oiled umbrella's sides,” suggesting the umbrella of heavy oil-cloth, whereas Kersey's definition of “a broad fan” would seem to indicate the use of a palm-leaf such as is still commonly used by Cingalese peasants, and doubtless some of these were imported in those early days of commerce.

About the same period Gay (who died in 1732) tells, in his *Trivia*, how good housewives

“Defended by th' umbrella's oily shed
Safe through the rain on clinking pattens tread.”

Hence we may infer that the umbrella was already making its way among the people. But so essentially feminine was its use considered, that any man who ventured to carry one was made the subject of much ridicule for such affectation.

It is recorded that Jonas Hanway, born in 1712 (the founder of the Magdalen Hos-

pital, a noted philanthropist and traveller), was THE FIRST MAN who had the courage to walk through London town in the rain carrying an umbrella for his own use. Imagine the strength of mind required to walk down Pall Mall for the first time thus distinguishing among the jeering crowds!

He had recently returned from Persia, where he had acquired this luxurious habit, and was moreover in delicate health, which was considered somewhat of a fair excuse for this effeminate practice. As umbrellas were already in vogue in France, the London mob pointed their jests by mockingly calling him "a mincing Frenchman!"

It must have been about A.D. 1760 that he first ventured on this bold step, persevering therein till the day of his death in 1786, by which time the fashion he had thus set was very generally adopted. But fashion travelled slow in those days, and it was not till 1780 that a surgeon of the name of Jameson ventured to use an umbrella in Glasgow, while Dr. Spens was the first person who, about the same period, found courage to use one in Edinburgh. Hence it appears that the umbrella as a British institution is a mushroom of only one century's growth.

In the Autobiography of a certain Mr. Macdonald, he tells us that in 1778 he brought from Spain a fine silk umbrella; but could not use it with any comfort, as the people shouted to him "Frenchman! why don't you get a coach?"

About this time, however, it became customary to keep an umbrella for hire in village taverns and in church vestries; nevertheless, that the man who ventured to avail himself of this luxury was subject to much ridicule, is clearly proved by an advertisement in *The Tatler*, stating that, "the young gentleman belonging to the Custom House, who in fear of rain borrowed the umbrella from Wilk's Coffee House, shall next time be welcome to the maid's pattens!"

These early English umbrellas were heavy, cumbersome articles covered with oiled silk or leather. Some ingenious persons covered theirs with feathers, on the principle of "water off a duck's back." But only wealthy

families possessed one of their own, which was hung up in the hall, ready to be held over ladies while entering their carriages in heavy rain. They were expensive luxuries for rich grandees.

Even when they began to be more generally used, the majority, for many years, were imported from foreign lands; those for ordinary use were brought from France and Spain, while India supplied more gorgeous ones of costly stuffs richly embroidered.

Ere long, however, the simple contrivance came to be looked upon as a necessary of life, and took its place among the home manufactures. Soon it became an important article of commerce and appeared as a very large item in annual exports. This has continued steadily to increase till at the present day the umbrella export of Britain is valued at 200,000*l.* per annum. The returns for 1882 show that 819,313 umbrellas were in that year exported to Burmah and no less than 3,353,055 to India, thus completely reversing the old order of supply. These being specially manufactured for Oriental use, are brilliant in colour and remarkable in design.

These gay umbrellas even figure in our trade with the remotest isles of the Pacific, where I have seen many a scantily-draped native of the New Hebrides or Solomon Isles, returning to his home, after years of labour on the estates of white men in Fiji or Australia, and carrying a parti-coloured cotton umbrella, displaying every hue of the rainbow, as the most highly-prized of his little acquisitions, and the proudest evidence of his advanced civilisation.

Little he knew how far more attractive in our eyes was the green glossy banana-leaf which formed so graceful a sunshade in the hands of the Fijian maidens, or the great talipot palm-leaf which forms the simple umbrella and tent of the pilgrims in Ceylon, defying the tropical rains. Still less do Oriental purchasers of British umbrellas dream for how many centuries they had been in use in Eastern lands ere their protection was enlisted in our rainy Western isles.

C. F. GORDON CUMMING.





WILLIAM HUTTON.



F the world is not yet tired of reading the history of self-made men it ought to be. Every few years are sounded the praises of some trader or manufacturer who as a boy picked up the proverbial pin as he sorrowfully

passed out of the wealthy man's counting-house, and in the course of years by dint of excessive industry and frugality slowly amassing a great fortune, gave away thousands, but retained tens of thousands. "Is getting a hundred thousand pounds a proof of excellence?" asked Johnson scornfully. It is so far a proof of excellence that its praises are sounded from generation to generation. Had William Hutton, whose life and works I have lately been examining, belonged merely to the class of men who pursued riches under difficulties I should not have troubled myself or my readers about him. In his character, however, I find contrasts which are curious and interesting. It has been said, with some justice, that "in many particulars of energy, perseverance, and prudence, he deserves to be called the English Franklin." He is a Franklin on a small scale—not, indeed, a Brummagem Franklin, for the man was genuine enough, but a Franklin of the town of Birmingham, and not of the United States of America. His mind was cast in a mould of the same pattern as the American printer's, but of a much smaller size. In one important respect he was altogether unlike the great Philadelphian. He was as much given to peace as if he had been a Quaker born. "The first lessons he taught his children were that the giving up an argument was meritorious, and that having the last word was a fault." It was not on such principles

as these that the independence of America was fought for and won. In untiring industry, close frugality, common sense, and the conscientious discharge of the duties of a good citizen he is scarcely behind Franklin. Like him he had an ardent love of knowledge, though it was in unravelling the history of the past rather than in making discoveries which would enrich the future that his mind was chiefly employed. Like him he was a man who was interesting but utterly unlovable. Both men wrote their own lives, or at least fragments of them, and both fail equally to touch the reader's heart. It is not the graves of such successful men as these that "through the starting tear" we survey. Each of them was too thoroughly satisfied with himself. Hutton's self-complacency is delightfully shown in his *History of the Family of Hutton*. In it he had described, with not a little spirit and indeed humour, the fortunes of his relations, who had been "steady in their love of peace and of pudding; remarkable for memory; not much given to receive, keep, or pay money; often sensible, always modest." In the fifth generation, coming to himself, he writes:—"As my life differs materially from the lives of my ancestors—as rising to greater elevation, conducting a Court of Requests during nineteen years, and being an author have brought me upon the public stage—the insertion of my history in its proper place would, by its length, have broken the line of descent." His own biography therefore he has written at greater length, and it is from it that we chiefly know him. Much too we learn from the numerous books that he published in the latter half of his life, for when he once tasted the pleasure of going into print he did not for any long time together forbear it.

The worst part in his character was his

love of his money—a love not indeed unnatural in a man who had been half starved in his youth for want of it. “I was,” he writes, “an economist from my cradle;” a man who “could watch every penny. I once saved every farthing I could procure, which at the end of two years amounted to only fourpence halfpenny. This occurred between the ages of four and six.” His brother and sister he describes as “generous economists. I more frugal.” “More frugal” is a delicate way of saying “somewhat miserly.” He tells how, when he first began to get money, “he amused himself with marshalling in battalia fifty bright guineas.” He often boasts of his wealth. In his *History of Birmingham* he thus indirectly alludes to himself:—

“‘I am told,’ says an elderly gentleman, as he amused himself in a pitiful bookseller’s shop in a wretched market-town, ‘that you are a stocking-maker by trade.’ The humble bookseller, half confused and wholly ashamed, could not deny the charge. ‘Ah,’ cried the senior, ‘there is neither honour nor profit in changing the trade you were bred to. Do not attempt to sell books, but stay at home and pursue your own business.’ But the dejected bookseller, scarcely one step higher than a walking stationer, lived to acquire a fortune of 20,000*l*.”

His fortune rapidly grew in the many years that he lived after he wrote this. In his eighty-second year he said: “I am as willing to acquire money as if my date was that of Methuselah.” He was the very opposite of his grandfather, a poor flax-dresser of Derby, who apparently cared for nothing but fishing in the Derwent, keeping pigs, and taking down sermons in shorthand. One day a messenger came to this worthy to conduct him to Northallerton, to take possession of an estate worth 40*l*. a year. “He thanked the messenger for his kindness, entertained him, and told him he would not travel so far for an estate of much greater value, neither did he care who possessed it. I,” continues his grandson, “mentioned this anecdote to a friend some years back, and observed I would have gone to America for an estate of that value. He replied, he would have gone to the devil.” As he sat in the Court of Requests he could often draw a contrast flattering to himself between his own present and past state and that of some of the miserable suitors. “One day, among the defendants, Henshaw Grevis, Esq., was called. A meagre figure, near sixty, came forward, and behaved with all the humility of manners that fancy could

paint. Though his whole apparel could not be worth eighteenpence, I well remember to have seen him thirty years before completely mounted and dressed in green velvet at the head of his pack. I could not forbear drawing a silent comparison between this devoted outcast of fortune and myself. He could prove a long line of wealthy and honourable ancestors, but mine had never been off the dunghill for two hundred years.”

I wish that he had recorded that he gave a good dinner to this poor old esquire and road-mender. It would have been a great deal better than publishing to the world his “silent comparison.” He liked his meals as much as any one. “He had been always used,” he says, “to the old-fashioned practice of casting an eye upon dinner at one,” and he complained loudly when by public business it was delayed. In his *Tour to Scarborough* he boasts that “he never knew but one man who enjoyed so much pleasure in eating as he had done.” My grandfather, who as a boy dined with him in 1772, says in his *Autobiography*: “Hutton was not then, as he became afterwards, so practical a miser. We had a liberal dinner. This however I may remark, was during the lifetime of his wife.”

Though Hutton had as bad a start in life as it seemed possible for any poor lad to have, yet in one respect he was fortunate in his parentage. His father, it is true, was harsh, improvident, and a drunkard; yet intellectually he was by no means contemptible. “The powers of his mind,” writes his son, “were strong. His memory was tenacious, and his head well stored with knowledge. He was fond of reading. He spoke as correctly as if trained to letters. He was by far the most eloquent speaker I ever heard in low life, and nearly the best in any life.” When not drunk he was religious. His son, coming home one March day to visit him, found recorded in his pocket-book: “O Lord, by Thy assistance, I will not enter a public house on this side Easter.” The resolution was as useless as such resolutions usually are. “He was intoxicated during the whole of my stay, which was from Saturday morning till Sunday night.” Had his wife been much such another as he was himself, the son would never have written the *History of the Hutton Family*. She, fortunately, “was an exceedingly prudent woman.” In the case of very many men who have risen in the world it will I believe be found that the active, eager intellect comes from the father, and “the prudent, cautious self-control” from the

mother. She died while Hutton was quite a child. On returning home from work one day he was told that she was gone. "I burst into tears. 'Don't cry, you will go yourself soon,' said an old friend of his mother. This remark did not add to my comfort."

At the early age of seven he had been apprenticed to a silk mill, where for seven long years he suffered a cruel servitude. He was, when he entered, too low to reach the engine, but "a pair of high pattens were fabricated and tied fast about his feet." He was so cruelly beaten that he carried the marks of it to the grave. One frosty night, when he was but eight years old, he was awakened, as he thought, by the daylight. "I rose in tears for fear of punishment, and went to my father's bedside to ask what was o'clock. He believed six. I darted out in agonies, and in a distance of not two hundred yards I fell nine times. Observing no lights in the mill, I knew it was an early hour, and that the reflection of the snow had deceived me. Returning, it struck two." At the end of his seven years he was apprenticed to his uncle, a stockinger, a man, that is to say, who made stockings on a frame. The trade was a miserable one. "Had I continued a stockinger," he said on his death-bed, "I must now have been in the workhouse. They all go there when they cannot see to work." What dens of misery workhouses were in these good old days! Hutton, describing them in the year 1790, says that they were "the nurseries of idleness, the corrupters of manners, the destroyers of health, the slaughter-houses of infants, and the plagues of old age." From this dismal fate he was saved by his thrift, his industry, and his intelligence. He had begun to buy books; shabby ones alone he could afford. He learnt to patch their worn bindings, and even to bind them afresh. He still sought work as a stockinger, but though he visited several warehouses he could neither get employment nor sell the stockings which he had made. "As I stood like a culprit before one of these hosiers, I was so affected that I burst into tears to think that I should have served seven years to a trade at which I could not get bread." His sister, who had saved a little money, came to his help, and enabled him to buy the tools that were needed for a bookbinder's business. He opened a small bookshop in Birmingham, and for some time "made five shillings a week cover every expense; as food, rent, washing, lodging, &c." It was with good reason that he boasted that he knew how "to watch every penny."

It was in the year 1750, at the age of twenty-six, that he settled in Birmingham, and he lived in it or its suburbs till his death in 1815. The town gave him but an unkind welcome, for the overseers of the poor, fearful lest he should become chargeable to the parish, under the cruel laws of settlement, often threatened to remove him. Yet he loved the place as if it had received him with open arms. His idols were three—thrift, industry, and Birmingham. His worship of Birmingham, "that happy abode of the smiling arts," as he calls it, is one of the parts of his character which redeem it from vulgarity. For his birthplace he had little affection. "I have lamented," he writes, "that while almost every man in the world was born *out* of Derby, it should be my unhappy lot to be born *in*." Far otherwise did he write of the town of his adoption. "Birmingham, like a compassionate nurse, not only draws our persons but our esteem from the place of our nativity, and fixes it upon herself. I might add, *I was hungry, and she fed me; thirsty, and she gave me drink; a stranger, and she took me in*. I approached her with reluctance, because I did not know her; I shall leave her with reluctance because I do." He is surprised that "one of the most singular places in the universe is without an historian; that she never manufactured an history of herself who has manufactured almost everything else;" and so he sets about writing one. He celebrates both the manufacturers and "the sons of industry," as he calls the workmen. "John Taylor, Esq.," he writes, "may justly be deemed the Shakespeare or Newton of Birmingham. To this uncommon genius we owe the gilt button, the japanned and gilt snuff-box, with the numerous race of enamels; also the painted snuff-box." This history was, he tells us, the first book that he wrote. "Pleased as a fond parent with my first literary offspring, I may be said, while in manuscript, to have had the whole by heart. Frequently while awake in the night I have repeated it in silence for two or three hours together, without adding or missing a word." How he must have rejoiced when in his silent repetition he arrived at the fine passage which begins with John Taylor, Esq., and ends with the painted snuff-box! The working-classes of Birmingham are, in his eyes, blest above their fellows in all other towns. "The profits arising from labour to the lower order of men seem to surpass those of other mercantile places. This is not only visible in the manufactures peculiar to Birmingham, but in the more

common occupations of the barber, tailor, shoemaker, &c., who bask in the rays of plenty."

Grievous was the blow which ten years later fell on him when Birmingham turned traitor. In the cruel Church and King riots in July, 1791, his warehouses were sacked and his house was burnt. "In the morning of July 15 I was a rich man; in the evening I was ruined. At ten at night on the 17th I might have been found leaning on a milestone upon Sutton Coldfield, without food, without a home, without money, and, what is the last resort of the wretched, without hope. What had I done to merit this severe calamity? Why did not I stay at home, oppose the villains at my own door, and sell my life at the dearest rate? I could have destroyed several before I had fallen myself. This may be counted rash, but unmerited distress like mine could operate but two ways; a man must either sink under it or become desperate." Nevertheless his love for Birmingham was so great that he got over even this cruel blow.

When he retired from business, he used every day to go into town just as before "to assist his son gratuitously." In his seventyninth year he records: "I rise at six in summer and seven in winter, march to Birmingham, two miles and a quarter, where my son receives me with open arms." When he wanted but six days of completing his ninety years, he set out on his accustomed walk. He had gone but half way when his strength began to fail. It was only by the support of friends that he reached the end of his journey. On his return he had to be lifted into his carriage. "I met my father," his daughter writes, "at the gate. 'Now,' said he, bursting into tears, 'I have done with Birmingham.'" Birmingham the brazen was to him Jerusalem the golden.

He had been a good citizen. As an unpaid commissioner of the Court of Requests, during the nineteen years in which he sat, "more than one hundred thousand causes passed through his hands." This court was one for the recovery of small debts and for settling disputes. When he joined it, it was to all purposes under the control of a drunken beadle, whom he describes with some humour. Through this man's hands, or rather into them, passed the money belonging to the suitors. "He was equally averse to receive and to pay money. If he accidentally met a person in his debt, he shunned him by running away. If one came to pay, *Let it be* was the word. Those who dunned him always found him in haste, received ample

promises, forgotten in a moment; but his good-nature, of which he had a large portion, always warded off the blow. Though he daily gave and took credit, he kept no private book of accounts; his counting-house was his memory, which was very retentive; but when he died it was locked up with its contents for ever. He was landlord to a farm near twenty years without ever receiving a shilling rent. Always in a hurry without making progress, he despatched nothing quick but the tankard. Expedition never discovered itself but in getting drunk, in which he became so expert by daily practice that he could accomplish it in ten minutes. He wrote an excellent hand, was master of figures, and well understood the business of an attorney's office. His fondness for employment induced him to work without profit. His shoes received their last tincture of black from the currier. It was of no consequence to him whether he wore his shirt a week or a month; whether his neck-cloth was tied under his chin or his ear; or whether the top or the bottom of his wig was uppermost. His beard and his linen were equally strangers to the suds." Under his reign the business of the court had greatly dwindled, but by the improved management introduced by Hutton, it rapidly increased.

This was not Hutton's only claim to public esteem. To him Birmingham owes three benefits. "I was the first," he proudly writes, "who opened a circulating library in 1751. I was the first who opened a paper warehouse in 1756. I was also the first who introduced *the barrow with two wheels*; there are now more than one hundred." Even "the great Twalmley," that benefactor of the midland counties, who invented the New Flood-gate iron, cannot boast such splendid achievements as these.

Second, but only second, to his love of Birmingham and of money, was his love of antiquities. In his childhood, by the help of an infant imagination, he had discovered the relics of the faggots on which a poor blind girl had been burnt in the days of the persecutions under Bloody Mary. When he was little more than a year short of fourscore, in his eager desire to see the Roman wall, and with his pride in his pedestrianism, he went on foot from Birmingham to Carlisle, followed the course of the wall to Newcastle, retraced his steps, and reached his home after an absence of thirty-five days, in which he had walked 601 miles. In the account that he published of this tour, he describes how he was taken for a spy employed by the Government; for

a person sent to examine private property for the purposes of taxation; for a surveyor of land who had come preparatory to an inclosure of commons or to a rise of rent; for an excisement, and for a Methodist preacher. As soon as his real character was discovered, he was almost everywhere hospitably received. In that rough and thinly-peopled country he was exposed to privations which might well have tried a man in the vigour of life; but "an antiquary," he says, "does not deserve the name who cannot fast half a day and live hard the other half."

Had his visit been only a few months earlier, "he would have been favoured with a noble treat, but now that treat was miserably soured." A piece of the wall, seven feet and a half high and two hundred and twenty-five yards long, was then standing. But the proprietor, Henry Tulip, Esq., was building a farmhouse with the materials. "I desired the servant with whom I conversed," writes Hutton, "to give my compliments to Mr. Tulip, and request him to desist, or he would wound the whole body of antiquaries. As he was putting an end to the most noble monument of antiquity in the whole island, they would feel every stroke. Should he reply, 'The property is mine, and I have a right to direct it as I please,' it is an argument I can regret, but not refute." The race of Henry Tulips, Esq., still flourishes, though in this happier age they are commonly described as restorers.

In an earlier piece of exploration Hutton had "waded up to the neck in furze to see the Ikenield Street." Bosworth Field also he thoroughly explored, and had heard the farmer, "who resided upon the verge of Richard III.'s camp, repeatedly curse the

king for spoiling his farm. I asked him," writes Hutton, in the true spirit of an antiquary, "whether the shade of Richard might not with equal propriety curse him for spoiling his camp." The fame of this visit to Bosworth Field occasioned a most absurd report at the time of the Birmingham Riots. Among the plunder of his house was "an old tooth wrapped up in paper, and inscribed, 'This tooth was destroyed by a rough crust after a faithful service of more than fifty years.' In the London papers the world was told 'that the antiquaries had sustained an irreparable injury, for one of the sufferers in the late riots had lost a tooth of Richard III. found in Bosworth Field, and valued at £300.'" When he visited the metropolis, he made inquiries about London Stone. "They were answered with a supercilious smile, and all the intelligence I could gain was, 'It is a place of rest for the porter's burden.'"

In his writings he too often falls into what may be called a Tupperian strain. He is fond of beginning a new branch of his subject with telling his readers that "distinguished characters demand the tribute of remembrance," or that "man is a variegated animal. Left to himself, he will often do right, but oftener wrong." He is too much given to making very poor jokes, but, on the other hand, he is often quaint and sometimes humorous. No one would patiently read any of his works from beginning to end. Nevertheless the loiterer at the second-hand bookstall would scarcely regret his purchase should he pick up, as he often may, at a very moderate price, some well-worn volume written by this old Birmingham worthy.

G. BIRKBECK HILL.



A HAMPSHIRE HAMLET.



It was out of the nature of things that a tract of country within five-and-forty miles of London, admirably adapted for sporting purposes, and rich in the

most varied and beautiful scenery, should long remain, comparatively speaking, uninhabited. Within the last few years, as a consequence, that district of England in which a man can walk four miles and say at the end of it that he has been in Sussex, Surrey, and Hampshire has been gradually falling into the builder's speculative hands. To this class, as is generally known, nothing is sacred. With eyes averse from nature's beauties, and fixed coyly on accumulation, they, as it were, wave the wand of the enchanter, and in a moment desirable residences spring up on lonely heaths, and far-reaching moorlands look like Wimbledon Common.

The result is painfully manifest in that part of England where Hampshire, Surrey, and Sussex join. What was once a most characteristic country-side is beginning to be robbed of its unique charm. Its picturesque loneliness is no longer lonely, and in due course will, it is probable, cease to be picturesque. Woolmer Forest, which, according to Pepys, sheltered in Queen Anne's time the largest herd of deer in England, is being gradually encroached upon. Its once wild wastes of heath and pine-wood are being carved



A HAMPSHIRE GOOSE FARM.
From a Drawing by DAVID CARR.

into plots of freehold land suitable for building estates. Little by little, too, tracts have been cleared and put under the yoke of a needy agriculture; in places the succession of cottage-farms, and the small fields, divided from each other by heavy banks and ditches, seem to point to the existence, even in Hampshire, of a peasant proprietorship. But the soil turned from its natural

use is sterile. The farmer as a rule but barely manages to make two ends meet, and the sight of beautiful scenery sacrificed to insolvent farming operations would have prompted Southey to some more of his "Colloquies on Society" could he only have seen it.

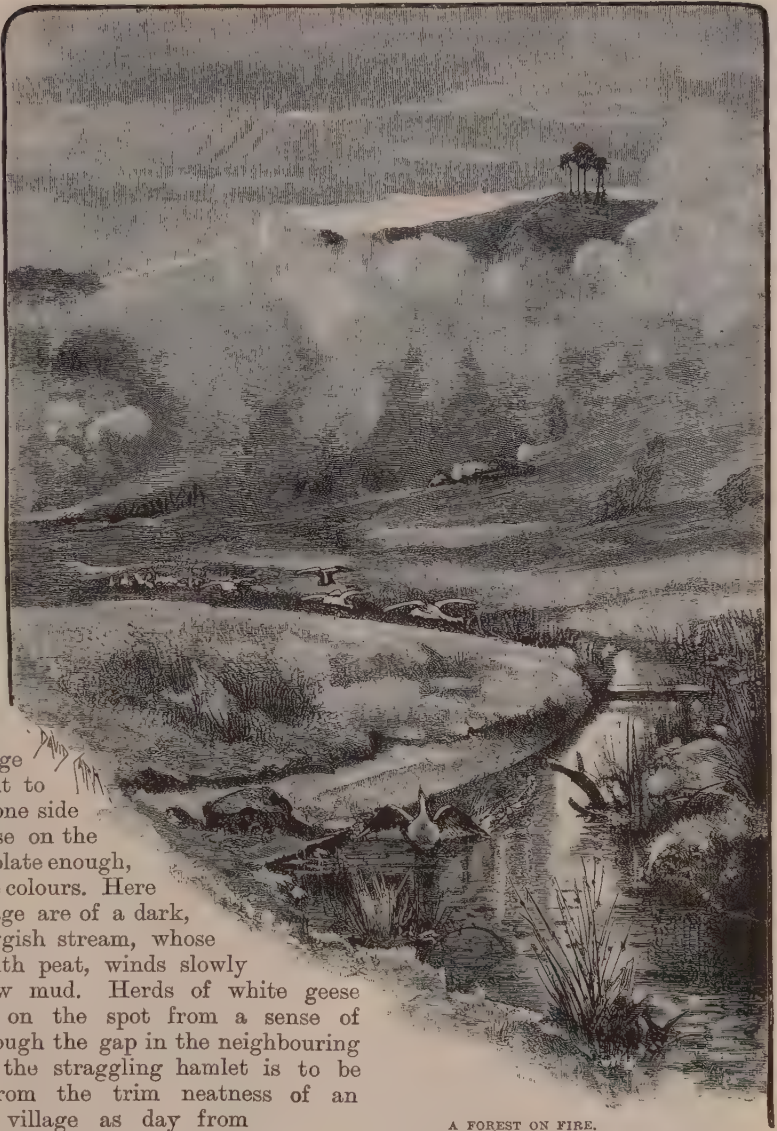
Meanwhile civilisation advances, working good and evil, spreading comfort, veiling beauty. With the changed face of the country has come a change in the manners of the inhabitants. As each new tract of moorland has been cultivated or built upon, the dwellers round it have begun to put on softer manners. The mollifying influences of the village school, the reading-room, the mothers' meet-

ings, the regular visit from the clergy, have done their silent work, and Hodge in this part of Hampshire is becoming every day more like Hodge elsewhere. He has begun to touch his hat.

This reform in customs, quaint but uncouth, can only be described as beneficent. The old order was picturesque but predisposed to violence. New arrivals in the countryside listen with a half-incredulous stare to strange stories told of agrarian outrage, of whole villages utterly given over to poaching, and outside the pale of the Church; of cottages windowless and half-roofed, in which the pig formed a prominent member of the family circle, to stories of wild Ireland, in short, transplanted to the borders of Hampshire.

Though no place has, during the last ten years, been more subject to the influence of a deeply-searching reform, there is a hamlet within five miles of the village of Liphook which still bears about it faint traces of its

former state. Among its inhabitants the type of the dweller in the forest land proper still lingers. The straggling hamlet, lying on the hill-side, surrounded on three sides by far-reaching heath and pine wood, has been his home and his family's for generations. It has a little of the look of Goldsmith's village about it. A long narrow lane rather than a road divides it into two unequal parts. The cottages—now in good repair—are still, many of them, less cottages than cabins. Lying on the outskirts of the forest, at a point where moorland begins to come under cultivation, the village leads to nowhere but to wild heather hills on one side and to a marshy chase on the other. The scene is desolate enough, but it is full of strange colours. Here the grasses and foliage are of a dark, dank green. A sluggish stream, whose waters are brown with peat, winds slowly over a bed of yellow mud. Herds of white geese seem to be always on the spot from a sense of artistic fitness. Through the gap in the neighbouring hedge the street of the straggling hamlet is to be seen—as different from the trim neatness of an ordinary Hampshire village as day from darkness. Instead of a dry and cultivated prosperity, here nearly all the year round the road is wet, the ditches on either side of it full of stagnant water. The dark green patches in the neighbouring meadow suggest a morass. A girl, slatternly and poorly clad, leans idly against the trunk of a tree and watches her flock of geese with a listless indifference. Above the hamlet rise bare heather slopes, black from recent burning, and covered here and there with scorched and blasted hollies. The whole scene is one which Millet would have loved to paint, for in its sombre colouring and grim desolateness it possesses a poetry all its own. The dark heath stretches away



A FOREST ON FIRE.

From a Drawing by DAVID CARR.

far and wide. An iron church crowns a hill top. Some half-starved cows browse on a marshy common.

The villagers are most of them in keeping with their home. Their manners are rugged and uncouth; there is no trace about them of the ready obsequiousness with which the neighbouring boor of more civilised districts intimates to a visitor that he is welcome. About the dwellers in the forest-lands hangs an air of rough independence. If they invite you into their cottages you may be sure of a rough welcome and a glass of mead—in



A BIT OF SCANDAL.
From a Drawing by DAVID CARR.

which latter case, Heaven help you—but if, till recently, at all events, you attempted to visit them unasked, they took no circuitous means of telling you that you were not wanted.

Half poachers, half gipsies, and till lately without the rudiments of an education, they are still informed by one sentiment which saves them from being brutal. In a certain sense each man considers himself a proprietor. He may not be gifted with reading or writing, he may be no “schollard,” as he terms it, but he has his common rights—the rights of pasturing a lean cow or donkey on the barren heaths.

To say that he has these rights is a statement that should perhaps be qualified—for without doubt he will shortly be deprived of them. The very name has an ominous significance, and the incivility, to use no stronger word, with which the dweller on commons used, till quite lately, to greet the advances of a casual charity, may show that he had some forewarning of the future. And indeed these fears have been lately more than justified; a gradual infringement of his claims has resulted from the approach of London to the borders of Hampshire. Moneyed strangers, attracted by vague reports and poetical prospectuses, crowd into the country. They have been told of a Scotland within an hour from London, and after their own manner they attempt to realise the ideal. They drain, excavate, build Gothic houses, Sunday-schools, stables, reading-rooms, and churches, and finally they begin to inclose. Upon purple heaths painted palings appear. Wire fenceings, supported by black and white stakes, divide seas of golden gorse. The natives are warned not to pasture cattle or cut turf within certain precincts on pain of prosecution, and all the grave majesty of justice backs the decree.

With a petrified dismay the inhabitants of the hamlet behold the result of their contact with civilisation. They see their long and dearly-prized rights like an unsubstantial pageant fading. They feel that they are being victimised, but at the same time their ears are filled with the vague but menacing thunders of the law. As a rule, therefore, they travel no further on the road to revolt than the assumption of an attitude of dogged sullenness. They regard each fresh inclosure with dazed eyes, but do not forget to search in them for pheasant’s eggs. Meanwhile sporting properties spring up in the midst of wastes, and narrower and more narrow grow the tracts for pasturing cattle.

At times, however, the smothered indigna-

tion of the dwellers in the hamlet takes a more fiery form. They have recourse to an act of incendiarism, which they also aver to be within their rights.

Irrespective of the existence of newly-erected palisades, large tracts of heath are deliberately fired, and inclosures, plantations, gates, and palings are accidentally sacrificed in a far-reaching conflagration which lights the country for miles round. The country people have a reason to give for this seemingly lawless act. They declare that the passage of the fire over furze and heather and whatever else stands in its path creates fodder for their cattle; however this may be, the appearance of the burning forest, seen by night and not by a proprietor’s eyes, is unspeakably grand. The dense pillars of smoke, above which the crest of some heather hill is seen, the fierce flame which rushes over dry furze and bracken faster than a man can follow it, the roar of the fire, the crash of the charred and falling timber, the shouts of the country people, armed with long sticks and trying to localise the evil which some among them have created, all these features combine to complete a picture which, once seen, fixes itself in the memory.

The indignation of the recent settlers in the country is naturally enough aroused at these acts, by which—and not unfrequently—a mile of valuable plantations has been destroyed in a night. They have, however, invariably to nurse their wrath unappeased. So deeply do the peasantry of the forest hamlets consider that their interests are involved in the issue, that rewards of £100 have been repeatedly and vainly offered for any information that might deliver the incendiaries into the hands of justice. The game, in point of fact, the villagers feel would not be worth the candle. And the consideration is significant. Many may covet the money, but none think that they would long be permitted to enjoy it.

I spoke lately with a very distinct type of one of these dwellers in a forest hamlet, who had himself, I make no doubt of it, fired many a heath. He was a short, squat, broad-shouldered man, with a shock of iron-grey hair. He was also as it were an Israelite who had entered the service of the Egyptians; for having begun life, as his father had done generations before him, as a poacher, he had degenerated—and I know that he felt his degradation—into a gamekeeper on one of the neighbouring estates. This man could neither read nor write; he spoke the most debased Hampshire dialect I have ever heard; but humour was alive in his peepy

grey eyes, and at finding pheasants' nests he was a velveteen-coated Argus. In everything connected with hunting he had developed, indeed an instinct that was canine. He told me stories that made me stare, and believe at the same time that he had developed a sense of scent. Many of his former trade he had brought to see the error of their ways. He scattered new earth on paths where trespassers were forbidden, found footprints next morning, examined them casually, and told certain people in the village, within the hour, where they had been walking by moonlight. These, seeing a vision of the county goal before their eyes, no doubt took to the night-school. Upon

different class. He was a skilled labourer of over seventy years of age, but hale and hearty still. This old man had the head of a village Dante, and was one of the noblest types of an illiterate peasantry I have ever chanced on. He had never been out of work in his life, and had been only out of his native village once. Then he had been to London for the day, and had expressed himself—as a road-maker—much disgusted with wooden pavements, and the immodest demands of the drivers of hansom cabs. In rural innocence he had hired the gondola of the metropolis for several hours, and had, when the moment for reckoning came, found himself confronted by an unpleasant surprise,



CONFORD COMMON.

From a Drawing by DAVID CARR.

the question of common rights, however, my friend laid aside all his dog-like instincts. Upon this issue he was all a man; and a man who clearly thought that he was being deprived of his liberties. At the sight of a new inclosure being erected on a neighbouring hill, his eyes darted a sinister fire. He knew the law, he declared, and to me as an outsider, his exposition appeared to be most sound; he both looked and spoke with an earnestness that was quite painful, and I confess I should not have been surprised to have heard that agrarian crime had broken out within fifty miles of London.

Another native of the hamlet, whom I had some conversation with, was a man of a

and an invitation to an adjacent police-court. This brief experience of a wicked world had sufficed. He confessed to me that he was contented with his native place, and showed himself completely devoid of curiosity. He had heard talk of the sea, but was unable to conceive it, and he could neither read nor write. In spite of these drawbacks, however, in an age of progress, the old road-maker confessed to only one trouble. This was, I regret to have to say it, the day of rest. Sunday was my friend's bugbear. As he naïvely expressed it, "it was the only day in the week in which he could find nothing to do," and a sort of pastoral *ennui* accordingly marked him for its own.



AT THE EDGE OF THE WOOD.
From a Drawing by DAVID CARR.

The majority of his neighbours show small sympathy with his sorrows. On the seventh day they lounge about the hamlet contentedly enough, attend the service held in

the school-room, and do a little business afterwards in neighbouring preserves, when times are seasonable and opportunity invites. The owner of a small holding walks his estate rather ruefully, and sees, as a rule, little in the look of his barren acres to warrant rosy anticipations for settling day. The boys of the hamlet wile away the shining hour by throwing stones at the handle of the schoolhouse door.

But the people I have described are types which are rapidly dying out before the Church's mild reform. Already they follow but feebly in their fathers' footsteps. As

poachers they have lost much of their cunning, and as parishioners they begin to aspire to a competition with their more civilized neighbours. For within three miles of the hamlet we are in Sussex, surrounded by the homely English scenery which Constable loved to paint. Huge trees overhang village smithies where white cart horses are being shod; in front of the smithy stretches the village green, still adorned with the time-honoured may-pole. The village clowns booze on the rustic bench in front of the gable-roofed ale-house. Amidst their laughter the broad Sussex gaping dialect makes itself unmistakably heard, and gives a last touch to a picture of rural prosperity.

But even here we are but on the outskirts of the forest. The heaths which overhang the Sussex village, are the same in colour and character as those which surround the Hampshire hamlet. Though rapidly disappearing they are still the key-note of the country, and, however varied the scenery which lies round them, they are ever the standpoint from which it is most characteristically seen. Try as he will, the traveller of an imaginative turn can never rid himself of their influence.

Within a mile, for instance, from the Sussex village we are in Surrey. But here, too, the heaths stretch far and wide on either side of the sandy road. This rises gradually to a plateau. Behind us lie Sussex and Hampshire. The South Downs bound the picture with an outline of soft undulation.

Through them comes for an instant, as the sun strikes, a gleam of silver sea. At our feet lies a vast prospect of woodland and cornfield. We are looking over one of the granaries of England. But even in sight of this scene of prosperity, a certain suggestiveness, which always seems to cling to the moorland, strikes us as we read on a grave-stone set up on a lonely sweep of road, a silent memorial of murder.

This suggestiveness, which especially surrounds the Hampshire hamlet, is—in spite of the recent innovation which I have noticed—still the key-note of the country.

The heather on these moors may burn with the brightest crimson; the gorse, earlier in the year, may blaze with the most gorgeous gold; but even in the pomp of midsummer, when life is most fervent in flower and leaf they seem never freed from a certain strange solemnity; and when autumn has turned the green of fern and bracken to red and brown, when the sun sets luridly among thunder-clouds and dark shadows fall abruptly on slope and hollow, these solitary moorlands, these by ways of nature, rising lonely and solemn from the rich wealds which lie on all sides of them, strike the fanciful traveller with a strange sense of awe and mystery, which has all the fascination in it of a place that is haunted, and in which, it may be, lies the secret of their singular charm.





PART II.

MACAULAY, as I have already observed, denied that Turpin ever rode to York. But we have got used I hope to this sort of thing. And in an age in which Numa has been deprived of his Egeria, Romulus and Remus of their wolf, Diogenes of his lantern and tub, Æsop of his hump, Rhodes of its Colossus, Dionysius the First of his ear, and Sappho of her leap, such a stricture does not really matter in the least, especially as I purpose to go to York with Turpin—whether he really rode to York or no.

For though I purpose to deal in this chapter chiefly with the York Road's great inns, I think that a ride over the distance will be advisable, if only to give some sort of idea as to how the land lies. And we have been in coaches and Flying machines so often, that I think that a turn on horseback may be a welcome change.

I find then, on referring to the prophet Ainsworth, that Dick Turpin started for his celebrated ride from the Jack Falstaff at Kilburn—an inn I do not find in my Pater-son's *Roads*. Here, after having regaled a cosmopolitan company with several flash chaunts, generally prefaced by some such remark as "Let me clear my throat first! and now to resume," the gallant Turpin's impromptu oratorio was interrupted by the rapid entrance of those who—"in point of

fact" wanted him. Upon which he got to horse upon his mare Black Bess, shot his friend Tom King by mistake (who observed to a lady opportunely standing by him, "Susan, is it you that I behold"?)—and then rode off to the crest of a neighbouring hill, whence a beautiful view of the country surrounding the metropolis was to be obtained. Here his bosom suddenly throbbed high with rapture; he raised himself in the saddle, and prefacing his declaration with a profanity, said that he would do it. And by "it," he meant his ride to York.

He at once shaped his course for "beautiful, gorsy, sandy Highgate." No doubt he would have admired the scenery more (he was a great admirer of scenery was Turpin, and that is one reason why I am going with him to York) if "the chase had not at this moment assumed a character of interest"—whatever that may mean. Turpin however saw nothing favourable in the phenomenon, and made over Crackskull Common to Highgate. He avoided the town, struck into a narrow path to the right, and rode leisurely down the hill. His pursuers at this point somewhat aimlessly bawled to him to stand—seeming to forget in their flurry that he was on horseback. The gallant Dick answered their demands by unhesitatingly charging a gate, and clearing it in gallant style. He

then scudded rapidly past Highgate, "like a swift-sailing schooner with three lumbering Indiamen in her wake." And so through Du Val Lane—(what tender recollections must here have possessed that manly breast) into Hornsey—where the turnpike fellow closed the toll-bar in his face, and the "three lumbering East Indiamen" (the metaphors here become a trifle mixed—but no matter) cried aloud, "The gate is shut! We have him! Ha! Ha!"

But not so! though the old Hornsey toll-bar was a high gate, with *chevaux de frise* in the upper rail! Not so! though the gate

trampled to death under the feet of the three lumbering East Indiamen—that is to say under the feet of Paterson's (chief constable of Westminster's) horse.

"Open the gate, fellow," he (Paterson) cried.

But the man said "not at all" unless he got his dues. He'd been done once already; and he was prepared to be struck stupid if he was done a second time. By which ingenious block, while Paterson was feeling in his pocket for a crown piece, our friend Richard was enabled to take advantage of the delay and breathe his mare—after which he struck into a bye lane at Duckett's Green,



From a Drawing by HERBERT RAILTON.

swung into its lock; "and like a tiger in his lair the prompt custodian of the turnpike, ensconced within his doorway, held himself in readiness to spring upon the runaway." Not so! For what did Dick do? He did four things.

1. He coolly calculated the height of the gate.
2. He spoke a few words of encouragement to Bess.
3. He stuck spurs into her sides.
4. He cleared the spikes by an inch.

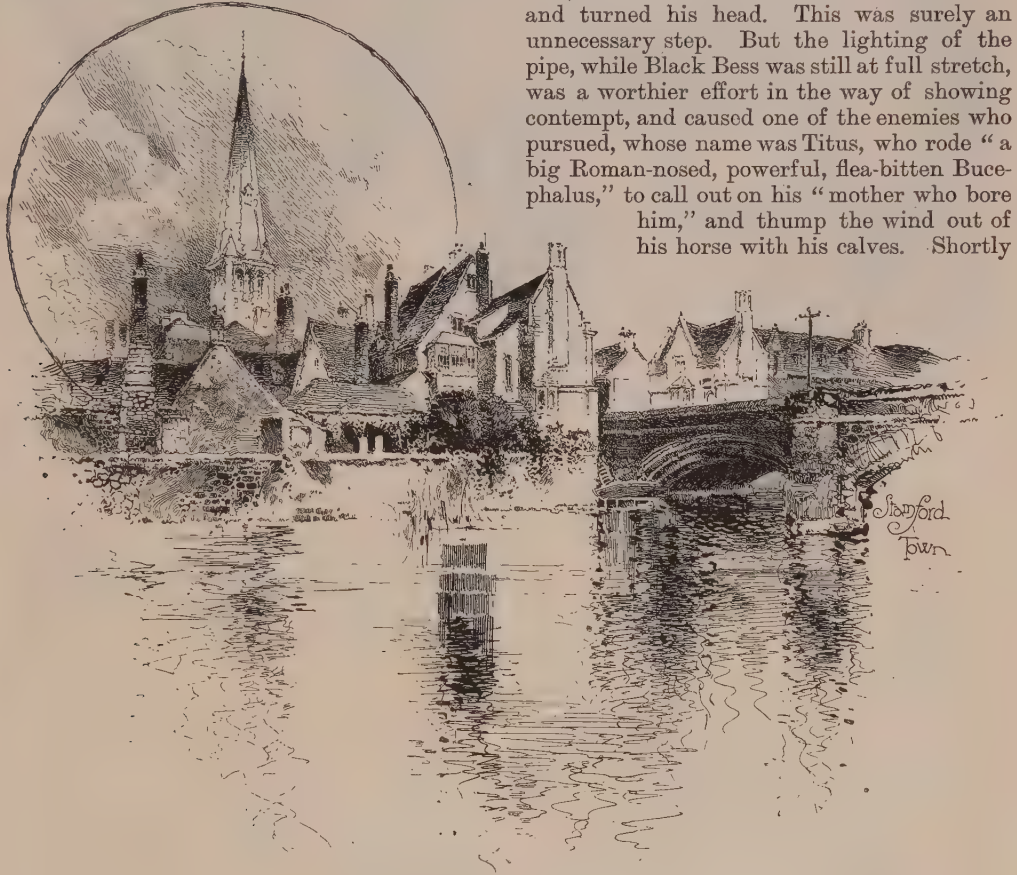
The next event which followed in this order, was the narrow escape of the toll-bar keeper, who, tired of crouching like a tiger in his lair, rushed out of it, and was nearly

and cantering easily along came at Tottenham (four and a half miles from London), for the first time in his ride, into the Great North Road.

At Tottenham the whole place was up in arms. The inhabitants shouted, screamed, ran and danced. They also hurled every possible missile at the horse and her rider. And what did Dick do under these sufficiently embarrassing circumstances? Why, he "laughed at the brick-bats that were showered thick as hail and quite as harmlessly around him." After which he proceeded at his best pace to Edmonton (seven miles from London). Here too, as at Tottenham, the ingenious natives turned out

en masse to see him pass. But they did not throw brick-bats at him: far from it! They supposed that Dick was riding for a wager, and received him with acclamations. But now came borne on the wind's wings the pursuers' ominous cries, "Turpin! Dick Turpin!" upon which in an instant the good Edmontonians rattled, and hissed; and no toll gate, twelve feet high, with *chevaux de frise* in the upper rail,

miles from London) no longer "like a swift-sailing schooner with three lumbering Indians in her wake," but "like eagles on the wing." To descend from these aerial regions to the hard high road—they were all going well and strong. Coates' party not having lost ground, but perspiring profusely, Black Bess not having turned a hair. It was at this period in the journey, somewhere about Waltham Cross, that is to say, that Dick said, "I'll let 'em see what I think of 'em," and turned his head. This was surely an unnecessary step. But the lighting of the pipe, while Black Bess was still at full stretch, was a worthier effort in the way of showing contempt, and caused one of the enemies who pursued, whose name was Titus, who rode "a big Roman-nosed, powerful, flea-bitten Bucephalus," to call out on his "mother who bore him," and thump the wind out of his horse with his calves. Shortly



From a Drawing by HERBERT RAILTON.

being handy, a man in a donkey cart, somewhat ostentatiously drew himself up in the middle of the road. And Turpin went through the usual formula above categorically set down "and cleared the driver and his little wain with ease." This feat brought down the house or rather the street. "Hark-a-way, Dick!" resounded on all hands.

Pursued and pursuers, I now observe with pain (for a change of metaphor is always embarrassing), "fly past scattered cottages along the Enfield Highway (nine and a half

after which extraordinary manœuvre the pursuers lost sight of Turpin altogether, till, encouraged by a waggoner's assurance that they would find the great highwayman at York, they caught a glimpse of him just outside Ware (twenty-one miles from London measured from Shoreditch church), standing with his bridle in his hand coolly quaffing a tankard of ale.

Here the pursuers changed horses, either at the Bull or The Saracen's Head, and again "pursued their onward course." "Night



From a Drawing by HERBERT RAILTON.

now spread her mantle over the earth ; still it was not wholly dark. A few stars were twinkling in the deep, cloudless heavens, and a pearly radiance in the eastern horizon heralded the rising of the orb of night," after which atmospheric eccentricities, it appears to me that we had better get forward as quickly as possible,—as Turpin did. Whether from the atmospheric eccentricities already alluded to, or from some ocular cause, peculiar physical symptoms might at this moment have been detected in Turpin himself, had a medical man been riding by him armed with a stethoscope. His blood "spun through his veins ; wound round his heart ; and mounted to his brain." Where it next went to is not on record ; but the possessor of this peculiar circulation went "away" away ! Hall, cot, tree, tower, glade, mead, waste, woodland, and other et ceteras to travel are seen, past, left behind—vanish as in a dream. To be plain, Turpin rode as hard as he could, I suppose, through Wades Mill, Puckeridge, Buntinford, Royston, till the limits of two shires have already been passed, and as he surmounts the "gentle hill that slips into Godmanchester," he enters the

confines of a third county—in point of fact the merry county of Huntingdon.

"The eleventh hour was given from the iron tongue of St. Mary's spire as he rode through the deserted streets—" of Huntingdon, which, as Huntingdon is fifty-eight miles and three-fourths from London, and as Turpin left the metropolis at seven o'clock, shows a record I believe of nearly sixty miles in four hours.

I am sorry for one thing that Turpin did not stop in Huntingdon, because in the George he would have found a very fine inn there ; but I suppose he heard his pursuers behind him, for he was gone like a meteor almost before he had appeared. Shortly afterwards he found himself surrounded by dew-gemmed hedges and silent, slumbering trees, also with broad meadows, pasture-land, drowsy cattle, and low-bleating sheep. "But what to Turpin at that moment was Nature, animate or inanimate?" It was nothing ! He was thinking only of his mare—and of himself. And here I am sorry to say the light-hearted highwayman fell almost into the weeping mood at the mawkish thought that no bright eyes rained their influence upon him ; no eagle orbs watched his movements ; no bells were rung ; no cup awaited his achievement ; no sweepstakes ; no plate. But at about Alconbury Hill, sixty-four miles from London, where the two roads to York meet, he re-

covered himself happily from this degraded dejection—asked himself what need he had of spectators, reminded himself that the eye of posterity was upon him, and midway between Alconbury Hill and Stilton (the intersecting dykes, yawners, gullies, or whatever they are called, beginning to send forth their



From a Drawing by HERBERT RAILTON.

steaming vapours) burst suddenly from the fog upon the York stage coach.

It being no uncommon thing for the coach to be stopped, the driver drew up his horses. Turpin at the same moment drew up his mare. I had always hoped that he was going to leap over the York coach too! But no! An exclamation was uttered by a gentleman on the box-seat—"That's Dick Turpin!" he exclaimed. The name of Turpin acted like magic on the passengers, according to advertisement. One jumped off behind; another having projected a cotton nightcap from the window drew it suddenly back. A faint scream in a female key issued from within; there was a considerable hubbub on the roof; and the guard was heard to click his horse-pistols. All which preliminaries having been adjusted, two horse-pistols having been discharged point-blank without any outward and visible effect, and some violent dialogue having been carried on between Dick and a Major Mowbray who was perched on the box-seat of the coach, relating to an obscure and wicked baronet resident somewhere in Sussex, the York mail went aimlessly on its way to London, and Turpin rode through Stilton (which is a place I shall

have a great deal to say about in a minute), through Norman's Cross, through Wansford turnpike gate, till eighty odd miles had been traversed, and the boundary of another county, Northampton, passed, when he deemed it fitting to make a brief halt.

He drew up, it will be remembered, at a small hostelry with which he was acquainted, bordering the beautiful domain of Burleigh. "Burleigh House by Stamford Town" that is to say. Here he called for three bottles of brandy, a pail of water, a scraper, a raw beefsteak, and other adjuncts to the toilet. Which order having been executed, the most sedulous groom could not have bestowed more attention upon the horse of his heart than Dick Turpin now paid to his mare. He performed, in fact, a complete variety entertainment of strange tricks common to ostlers, concluding the display by washing Black Bess from head to foot in the diluted spirit; not however, I am glad to be able to say, before he had conveyed a thimbleful of the liquid to his own parched throat. The effect of these blandishments on Black Bess may better be imagined than described—



From a Drawing by HERBERT RAILTON.

"her condition was a surprise even to Dick himself."

Her vigour seemed inexhaustible, her vivacity not a whit diminished, and suddenly "she pricked her ears and uttered a low neigh."

"Ha!" exclaimed Dick, springing into his saddle; "they come!"

A very short time after having made which



A Morning Draught.

From a Drawing by HUGH THOMSON.

remark, Dick Turpin and his mare were "once more distancing Time's swift chariot in its whirling passage o'er the earth," in which agreeable exercise Stamford (89 miles from London) and the tongue of Lincoln's fenny shire on which it is situated, are passed

almost in a breath. Rutland is won and passed and Lincolnshire once more entered. The Black Bull on Witham Common used to mark the borders of the counties, and at the same the hundredth milestone from London.

At about this point of the journey Dick's blood was again on fire. "He was giddy as after a deep draught of kindling spirit." This disagreeable symptom passed off, my readers will be glad to learn—"yet the spirit was still in the veins"—"the *estro* was working in the brain." Subject to this somewhat complicated condition of circulation is it surprising that Dick gave vent to his exaltation in one wild prolonged halloo? or that Bess, catching the spirit of an example so contagious, also bounded, leaped, and tore up

interfered so far as Turpin was concerned, with these scenic surroundings, took the form of a gibbet on the round point of hill which is a landmark to the whole plain of Belvoir: and to complete the disillusionment, two "scarecrow objects covered with rags and rusty links of chains depended from the tree." I need not mention I hope that on being confronted with this *coup de théâtre* prepared for him on a highway, Turpin looked up with an involuntary shudder, and remarked "will this be my lot, I wonder?"



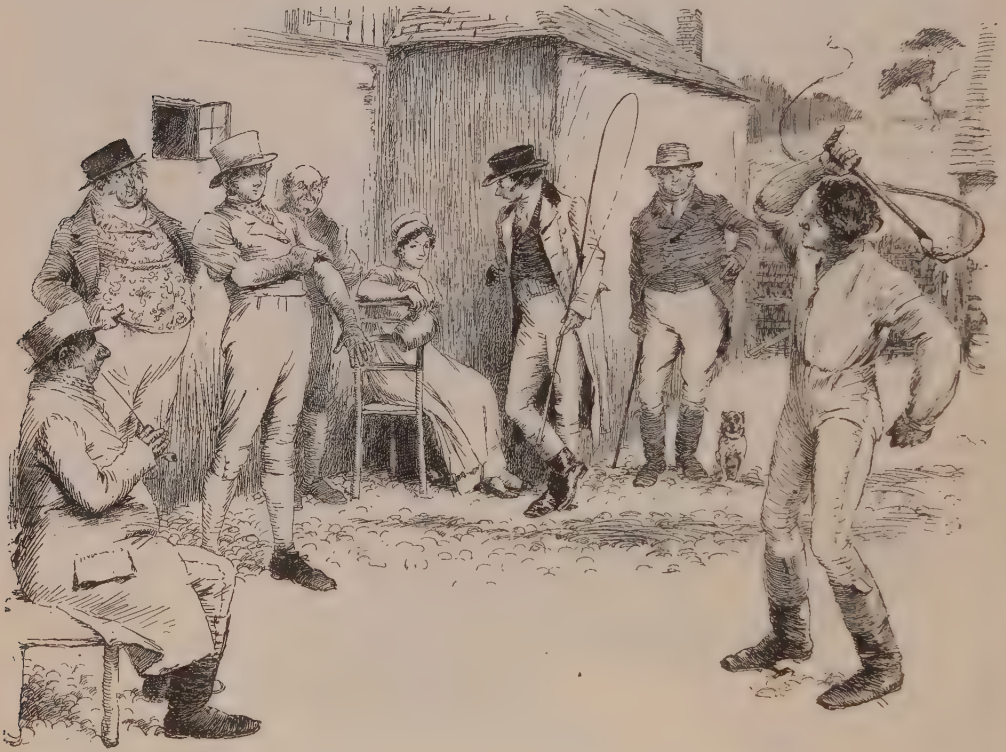
From a Drawing by HERBERT RAILTON.

the ground beneath her? And so "as eddying currents sweep o'er its plains in howling, bleak December," the pair pass over what remained of Lincolnshire—left the town of Grantham (110 miles), to which I shall also return in a moment or two, behind them, and in due course, that is to say when they had covered another mile and three-quarters, they were rising the ascent of Gunnerby Hill. From here there is a fine prospect—on the right Lincoln Minster, and on the left Belvoir Castle. The prospect however which

any more than I need recount with detail the immediate springing from beside a tuft of briars that skirted the blasted heath, of a crouching figure who observed, "Ay, marry, will it." Such facts in romances are everyday experiences, without the aid of which their surprising worlds would not go round. Besides, such matters have nothing to do really with the ride to York. Time also presses—as the novelist almost immediately afterwards remarks—and we may not linger on our course.

With a view of obviating which undesirable contingency the prophet Ainsworth proceeds to pass full forty miles in a breath of the Great North Road, and having left Dick admiring highwaymen hung in chains on Gunnerby Hill, just out of Grantham, proceeds to pick him up again as he rides through Bawtry, which is 153 miles from London, as measured from Hick's Hall, and is also where the Great North Road enters Yorkshire. But it may be well to mention

diverge—the main and mail road going by Doncaster, Ferrybridge, and Tadcaster into our terminus: the lower road going by Thorne, Selby, and Cawood. And Turpin took the lower road. And here the first signs of calamity began to overtake him. His mortal pursuers seem long since to have abandoned all idea of performing this feat. One of them named Titus, was resting like a wise man at the Angel at Grantham—having had as he poetically remarked, “a complete



Making the Yard Ring

From a Drawing by HUGH THOMSON.

that before Turpin got to Bawtry he went through Newark 124 $\frac{1}{4}$ miles from London, and 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ miles over the Nottinghamshire border—past Scarthing Moor inn (a posting-station in old days, but where is it now?), through Tuxford, where The Red Lion was a famous inn in the coaching days—now as the Newcastle Arms, and posting-house not unknown to fame—and so on past East Retford and Barnby Moor inn 147 $\frac{3}{4}$ miles from London, to the bourne where we left him.

And from Bawtry the roads to York

bellyful of it,” the rest were pursuing still no doubt—but nearly a county separated them from their prey. Yes, it was at such a crisis of affairs, when all promised to end prosperously for Richard Turpin, Esquire, that, as I say, calamity began to overtake him. As he was skirting the waters of the deep-channelled Don, Bess began to manifest some slight symptoms of distress. This was bad enough; but it “was now that gray and grimly hour ere one flicker of orange or rose has gemmed the East, and when unwearying

Nature herself seems to snatch brief repose." Under such a depressing condition of affairs, I cannot wonder for my part, that Bess's

bottle down her throat"—and lo! in the twinkling of an eye he was once more at a gallant pace traversing the banks of the



From a Drawing by HERBERT RAILTON.

slight symptoms of distress were communicated to her master, and that our gallant highwayman began to feel extremely low in his mind. "Hope forsook him, the reins also forsook his chilled fingers, his eyes, irritated by the keen atmosphere, hardly enabled him to distinguish surrounding objects,"—and it was owing probably to this latter circumstance that Bess suddenly floundered and fell, throwing her master over her head. Turpin instantly recovered himself.

But his practised eye soon told him that Black Bess was in a parlous plight. Her large eyes glared wildly. "She won't go much further," said Turpin, "and I must give it up! What! . . . give up the race just when it's won? . . . No! . . . That can't be . . . Ha! Well thought on!!"—with which he drew from his pocket the inevitable phial, without which romances could never be brought to their end. "Raising the mare's head upon his shoulder, he poured the contents of the

Don and skirting the fields of flax that bound its sides!

Snaith was soon passed, and our hero was well on the road to Selby when dawn put in



From a Drawing by HERBERT RAILTON.

an appearance with the usual accompaniments of sparrows twittering, hares running across the path, and mists rising from the

earth. It became extremely foggy, and Turpin, I am sorry to say, was so weak as to be influenced by the climate and became foggy too.

He became aware of another horseman riding by his side. "It was impossible to discern the features of the rider; but his figure in the mist seemed gigantic, neither was the colour of his steed distinguishable." And Dick having taken note of these phenomena, came somewhat hastily to an amazing conclusion. "It must be Tom," thought he; "he is come to warn me of my approaching end. I will speak to him."

blood or not sealed, as the case may be, Turpin rode down to the Ferry at Cawood—189½ miles from London. Nine miles only separated him from his goal. But the ferryman accidentally happened to be on the other side of the river, and at the same moment a loud shout smote his ear—(Turpin's ear, not the ferryman's). This shout was the Halloo of the pursuers. The only thing to be done now was to ford the river, and this Dick Turpin did. Once on the other side, he had a fresh start—in other words, "Once more on wings of swiftness" Black Bess bore him away from his pursuers. But Major

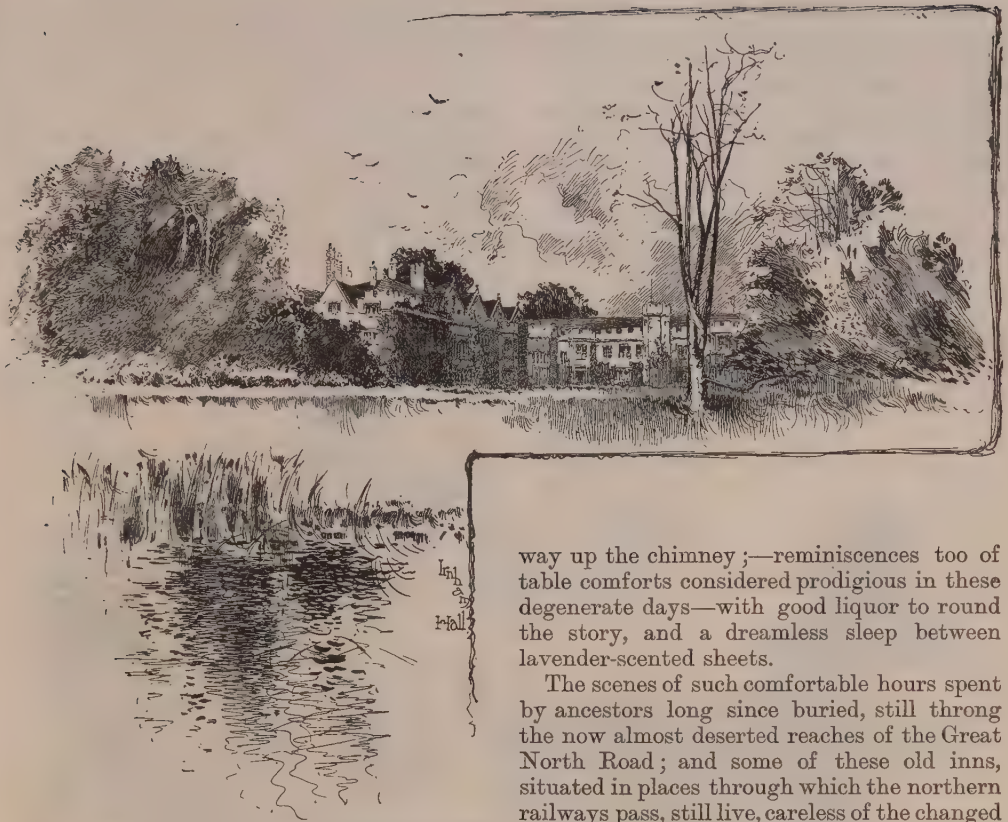


From a Drawing by HERBERT RAILTON.

But why Tom? Indeed it was not Tom at all as Turpin discovered by and by when the atmosphere had become clearer. "Sir Luke Rookwood by this light!" was the exclamation which sounded the depths of this conundrum and proved the grim personage who rode at our hero's right hand to be none other than the obscure and aimless baronet, resident somewhere in Sussex, and already mentioned in the encounter with the York Mail.

After a brief mysterious dialogue with this mysterious and aimless personage, principally dealing with such fanciful subjects as oaths, affianced brides, contracts sealed with

Mowbray, who was one of them, saw that all this parade of victory was only an expiring flash. "She must soon drop" he observed. Bess however held on past Fulford—"till the towers of York (199¼ miles from London) burst upon him in all the freshness, the beauty and the glory of a bright clear autumnal morn. The noble minster, and its serene and massive pinnacles, crocketed, lantern-like, and beautiful; Saint Mary's lofty spire; All Hallow's tower, and architectural York generally, to make a long list short, beamed upon him; shortly after which another mile was passed; shortly after which Dick shouted "hurrah!" shortly after which Black Bess "tottered—



From a Drawing by HERBERT RAILTON.

fell.—There was a dreadful gasp,—a parting moan—a snort; her eye gazed for an instant on her master with a dying glare; then grew palsied, rayless, fixed. A shiver also ran through her frame.” And there was an end of the celebrated ride to York. And I hope that those who can believe in it will.

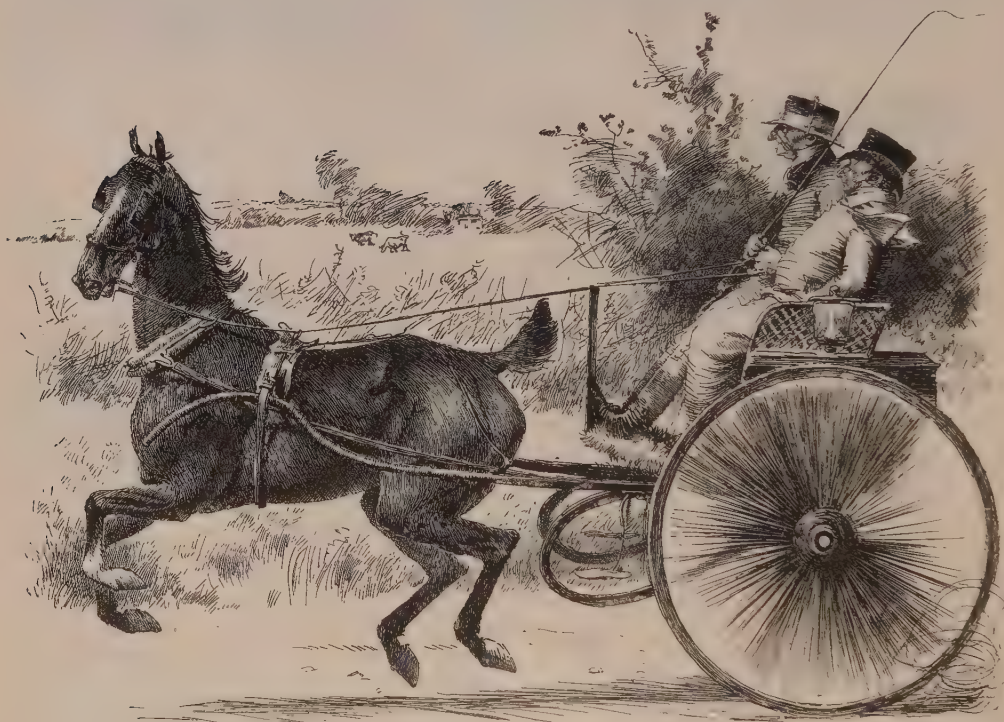
And now I come to a less legendary side of my subject. Turpin has taken us to York: and faster than we could have gone there in the Coaching Age—faster a good deal—but he has not stopped for us at any of the inns, and to one or two of these inns on the great North Road I wish particularly to introduce my readers. For they are hostleries in the true sense of the word, and call up even now I know not what coloured reminiscences of the full life of the Coaching Age—reminiscences of the late arrival of fagged travellers on snowy nights before ample porches, their induction thence, their immediate induction half frozen as they were, into snug parlours adorned with prints of coaches at full gallop, revealed by the light of a fire blazing half-

way up the chimney;—reminiscences too of table comforts considered prodigious in these degenerate days—with good liquor to round the story, and a dreamless sleep between lavender-scented sheets.

The scenes of such comfortable hours spent by ancestors long since buried, still through the now almost deserted reaches of the Great North Road; and some of these old inns, situated in places through which the northern railways pass, still live, careless of the changed condition of things, and tender the same hospitality to passengers alighting from the Great Northern Railway, as they used to tender in days gone by to passengers alighting from the Great York and Edinburgh Mail. At Stamford, for instance, the George still stands where it stood, though with main entrance altered—a huge reservoir in itself (had its record been in some way or other preserved) of a whole sea of travel continually ebbing and flowing between the Metropolis and the North. Royalty itself was entertained at this house in the person of Charles the First. The King slept here on his way from Newark to Huntingdon on August 23, 1645. And besides royalty, who I should like to know, can tell the list of its distinguished guests in all branches of all the arts, either of war or peace? Walter Scott was frequently at this house on those numerous jaunts of his up to London, when he was a welcome guest at the Prince's table—a valiant bottle companion and entrancing *raconteur*—always the same genial kindly gentleman of genius, though not known yet as the author of surely the most delightful novels in the world. To pass from the pen

to the sword, at this house stayed the Butcher of Culloden on his way up to London: and I do not doubt that the George's best Burgundy flowed in red seas down fierce gullets in loyal celebration of that shameful victory. But, as I have said in another place, the list of distinguished visitors at such great hostelries on the main roads of England, must be looked for in the letters and diaries of four generations. All were here we may be well assured, at such noted halting-places

But if so much can be said, and indeed it is no exaggeration to say so much about the inn at Stamford, the Great inn at Grantham twenty miles further north should be able to claim even a fuller tide of story. For the celebrated Angel at the latter place, now much resorted to by hunting men and women who can start from its doors to meet about four packs of hounds, is nothing more nor less than one of the three mediæval hostels remaining in England. And this means



DRIVING TO CATCH THE MAIL.
From a Drawing by HUGH THOMSON.

on the main artery of travel between two countries—all and of every rank in a motley assemblage of confused travel—kings, queens, statesmen, highwaymen (the North Road about Stamford was celebrated for these gentry), generals, poets, wits, fine ladies, conspirators, and coachmen. All were in such houses as this George at Stamford at one time or other in the centuries, and ate and drank, and robbed, or were robbed, and died, and made merry.

a good deal if one comes to think of it. It means, indeed, the survival of the best kind of thing in its way to be seen. For a very superlative kind of comfort was needed, I surmise, after however brief an experience of mediæval roads. And if what inns there were between London and York, when people had to ride the whole distance over often impassable morasses, had not been A 1, people would not have ridden so frequently between York and London.

To give an idea of the age of the Angel at Grantham (to come to details), the Knights Templars are supposed to have been at the

when I was last at Grantham, and the beautiful moulding in the oriel window of the Angel smoking-room gave life to the illusion.



From a Drawing by HERBERT RAILTON.

foundation of the whole affair. This however I think is an allegory—but what is quite certain about the place is that it was undoubtedly one of those *Maisons du Roi*, as they were called, which in days gone by, when the roads still had life in them, were placed at the special service of kings and their retinues as they passed here and there through England on royal progresses or quelling insurrections. Perhaps indeed as well known an historical event as can be chronicled—not an important historical event because they are as a rule not well known) took place in the three fine sitting rooms, which were then one room, over the entrance gateway of this celebrated inn. For here on October 19th, 1485, Richard the Third signed the death warrant of the Duke of Buckingham. This in itself is an appetizing fact to an imaginative traveller. It is not often I fancy that one can smoke the pipe of peace under a floor which creaked four hundred years ago to the unequal strides of a hunchbacked and irritable king. I thought I heard Richard's voice myself

ton, is to be found on Earth.

For here the Great Northern Railway has



From a Drawing by HERBERT RAILTON.

diverged from the line of the old road, and by doing so has turned a vast coaching emporium

into a corpse of a town—if town indeed Stilton could by any stretch of language ever have been called. It was rather, in its best days, a village clustering about two magnificent inns, the Angel and the Bell, which still stare at each other stonily across the great North Road. At the Angel, well known in the coaching days as the house of the famed Miss Worthington (stout, smiling, the christener of Stilton cheeses made miles away, but so called because they were sold at her hospitable door), over 300 horses were stabled for coaching and posting

understand the fact, that at Stilton in the old days the ebb and flow of traffic never ceased. All day coaches and postchaises continually poured into the place and out of it. And by night the great mails running from John o'Groats almost, into the heart of London, thundered through the splendid broad thoroughfare, visible mediums as it were of an empire's circulation. And other wayfarers besides postillions and coachmen seemed never off the road—huge flocks of geese destined for the London market, and travelling the seventy-five miles with un-



*The Coachman's
Courtesie.*

From a Drawing by HUGH THOMSON.

purposes. Vast barracks indeed stretching at the back of the old house—one wing of which alone is now open to travellers—tell of the bustle of post-boys, of the hurrying to and fro of fidgety passengers over eager to be off, of the harnessing and unharnessing of horses, of all the many-voiced Babel of travel in fact which fifty years ago surged and swayed round this teeming coaching centre, now lying silent and deserted as the grave. I am told, and from its central position on the great North Road seventy-five miles from London, I can well

common ease; enormous droves of oxen, not such roadsters born. Each beast was indeed thrown and shod at Stilton to enable them to bear the journey. And to show the huge press even of this kind of traffic, this business of shoeing oxen was a trade almost in itself, as I have been told by the present landlord of the Angel Inn, who used in his youth to do the office himself, and to whose still active memory I am indebted for most of the foregoing details.

And to cross the road (the breadth of the



great North Road at Stilton at once seizes the imagination, it is royal, the breadth of it, and looks like the artery of a nation), to cross the road from the Angel, and to come to the

Angel's great rival, the Bell, is a whole period in the history of English travel; to pass in twenty yards from the age of crack coaches and spicy teams to times long antecedent, when Flying Machines were not; when the great roads were hazily

marked over desolate heathy tracks; when men travelled on horseback, and women rode pillion, and people only felt secure when they went in large companies; when solitary travellers went in fear of their lives when the gloaming overtook them, and "spurred apace to reach the timely inn."

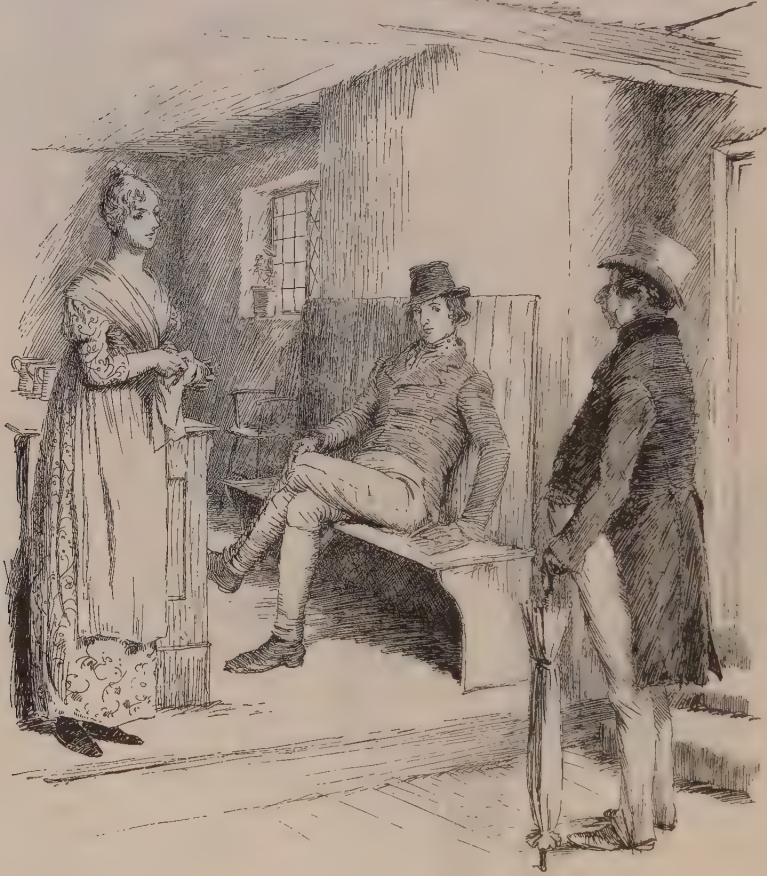
The date of Charles the First's execution is to be seen on one of the gables of the Bell. But this dream in stone must date far further back than 1649 (when no doubt a slight restoration was here commemorated), must date far back I

should say into the early days of the Tudors; must have seen much of the gorgeous life of that period of pageant pass and repass its hospitable doors. There is an inn at Tuxford, sixty-two miles further on the road to York, which stands on the site of an old house called

From a Drawing by HERBERT RAILTON.

the Crown, which must very greatly have resembled the Bell at Stilton. I make mention of it here because some of the Crown's history has been preserved, and the Bell must have had as full and very similar a record. To this Crown then at Tuxford (it was destroyed by a violent tempest in

ing of July 12th, 1503. All the neighbours of the place came in on horseback, and a great train of persons on foot to see the Queen at her departure from the town. These all fell into the procession and the minstrels commenced their avocations and "played right merrily." Having descended the hill, they



"Can I have a neigh's lodging?"

From a Drawing by HUGH THOMSON.

1587) came Margaret Tudor on her journey to the north. "She was met by the vicar and churchmen near where the rebel stone is now standing, the bells rang merrily till midnight, and large fires kept burning in the market-place." The Virgin Queen slept in the room over the south-east angle, and proceeded on her journey on the early morn-

again with difficulty began to ascend. The road at that period was anything but a road, and but barely passable even at that period of the year. Having arrived at the summit, the towers of Lincoln Minster presented their noble proportions in the distance, whereupon honour was done to this ancient temple of Jehovah. The whole *cortège*

stopped as with one consent, and Johannes and his company, the minstrels of music, and the trumpeters again made the welkin ring with their notes of praise, and the thanksgiving of the goodly company. Passing down the hill onward to Markham Moor (then consisting of only a few thatched cottages scattered here and there) the procession left what is now the route of the Great North Road, and proceeded through West Drayton, up to near Ecksley, the bells of which church merrily welcomed the daughter of the King of England. Passing slowly and heavily across the forest on the Old London Road, the cavalcade arrived at Rushey inn, then a noted resting-place for travellers, and an agreeable retreat from the gnats and flies, which then infested the ling,

in full armour, waggon-loads of victuals, oxen and sheep, and a banner borne by a retainer on which was worked a plough, a chalice and a Host, a horn, and the five wounds of Christ,—the well-known badge which marked the fiery course of the Pilgrimage of Grace. This great rising which began in Lincolnshire ran much of its course along the Great North Road: who knows how much of it passed through the now-deserted rooms and corridors of the great Northern inns such as this Bell at Stilton. It was in an inn at Lincoln at all events that on the night of October there was present a gentleman of Yorkshire whose name (Robert Aske) a few weeks later was ringing through every English household in accents of terror or admiration.



From a Drawing by HERBERT RAILTON.

gorse and furze on each side the margin of the road as far as the eye could reach. In due course Margaret Tudor arrived in Edinburgh, August 2nd, and was married August 8th, 1503.

Here is a picture of mediæval travel such as I think must have often been witnessed from the windows of such old houses of entertainment as the Bell at Stilton, when the Tudors ruled England. And often sterner episodes of history must have passed its doors than wedding processions of royal princesses, even in those days, when England was called merry, and was merry England indeed. During the year 1536 the Bell at Stilton was no doubt often visited by one of those medley cavalcades so common at the time, consisting of abbots

But indeed standing before such a monument of days gone by as this, it is not a question of this or that romantic episode rising to a fanciful man's mind as the pageant of a whole nation's history passing in sort of ghostly procession. And what episode of that pageant, or of such part of it at all events as passed on the Great North Road, has not this great deserted house of entertainment seen, fed, sheltered within its now crumbling walls? Gallants of Elizabeth's day, Cavaliers of Charles the First's, Ironsides on their way to Marston Moor, Restoration Courtiers flying from the Plague. And in days more modern, King's messengers spurring to London with the tidings of Culloden—and Cumberland himself fresh from his red victory, and the long line of Jacobite

prisoners passing in melancholy procession, to London, their arms pinioned behind them, each prisoner's horse led by a foot soldier carrying a musket with fixed bayonet; each division preceded by a troop of horse with

front of this old Bell Inn at Stilton; passed, faded, been succeeded by hundreds more stirring, which in their turn too, vanished like some half remembered dream. And the old house still seems to keep some mysterious



*Down the hill on
a frosty morning*

From a Drawing by HUGH THOMSON.

drawn swords, the drums insulting the unhappy prisoners by beating a triumphal march in derision.

Why, scenes beyond number such as these must have passed before the long gabled

memory of these scenes locked in its old withered heart; as gaunt, ghost-like, deserted but half alive, it stares night and day on the lonely North Road.

W. OUTRAM TRISTRAM.



IN EXILE.

I would I were the happy wind
 That still is free to follow
 His heart about the world to find
 The summer and the swallow.
 Out to the pleasant north he goes,
 Where I would fain be going,
 Through lands where violet and rose
 About his path are blowing.

Still northward, northward o'er the seas
 With flowers and sunny weather,
 Till he can hear the murmurous bees
 Among the purple heather ;
 Till he can hear the ripples play
 About the nodding sedges,
 And breathe the fragrance of the May
 Upon a hundred hedges.

Wind of the south, if it were mine
 With thee to go a-maying,
 In lands of olive and of vine
 No more I'd be delaying,
 But from my weary exile freed,
 Through sunlit ways or shady
 I'd follow where my heart would lead
 Until I found my lady.

Ah, happy wind, fly forth to-day,
 Fly past the flying ships,
 And in the pleasant Northland lay
 My kiss upon her lips ;
 Then shape the music of the birds
 That sweetly sing above her
 Into an echo of my words
 To tell her how I love her.

D. J. ROBERTSON.



ET CÆTERA.

“**T**IS something,” says Juvenal, if I may venture to coin an English equivalent for a very expressive Latin phrase—

“’Tis something, wheresoe’er
your lot be thrown,
To call a single lizard-
run your own.”

“As much ground as you would have a chance of finding a lizard on” was the Roman satirist’s measure of a modest man’s ambition in the matter of territorial proprietorship. In our own less lacertiferous country this would mean a good many acres, and the aspirant to the possession of this extent of land would hardly be justified in boasting of the simplicity of his requirements. It is difficult to say exactly what would answer in an English rural district to Juvenal’s “lizard-run.” In the London suburbs however, where land of course is much more scarce and precious, and where most of us have to be satisfied with a leasehold instead of a freehold tenure, the minimum of ground of which the citizen aspires to make himself master is easily to be estimated. “A room not big enough to swing a cat in” is a phrase of long popular employment to describe insufficient indoor accommodation. “A garden big enough to swing a bat in,” has become the accepted measure of the suburban householder’s wants. The builder—“jerry,” or otherwise—has discovered what is in these days absolutely necessary to ensure the “going-off” of the most unpretending of houses. Whatever else its little garden may or may not be, its lawn must, if any “cutting and contriving” of ground space can compass that end, be just big enough for a lawn-tennis court. It has become quite a curious sight to gaze from the windows of a railway carriage at the rows upon rows of little villas each with its little garden stretching down to the line, and

to admire the ingenious arrangement by which the occupier of each tenement has become the possessor of a lawn just a few yards longer than seventy-eight feet and a few feet broader than twelve yards. There are no longer, or but in rare instances does one see specimens of, that miniature landscape gardening which has been known to deal in so masterly and triumphant a fashion with a quarter of an acre. Seldom or never now does the gravel path meander bewilderingly among those mounds of broken brick and potsherd which their owner poetically describes as rock-work. Scarcely ever now does the rustic summer-house, sacred to the watchful spider, confront the spectator from the margin of the mimic shrubbery, or does the arch of wire span a central walk with its wealth of greenery and flowers. Rose trees a few there are, but they stand no longer in a goodly row from the drawing-room window to the bottom of the garden. They have shrunk away apologetically to the very corners of the lawn, where the tennis-bat of the “server” too often waves perilously above their trembling heads. The strawberry bed has been thrust back to the wall, and stretches along it, a forlorn strip, visited by many a whizzing ball when the service is severe. As the train sweeps past these gardens in the early spring, one sees everywhere the white rectangles ready delineated on the smooth-shaven sward; and on these summer afternoons the borders of the railway on either side are bright with white flannelled youths, and the waving skirts of maidens, and vocal with the excited cries of the players as they struggle in the last desperate rally on which hangs the issue of the “game and sett.”

Is this all to the good? From the point of view of the spectator, perhaps not; and if we could only convince our neighbours that they exist to gratify our tastes and to conform to our sense of æsthetic and other descriptions of fitness, there can be little doubt that

fewer suburban gardens would be sacrificed to the very exacting requirements of an outdoor game. Nor can it be denied that to many persons of the old school—as the young contemptuously describe those who look upon a garden as a place for fruits and flowers—the change is rather a painful one. The Shade of Cowper, for instance, with whom an eminent medium had been good enough to put me in communication, expresses himself on the subject in this wise:—

“For (though I frown not on the sports of youth,
And deem the Garden for the healthful joys
Of exercise, no less than for the needs
Of quiet and refreshment, fitly used,)
The mean should yet be kept. I cannot see
With patience each poor starveling patch of
ground
Forced, like the wretched cultivator-slave
Of some relentless Oriental fisc
To yield its tax of grass, and all too poor
For such a sacrifice of flowers, efface
A dozen beds to make a tennis-court.”

The same distinguished Shade has taken objection to what no doubt is to him the rather striking apparition, I mean the lady tennis-player. Thus he expresses himself:

“Fair was the Grecian damsel in the dance,
And fair Camilla flying o’er the blades
Of the young corn that bent not with her foot;
But beauty waits not always on the step
Of moving maidens, nor will grace attend
Obedient on whatever girlish game;
Fashion may countenance or whim adopt.
Admirers of the sex behold with pain
Its efforts to compete with ruder man
In these palaestral sports. With arms out-
stretched,
Or angularly bent, flushed face, dishevelled hair,
And general disarray of dress and mien,
Our new Nausicaas scour the lawn, inspired
With hope perhaps of winning thus the
heart
Of some less wise Ulysses. They forget
That English costume and Phæacian dress
Are not the same, nor did Alcinoüs’ child
Wear either ‘bustle,’ petticoat or hoop.”

Again too, in what I must personally consider a still more captious mood:

“And thou, vain greybeard! whom thy paunch
not warns,
Nor thy stiff knee-joints, nor the rusty hinge
Of thy reluctant elbow, slow to bend,
Still wilt thou lag superfluous? still affect
A youth thou hast not, an agility
Thou never hadst perhaps? Unhappy man!
Who strivest impotently to return
The school-girl’s service skimming o’er the net,
Whose nephews bucket thee about the court,
A foiled, perspiring wretch; the while thy
friends,

Compeers in age and bulk but far more wise,
From the spectators’ vantage-ground secure,
Chaff thee and spare not; and the lady guest
Whom thou didst think to dazzle, ill-conceals
Her pitying smile behind a cup of tea.
Desist! take counsel of thy pumping heart,
And all unmended bellows, ah! desist!
And seek employ more meet for middle age,
Which, if not reverend, should retain respect.
Hand round the cup upon whose ruddy depths
Floats the blue borage-flower, flood with cream
The strawberries of the fair, or deft of hand
Untwine the wiry fetters and release
The imprisoned spirit of the mineral spring.”

It is unnecessary for me to say that I do not agree in these sentiments of the Shade of Cowper. On the contrary, I think the Shade of Cowper talks nonsense: and that it would have been an excellent thing for the poet if lawn-tennis had been invented before he took his departure for the Elysian Fields (which do not admit of being marked out into courts), and that he himself had been an ardent player of the game. Cowper and Mary Unwin against Mr. Newton and Lady Hesketh would have made a capital “four”; and if anything could have overcome the profound, religious melancholy which overshadowed the life of the unhappy author of *The Task*, it would have been a good bout at this delightful game. Half a dozen “setts” on a hot summer afternoon would have left him quite incapable of tormenting himself with Calvinistic doubts. “Fling but a stone, the giant dies,” was the observation, if I remember rightly, of the ingenious Dr. Young: but Dr. Young’s giants were perhaps easily killed. “Strike but a ball, the giant dies,” is perhaps nearer the mark; and Cowper might have been a different man if he had taken to some form of athletic sport. Playing with a tame hare is not exercise enough: and he would have enjoyed that peaceful pastime all the more for occasionally varying it. We should still have had the exquisitely tender and touching lines to Tiny, and all we should have lost would have been *The Castaway*; and though one does not like to part with anything unique, and the last stanza of that poem strikes the deepest and most awful note of despair which has ever rung from human lips, I think that a compassionate world would make a shift to do without it on the terms I have mentioned.

However it does not much matter what may be urged against lawn-tennis by objectors from either world; for its position as a popular English pastime is now assured of permanence. Of course it will lose some of its present extraordinary vogue. In

other words it will part with some of the unnatural and artificial elements of its popularity, but it will never sink into the neglect which has overcome the game of croquet. For its immunity against the fate of that unhealthy exotic, originally imported I believe from Ireland, it is indebted to two causes. In the first place it has proved to be a game worthy the attention of the male sex, and which the young and active members of that sex have brought to a very high pitch of perfection. This insures to it a lasting place in what may be called the official list of English sports: this renders it certain that clubs will exist, matches will be played, prizes competed for, championships adjudicated in connection with the game for as long probably as cricket itself remains a national pastime. In the second place it is practically guaranteed an enduring life as what I may call a family amusement, by the remarkable and hitherto unprecedented fact that, although it is a game requiring no little of the qualities of eye and dexterity which we were wont to regard as especially masculine, it has of late years been cultivated with success, and with that real attachment which only comes of success, by women. Ten or fifteen years ago no man would have believed it possible that girls—that race of whose aptitudes Tom Tulliver entertained so disparaging an estimate—could ever have become such brilliant performers in the lawn-tennis court. Even among men less prejudiced than the young hero of *The Mill on the Floss*, it had always been an article of faith that women “can neither throw nor leap,” and that the day would never come when a tennis-bat wielded by a female arm would really and truly “strike” a ball instead of “spooning” it. They knew not what could be done with the female tennis-player by merely “catching her young.” The girls who have learnt their tennis in the schoolroom, so to speak, who began this game at the age when they began their “scales” and “exercises,” are very often nowadays a match for their brothers. And of power has been born grace, which indeed, if it does not always spring from power, must always have power for one of its parents. No one who has ever seen a really skilled competitor in a “ladies’ tournament,” but will at once retract and apologize for the impious words “awkward” and “unfeminine,” if any such slanders have ever passed his lips. Lawn-tennis has now fairly won its title to be considered a fitting game not merely for “young men and children,” but for “old men (or at any rate

middle aged men) and maidens” also. I have said my say on behalf of the latter, and as to the former they, if they are sensible men, are hardened against ridicule. Why may they not as legitimately breathe themselves, though unskilled, on the tennis-court, as grasp the crab-catching oar, or mount the unaccustomed horse? Aquatic and equestrian facilities moreover are less easily come by than the opportunities in these days for a bout at lawn-tennis. Dyspepsia, the scourge of this harmless and respectable class of the community, has greatly relaxed its ravages since the introduction of this admirable pastime, and corpulence has shrunk like a thing ashamed. I should not wonder if the game were actually to add to the standard of “viability”—if that actuary’s barbarism may be pardoned me—among middle-aged men.

“This day is published *Mary Stuart*, a brief statement of the principal charges which have been brought against her, together with answers to the same.” The announcement is that of Mr. Hosack’s book, an interesting contribution enough to this question; but in how many publishers’ lists must advertisements of a similar kind have appeared in the course of the last two centuries? The problem of Mary’s character and career seems destined to retain the immortal youth and fascination of the hapless Queen herself. Even Lord Beaconsfield, mock as he was, did not dare to include it with the authorship of *Junius*, and the identity of The Man with the Iron Mask, among the historical problems on which he cautioned his young friend against speculating, under pain of being set down as a bore. It is still permitted to the historical essayist to discuss the murder of Darnley and the flight with, or (for to use either word alone would be begging the question), the abduction by, Bothwell, without being voted tedious, unless indeed his natural gifts in that direction are so rich and exuberant as to make themselves felt on any subject. It is not only that Mary Stuart was beautiful, brave and unfortunate, she came of a peculiarly interesting family, almost every member of which for four or five generations possessed a deeply-marked and distinct individuality of his or her own. It would be difficult if we searched all history to name five sovereigns of one house differing more strongly from each other than Mary of Scotland, her son, grandson, and two great grandsons. It is this variety which gives the Stuarts their undeniable advantage over much more respectable dynasties in matters which appeal to the imagination. It

would be impossible for instance to get up an interesting "exhibition" of relics of the Four Georges. One may doubt whether even if the head of one of them had been cut off, and another had been driven into exile, the additional interest imparted thereby to the House of Hanover would have triumphed over the monotony of their commonplace and self-repeating characters. The Fourth George competes very fairly with the Second Charles in some of his tastes and characteristics; but he is an infinitely less interesting kind of rake, not half so "merry" a monarch, although very little more scrupulous in his merry-making, and not nearly so natural and "human" in his ways. No doubt it is as wrong and absurd to allow this attractive dash of simplicity and *bonhomie* in the character of Charles II. to plead against the portentous indictment of history as it is to accept the domestic virtues of his father as "extenuating circumstances." "We accuse Charles I." says Macaulay "of having given up his people to the merciless infliction of the most hot-headed and hard-hearted of prelates; and the defence is that he took his little son on his knee and kissed him." Similarly it might be said: "We accuse Charles II. of having sold the interests and the honour of his country to the King of France, and the answer is that he used to feed the ducks in St. James's Park." Undoubtedly the ducks in the ornamental water do not atone for the Dutch in the Medway; but still so ridiculously capricious is human judgment that most people will always be less embittered against Charles about the Dutch in consequence of the ducks. Now we cannot conceive the First Gentleman in Europe crossing the Mall from Carlton House with a hunk of bread in his hand, bound for the water's edge. Even the well known title by which I have just spoken of the Fourth George was far better deserved by his predecessor, who certainly seems to me to have been more of a gentleman than the F. G. in E. It is true that Charles had the advantage of possessing wit, without which, Mr. Louis Stevenson has rather discouragingly assured us, it is impossible to be more than "negatively a gentleman"; and that its wit was a very notable ingredient in the king's recorded reproof of William Penn. When Charles, on the Quaker's neglecting to uncover his head at an audience, took off his own hat, with the quiet remark that "It was usual for only one person to remain covered in that presence," he administered what may be called the ideal rebuke of the inferior by the superior. Its wit of course

is what first strikes the eye about it, but in its singularly happy combination of grace, dignity, and good-humour it is surely also the very perfection of manners.

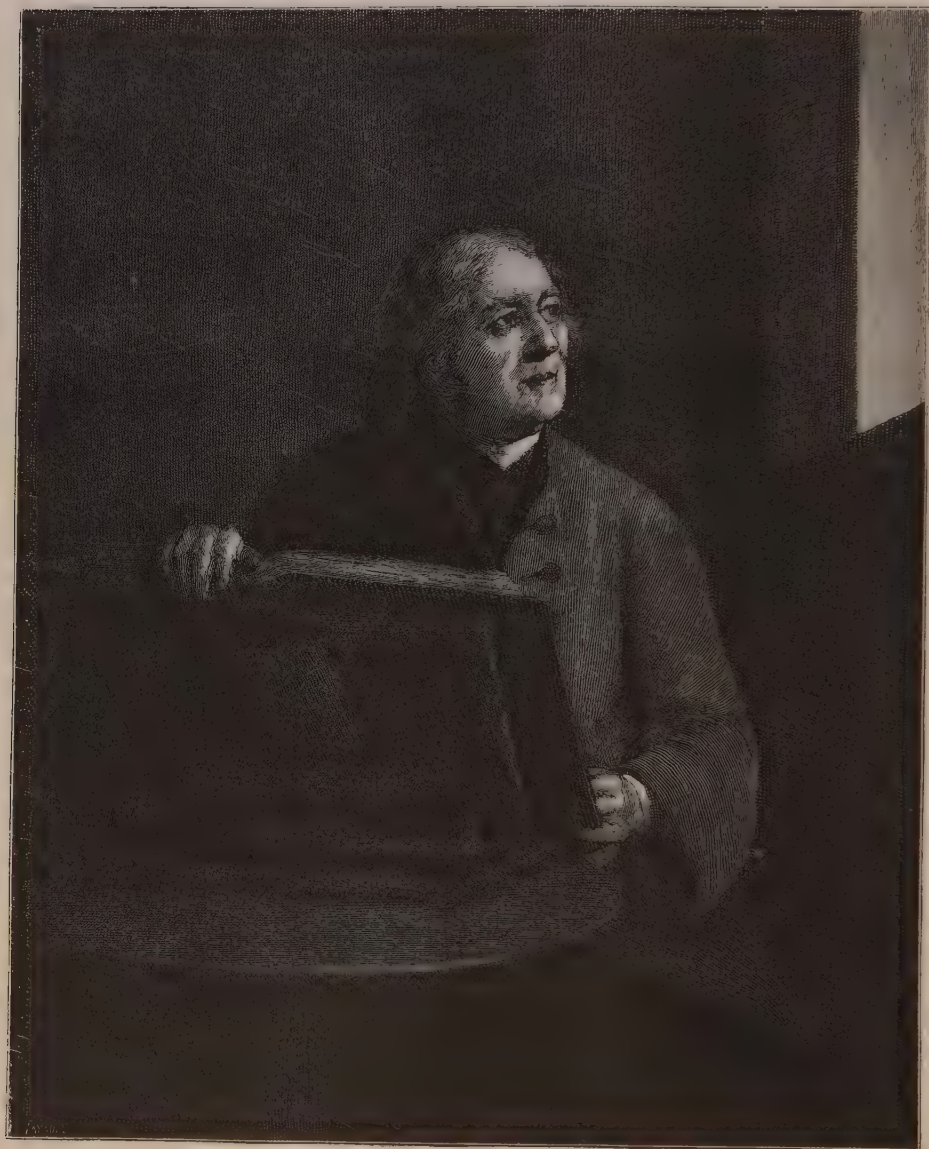
The great literary detective from across the Atlantic who has unveiled the gigantic hoax by which Lord Bacon contrived to mystify some eight or nine generations of his countrymen has paid his promised visit to us; has delivered his lecture; and left behind him the monument of his great discovery in the shape of two bulky volumes of I don't know how many hundred pages each. His oral expositions of his theory were listened to, I believe, with the grave and courteous attention which would have been given with equal certainty to any gentleman who might think fit to explain to a benighted world that the earth is a plane, or to demonstrate the caseine constitution of the moon. But the indulgent audience who listened so attentively to Mr. Donnelly's lecture, have, I imagine, drawn the line at the books, which are as inspiring to the mind as a table of logarithms and little less refreshing to the eye. They are in truth an appalling memorial of misdirected industry, and must have involved an amount of accountant's work which would have sufficed to wind up the affairs of half-a-dozen joint-stock companies instead of merely adjusting the respective rights of the partners in the firm of Shakespeare and Bacon. It is not only a monument of misdirected industry, it is the most singular record ever presented to mankind of the triumph of human prepossessions over the human reason. No one until the publication of Mr. Donnelly's "discovery" could have realized the extent to which a man apparently of some natural intelligence, and some reasoning capacity would succeed in enslaving himself to his own fixed idea. There is only one way of accounting for it. Even a fanatic of the "Baconian theory"—and certainly not *such* a fanatic as this—is not made in a moment; and my own impression is that Mr. Donnelly really did stumble, to begin with, on some curious accidents by which certain words in the first folio, *fairly arrived* at according to "a law"—for that is the whole point—did in fact arrange themselves into an intelligible, or more probably into a small part of, or a few words of, an intelligible sentence; that then a little manipulation of his "law" enabled him to add more words to these; and that after the first deviation from rectitude the downward path became smoother, and smoother, the "accommodations" more and more daring, the whole procedure more and more

licentious, until the text of the First Folio became to Mr. Donnelly like the words of the English language to one of Mr. Lewis Carroll's characters, and had to mean whatever he pleased. The contention on which he bases his case is no doubt impregnable; the trouble is that it stands in no sort of uniform relation to his facts. "If," argues Mr. Donnelly, "we were to find that the tenth word of a certain poem, play, or what not was the first word of the Lord's Prayer, that the twentieth word of that poem or play was the second word of the Lord's Prayer, the thirtieth the third, the fortieth the fourth, and so on, the presence of a cryptogram ought to be inferred with a force of probability growing in a geometrical ratio with each step, and attaining to absolute mathematical certainty long before we reached the doxology of the prayer." That is no doubt the case. But if only the actual tenth, twentieth and thirtieth words of the poem are the first, second and third words of the Prayer, and if not the fortieth but the forty-second is the fourth, while to get the fifth it is necessary to subtract sixteen from the fiftieth word "for luck," and the sixth word comes out very nicely if we are allowed to divide the number of words in the page by three, to add a root number selected on a principle which is to remain our own secret, and to divide the result by sixty, how then? Is it *then* a mathematical certainty that you have got a cryptogram of the Lord's Prayer before you? Because, if so, it is a mathematical certainty that you have got a cryptogram of the Lord's Prayer in any poem or for that matter any play, speech, essay, novel, or leading article which contains the not very uncommon words "hallowed," and "trespasses," and the exceedingly common words "Our," "Father," "which," "art," and so on down to the word "Amen." What for instance might not be done with *Paradise Lost*? It is a poem of great length—a poem of many thousands of lines and of many more thousands of words. What a field for Cryptogrammaticus!—to give the explorer a name, which as dimly recalling the historian from whom the plot of *Hamlet* was taken, has a flavour of Shakespearian association. What a history of the *vie intime* of the Lord Protector, as studied by his Latin Secretary, could be constructed from its pages! One most interesting disclosure of the secret details of the negotiations which intervened between the two Civil Wars, will reveal itself to anyone who carefully examines the first fifteen hundred and thirty lines of the poem, and is lucky enough to discover

the law of the cryptogram. The worst of it is that there is no probability of any one convincing Mr. Donnelly of this by actual experimental proof because the arithmetical labour necessary to work out the process is found only among those who discover mares' nests—never among those who desire to point out the mare. The discoverer himself is impenetrable to everything short of mathematical demonstration, and for aught I know to that too. He cannot, he will not, believe that that magnificent nest, so obviously the abode of one of Sinbad's colossal rocs, or at the very least of that supposedly extinct bird, the Great Auk, really contains nothing but a mare. You may again and again call his attention to the mild and patient eyes of the animal gazing at him over his mounded straw. You may count her hoofs before his eyes, and challenge him to deny the evidences of her unmistakable mane and tail. But it is all of no avail. The confession would be too painful to him; and you will never get him to make it.

The Great Auk reminds me of one of those curious and perhaps not altogether pleasant incidents which illustrate the growth of modern wealth and of profuseness in its employment for the gratification of individual tastes. Some months ago, what is described as a "very fine egg of the Great Auk" was sold at a London auction-room (I am conscious of the compromising jingle of these two words, but I defy all insinuations) for £225. It had been in the possession of the late owner since 1851, when it was purchased for £18. Auk's eggs thus have gone up a little more than 1200 per cent. in the market during the last thirty or forty years. It is impossible to suppose that there is a "corner" in these articles, or that they are really so much rarer now than in 1851, as to account for anything like the difference in price. Much of it must represent not merely the growth of wealth, though that of course has been considerable, but the increase of the effective determination of the wealthy to spend any amount of money on any whim. There are many tastes one might like to pacify even at extravagant cost, but I think that personally I should draw the line at Great Auk's eggs. The species, too, is not really though it may be nominally, or I should say perhaps it is not nominally though it may be really, extinct in these islands. There is a class of ornithologists who continually revive it in speaking of a certain species of the Falconidæ. In fact as long as 'Arry remains with us its survival is assured.

H. D. TRAILL.



THE PARISH CLERK.

Engraved by R. TAYLOR, from the Picture by GAINSBOROUGH in the National Gallery.

The English Illustrated Magazine.

AUGUST, 1888.

THE PATAGONIA.¹

IN TWO PARTS: PART FIRST.

I.



THE houses were dark in the August night and the perspective of Beacon Street, with its double chain of lamps, was a kind of foreshortened desert. The club on the hill alone, from its semi-cylindrical front, projected a glow

upon the dusky vagueness of the common, and as I passed it I heard in the hot stillness the click of a pair of billiard-balls. As "every one" was out of town perhaps the servants, in the extravagance of their leisure, were profaning the tables. The heat was insufferable and I thought with joy of the morrow, of the deck of the steamer, the freshening breeze, the sense of getting out to sea. I was even glad of what I had learned in the afternoon at the office of the company—that at the eleventh hour an old ship with a lower standard of speed had been put on in place of the vessel in which I had taken my passage. America was roasting, England might very well be stuffy, and a slow passage (which at that season of the year would probably also be a fine one) was a guarantee of ten or twelve days of fresh air.

I strolled down the hill without meeting a creature, though I could see through the palings of the Common that that recreative expanse was peopled with dim forms. I remembered Mrs. Nettlepoint's house—she lived in those days (they are not so distant, but there have been changes) on the water-side, a little way beyond the spot at which

the Public Garden terminates; and I reflected that like myself she would be spending the night in Boston if it were true that, as had been mentioned to me a few days before at Mount Desert, she was to embark on the morrow for Liverpool. I presently saw this appearance confirmed by a light above her door and in two or three of her windows, and I determined to ask for her, having nothing to do till bedtime. I had come out simply to pass an hour, leaving my hotel to the blaze of its gas and the perspiration of its porters; but it occurred to me that my old friend might very well not know of the substitution of the *Patagonia* for the *Scandinavia*, so that it would be an act of consideration to prepare her mind. Besides, I could offer to help her, to look after her in the morning; lone women are grateful for support in taking ship for far countries.

As I stood on her doorstep I remembered that as she had a son she might not after all be so lone; yet at the same time it was present to me that Jasper Nettlepoint was not quite a young man to lean upon, having (as I at least supposed) a life of his own and tastes and habits which had long since drawn him away from the maternal side. If he did happen just now to be at home my solicitude would of course seem officious; for in his many wanderings—I believed he had roamed all over the globe—he would certainly have learned how to manage. None the less I was very glad to show Mrs. Nettlepoint I thought of her. With my long absence I had lost sight of her, but I had liked her of old, she had been a close friend of my sisters, and I had in

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regard to her that sense which is pleasant to those who, in general, have grown strange or detached—the feeling that she at least knew all about me. I could trust her at any time to tell people what a respectable person I was. Perhaps I was conscious of how little I deserved this indulgence when it came over me that for years I had not communicated with her. The measure of this neglect was given by my vagueness of mind about her son. However, I really belonged nowadays to a different generation; I was more the old lady's contemporary than Jasper's. What was unpardonable was that in Germany I had never been near her daughter—the one who lived abroad. I knew she was fixed at Wiesbaden but I had quite forgotten the name of the Prussian diplomatist (much older than herself and now on the retired list) whom she had married.

Mrs. Nettlepoint was at home; I found her in her back drawing-room, where the wide windows opened upon the water. The room was dusky—it was too hot for lamps—and she sat slowly moving her fan and looking out on the little arm of the sea which is so pretty at night, reflecting the lights of Cambridgeport and Charlestown. I supposed she was musing upon the loved ones she was to leave behind, her other married daughters, her grandchildren; but she struck a note more specifically Bostonian as she said to me, pointing with her fan to the Back Bay—"I shall see nothing more charming than that over there, you know!" She made me very welcome but her son had told her about the *Patagonia*, for which she was sorry, as this would mean a longer voyage. She was a poor creature on shipboard and mainly confined to her cabin, even in weather extravagantly termed fine—as if any weather could be fine at sea!

"Ah, then your son's going with you?" I asked.

"Here he comes; he will tell you for himself much better than I am able to do."

Jasper Nettlepoint came into the room at that moment, dressed in white flannel and carrying a large fan.

"Well, my dear, have you decided?" his mother continued, with some irony in her tone. "He hasn't yet made up his mind and we sail at ten o'clock!"

"What does it matter when my things are put up?" said the young man. "There is no crowd at this moment; there will be cabins to spare. I'm waiting for a telegram—that will settle it. I just walked up to the club to see if it was come—they'll send it there because they think the house is closed.

Not yet, but I shall go back in twenty minutes."

"Mercy, how you rush about in this temperature!" his mother exclaimed, while I reflected that it was perhaps *his* billiard balls I had heard ten minutes before. I was sure he was fond of billiards.

"Rush? not in the least! I take it, uncommonly easy."

"Ah, I'm bound to say you do," Mrs. Nettlepoint exclaimed, inconsequently. I divined that there was a certain tension between the pair and a want of consideration on the young man's part, arising perhaps from selfishness. His mother was nervous, in suspense, wanting to be at rest as to whether she should have his company on the voyage or be obliged to make it alone. But as he stood there smiling and slowly moving his fan he struck me, somehow, as a person on whom this fact would not sit very heavily. He was of the type of those whom other people worry about, not of those who worry about other people. Tall and strong, he had a handsome face, with a round head and close-curling hair; the whites of his eyes and the enamel of his teeth, under his brown moustache, gleamed vaguely in the lights of the Back Bay. I made out that he was sunburnt, as if he lived much in the open air, and that he looked intelligent but also slightly brutal, though not in a morose way. His brutality, if he had any, was bright and finished. I had to tell him who I was, but even then I saw that he failed to place me and that my explanations gave me in his mind no great identity or at any rate no great importance. I foresaw that he would in intercourse make me feel sometimes very young and sometimes very old. He mentioned, as if to show his mother that he might safely be left to his own devices, that he had once started from London to Bombay at three-quarters of an hour's notice.

"Yes, and it must have been pleasant for the people you were with!" she declared, laughing.

"Oh, the people I was with——!" he rejoined; and his tone appeared to signify that such people would always have to come off as they could. He asked if there were no cold drinks in the house, no lemonade, no iced syrups; in such weather something of that sort ought always to be kept going. When his mother remarked that surely at the club they *were* going he went on, "Oh, yes, I had various things there; but you know I have walked down the hill since. One should have something at either end. May I ring and see?" He rang while Mrs.

Nettlepoint observed that with the people they had in the house—an establishment reduced naturally at such a moment to its simplest expression (they were burning-up candle-ends, and there were no luxuries) she would not answer for the service. The matter ended in the old lady's going out of the room in quest of syrup with the female domestic who had appeared in response to the bell and in whom Jasper's appeal aroused no visible intelligence.

She remained away some time and I talked with her son, who was sociable but desultory and kept moving about the room, always with his fan, as if he were impatient. Sometimes he seated himself for an instant on the window-sill, and then I saw that he was in fact very good-looking; a fine brown, clean young athlete. He never told me on what special contingency his decision depended; he only alluded familiarly to an expected telegram, and I perceived that he was probably not addicted to copious explanations. His mother's absence was an indication that when it was a question of gratifying him she had grown used to spare no pains, and I fancied her rummaging in some close store-room, among old preserve-pots, while the dull maid-servant held the candle awry. I know not whether this same vision was in his own eyes; at all events it did not prevent him from saying suddenly, as he looked at his watch, that I must excuse him, as he had to go back to the club. He would return in half an hour—or in less. He walked away and I sat there alone, conscious, in the dark, dismantled, simplified room, in the deep silence that rests on American towns during the hot season (there was now and then a far cry or a plash in the water, and at intervals the tinkle of the bells of the horse-cars on the long bridge, slow in the suffocating night), of the strange influence, half sweet, half sad, that abides in houses uninhabited or about to become so—in places muffled and bereaved, where the unheeded sofas and patient belittered tables seem to know (like the disconcerted dogs), that it is the eve of a journey.

After a while I heard the sound of voices, of steps, the rustle of dresses, and I looked round, supposing these things to be the sign of the return of Mrs. Nettlepoint and her handmaiden, bearing the refreshment prepared for her son. What I saw however was two other female forms, visitors just admitted apparently, who were ushered into the room. They were not announced—the servant turned her back on them and rambled off to our hostess. They came forward in a

wavering, tentative, unintroduced way—partly, I could see, because the place was dark and partly because their visit was in its nature experimental, a stretch of confidence. One of the ladies was stout and the other was slim, and I perceived in a moment that one was talkative and the other silent. I made out further that one was elderly and the other young and that the fact that they were so unlike did not prevent their being mother and daughter. Mrs. Nettlepoint reappeared in a very few minutes, but the interval had sufficed to establish a communication (really copious for the occasion), between the strangers and the unknown gentleman whom they found in possession, hat and stick in hand. This was not my doing (for what had I to go upon?) and still less was it the doing of the person whom I supposed and whom I indeed quickly and definitely learned to be the daughter. She spoke but once—when her companion informed me that she was going out to Europe the next day to be married. Then she said, "Oh, mother!" protestingly, in a tone which struck me in the darkness as doubly strange, exciting my curiosity to see her face.

It had taken her mother but a moment to come to that and to other things besides, after I had explained that I myself was waiting for Mrs. Nettlepoint, who would doubtless soon come back.

"Well, she won't know me—I guess she hasn't ever heard much about me," the good lady said; "but I have come from Mrs. Allen and I guess that will make it all right. I presume you know Mrs. Allen?"

I was unacquainted with this influential personage but I assented vaguely to the proposition. Mrs. Allen's emissary was good-humoured and familiar but rather appealing than insistent (she remarked that if her friend *had* found time to come in the afternoon—she had so much to do, being just up for the day, that she couldn't be sure—it would be all right); and somehow even before she mentioned Merrimac Avenue (they had come all the way from there) my imagination had associated her with that indefinite social limbo known to the properly-constituted Boston mind as the South End—a nebulous region which condenses here and there into a pretty face, in which the daughters are an "improvement" on the mothers and are sometimes acquainted with gentlemen resident in more distinguished districts of the New England capital—gentlemen whose wives and sisters in turn are not acquainted with them.

When at last Mrs. Nettlepoint came in,

accompanied by candles and by a tray laden with glasses of coloured fluid which emitted a cool tinkling, I was in a position to officiate as master of the ceremonies, to introduce Mrs. Mavis and Miss Grace Mavis, to represent that Mrs. Allen had recommended them—nay, had urged them—to come that way, informally, and had been prevented only by the pressure of occupations so characteristic of her (especially when she was up from Mattapoisett just for a few hours' shopping) from herself calling in the course of the day to explain who they were and what was the favour they had to ask of Mrs. Nettlepoint. Good-natured women understand each other even when divided by the line of topographical fashion, and our hostess had quickly mastered the main facts: Mrs. Allen's visit in the morning in Merrimac Avenue to talk of Mrs. Amber's great idea, the classes at the public schools in vacation (she was interested with an equal charity to that of Mrs. Mavis—even in such weather!—in those of the South End) for games and exercises and music, to keep the poor unoccupied children out of the streets; then the revelation that it had suddenly been settled almost from one hour to the other that Grace should sail for Liverpool, Mr. Porterfield at last being ready. He was taking a little holiday; his mother was with him, they had come over from Paris to see some of the celebrated old buildings in England, and he had telegraphed to say that if Grace would start right off they would just finish it up and be married. It often happened that when things had dragged on that way for years they were all huddled up at the end. Of course in such a case she, Mrs. Mavis, had had to fly round. Her daughter's passage was taken but it seemed too dreadful that she should make her journey all alone, the first time she had ever been at sea, without any companion or escort. *She* couldn't go—Mr. Mavis was too sick; she hadn't even been able to get him off to the seaside.

"Well, Mrs. Nettlepoint is going in that ship," Mrs. Allen had said; and she had represented that nothing was simpler than to put the girl in her charge. When Mrs. Mavis had replied that that was all very well but that she didn't know the lady in question Mrs. Allen had declared that that didn't make a speck of difference, for Mrs. Nettlepoint was kind enough for anything. It was easy enough to know her, if that was all the trouble. All Mrs. Mavis would have to do would be to go up to her the next morning when she took her daughter to the ship (she would see her there on the deck with her party) and tell her what she wanted. Mrs.

Nettlepoint had daughters herself and she would easily understand. Very likely she would even look after Grace a little on the other side, in such a queer situation, going out alone to the gentleman she was engaged to; she would just help her to turn round before she was married. Mr. Porterfield seemed to think they wouldn't wait long, once she was there; they would have it right over at the American consul's. Mrs. Allen had said it would perhaps be better still to go and see Mrs. Nettlepoint beforehand, that day, to tell her what they wanted; then they wouldn't seem to spring it on her just as she was leaving. She herself (Mrs. Allen) would call and say a word for them if she could save ten minutes before catching her train. If she hadn't come it was because she hadn't saved her ten minutes; but she had made them feel that they must come all the same. Mrs. Mavis liked that better, because on the ship in the morning there would be such a confusion. She didn't think her daughter would be any trouble—conscientiously she didn't. It was just to have some one to speak to her and not sally forth like a servant-girl going to a situation.

"I see, I am to act as a sort of bridesmaid and to give her away," said Mrs. Nettlepoint. She was in fact kind enough for anything and she showed on this occasion that it was easy enough to know her. There is nothing more tiresome than complications at sea, but she accepted without a protest the burden of the young lady's dependence and allowed her, as Mrs. Mavis said, to hook herself on. She evidently had the habit of patience, and her reception of her visitors' story reminded me afresh (I was reminded of it whenever I returned to my native land) that my dear compatriots are the people in the world who most freely take mutual accommodation for granted. They have always had to help themselves, and by a magnanimous extension they confound helping each other with that. In no country are there fewer forms and more reciprocities.

It was doubtless not singular that the ladies from Merrimac Avenue should not feel that they were importunate; what was striking was that Mrs. Nettlepoint did not appear to suspect it. However, she would in any case have thought it inhuman to show that—though I could see that under the surface she was amused at everything the lady from the South End took for granted. I know not whether the attitude of the younger visitor added or not to the merit of her good nature. Mr. Porterfield's intended took no part in her mother's

appeal, scarcely spoke, sat looking at the Back Bay and the lights on the long bridge. She declined the lemonade and the other mixtures which, at Mrs. Nettlepoint's request, I offered her, while her mother partook freely of everything, and I reflected (for I as freely consumed the reviving liquid) that Mr. Jasper had better hurry back if he wished to profit by the refreshment prepared for him.

Was the effect of the young woman's reserve ungracious, or was it only natural that in her particular situation she should not have a flow of compliment at her command? I noticed that Mrs. Nettlepoint looked at her often, and certainly though she was undemonstrative Miss Mavis was interesting. The candle-light enabled me to see that if she was not in the very first flower of her youth she was still a handsome girl. Her eyes and hair were dark; her face was pale and she held up her head as if, with its thick braids, it were an appurtenance she was not ashamed of. If her mother was excellent and common she was not common (not flagrantly so) and perhaps not excellent. At all events she would not be, in appearance at least, a dreary appendage, and (in the case of a person "hooking on") that was always something gained. Is it because something of a romantic or pathetic interest usually attaches to a good creature who has been the victim of a "long engagement" that this young lady made an impression on me from the first—favoured as I had been so quickly with this glimpse of her history? Certainly she made no positive appeal; she only held her tongue and smiled, and her smile corrected whatever suggestion might have forced itself upon me that the spirit was dead—the spirit of that promise of which she found herself doomed to carry out the letter.

What corrected it less, I must add, was an odd recollection which gathered vividness as I listened to it—a mental association which the name of Mr. Porterfield had evoked. Surely I had a personal impression, over-smearred and confused, of the gentleman who was waiting at Liverpool, or who would be, for Mrs. Nettlepoint's *protégée*. I had met him, known him, some time, somewhere, somehow, in Europe. Was he not studying something—very hard—somewhere, probably in Paris, ten years before, and did he not make extraordinarily neat drawings, linear and architectural? Didn't he go to a table d'hôte, at two francs twenty-five, in the Rue Bonaparte, which I then frequented, and didn't he wear spectacles and a Scotch plaid arranged in a manner which seemed to say, "I have trustworthy information that that

is the way they do it in the Highlands"? Was he not exemplary and very poor, so that I supposed he had no overcoat and his tartan was what he slept under at night? Was he not working very hard still, and wouldn't he be in the natural course, not yet satisfied that he knew enough to launch out? He would be a man of long preparations—Miss Mavis's white face seemed to speak to one of that. It appeared to me that if I had been in love with her I should not have needed to lay such a train to marry her. Architecture was his line and he was a pupil of the *École des Beaux Arts*. This reminiscence grew so much more vivid with me that at the end of ten minutes I had a curious sense of knowing—by implication—a good deal about the young lady.

Even after it was settled that Mrs. Nettlepoint would do everything for her that she could her mother sat a little, sipping her syrup and telling how "low" Mr. Mavis had been. At this period the girl's silence struck me as still more conscious, partly perhaps because she deprecated her mother's loquacity (she was enough of an "improvement" to measure that) and partly because she was too full of pain at the idea of leaving her infirm, her perhaps dying father. I divined that they were poor and that she would take out a very small purse for her trousseau. Moreover for Mr. Porterfield to make up the sum his own case would have had to change. If he had enriched himself by the successful practice of his profession I had not encountered the buildings he had reared—his reputation had not come to my ears.

Mrs. Nettlepoint notified her new friends that she was a very inactive person at sea; she was prepared to suffer to the full with Miss Mavis but she was not prepared to walk with her, to struggle with her, to accompany her to the table. To this the girl replied that she would trouble her little, she was sure; she had a belief that she should prove a wretched sailor and spend the voyage on her back. Her mother scoffed at this picture, prophesying perfect weather and a lovely time, and I said that if I might be trusted, as a tame old bachelor fairly sea-seasoned, I should be delighted to give the new member of our party an arm or any other countenance whenever she should require it. Both the ladies thanked me for this (taking my description only too literally), and the elder one declared that we were evidently going to be such a sociable group that it was too bad to have to stay at home. She inquired of Mrs. Nettlepoint if there were any one else—if she were to be accompanied by some of her family; and when our hostess mentioned her

son—there was a chance of his embarking but (wasn't it absurd?) he had not decided yet, she rejoined with extraordinary candour—"Oh dear, I do hope he'll go; that would be so pleasant for Grace."

Somehow the words made me think of poor Mr. Porterfield's tartan, especially as Jasper Nettlepoint strolled in again at that moment. His mother instantly challenged him: it was ten o'clock; had he by chance made up his great mind? Apparently he failed to hear her, being in the first place surprised at the strange ladies and then struck with the fact that one of them was not strange. The young man, after a slight hesitation, greeted Miss Mavis with a handshake and an "Oh, good evening, how do you do?" He did not utter her name and I could see that he had forgotten it; but she immediately pronounced his, availing herself of an American girl's discretion to introduce him to her mother.

"Well, you might have told me you knew him all this time!" Mrs. Mavis exclaimed. Then smiling at Mrs. Nettlepoint she added, "It would have saved me a worry, an acquaintance already begun."

"Ah, my son's acquaintances—!" Mrs. Nettlepoint murmured.

"Yes, and my daughter's too!" cried Mrs. Mavis, jovially. "Mrs. Allen didn't tell us *you* were going," she continued, to the young man.

"She would have been clever if she had been able to!" Mrs. Nettlepoint ejaculated.

"Dear mother, I have my telegram," Jasper remarked, looking at Grace Mavis.

"I know you very little," the girl said, returning his observation.

"I've danced with you at some ball—for some sufferers by something or other."

"I think it was an inundation," she replied, smiling. "But it was a long time ago—and I haven't seen you since."

"I have been in far countries—to my loss. I should have said it was for a big fire."

"It was at the Horticultural Hall. I didn't remember your name," said Grace Mavis.

"That is very unkind of you when I recall vividly that you had a pink dress."

"Oh, I remember that dress—you looked lovely in it!" Mrs. Mavis broke out. "You must get another just like it—on the other side."

"Yes, your daughter looked charming in it," said Jasper Nettlepoint. Then he added, to the girl—"Yet you mentioned my name to your mother."

"It came back to me—seeing you here. I had no idea this was your home."

"Well, I confess it isn't, much. Oh, there are some drinks!" Jasper went on, approaching the tray and its glasses.

"Indeed there are and quite delicious," Mrs. Mavis declared.

"Won't you have another then?—a pink one, like your daughter's gown."

"With pleasure, sir. Oh, do see them over," Mrs. Mavis continued, accepting from the young man's hand a third tumbler.

"My mother and that gentleman? Surely they can take care of themselves," said Jasper Nettlepoint.

"But my daughter—she has a claim as an old friend."

"Jasper, what does your telegram say?" his mother interposed.

He gave no heed to her question; he stood there with his glass in his hand, looking from Mrs. Mavis to Miss Grace.

"Ah, leave her to me, madam; I'm quite competent," I said to Mrs. Mavis.

Then the young man looked at me. The next minute he asked of the young lady—"Do you mean you are going to Europe?"

"Yes, to-morrow; in the same ship as your mother."

"That's what we've come here for, to see all about it," said Mrs. Mavis.

"My son, take pity on me and tell me what light your telegram throws," Mrs. Nettlepoint went on.

"I will, dearest, when I've quenched my thirst." And Jasper slowly drained his glass.

"Well, you're worse than Gracie," Mrs. Mavis commented. "She was first one thing and then the other—but only about up to three o'clock yesterday."

"Excuse me—won't you take something?" Jasper inquired of Gracie; who however declined, as if to make up for her mother's copious *consommation*. I made privately the reflection that the two ladies ought to take leave, the question of Mrs. Nettlepoint's good will being so satisfactorily settled and the meeting of the morrow at the ship so near at hand; and I went so far as to judge that their protracted stay, with their hostess visibly in a fidget, was a sign of a want of breeding. Miss Grace after all then was not such an improvement on her mother, for she easily might have taken the initiative of departure, in spite of Mrs. Mavis's imbibing her glass of syrup in little interspaced sips, as if to make it last as long as possible. I watched the girl with an increasing curiosity; I could not help asking myself a question or two about her and even perceiving already (in a dim and general way) that there were

some complications in her position. Was it not a complication that she should have wished to remain long enough to assuage a certain suspense, to learn whether or no Jasper were going to sail? Had not something particular passed between them on the occasion or at the period to which they had covertly alluded and did she really not know that her mother was bringing her to *his* mother's, though she apparently had thought it well not to mention the circumstance? Such things were complications on the part of a young lady betrothed to that curious cross-barred phantom of a Mr. Porterfield. But I am bound to add that she gave me no further warrant for suspecting them than by the simple fact of her encouraging her mother, by her immobility, to linger. Somehow I had a sense that *she* knew better. I got up myself to go, but Mrs. Nettlepoint detained me after seeing that my movement would not be taken as a hint, and I perceived she wished me not to leave my fellow-visitors on her hands. Jasper complained of the closeness of the room, said that it was not a night to sit in a room—one ought to be out in the air, under the sky. He denounced the windows that overlooked the water for not opening upon a balcony or a terrace, until his mother, whom he had not yet satisfied about his telegram, reminded him that there was a beautiful balcony in front, with room for a dozen people. She assured him we would go and sit there if it would please him.

"It will be nice and cool to-morrow, when we steam into the great ocean," said Miss Mavis, expressing with more vivacity than she had yet thrown into any of her utterances my own thought of half an hour before. Mrs. Nettlepoint replied that it would probably be freezing cold, and her son murmured that he would go and try the drawing-room balcony and report upon it. Just as he was turning away he said, smiling, to Miss Mavis—"Won't you come with me and see if it's pleasant?"

"Oh, well, we had better not stay all night!" her mother exclaimed, but without moving. The girl moved, after a moment's hesitation; she rose and accompanied Jasper into the other room. I observed that her slim tallness showed to advantage as she walked and that she looked well as she passed, with her head thrown back, into the darkness of the other part of the house. There was something rather marked, rather surprising (I scarcely knew why, for the act was simple enough) in her doing so, and perhaps it was our sense of this that held

the rest of us somewhat stiffly silent as she remained away. I was waiting for Mrs. Mavis to go, so that I myself might go; and Mrs. Nettlepoint was waiting for her to go so that I might not. This doubtless made the young lady's absence appear to both as longer than it really was; it was probably very brief. Her mother moreover, I think, had a vague consciousness of embarrassment. Jasper Nettlepoint presently returned to the back drawing-room to get a glass of syrup for his companion, and he took occasion to remark that it was lovely on the balcony; one really got some air, the breeze was from that quarter. I remembered, as he went away with his tinkling tumbler, that from *my* hand a few minutes before Miss Mavis had not been willing to accept this innocent offering. A little later Mrs. Nettlepoint said—"Well, if it's so pleasant there we had better go ourselves." So we passed to the front and in the other room met the two young people coming in from the balcony. I wondered in the light of subsequent events exactly how long they had been sitting there together. (There were three or four cane chairs which had been placed there for the summer.) If it had been but five minutes that only made subsequent events more curious. "We must go, mother," Miss Mavis immediately said; and a moment later, with a little renewal of chatter as to our general meeting on the ship, the visitors had taken leave. Jasper went down with them to the door and as soon as they had gone out Mrs. Nettlepoint exclaimed—"Ah, but she'll be a bore—she'll be a bore!"

"Not through talking too much—surely."

"An affectation of silence is as bad. I hate that particular *pose*; it's coming up very much now; an imitation of the English, like everything else. A girl who tries to be statuesque at sea—that will act on one's nerves!"

"I don't know what she tries to be, but she succeeds in being very handsome."

"So much the better for you. I'll leave her to you, for I shall be shut up. I like her being placed under my 'care.'"

"She will be under Jasper's," I remarked.

"Ah, he won't go—I want it too much."

"I have an idea he will go."

"Why didn't he tell me so then—when he came in?"

"He was diverted by Miss Mavis—a beautiful unexpected girl sitting there."

"Diverted from his mother—trembling for his decision?"

"She's an old friend; it was a meeting after a long separation."

"Yes, such a lot of them as he knows!" said Mrs. Nettlepoint.

"Such a lot of them?"

"He has so many female friends—in the most varied circles."

"Well, we can close round her then—for I on my side knew, or used to know, her young man."

"Her young man?"

"The *fiancé*, the intended, the one she is going out to. He can't by the way be very young now."

"How odd it sounds!" said Mrs. Nettlepoint.

I was going to reply that it was not odd if you knew Mr. Porterfield, but I reflected that that perhaps only made it odder. I told my companion briefly who he was—that I had met him in the old days in Paris when I believed for a fleeting hour that I could learn to paint, when I lived with the *jeunesse des écoles*, and her comment on this was simply—"Well, he had better have come out for her!"

"Perhaps so. She looked to me as she sat there as if she might change her mind at the last moment."

"About her marriage?"

"About sailing. But she won't change now!"

Jasper came back, and his mother instantly challenged him. "Well, *are* you going?"

"Yes, I shall go," he said, smiling. "I have got my telegram."

"Oh, your telegram!" I ventured to exclaim. "It's that charming girl who has settled it."

He gave me a look, but in the dusk I could not make out very well what it conveyed. Then he bent over his mother, kissing her. "My telegram isn't particularly satisfactory. I am going for *you*."

"Oh, you humbug!" she rejoined. But of course she was delighted.

II.

PEOPLE usually spend the first hours of a voyage in squeezing themselves into their cabins, taking their little precautions, either so excessive or so inadequate, wondering how they can pass so many days in such a hole and asking idiotic questions of the stewards, who appear in comparison such men of the world. My own initiations were rapid, as became an old sailor, and so it seemed were Miss Mavis's, for when I mounted to the deck at the end of half an hour I found her

there alone, in the stern of the ship, looking back at the dwindling continent. It dwindled very fast for so big a place. I accosted her, having had no conversation with her amid the crowd of leave-takers and the middle of farewells before we put off; we talked a little about the boat, our fellow-passengers and our prospects and then I said—"I think you mentioned last night a name I know—that of Mr. Porterfield."

"Oh no, I never uttered it," she replied, smiling at me through her closely-drawn veil.

"Then it was your mother."

"Very likely it was my mother." And she continued to smile, as if I ought to have known the difference.

"I venture to allude to him because I have an idea I used to know him," I went on.

"Oh, I see." Beyond this remark she manifested no interest in my having known him.

"That is if it's the same one." It seemed to me it would be silly to say nothing more; so I added "My Mr. Porterfield was called David."

"Well, so is ours." "Ours" struck me as clever.

"I suppose I shall see him again if he is to meet you at Liverpool," I continued.

"Well, it will be bad if he doesn't."

It was too soon for me to have the idea that it would be bad if he did: that only came later. So I remarked that I had not seen him for so many years that it was very possible I should not know him.

"Well, I have not seen him for a great many years, but I expect I shall know him all the same."

"Oh, with you it's different," I rejoined, smiling at her. "Hasn't he been back since those days?"

"I don't know what days you mean."

"When I knew him in Paris—ages ago. He was a pupil of the *École des Beaux Arts*. He was studying architecture."

"Well, he is studying it still," said Grace Mavis.

"Hasn't he learned it yet?"

"I don't know what he has learned. I shall see." Then she added: "Architecture is very difficult and he is tremendously thorough."

"Oh, yes, I remember that. He was an admirable worker. But he must have become quite a foreigner if it's so many years since he has been at home."

"Oh, he is not changeable. If he were changeable——" But here my interlocutress paused. I suspect she had been going

to say that if he were changeable he would have given her up long ago. After an instant she went on: "He wouldn't have stuck so to his profession. You can't make much by it."

"You can't make much?"

"It doesn't make you rich."

"Oh, of course you have got to practise it—and to practise it long."

"Yes—so Mr. Porterfield says."

Something in the way she uttered these words made me laugh—they were so serene an implication that the gentleman in question did not live up to his principles. But I checked myself, asking my companion if she expected to remain in Europe long—to live there.

"Well, it will be a good while if it takes me as long to come back as it has taken me to go out."

"And I think your mother said last night that it was your first visit."

Miss Mavis looked at me a moment. "Didn't mother talk?"

"It was all very interesting."

She continued to look at me. "You don't think that."

"What have I to gain by saying it if I don't?"

"Oh, men have always something to gain."

"You make me feel a terrible failure, then! I hope at any rate that it gives you pleasure—the idea of seeing foreign lands."

"Mercy—I should think so!"

"It's a pity our ship is not one of the fast ones, if you are impatient."

She was silent a moment, then she exclaimed, "Oh, I guess it will be fast enough!"

That evening I went in to see Mrs. Nettlepoint and sat on her sea-trunk, which was pulled out from under the berth to accommodate me. It was nine o'clock but not quite dark, as our northward course had already taken us into the latitude of the longer days. She had made her nest admirably and lay upon her sofa in a becoming dressing-gown and cap, resting from her labours. It was her regular practice to spend the voyage in her cabin, which smelt good (such was the refinement of her art), and she had a secret peculiar to herself for keeping her port open without shipping seas. She hated what she called the mess of the ship and the idea, if she should go above, of meeting stewards with plates of supererogatory food. She professed to be content with her situation (we promised to lend each other books and I assured her familiarly that I should be in and out of her room a dozen times a day), and pitied me for having to mingle in society.

She judged this to be a limited privilege, for on the deck before we left the wharf she had taken a view of our fellow-passengers.

"Oh, I'm an inveterate, almost a professional observer," I replied, "and with that vice I am as well occupied as an old woman in the sun with her knitting. It puts it in my power, in any situation, to *see things*. I shall see them even here and I shall come down very often and tell you about them. You are not interested to-day but you will be to-morrow, for a ship is a great school of gossip. You won't believe the number of researches and problems you will be engaged in by the middle of the voyage."

"I? Never in the world—lying here with my nose in a book and never seeing anything."

"You will participate at second hand. You will see through my eyes, hang upon my lips, take sides, feel passions, all sorts of sympathies and indignations. I have an idea that your young lady is the person on board who will interest me most."

"Mine, indeed! She has not been near me since we left the dock."

"Well, she is very curious."

"You have such cold-blooded terms," Mrs. Nettlepoint murmured. "*Elle ne sait pas se conduire*; she ought to have come to ask about me."

"Yes, since you are under her care," I said, smiling. "As for her not knowing how to behave—well, that's exactly what we shall see."

"You will, but not I! I wash my hands of her."

"Don't say that—don't say that."

Mrs. Nettlepoint looked at me a moment. "Why do you speak so solemnly?"

In return I considered her. "I will tell you before we land. And have you seen much of your son?"

"Oh yes, he has come in several times. He seems very much pleased. He has got a cabin to himself."

"That's great luck," I said, "but I have an idea he is always in luck. I was sure I should have to offer him the second berth in my room."

"And you wouldn't have enjoyed that, because you don't like him," Mrs. Nettlepoint took upon herself to say.

"What put that into your head?"

"It isn't in my head—it's in my heart, my *cœur de mère*. We guess those things. You think he's selfish—I could see it last night."

"Dear lady," I said, "I have no general ideas about him at all. He is just one of the phenomena I am going to observe. He

seems to me a very fine young man. However," I added, "since you have mentioned last night I will admit that I thought he rather tantalized you. He played with your suspense."

"Why, he came at the last just to please me," said Mrs. Nettlepoint.

I was silent a moment. "Are you sure it was for your sake?"

"Ah, perhaps it was for yours!"

"When he went out on the balcony with that girl perhaps she asked him to come," I continued.

"Perhaps she did. But why should he do everything she asks him?"

"I don't know yet, but perhaps I shall know later. Not that he will tell me—for he will never tell me anything; he is not one of those who tell."

"If she didn't ask him what you say is a great wrong to her," said Mrs. Nettlepoint.

"Yes, if she didn't. But you say that to protect Jasper, not to protect her," I continued, smiling.

"You *are* cold-blooded—it's uncanny!" my companion exclaimed.

"Ah, this is nothing yet! Wait a while—you'll see. At sea in general I'm awful—I pass the limits. If I have outraged her in thought I will jump overboard. There are ways of asking (a man doesn't need to tell a woman that) without the crude words."

"I don't know what you suppose between them," said Mrs. Nettlepoint.

"Nothing but what was visible on the surface. It transpired, as the newspapers say, that they were old friends."

"He met her at some promiscuous party—I asked him about it afterwards. She is not a person he could ever think of seriously."

"That's exactly what I believe."

"You don't observe—you imagine," Mrs. Nettlepoint pursued. "How do you reconcile her laying a trap for Jasper with her going out to Liverpool on an errand of love?"

"I don't for an instant suppose she laid a trap; I believe she acted on the impulse of the moment. She is going out to Liverpool on an errand of marriage; that is not necessarily the same thing as an errand of love, especially for one who happens to have had a personal impression of the gentleman she is engaged to."

"Well, there are certain decencies which in such a situation the most abandoned of her sex would still observe. You apparently judge her capable—on no evidence—of violating them."

"Ah, you don't understand the shades of things," I rejoined. "Decencies and violations—there is no need for such heavy artillery! I can perfectly imagine that without the least immodesty she should have said to Jasper on the balcony, in fact if not in words—'I'm in dreadful spirits, but if you come I shall feel better, and that will be pleasant for you too.'"

"And why is she in dreadful spirits?"

"She isn't!" I replied, laughing.

"What is she doing?"

"She is walking with your son."

Mrs. Nettlepoint said nothing for a moment; then she broke out, inconsequently—"Ah, she's horrid!"

"No, she's charming!" I protested.

"You mean she's 'curious'?"

"Well, for me it's the same thing!"

This led my friend of course to declare once more that I was cold-blooded. On the afternoon of the morrow we had another talk, and she told me that in the morning Miss Mavis had paid her a long visit. She knew nothing about anything, but her intentions were good and she was evidently in her own eyes conscientious and decorous. And Mrs. Nettlepoint concluded these remarks with the exclamation "Poor young thing!"

"You think she is a good deal to be pitied, then?"

"Well, her story sounds dreary—she told me a great deal of it. She fell to talking little by little and went from one thing to another. She's in that situation when a girl *must* open herself—to some woman."

"Hasn't she got Jasper?" I inquired.

"He isn't a woman. You strike me as jealous of him," my companion added.

"I dare say *he* thinks so—or will before the end. Ah no—ah no!" And I asked Mrs. Nettlepoint if our young lady struck her as a flirt. She gave me no answer but went on to remark that it was odd and interesting to her to see the way a girl like Grace Mavis resembled the girls of the kind she herself knew better, the girls of "society," at the same time that she differed from them; and the way the differences and resemblances were mixed up, so that on certain questions you couldn't tell where you would find her. You would think she would feel as you did because you had found her feeling so, and then suddenly, in regard to some other matter (which was yet quite the same) she would be terribly wanting. Mrs. Nettlepoint proceeded to observe (to such idle speculations does the vanity of a sea-voyage give encouragement) that she wondered whether it were better to be an ordinary girl

very well brought up or an extraordinary girl not brought up at all.

"Oh, I go in for the extraordinary girl under all circumstances."

"It is true that if you are *very* well brought up you are not ordinary," said Mrs. Nettlepoint, smelling her strong salts. "You are a lady, at any rate. *C'est toujours ça.*"

"And Miss Mavis isn't one—is that what you mean?"

"Well—you have seen her mother."

"Yes, but I think your contention would be that among such people the mother doesn't count."

"Precisely; and that's bad."

"I see what you mean. But isn't it rather hard? If your mother doesn't know anything it is better you should be independent of her, and yet if you are that constitutes a bad note." I added that Mrs. Mavis had appeared to count sufficiently two nights before. She had said and done everything she wanted while the girl sat silent and respectful. Grace's attitude (so far as her mother was concerned) had been eminently decent.

"Yes, but she couldn't bear it," said Mrs. Nettlepoint.

"Ah, if you know it I may confess that she has told me as much."

Mrs. Nettlepoint stared. "Told you? There's one of the things they do!"

"Well, it was only a word. Won't you let me know whether you think she's a flirt?"

"Find out for yourself, since you pretend to study folks."

"Oh, your judgment would probably not at all determine mine. It's in regard to yourself that I ask it."

"In regard to myself?"

"To see the length of maternal immorality."

Mrs. Nettlepoint continued to repeat my words. "Maternal immorality?"

"You desire your son to have every possible distraction on his voyage and if you can make up your mind in the sense I refer to that will make it all right. He will have no responsibility."

"Heavens, how you analyse! I haven't in the least your passion for making up my mind."

"Then if you chance it you'll be more immoral still."

"Your reasoning is strange," said the poor lady; "when it was you who tried to put it into my head yesterday that she had asked him to come."

"Yes, but in good faith."

"How do you mean in good faith?"

"Why, as girls of that sort do. Their allowance and measure in such matters is much larger than that of young ladies who have been, as you say, *very* well brought up; and yet I am not sure that on the whole I don't think them the more innocent. Miss Mavis is engaged, and she's to be married next week, but it's an old, old story, and there's no more romance in it than if she were going to be photographed. So her usual life goes on, and her usual life consists (and that of those young ladies in general) in having plenty of gentlemen's society. Having it I mean without having any harm from it."

"Well, if there is no harm from it what are you talking about and why am I immoral?"

I hesitated, laughing. "I retract—you are sane and clear. I am sure she thinks there won't be any harm," I added. "That's the great point."

"The great point?"

"I mean, to be settled."

"Mercy, we are not trying them! How can we settle it?"

"I mean of course in our minds. There will be nothing more interesting for the next ten days for our minds to exercise themselves upon."

"They will get very tired of it," said Mrs. Nettlepoint.

"No, no, because the interest will increase and the plot will thicken. It can't help it." She looked at me as if she thought me slightly Mephistophelean, and I went on—"So she told you everything in her life was dreary?"

"Not everything but most things. And she didn't tell me so much as I guessed it. She'll tell me more the next time. She will behave properly now about coming in to see me; I told her she ought to."

"I am glad of that," I said. "Keep her with you as much as possible."

"I don't follow you much," Mrs. Nettlepoint replied, "but so far as I do I don't think your remarks are in very good taste."

"I'm too excited, I lose my head, cold-blooded as you think me. Doesn't she like Mr. Porterfield?"

"Yes, that's the worst of it."

"The worst of it?"

"He's so good—there's no fault to be found with him. Otherwise she would have thrown it all up. It has dragged on since she was eighteen; she became engaged to him before he went abroad to study. It was one of those childish muddles which parents in America might prevent so much more than

they do. The thing is to insist on one's daughter's waiting—on the engagement being long; and then after you have got that started to take it on every occasion as little seriously as possible—to make it die out. You can easily tire it out. However, Mr. Porterfield has taken it seriously for some years. He has done his part to keep it alive. She says he adores her."

"His part? Surely his part would have been to marry her by this time."

"He has absolutely no money."

"He ought to have got some in seven years."

"So I think she thinks. There are some sorts of poverty that are contemptible. But he has a little more now. That's why he won't wait any longer. His mother has come out, she has something—a little—and she is able to help him. She will live with them and bear some of the expenses and after her death the son will have what there is."

"How old is she?" I asked, cynically.

"I haven't the least idea. But it doesn't sound very inspiring. He has not been to America since he first went out."

"That's an odd way of adoring her."

"I made that objection mentally but didn't express it to her. She met it indeed a little by telling me that he had had other chances to marry."

"That surprises me," I remarked. "And did she say that she had had?"

"No, and that's one of the things I thought nice in her; for she must have had. She didn't try to make out that he had spoiled her life. She has three other sisters and there is very little money at home. She has tried to make money; she has written little things and painted little things, but her talent is apparently not in that direction. Her father has had a long illness and has lost his place—he was in receipt of a salary in connection with some waterworks—and one of her sisters has lately become a widow, with children and without means. And so as in

fact she never has married any one else, whatever opportunities she may have encountered, she appears to have just made up her mind to go out to Mr. Porterfield as the least of her evils. But it isn't very amusing."

"That only makes it the more honourable. She will go through with it, whatever it costs, rather than disappoint him after he has waited so long. It is true," I continued, "that when a woman acts from a sense of honour—"

"Well, when she does?" said Mrs. Nettlepoint, for I hesitated perceptibly.

"It is so extravagant a course that some one has to pay for it."

"You are very impertinent. We all have to pay for each other, all the while; and for each other's virtues as well as vices."

"That's precisely why I shall be sorry for Mr. Porterfield when she steps off the ship with her little bill. I mean with her teeth clenched."

"Her teeth are not in the least clenched. She is in perfect good-humour."

"Well, we must try and keep her so," I said. "You must take care that Jasper neglects nothing."

I know not what reflection this innocent pleasantry of mine provoked on the good lady's part; the upshot of them at all events was to make her say—"Well, I never asked her to come; I'm very glad of that. It is all their own doing."

"Their own—you mean Jasper's and hers?"

"No indeed. I mean her mother's and Mrs. Allen's; the girl's too of course. They put themselves upon us."

"Oh yes, I can testify to that. Therefore I'm glad too. We should have missed it, I think."

"How seriously you take it!" Mrs. Nettlepoint exclaimed.

"Ah, wait a few days!" I replied, getting up to leave her.

HENRY JAMES.

(To be continued.)



THE SCHOOL-FRONT.
From a Drawing by W. HAROLD OAKLEY.

A RUGBY RAMBLE.



DR. ARNOLD'S TABLE AND
CHAIR.
From a Drawing by W.
HAROLD OAKLEY.

THE name Rugby is derived, according to some learned authorities, from the Celtic *ruc*, a river, and *bye*, a town. It appears as Rocheberie in *Domesday*, and soon afterwards it takes the form of Rokeby. If however the town owes its name to the Avon, it is to an illustrious townsman of the sixteenth century that it owes its fame. Lawrence Sheriff, the founder of Rugby School, was in the language of his time, "a grosser and one that did sell spices." His name may be spelt according to the fancy of the speller. In the household accounts (1551-2) of the Princess, afterwards Queen, Elizabeth, there are many entries of payment chiefly for spice to Lawrence Shreffe, Sherif, Shreffe, Sheriff, and yet another variation is supplied by the record of his burial, which gives his name thus—Shyryfe. This is not all; Carlisle in his *Endowed Grammar Schools* (1818) tells us of the family of Sherive in Warwickshire. Lawrence, as it is safest to write him, was born early in the reign of Henry VIII., in a house opposite St. Andrew's Church, Rugby. It is satisfactory to know that like all great

men he has yet another birthplace, should the one given be thought unworthy, for according to a different and probably incorrect report the infant Lawrence first saw the light at Brownsover. When grown to man's estate he carried on business in Newgate Street, London, with such success that in 1566 he became vice-warden of the Grocers' Company, and in the same year purchased the parsonage of Brownsover. The characteristic story of his rebuking friend Robert Farrer for calling the Lady Elizabeth "a Jill" may with propriety be here inserted. Robert Farrer was a haberdasher of London, "dwelling neer unto Newgate Market," and was a constant customer at the "Rose Taverne," a place also patronized by neighbour Lawrence. On one occasion, "soone after the sturre of Wiatt," the former thought fit to make use of the expression that brought the worthy grocer at once to his legs. "It evill becommeth thee," began the rebuke, "to call her a Jill; and for thy so saying, I say that thou art a knave, and I will complain upon thee." And he did too, the end being that the indiscreet haberdasher was dismissed with a caution, "and thus Sheriffe came away and Farrer had a flap with a fox taile." This Farrer did not bear a very good character according to Fox the martyrologist, who gives him many a flap,

though probably he deserved more. One of his lesser vices was drunkenness, and he was "a common accuser of honest and quiet men." Lawrence Sheriff died in 1567. A passage in his will, dated July 22nd of that year, ran as follows: "My body to the yearth, whereof it was formed, the which I will shall be decently buried within the parish church of St. Andrew's, Rugby, but the funerale to be first done in the cittie of London." That



TOWER OF PARISH CHURCH AND ALMSHOUSES, RUGBY.
From a Drawing by W. HAROLD OAKLEY.

his desire in this respect was not carried out is proved by the old register of Christ Church in Newgate Street. "1567. September. The xvi Daye was buried Mr. Lawrence Shyryfe." The will went on to ordain that the testator's "lands, tenements, and hereditaments in the county of Warwick" (consisting chiefly of the parsonage of Brownsover and the great house in Rugby) "and the some of one hundred punde of lawfull English money" be set aside for the founda-

tion of a grammar school for boys of Browns-over, Rugby, and other places "thereto adjoining." In 1777 this vague limitation was defined more clearly by the substitution of the words "within five measured miles of Rugby." While on this point it may be as well to notice that in 1808 the advantages of the school were extended to those who lived within a radius of ten miles. A master was provided for in the document known as "The Intent" of Lawrence Sheriff. He was to be "an honest discrete learned man, to bee ever a Mr. of Arts, yf it may conveniently bee," to teach grammar "freely" to the children of Rugby and Brownsover. Whether his powers extended to birching them freely is not stated. "For his sallary, or wages, the some of twelve pundes" is set down.

We now come to the famous codicil dated August 31, 1567. In a lucky moment for the school the testator cancelled the legacy of "the some of one hundred punde," and substituted land to the value of £106 13s. 4d., "being a third portion of twenty-four acres in Lamb's Conduit Fields, near London." What a lucky stroke of the pen was that for the future finances of the school! It must be remembered that £5 in 1567 probably went further than £60 three hundred years later. It is to be doubted if Lawrence gave more than £5 for his favourite "gray ambling nagge," which, together with "his chayne of gold weighing twenty ounces," and his "gold ring with the picture of death upon it," he bequeathed to his wife. He appointed two friends, Harrison and Field, "overseers" of the charity. Harrison died soon after the founder, and Field appropriated "the third part of Lamb's Conduit Close" to his own use. Justice however was done in 1614, when the property was restored to the charity, all arrears were paid off, and twelve trustees were appointed. Lamb's Conduit Close, in Gray's Inn Fields, had been purchased in 1560 from one John Strete of Holborn, vintner, for £320. It was at that date half a mile from any houses in the city, and it was not then thought probable that it ever would constitute part of the metropolis. After the act of 1593 forbidding the building of any new houses within three miles of London and Westminster the improbability must have appeared still greater. The third part of the Conduit Close was let soon after the death of Lawrence Sheriff for £8 a year, while the Brownsover property yielded more than double the rent. Let us compare with this the respective values of the properties in 1814. We find that the

net annual rental of the Middlesex estate, consisting of 149 houses, amounted to considerably over two thousand pounds, while the Warwickshire property did not yield a twentieth of that amount. The difference between the value of the two properties at the present day would of course be still greater in favour of that strip of land that the benevolent grocer in a lucky moment substituted for one hundred pounds. In 1748 the headmaster's salary was £63 6s. 8d., but thirty years later, when Sir John Eardley

Wooll (1807) did but receive, according to Carlisle, £113 6s. 8d., "together with a handsome house, and spacious apartments for the reception of fifty pupils." A curious item in the charges of each of these fifty is the following: "Washing (per annum) £1 11s. 0d.—two shirts a week. N.B. Washing a third shirt and waistcoats are separate charges; a third shirt 15s. 9d. a year." A "study," the Rugby boy's citadel, was also "an extra." It is to be supposed there was a common camp of refuge for those who



SHEEP STREET, RUGBY.

From a Drawing by W. HAROLD OAKLEY.

Wilmot, who "twice refused the seals of office of lord chancellor," was a trustee, it was increased by an additional £50 a year, together with a fee not exceeding £3 a year on each boy in the school. The assistant masters, who were to be Protestants of the Church of England, were to receive £80 a year, and the writing master half that sum. Exhibitions were also first established at this date. They were eight in number and of the annual value of £40. Those who held them had to reside eight months in the course of a year at Oxford or Cambridge. Dr. John

could not afford the luxury of seclusion. The Howkins litigation about the Brownsover property is so intolerably dull that I am sure it will be quite enough to state that the difficulties originated by this unscrupulous nephew of the founder were finally settled in 1653 in favour of the school, and that all arrears were paid up. To guard the charity against future Howkinses and Fields twelve trustees were appointed. They were to meet four times a year, and a sum not exceeding 20s. per annum was to be spent on their entertainment at these meetings. Oh, ye

modern boards of directors, how would ye fare on such an allowance! It was the custom up to 1751 to strew the big school with rushes, and at a later date with oak-boughs, on these great occasions. The *School Register*, published in 1867, dates from 1675, the year in which Robert Ashbridge succeeded Knightly Harrison as headmaster. A few remarks on some of the earlier masters would not be out of place, especially as, thanks to the researches of that indefatigable old Rugbeian, Mr. Matthew Holbeche Bloxam, who entered the school midsummer 1813, and who still resides at Rugby, we have the material at hand.¹ Mr. Bloxam's father was also connected with the school in different capacities for sixty-three consecutive years, from 1777, the year in which "the dawn of splendour began to appear," until 1841. Mr. Bloxam speaks therefore with the highest



YE QUAD.

From a Drawing by W. HAROLD OAKLEY.

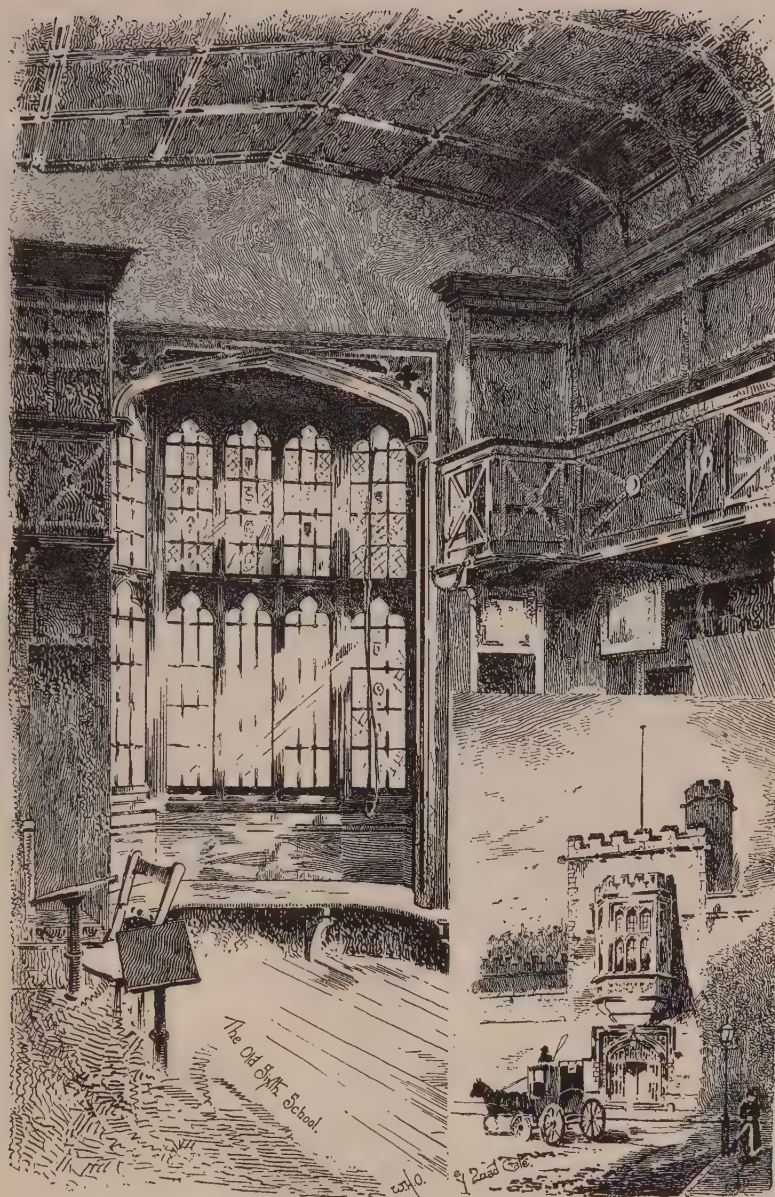
authority and his statements deserve the respect ever due to the utterances of "the oldest inhabitant." To him, through his articles published in the school paper, *The Meteor*, I am indebted for most of the information concerning the early history of the school, and for the legends of the neighbourhood which I intend to relate. It is amusing to read with what ease he spans over three centuries as if they were so many generations. We are told that when he went to school the Rev. John Richmond, D.D., headmaster from 1750 to 1754, was still living, that Dr. Richmond was born before the death of

Henry Holyoak, who was in existence ere that troublesome nephew Howkins ceased from his wicked practises. By the successive stages therefore of Bloxam, Richmond, Holyoak, Howkins, we are quietly carried back to the days of William Shakespeare. The first of the many celebrated headmasters that Oxford has given Rugby was Nicholas Greenhill. He took his B.A. degree in 1602, and although no "Mr. of Arts" was elected headmaster. On his memorial tablet in St. Margaret's Church, Whitnash, are these lines:—

"This green-hill periwig'd with snow
Was levell'd in the spring;
This hill the Nine and Three did know,
Was sacred to his king.
But he must downe, although so much divine,
Before he rise, never to set but shine."

The Henry Holyoak already mentioned was a chorister, Fellow and Chaplain of Magdalen College, Oxford. Mr. Bloxam introduces his account of him with the following story:—"In 1834, when the Duke of Wellington and Mr. John Wilson Croker were travelling to Oxford, the former exclaimed as the carriage was descending Headington Hill, "What tower is that?" Mr. Croker replied, "That is the tower against which James the Second knocked his head." That knocking of the royal head gave to Rugby incidentally its most celebrated master of the seventeenth century. Holyoak during the deadlock that temporarily existed through the disagreement of James the Second with the Fellows of Magdalen College as to the appointment of Dr. John Hough as President of the College, resigned his chaplaincy and accepted the headmastership of Rugby. The above conversation is not mentioned by Mr. Jennings in his *Life and Correspondence of Mr. John Wilson Croker*, but it must have taken place during the journey to Oxford in June (*Croker*, ii. 224), when the duke received a D.C.L. degree, and was installed as chancellor. In Holyoak's time (1687—1730) the average number of boys was but thirty. Two of his pupils particularly distinguished themselves. The Rev. William Paul, an enthusiastic Jacobite, was arrested, tried, convicted of high treason, hung, drawn and quartered, in 1716. Edward Cave, the projector of *The Gentleman's Magazine*, "a periodical pamphlet of which the scheme is known," according to Dr. Johnson, "wherever the English language is spoken," was his second distinguished pupil. Cave was born in the village of Newton, near Rugby, in which

¹ Since this article was written Rugby has had to mourn the loss of its staunchest friend. Mr. Bloxam died in the town where he had passed his life in his eighty-fourth year.



THE OLD SIXTH SCHOOL.
From a Drawing by W. HAROLD OAKLEY.

town his father was a shoemaker. Let us now turn to the school buildings.

The old schoolroom "with the circular projection facing the close," for which the sum of £1,800 was set aside in 1750-1, existed up to 1808-9. A sketch of it "taken in a hasty visit to my *alma mater* after having quitted her three years," by John Pugh, Junr., of Lamb's Conduit Street, together with an article on the "History

of the Foundation of Rugby School," is to be seen in *The Gentleman's Magazine* for March, 1809. This sketch should be compared with one by E. Pretty, the school drawing master, 1809, representing the old school-house, schools, and close. The tree standing near the thatched and tiled barns, which were fitted up temporarily as school-rooms, was known as "Treens tree," though it is a mystery even to Mr. Bloxam how or

whence the name originated. The year 1809 is important in the history of the buildings of the school. In that year Mr. Henry Hakewill was appointed architect, and he, adding to some plans which he found left him by his predecessor, erected new buildings on the old site at the cost of about thirty thousand pounds, in the Elizabethan style. The frontage, looking south, is of white brick with angles, cornices, dressings to windows,



THE NEW BIG SCHOOL.

From a Drawing by W. HAROLD OAKLEY.

and openings, of Attleborough (near Nuneaton) stone, and is two hundred feet long. The school gates lead into a quadrangle, commonly called "The Quad," consisting of schoolhouse, offices, and hall, class-rooms, what must now be called old big school, the old Arnold Library, afterwards the head-quarters of the Natural History Society, and the Sixth school. The latter looks down the High Street, and is situated over the archway. Was there ever an old sixth-form boy—or, to give him his preposterous official title, was there ever a præpostor, who on revisiting Rugby did not ascend, if not too stout, that narrow corkscrew staircase, to sit once more at the well-remembered tables, and to recall memories of his schoolfellows while gazing on

"The wall on which they tried their gravings skill,

The very name they carved subsisting still,
The bench on which they sat while deep employed,

Tho' mangled, hackt, and hew'd, yet not destroyed."

In 1814 it was resolved that a chapel

should be built, and four years later the "old" chapel was completed. It was practically rebuilt as part of the Tercentenary Improvement Scheme in 1867, and the new "quad" was completed in 1885. The only sign of the school that can be seen as one goes from Rugby to Coventry by the North Western Railway is an erection that has been well compared to a badly-sharpened pencil. Until this cap has been taken off

and a spire substituted the exterior is not lovely to behold. A greater eyesore however has been removed in recent years. I know not whether to say that the new chapel was built in the headmaster's stable-yard, or whether the stable was the central ornament round which the new schools and chapel were

grouped. The authorities were wise in removing the stable before they opened the art museum, as otherwise the less said about art the better. The wise man buildeth not a picture gallery before he hath looked to his drains. Behind the chapel was the place for fights. Here was fought that drawn battle between Tom Brown and Slogger Williams, when young Brook behaved so discreetly and poor East was so alarmed for his friend, "Tom, old boy, this may be fun for you, but it's death to me. He'll hit all the fight out of you in another five minutes, and then I shall go and drown myself in the island ditch." The new schools were built by subscriptions from the assistant masters in honour of Dr. Temple. The Rugby of the future will assuredly be struck with the



BILTON HALL.

From a Drawing by W. HAROLD OAKLEY.

generous liberality with which appeals for funds to celebrate the tercentenary were answered, and with the magnificence of certain special gifts, such as the swimming-bath, the telescope, and several treasures in the art museum. The first of these, the gift of the late headmaster, *Rugbiensibus Rugbiensis*,



OLD HOUSE AT DUNCURCH.

From a Drawing by W. HAROLD OAKLEY.

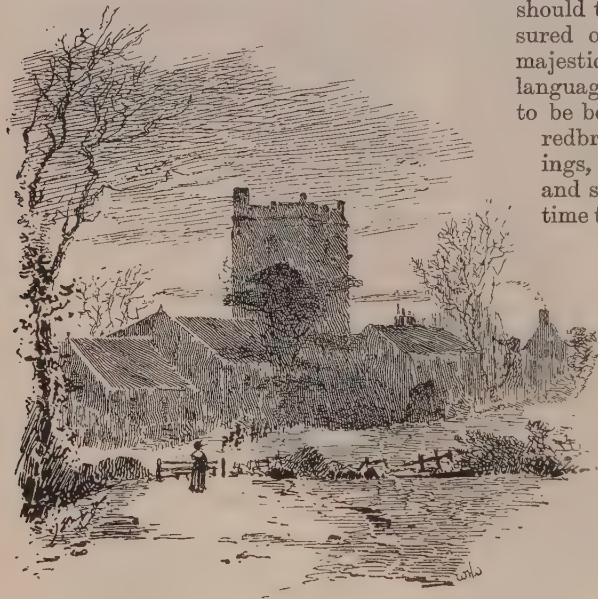
occupies nearly the same site as the old bath. Rugby boys ought to be particularly grateful to Dr. Jex-Blake, who has saved them the run down to that "slow, and not very clear, stream, the Avon," and the unpleasant crawl back from Anstey's or Swift's.

We will now go across the Close, but not at the pace at which Scud East and Tom raced to the island, when there wasn't a yard between them as they pulled up at the moat. In the first place we want to pause in the middle of Old Bigside, not to

take breath, but to look respectfully at the sole survivor of the famous "Three trees." We are now standing in the centre of the arena in which during the winter months

"Eache one contendeth and hath a great delite
With foote and hands the bladder for to smite."

The ball was first taken up and run with—needless to state on whose authority this assertion is made—in 1823, and the name of the bold innovator, the father in fact of Rugby as opposed to Association football, was one William Webb Ellis, a town-boy.



THE PATHWAY TO DUNCHURCH.
From a Drawing by W. HAROLD OAKLEY.

"How oft is it that such small matters lead to great results." The island of the present day is a dreary mound at the back of the old pavilion. No garden; no moat; a rotten pole or two, and a relic of worm-eaten parallel bars. Such is this ancient British barrow and look-out post. It was not always so uncanny a spot. We must recall what the young master said to Tom and Arthur as they watched the celebrated Marylebone match from this vantage ground, as generals on a hill crowned by a windmill invariably watch every great battle. "This island now—you remember the time, Brown, when it was laid out in small gardens and cultivated

by frost-bitten fags in February and March?" Tom was not likely to have forgotten the joys of island-fagging, turf-carting, and the dangers he ran in stealing flowers for the Easter shows. Island-fagging was put down diplomatically. The speeches were put off till midsummer, and the "sixth," acting on a hint from headquarters, caused gymnastic poles to be erected on the island from the conviction that gymnastics would prove more popular than, and incompatible with, horticulture. As the poles have done their purpose they might be removed. There is one consolation, they will remove themselves in time, and perhaps as long as Dr. Arnold's table is preserved in the antechapel, so long should the parallel pieces of timber be treasured on the island. Beyond the line of majestic elms is New Bigside, which in the language of the geography book may be said to be bounded on the other three sides with redbrick Butterfield streaky-bacon buildings, racquet and fives courts, gymnasium and swimming-bath, that have not yet had time to tone down. Nothing could be better

than the comfort and fitness of the various modern buildings with which the school has been blest in the last few years; but I will leave the grandeur of the new big school, the comfort of the new houses and their architectural beauties, to be described by a writer in the *Gentleman's Magazine* of 1909. I have alluded to the telescope given to the school by the present headmaster of Clifton, the Rev. J. M. Wilson, who was one of the most popular house-masters of his time. But I must not talk of such a splendid gift as if it were a common spy-glass familiar to lodgers by the sea. I must give it its—one feels almost inclined to say his—proper title in full. It is Dawe's 8 $\frac{1}{4}$ inch refractor, Alvan Clarke's masterpiece. Mr. Wilson was lucky enough to secure it for £400, and the school still luckier to get it for nothing.

In the neighbourhood of Rugby are many places of historical interest, and not a few made interesting through some quaint old legend.

There is the village of Bilton, and its Gothic church with octagon spire on a square tower; but Bilton boasts a building more attractive, the Hall, where, in the words of the Rev. Philip Bracebridge Homer, a Rugby master at the beginning of the present century—



deviate from it as much as possible. Our trees rise in cones, globes, and pyramids. We see the marks of the scissors upon every plant and bush. I do not know whether I am singular in my opinion, but for my own part I would rather look upon a tree in all its luxuriance and diffusion of boughs and branches than when it is thus cut and trimmed into a mathematical figure; and cannot but fancy that an orchard in flower looks infinitely more delightful than all the



CATESBY'S HOUSE AT ASHBY-ST.-LEDGER.
From a Drawing by W. HAROLD OAKLEY.

"In lettered ease did Addison once live
With all that genius all that worth could give:
The statesman pure, whom avarice could not
taint,
The poet, wit, philosopher, and saint."

Addison bought the hall in 1711-12; the northern portion was erected in 1604, but Addison built the southern wing. His walk with its "high hedges of yew" no longer exists. His essay on gardening, No. 414, *The Spectator*, Wednesday, June 25th, 1712, tells us how "a man might make a pretty landscape of his own possessions." Addison probably had in his mind his newly-purchased Bilton estate when he wrote, "our British gardeners, on the contrary, instead of humouring nature, love to

litte labyrinths of the most finished parterre." Still more interesting is Dunchurch. It was here that conspirators are said to have met in the second year of the reign of James I., to discuss a plan for carrying off the Princess Elizabeth, who was at Combe Abbey at the time. Here the main body of conspirators were met by the moving spirits with Catesby, who lived at Ledger's Ashby, at their head. Although somewhat out of the range of our ramble Catesby's house is well worth a visit, with its oak-panelled conspirators' room and picturesque archway. But the legend of the combat between Guy, Earl of Warwick, who flourished, as they say, in the reign of King Athelstan, and the Dun Cow, that huge monster about six yards high, gives special

interest to a visit to Dunchurch. Mr. Bloxam has in his possession "the veritable blade-bone of the wonderful creature, a bone of a very ancient, fish-like appearance, very like a whale!" Compared with so strange a legend as this, that of the one-handed Boughton reads like a truthful record. Our maimed hero lived in the days of good Queen Bess, and occupied after his death for many a long year the haunted room of Lawford Hall. He was a go-ahead ghost, and was to be seen driving along the neighbouring roads

of the clergy, who conjured it into a phial and threw it, or rather them, the phial and the ghost, into a marle-pit, must have been a marvellous proceeding. Twelve clergymen assembled to perform the task. Each held a lighted candle in his hand. Eleven of these suddenly went out. Parson Hall's candle however was of a stronger constitution than the rest, and he, or *it*? laid the ghost. What a grand advertisement for the tallow chandler of Great Harborough, Parson Hall's village! This sporting spirit was always



THE SCHOOL HOUSE.

From a Drawing by W. HAROLD OAKLEY.

in a coach and six. A rustic was living not very many years ago who once opened a gate for him, but "the coach and horses flew over the gate." How they flew over the gate after it was opened, or why they performed this unnecessary feat of gymnastics Hodge could not explain. This one-handed ghost enjoyed such an evil reputation that the maid-servant would not make the bed in the haunted chamber unless the housekeeper stood by—as chaperon, I suppose. The laying of the ghost in 1750 by a numerous body

dressed in pink, wore a hunting cap, and always announced his approach by a smack of his whip. Samuel Ireland, in his *Picturesque Views of the Warwickshire or Upper Avon*, 1795, tells the following story: "Sir Francis Skipwith once when visiting Sir Edward Boughton, while walking by a pond which was supposed to occupy the site of the old marle-pit, observed that 'there must be many fish in that pond, and that he should be glad to try it;' to which Sir Edward Boughton gravely replied, 'No; that I cannot

consent to, for the spirit of my ancestor, one-handed Boughton, lies there.'” The conduct of the worthy knight reminds one of that of the Lady Jane Ingoldsby, both were desirous that the deceased relative should remain in the pond, though Sir Edward could hardly have hoped that his “poor dear” ancestor could be contributing much nourishment to the eels. A strange bottle—*mirabile dictu*!—was found in a pond near the site of Lawford Hall sometime between 1810–20, *with nothing in it*. This was undoubtedly *the* phial; the spirit had escaped and had got diluted with the water.

Much more might be written both on the school—for instance, the history of Butler’s Leap—and on the neighbourhood, but in a general article meant for a public not exclusively Rugbeian, I can only give those particulars that have general interest. The quaint inscriptions on two small brasses in Hillmorton Church—

“Here lyeth Thomas Perkins, and Alice, and
Elizabeth
Our Lord save their souls from everlasting death.
Amen.”

“Here lieth Richard Tant and Margaret his wife
God bring their souls to everlasting life.
Amen.”

—are of this kind. The lover of architecture would value the south porch of the church at Newbold-upon-Avon, the Norman doorway of that at Wolston, and the geometrical tracery of the east window of that at Dunchurch. Brownsover has many attractions, its Early English church and picturesque canal being the chief. The antiquary would prefer a walk to Clifton, a village but two miles from Rugby, near which is the site of the great Roman station of Tripontium. Here Leicestershire, Northamptonshire, and Warwickshire meet; here also

Watling Street enters Warwickshire, while that other great Roman road, the Foss Way, is within reach in the Monks Kirby direction. But I must not ramble on at too great a length either from or about Rugby, and cannot do



A CORNER IN THE QUAD.
From a Drawing by W. HAROLD OAKLEY.

better than conclude with the very words with which our old friend Mr. John Pugh did end his letter to Mr. Urban, “Such is the best, but I fear very imperfect, account I am able to give of this celebrated school,” and other places thereto adjoining.

H. A. NEWTON.





FAMILY PORTRAITS.

BY S. J. WEYMAN.



ON a certain morning in last June I was stooping to fasten a shoe-lace, having taken advantage for the purpose of the step of a corner house in St. James's Square, when a man passing

behind me stopped.

"Well!" said he, aloud after a short pause during which I wondered—I could not see him—what he was doing, "the meanness of these rich folk is disgusting! Not a coat of paint for a twelvemonth! I should be ashamed to own a house and leave it like that!"

The man was a stranger to me, and his words seemed as uncalled for as they were ill-natured. But being thus challenged I looked at the house. It was a great stone mansion with a balustrade atop, with many windows and a long stretch of area railings. And certainly it was shabby. I turned from it to the critic. He was shabby too—a little red-nosed man wearing a bad hat. "It is just possible," I suggested, "that the owner may be a poor man and unable to keep it in order."

"Ugh! What has that to do with it?" my new friend answered contemptuously. "He ought to think of the public."

"And your hat?" I asked with winning politeness. "It strikes me, an unprejudiced observer, as a bad hat. Why do you not get a new one?"

"Cannot afford it!" he snapped out, his dull eyes sparkling with rage.

"Cannot afford it? But, my good man, you ought to think of the public."

"You tom-cat! What have you to do with my hat? Smother you!" was his kindly answer; and he went on his way muttering things uncomplimentary.

I was about to go mine, and was first falling back to gain a better view of the house in question, when a chuckle close to me betrayed the presence of a listener, a thin, gray-haired man, who, hidden by a pillar of the porch, must have heard our discussion. His hands were engaged with a white tablecloth, from which he had been shaking the crumbs. He had the air of an upper servant of the best class. As our eyes met he spoke.

"Neatly put, sir, if I may take the liberty of saying so," he observed with a quiet dignity it was a pleasure to witness, "and we are very much obliged to you. The man was a snob, sir."

"I am afraid he was," I answered; "and a fool too."

"And a fool, sir. Answer a fool after his folly. You did that, and he was nowhere; nowhere at all, except in the swearing line. Now might I ask," he continued, "if you are an American, sir?"

"No, I am not," I answered; "but I have spent some time in the States."

I could have fancied that he sighed.

"I thought—but never mind, sir," he began. "I was wrong. It is curious how very much alike gentlemen, that are real gentlemen, speak. Now, I dare swear, sir, that you have a taste for pictures."

I was inclined to humour the old fellow's mood. "I like a good picture, I admit," I said.

"Then perhaps you would not be offended if I asked you to step inside and look at one or two," he suggested timidly. "I would not take a liberty, sir, but there are some Van Dycks and a Rubens in the dining-room that cost a mint of money in their day, I have heard; and there is no one else in the house but my wife and myself."

It was a strange invitation, strangely brought about. But I saw no reason for myself why I should not accept it, and I followed him into the hall. It was spacious, but sparsely furnished. The matted floor had a cold look, and so had the gaunt stand which seemed to be a fixture, and boasted but one umbrella, one sunshade, and one dog-whip. As I passed a half-open door I caught a glimpse of a small room prettily furnished, with dainty prints and water-colours on the walls. But these were of a common order. A dozen replicas of each and all might be seen in a walk through Bond Street. Even this oasis of taste and comfort told the same story as had the bare hall and dreary exterior; and laid as it were a finger on one's heart. I trod softly as I followed my guide along the strip of matting towards the rear of the house.

He opened a door at the inner end of the hall, and led me into a large and lofty room, built out from the back, as a state dining-room or ball-room. At present it rather resembled the latter, for it was without furniture. "Now," said the old man, turning and respectfully touching my sleeve to gain my attention, "now you will not consider your labour lost in coming to see that, sir. It is a portrait of the second Lord Wetherby by Sir Anthony Van Dyck, and is judged to be one of the finest specimens of his style in existence."

I was lost in astonishment; amazed, almost appalled! My companion stood by my side, his face wearing a placid smile of satisfaction, his hand pointing slightly upwards to the blank wall before us. The blank wall! Of any picture, there or elsewhere in the room, there was no sign. I turned to him and then from him, and I felt very sick at heart. The poor old fellow was—must be—mad. I gazed blankly at the blank wall. "By Van Dyck?" I repeated mechanically.

"Yes, sir, by Van Dyck," he replied, in the most matter-of-fact tone imaginable. "So, too, is this one;" he moved as he spoke a few feet to his left. "The second peer's first wife in the costume of a lady-in-waiting.

This portrait and the last are in as good a state of preservation as on the day they were painted."

Oh, certainly mad! And yet so graphic was his manner, so crisp and realistic were his words, that I rubbed my eyes; and looked and looked again, and almost fancied that Lord Walter and Anne, his wife, grew into shape before me on the wall. Almost, but not quite; and it was with a heart full of wondering pity that I accompanied the old man, in whose manner there was no trace of wildness or excitement, round the walls; visiting in turn the Cuyp which my lord bought in Holland, the Rubens, the four Lawrences, and the Philips—a very Barmecide feast of art. I could not doubt that the old man saw the pictures. But I saw only bare walls.

"Now I think you have seen them, family portraits and all," he concluded, as we came to the doorway again; stating the fact, which was no fact, with complacent pride. "They are fine pictures, sir. They, at least, are left, although the house is not what it was."

"Very fine pictures," I remarked. I was minded to learn if he were sane on other points. "Lord Wetherby," I said, "I should suppose that he is not in London?"

"I do not know, sir, one way or the other," the servant answered with a new air of reserve. "This is not his lordship's house. Mrs. Wigram, my late lord's daughter-in-law, lives here."

"But this is the Wetherbys' town house," I persisted. I knew so much.

"It was my late lord's house. At his son's marriage it was settled upon Mrs. Wigram; and little enough besides, God knows!" he exclaimed querulously. "It was Mr. Alfred's wish that some land should be settled upon his wife, but there was none out of the entail, and my lord, who did not like the match, though he lived to be fond enough of the mistress afterwards, said, 'Settle the house in town!' in a bitter kind of joke like. So the house was settled, and five hundred pounds a year. Mr. Alfred died abroad, as you may know, sir, and my lord was not long in following him."

He was closing the shutters of one window after another as he spoke. The room had sunk into deep gloom. I could imagine now that the pictures were really where he fancied them. "And Lord Wetherby, the late peer?" I asked after a pause, "did he leave his daughter-in-law nothing?"

"My lord died suddenly, leaving no will," he replied sadly. "That is how it all is. And the present peer, who was only a second

cousin—well, I say nothing about him.” A reticence which was well calculated to consign his lordship to the lowest deep.

“He did not help?” I asked.

“Devil a bit, begging your pardon, sir. But there, it is not my place to talk of these things. I doubt I have wearied you with talk about the family. It is not my way,” he added, as if wondering at himself, “only something in what you said seemed to touch a chord like.”

By this time we were outside the room, standing at the inner end of the hall, while he fumbled with the lock of the door. Short passages ending in swing doors ran out right and left from this point, and through one of these a tidy, middle-aged woman wearing an apron, suddenly emerged. At sight of me she looked greatly astonished. “I have been showing the gentleman the pictures,” said my guide, who was still occupied with the door.

A quick flash of pain altered and hardened the woman’s face. “I have been very much interested, madam,” I said softly.

Her gaze left me to dwell upon the old man with infinite affection. “John had no right to bring you in, sir,” she said primly. “I have never known him do such a thing before, and—Lord a mercy! there is the mistress’s knock. Go, John, and let her in; and this gentleman,” with an inquisitive look at me, “will not mind stepping a bit aside, while her ladyship goes up stairs.”

“Certainly not,” I answered. I hastened to draw back into one of the side passages, into the darkest corner of it, and there stood leaning against the cool panels, my hat in my hand.

In the short pause which ensued before John opened the door she whispered to me, “You have not told him, sir?”

“About the pictures?”

“Yes, sir. He is blind, you see.”

“Blind?” I exclaimed.

“Yes, sir, this year and more; and when the pictures were taken away—by the present earl—that he had known all his life, and been so proud to show to people just the same as if they had been his own, why it seemed a shame to tell him. I have never had the heart to do it, and he thinks they are there to this day.”

Blind! I had never thought of that; and while I was grasping the idea now, and fitting it to the facts, a light footstep sounded in the hall and a woman’s voice on the stairs; such a voice and such a footstep, that, as it seemed to me, a man, if nothing else were left to him, might find home in them alone. “Your

mistress,” I said presently, when the sounds had died away upon the floor above, “has a sweet voice; but has not something annoyed her?”

“Well, I never should have thought that you would have noticed that!” exclaimed the housekeeper, who was, I dare say, many other things besides housekeeper. “You have a sharp ear, sir; that I will say. Yes, there is a something has gone wrong; but to think that an American gentleman should have noticed it!”

“I am not American,” I said, perhaps testily.

“Oh, indeed, sir. I beg your pardon, I am sure. It was just your way of speaking made me think it,” she replied; and then there came a second louder rap at the door, as John, who had gone up stairs with his mistress, came down in a leisurely fashion.

“That is Lord Wetherby, drat him!” he said, on his wife calling to him in a low voice; he was ignorant, I think, of my presence. “He is to be shown into the library, and the mistress will see him there in five minutes; and you are to go to her room. Oh, rap away!” he added, turning towards the door, and shaking his fist at it. “There is longer a better man than you has waited longer at that door.”

“Hush, John. Do you not see the gentleman?” interposed his wife, with the simplicity of habit. “He will show you out,” she added rapidly to me, “as soon as his lordship has gone in, if you do not mind waiting another minute.”

“Not at all,” I said, drawing back into the corner as they went on their errands; but though I said, “Not at all,” mine was an odd position. The way in which I had come into the house, and my present situation in a kind of hiding would have made most men only anxious to extricate themselves. But I, while listening to John parleying with some one at the door, conceived a strange desire, or a desire which would have been strange in any other man, to see this thing to the end; conceived it and acted upon it.

The library? That was the room on the right of the hall, opposite to Mrs. Wigram’s sitting-room. Probably, nay I was certain, it had another door opening on the passage in which I stood. It would cost me but a step or two to confirm my opinion. When John ushered in the visitor by one door I had already, by way of the other, ensconced myself behind a screen, that I seemed to know would face it. I was going to listen. Perhaps I had my reasons. Perhaps—but there, what matter? I, as a fact, listened.

The room was spacious but sombre, wainscoted and vaulted with oak. Its only visible occupant was a thin, dark man of middle size, with a narrow face, and a stubborn feather of black hair rising above his forehead; a man of Welsh type. He was standing with his back to the light, a roll of papers in one hand. The fingers of the other, drumming upon the table, betrayed that he was both out of temper and ill at ease. While I was still scanning him stealthily—I had never seen him before—the door was opened, and Mrs. Wigram came in. I sank back behind the screen. I think some words passed, some greeting of the most formal, but though the room was still, I failed to hear it, and when I recovered myself he was speaking.

"I am here at your wish, Mrs. Wigram, and your service, too," he was saying, with an effort at gallantry which sat very ill upon him, "although I think it would have been better if we had left the matter to our solicitors."

"Indeed."

"Yes. I fancied you were aware of my opinion."

"I was; and I perfectly understand, Lord Wetherby, your preference for that course," she replied, with sarcastic coldness: which did not hide her dislike for him. "You naturally shrink from telling me your terms face to face."

"Now, Mrs. Wigram! Now, Mrs. Wigram! Is not this a tone to be deprecated?" he answered, lifting his hands. "I come to you as a man of business upon business."

"Business! Does that mean wringing advantage from my weakness?" she retorted.

He shrugged his shoulders. "I do deprecate this tone," he repeated. "I come in plain English to make you an offer; one which you can accept or refuse as you please. I offer you five hundred a year for this house. It is immensely too large for your needs, and too expensive for your income, and yet you have in strictness no power to let it. Very well, I, who can release you from that restriction, offer you five hundred a year for the house. What can be more fair?"

"Fair? In plain English, Lord Wetherby, you are the only possible purchaser, and you fix the price. Is that fair? The house would let easily for twelve hundred."

"Possibly," he retorted, "if it were in the open market. But it is not."

"No," she answered rapidly. "And you, having the forty thousand a year which, had my husband lived, would have been his and mine; you who, a poor man, have stepped into this inheritance—you offer me five hundred

for the family house! For shame, my lord! for shame!"

"We are not acting a play," he said doggedly, showing that her words had stung him in some degree. "The law is the law. I ask for nothing but my rights, and one of those I am willing to waive in your favour. You have my offer."

"And if I refuse it? If I let the house? You will not dare to enforce the restriction."

"Try me," he rejoined, again drumming with his fingers upon the table. "Try me, and you will see."

"If my husband had lived——"

"But he did not live," he broke in, losing patience, "and that makes all the difference. Now, for Heaven's sake, Mrs. Wigram, do not make a scene! Do you accept my offer?"

For a moment she had seemed about to break down, but her pride coming to the rescue, she recovered herself with wonderful quickness.

"I have no choice," she said with dignity.

"I am glad you accept," he answered, so much relieved that he gave way to an absurd burst of generosity. "Come!" he cried, "we will say guineas instead of pounds, and have done with it!"

She looked at him in wonder. "No, Lord Wetherby," she said, "I accepted your terms. I prefer to keep to them. You said that you would bring the necessary papers with you. If you have done so I will sign them now, and my servants can witness them."

"I have the draft and the lawyer's clerk is no doubt in the house," he answered. "I left directions for him to be here at eleven."

"I do not think he is in the house," the lady answered. "I should know if he were here."

"Not here!" he cried angrily. "Why not, I wonder! But I have the skeleton lease; it is very short, and to save delay I will fill in the particulars, names, and so forth myself, if you will permit me to do so. It will not take me twenty minutes."

"As you please. You will find a pen and ink on the table. If you will kindly ring the bell when you are ready, I will come and bring the servants."

"Thank you. You are very good," he said smoothly; adding, when she had left the room, "and the devil take your impudence, madam! As for your cursed pride—well, it has saved me twenty-five pounds a year, and so you are welcome to it. I was a fool to make the offer." And with that, now grumbling at the absence of the lawyer's clerk, and now congratulating himself on the

saving of a lawyer's fee, my lord sat down to his task.

A hansom cab on its way to the East India Club rattled through the square, and under cover of the noise I stole out from behind the screen, and stood in the middle of the room looking down at the unconscious worker. If for a minute I felt strongly the desire to raise my hand and give my lordship such a surprise as he had never in his life experienced, any other man might have felt the same; and as it was I put it away and only looked quietly about me. Some rays of sunshine piercing the corner pane of a dulled window fell on and glorified the Wetherby coat-of-arms blazoned over the wide fireplace, and so created the one bright spot in the bare, dismantled room, which had once, unless the tiers of empty shelves and the yet lingering odour of Russia lied, been lined from floor to ceiling with books. My lord had taken the furniture; my lord had taken the books; my lord had taken—nothing but his rights.

Retreating softly to the door by which I had entered, and rattling the handle, I advanced afresh into the room. "Will your lordship allow me?" I said, after I had in vain coughed twice to gain his attention.

He turned hastily and looked at me with a face full of suspicion. Some surprise on finding another person in the room and close to him was natural; but possibly also there was something in the atmosphere of that house which threw his nerves off their balance. "Who are you?" he cried in a tone which matched his face.

"You left orders, my lord," I explained, "with Messrs. Duggan and Poole that a clerk should attend here at eleven. I very much regret that some delay has unavoidably been caused."

"Oh, you are the clerk!" he replied ungraciously. "You do not look much like a lawyer's clerk."

Involuntarily I glanced aside, and saw in a mirror the reflection of a tall man with a thick beard and moustaches, gray eyes, and an ugly scar seaming the face from nose to ear. "Yet I hope to give you full satisfaction, my lord," I murmured, dropping my eyes. "It was understood that you needed a confidential clerk."

"Well, well, sir, to your work!" he replied irritably. "Better late than never; and after all it may be preferable for you to be here and see it duly executed. Only you will not forget," he continued hastily, with a glance at the papers, "that I have myself copied four—well, three—three full folios,

sir, for which an allowance must be made. But there! Get on with your work. The handwriting will speak for itself."

I obeyed, and wrote on steadily, while the earl walked up and down the room, or stood at a window. Up stairs sat Mrs. Wigram, schooling herself, I dare swear, to take this one favour that was no favour from the man who had dealt out to her such hard measure. Outside a casual passer through the square glanced up at the great house, and seeing the bent head of the secretary and the figure of his companion moving to and fro, saw, as he thought, nothing unusual; nor had any presentiment—how should he?—of the strange scene which the room with the dingy windows was about to witness.

I had been writing for perhaps five minutes when Lord Wetherby stopped in his passage behind me and looked over my shoulder. With a jerk his eye-glasses fell, touching my shoulder.

"Bless my soul!" he exclaimed, "I have seen your handwriting somewhere; and lately too. Where could it have been?"

"Probably among the family papers, my lord," I answered. "I have several times been engaged in the family business in the time of the late Lord Wetherby."

"Indeed." There was both curiosity and suspicion in his utterance of the word. "You knew him?"

"Yes, my lord. I have written for him in this very room, and he has walked up and down, and dictated to me, as you might be doing now," I explained.

His lordship stopped his pacing to and fro, and retreated to the window on the instant. But I could see that he was interested, and I was not surprised when he continued with transparent carelessness. "A strange coincidence. And may I ask what it was upon which you were engaged?"

"At that time?" I answered, looking him full in the face. "It was a will, my lord."

He started and frowned, and abruptly resumed his walk up and down. But I saw that he had a better conscience than I had given him the credit of possessing. My shot had not struck fairly where I had looked to place it; and finding this was so, I turned the thing over afresh, while I pursued my copying. When I had finished, I asked him—I think he was busy at the time cursing the absence of tact in the lower orders—if he would go through the instrument; and he took my seat.

Where I stood behind him, I was not far from the fireplace. While he muttered to himself the legal jargon in which he was

as well versed as a lawyer bred in an office, I moved to it; and, neither missed nor suspected, stood looking from his bent figure to the blazoned shield, which formed part of the mantelpiece. If I wavered, my hesitation lasted but a few seconds. Then, raising my voice, I called sharply, "My lord, there used to be here——"

He turned swiftly, and saw where I was. "What the deuce are you doing there, sir?" he cried in boundless astonishment, rising to his feet and coming towards me, the pen in his hand and his face aflame with anger. "You forget——"

"A safe—a concealed safe for papers," I continued, cutting him short in my turn. "I have seen the late Lord Wetherby place papers in it more than once. The spring worked from here. You touch this knob."

"Leave it alone, sir!" cried the peer furiously.

He spoke too late. The shield had swung gently outwards on a hinge, door-fashion, and where it had been, gaped a small open safe lined with cement. The rays of sunshine, that a few minutes before had picked out so brightly the gaudy quarterings, now fell on a large envelope which lay apart on a shelf. It was as clean as if it had been put there that morning. No doubt the safe was air-tight. I laid my hand upon it. "My lord!" I cried, turning to look at him with ill-concealed exultation, "here is a paper—I think, a will!"

A moment before the veins of his forehead had been swollen, his face dark with the rush of blood. His anger died down, at sight of the packet, with strange abruptness. He regained his self-control, and a moment saw him pale and calm, all show of resentment confined to a wicked gleam in his eye. "A will!" he repeated, with a certain kind of dignity, though the hand he stretched out to take the envelope shook. "Indeed, then it is my place to examine it. I am the heir-at-law, and I am within my rights, sir."

I feared that he was going to put the parcel into his pocket and dismiss me, and I was considering what course I should take in that event, when instead he carried the envelope to the table by the window, and tore off the cover without ceremony. "It is not in your handwriting?" were his first words; and he looked at me with a distrust that was almost superstitious. No doubt my sudden entrance, my ominous talk, and my discovery seemed to him to savour of the devil.

"No," I replied unmoved. "I told your

lordship that I had written a will at the late Lord Wetherby's dictation. I did not say—for how could I know?—that it was this one."

"Ah!" He hastily smoothed the sheets, and ran his eyes over their contents. When he reached the last page there was a dark scowl on his face, and he stood a while staring at the signatures; not now reading, I think, but collecting his thoughts. "You know the provisions of this?" he presently burst forth with violence, dashing the back of his hand against the paper. "I say, sir, you know the provisions of this?"

"I do not, my lord," I answered. Nor did I.

"The unjust provisions of this will," he repeated, passing over my negative as if it had not been uttered. "Fifty thousand pounds to a woman who had not a penny when she married his son! Aye, and the interest on another hundred thousand for her life! Why, it is a prodigious income, an abnormal income—for a woman! And out of whose pocket is it to come? Out of mine, every stiver of it! It is monstrous! I say it is! How am I to keep up the title on the income left to me, I should like to know?"

I marvelled. I remembered how rich he was. I could not refrain from suggesting that he had still remaining all the real property. "And," I added, "I understood, my lord, that the testator's personalty was sworn under four hundred thousand pounds."

"You talk nonsense!" he snarled. "Look at the legacies! Five thousand here, and a thousand there, and hundreds like berries on a bush! It is a fortune, a decent fortune, clean frittered away! A barren title is all that will be left to me!"

What was he going to do? His face was gloomy, his hands were twitching. "Who are the witnesses, my lord?" I asked in a low voice.

So low—for under certain conditions a tone conveys much, very much—that he shot a stealthy glance towards the door before he answered, "John Williams."

"Blind," I replied in the same low tone.

"William Williams."

"He is dead. He was Mr. Alfred's valet. I remember reading in the newspaper that he was with his master, and was killed by the Indians at the same time."

"True. I remember that that was the case," he answered huskily. And the handwriting is Lord Wetherby's." I assented. Then for fully a minute we were silent, while he bent over the will, and I stood behind him looking down at him with thoughts

in my mind which he could as little fathom as could the senseless wood upon which I leaned. Yet I too mistook him. I thought him, to be plain, a scoundrel; and—well, so he was—but a mean one. “What is to be done?” he muttered at length, speaking rather to himself than to me.

I answered softly, “I am a poor man, my lord,” while inwardly I was quoting “*quem Deus vult perdere*.”

My words startled him. He answered hurriedly, “Just so! just so! So shall I be when this cursed paper takes effect. A very poor man! A hundred and fifty thousand gone at a blow! But there, she shall have it! She shall have every penny of it; only,” he concluded slowly, “I do not see what difference one more day will make.”

I followed his downcast eyes, which moved from the will before him to the agreement for the lease of the house; and I did see what difference a day would make. I saw and understood and wondered. He had not the courage to suppress the will; but if he could gain a slight advantage by withholding it for a few hours, he had the mind to do that. Mrs. Wigram, a rich woman, would no longer let the house; she would be under no compulsion to do so; and my lord would lose a cheap residence as well as his hundred and fifty thousand pounds. To the latter loss he could resign himself with a sigh; but he could not bear to forego the petty gain for which he had schemed. “I think I understand, my lord,” I replied.

“Of course,” he resumed nervously, “you must be rewarded for making this discovery. I will see that it is so. You may depend upon me. I will mention the case to Mrs. Wigram, and—and, in fact, my friend, you may depend upon me.”

“That will not do,” I said firmly. “If that be all, I had better go to Mrs. Wigram at once, and claim my reward a day earlier.”

He grew very red in the face at receiving this check. “You will not in that event get my good word,” he said.

“Which has no weight with the lady,” I answered politely but plainly.

“How dare you speak so to me?” his lordship cried. “You are an impertinent fellow! But there! How much do you want?”

“A hundred pounds.”

“A hundred pounds for a mere day’s delay, which will do no one any harm!”

“Except Mrs. Wigram,” I retorted drily.

“Come, Lord Wetherby, this lease is worth a thousand a year to you. Mrs. Wigram, as you well know, will not voluntarily let the house to you. If you would have Wetherby

House you must pay me. That is the long and the short of it.”

“You are an impertinent fellow!” he repeated.

“So you have said before, my lord.”

I expected him to burst into a furious passion, but I suppose there was a something of power in my tone, beyond the mere defiance which the words expressed; for, instead of doing so, he eyed me with a thoughtful, malevolent gaze, and paused to consider. “You are at Poole and Duggan’s,” he said slowly. “How was it that they did not search this cupboard, with which you were acquainted?”

I shrugged my shoulders. “I have not been in the house since Lord Wetherby died,” I said. “My employers did not consult me when the papers he left were examined.”

“You are not a member of the firm?”

“No, I am not,” I answered. I was thinking that, so far as I knew those respectable gentlemen, no one of them would have helped my lord in this for ten times a hundred pounds. My lord! Fough!

He seemed satisfied, and taking out a note-case laid on the table a little pile of notes. “There is your money,” he said, counting them over with reluctant fingers. “Be good enough to put the will and envelope back into the cupboard. To-morrow you will oblige me by rediscovering it—you can manage that, no doubt—and giving information at once to Messrs. Duggan and Poole, or Mrs. Wigram, as you please. Now,” he continued, when I had obeyed him, “will you be good enough to ask the servants to tell Mrs. Wigram that I am waiting?”

There was a slight noise behind us. “I am here,” said some one. I am sure that we both jumped at the sound, for though I did not look that way, I knew that the voice was Mrs. Wigram’s, and that she was in the room. “I have come to tell you, Lord Wetherby,” she went on, “that I have an engagement from home at twelve. Do I understand however that you are ready? If so, I will call in Mrs. Williams.”

“The papers are ready for signature,” the peer answered, betraying some confusion, “and I am ready to sign. I shall be glad to have the matter settled as agreed.” Then he turned to me, where I had fallen back, as seemed becoming, to the end of the room, and said, “Be good enough to ring the bell if Mrs. Wigram permit it.”

As I moved to the fireplace to do so, I was conscious that the lady was regarding me with some faint surprise. But when I had regained my position and looked

towards her, she was standing near the window gazing steadily out into the square, an expression of disdain rendered by face and figure. Shall I confess that it was a joy to me to see her fair head so high, and to read even in the outline of her girlish form a contempt which I, and I only, knew to be so justly based? For myself, I leant against the edge of the screen by the door, and perhaps my hundred pounds lay heavily on my heart. As for him, he fidgeted with his papers, although they were all in order, and was visibly impatient to get his bit of knavery accomplished. Oh! he was a worthy man! And Welshman!

"Perhaps," he presently suggested, for the sake of saying something, "while your servant is coming, you will read the agreement, Mrs. Wigram. It is very short, and, as you know, your solicitors have already seen it in the draft."

She bowed, and took the paper negligently. She read some way down the first sheet with a smile, half careless, half contemptuous. Then I saw her stop—she had turned her back to the window to obtain more light—and dwell on a particular sentence. I saw—God! I had forgotten the handwriting!—I saw her gray eyes grow large, and fear leap into them, as she grasped the paper with her other hand, and stepped nearer to the peer's side. "Who?" she cried. "Who wrote this? Tell me! Do you hear? Tell me quickly!"

He was nervous on his own account, wrapt in his own piece of scheming, and obtuse.

"I wrote it," he said, with maddening complacency. He put up his glasses and glanced at the top of the page she held out to him. "I wrote it myself, and I can assure you that it is quite right, and a faithful copy. You do not think——"

"Think! Think! no! no. This, I mean! Who wrote this?" she cried, awe in her face, and a suppliant tone, strange as addressed to that man, in her voice.

He was confounded by her vehemence, as well as hampered by his own evil conscience.

"The clerk, Mrs. Wigram, the clerk," he said petulantly, still in his fog of selfishness. "The clerk from Messrs. Duggan and Poole's."

"Where is he?" she cried out breathlessly. I think she did not believe him.

"Where is he?" he repeated in querulous surprise. "Why here, of course, where should he be, madam? He will witness my signature."

Would he? Signatures! It was little of signatures I recked at that moment. I was praying to Heaven that my folly might be forgiven me; and that my lightly planned vengeance might not fall on my own head. "Joy does not kill," I was saying to myself, repeating it over and over again, and clinging to it desperately. "Joy does not kill!" But oh! was it true? in face of that white-lipped woman!

"Here!" She did not say more, but gazing at me with great dazed eyes, she raised her hand and beckoned to me. And I had no choice but to obey; to go nearer to her, out into the light.

"Mrs. Wigram," I said hoarsely, my voice sounding to me only as a whisper, "I have news of your late—of your husband. It is good news."

"Good news?" Did she faintly echo my words? or, as her face from which all colour had passed peered into mine, and searched it in infinite hope and infinite fear, did our two minds speak without need of physical lips? "Good news?"

"Yes," I whispered. "He is alive. The Indians did not——"

"Alfred!" Her cry rang through the room, and with it I caught her in my arms as she fell. Beard and long hair, and scar and sunburn, and strange dress—these which had deceived others were no disguise to her—my wife. I bore her gently to the couch, and hung over her in a new paroxysm of fear. "A doctor! Quick! A doctor!" I cried to Mrs. Williams, who was already kneeling beside her. "Do not tell me," I added piteously, "that I have killed her?"

"No! no! no!" the good woman answered, the tears running down her face. "Joy does not kill!"

An hour later this fear had been lifted from me, and I was walking up and down the library alone with my thankfulness; glad to be alone, yet more glad, more thankful still, when John came in with a beaming face. "You have come to tell me—" I cried eagerly, pleased that the tidings had come by his lips—"to go to her? That she will see me?"

"Her ladyship is sitting up," he replied.

"And Lord Wetherby?" I asked, pausing at the door to put the question. "He left the house at once?"

"Yes, my lord, Mr. Wigram has been gone some time."

STANLEY J. WEYMAN.



POST-OFFICE PARCELS AND TELEGRAPHS.



HERE is a difficulty in speaking of the Post-Office without recurring at once to that ideal Post-master-General who, but a short time since, was struck down in the discharge of his duties. Until comparatively recent years, the Post-Office has owed its popularity chiefly to reforms and improvements forced upon it from without. This was the case with the Penny Post, and with most

of the earlier improvements in the mail service. The late Mr. Scudamore seems to have been the first official possessing at once the popular instinct and the power of organisation, and while he was the ruling spirit at the Post-Office the Savings Bank and the Telegraphs were added to its labours. Mr. Scudamore was deposed; and the Post-Office ceased to do more than furnish an occasional paragraph to the papers, till Mr. Fawcett took office. Mr. Fawcett at once realised the value for social purposes of the machinery which moved at his bidding. He set himself to consider in what directions it was best fitted to do useful work, and at the

same time he lost no opportunity of improving the good understanding between his Department and the public. While resolutely setting his face against the tendency to snub, which is a besetting sin of officialism, he lost no opportunity of dwelling in public upon the services of the Department and the anxiety which exists amongst good officials to do thoroughly well the work allotted to them. Inside the Post-Office he took care to let it be known that he personally valued the labours of the humblest letter-carrier, and thoroughly appreciated the zeal and energy shown by the working staff throughout the country. In his first year of office he succeeded in carrying through Parliament two most popular measures—the Act for enabling savings bank depositors to invest in Government stock and that inaugurating Postal Orders. At the same time he introduced another aid to thrift, the use of stamp-slips for savings bank deposits, by means of which the minimum deposit was reduced from 1s. to 1d. And he set on foot an inquiry into the comparative failure of the inducements offered by the Government for the purchase of annuities and insurances, and got rid of many formalities which tended to make the system unpopular.

But the social reform with which Mr. Fawcett's name will be most prominently associated is the Parcel Post. The idea of carrying parcels by post is well nigh as old as the post itself. Parcels were carried by the London Penny Post in the time of Charles II. A few years later the officers and messengers engaged on this service are found complaining that the Controller "forbids the taking in of any band-boxes (except very small) and all parcels above a pound, which when they were taken did bring in a considerable advantage to the office, they being now at great charge sent by porters into the city,

and coaches and watermen into the country, which formerly went by Penny Post messengers, much cheaper and more satisfactory." About the same time, during the war with France, very curious parcels were entrusted to the Post-Office for conveyance to the Continent; "Fifteen couples of hounds going to the King of the Romans with a free pass;" "Two servant-maids going as laundresses to my Lord Ambassador Methuen." These must be taken, however, to be casual consignments, and no systematic parcel service sprang out of them. Sir Rowland Hill in his day looked forward to the carriage of parcels by post, but was deterred from the endeavour to realise his wishes by the difficulty (which has always been the lion in the path) of making fair terms with the railway companies. On the Continent, where this difficulty does not exist, parcels have long been conveyed by post, and in 1880 an international parcel post was organised; but England was unable to avail herself of the benefit of the arrangement. Communications were opened with the great carrying agencies on the subject of a parcel post, but it was long before any terms could be arranged. At length the choice had to be made between an indefinite postponement of the post and an arrangement with the railway companies which would give them more than half the profit for much less than half the work. But Mr. Fawcett never hesitated where the benefit of the public was concerned. Much as he disliked paying more than was equitable to astute railway directors and managers, he would not let this feeling stand in the way of a great social improvement. The necessary concessions were therefore made, the Parcel Post Act passed through Parliament in the crowded session of 1882 without opposition, and the post had been in operation more than a year when its author was snatched away.

At the time of Mr. Fawcett's death the first clear indications were coming to the surface that the Parcel Post would not fail in attaining that popularity which had been predicted for it. Anticipations were at first undoubtedly disappointed. So large an influx of parcels had been thought possible that fears were expressed for the regular working of the letter mails. The new service was mounted in such a way as to work independently of the ordinary post, and all arrangements were made for dealing with a large number of parcels. The public however did not bite freely. In August, 1883, the first month, the Post-Office carried a million and a half of parcels, or at the rate of nearly eighteen millions and a half in the year. The

numbers increased rapidly in the three concluding months of the year, but fell off again in the spring, and it was not till a complete year had passed, and it was possible to compare month with month, that that steady increase was discernible which is sure proof of popular favour. In October, 1884, the last month completed before Mr. Fawcett's death, the increase in the number of parcels over that carried in the preceding October was 18 per cent. Since that time the number has steadily risen, and the Post-Office now carries more than 33,000,000 parcels in the year—far above the number originally estimated. The average weight of parcels is still, however, much lower than was expected. The parcel rates, it will be remembered, are 3*d.* for 1 lb., and 1½*d.* for every succeeding pound up to 11 lbs. It might have been thought that the average weight would be more than half the maximum, but on the contrary, it has invariably since the commencement of the post been below 3 lbs., and still shows no tendency to increase. This, it will be seen, brings the average postage to less than 6*d.*, and when it is added that the great bulk of the parcels carried (more than nine-tenths) travel by rail, and that in every such case the railway companies take 55 per cent. of the postage, it is obvious that the Post-Office is not over-paid for the work it does.

For a parcel cannot be handled in the same summary way or in the same space as a letter, and economy of time and room is of the essence of cheap mail-work. To begin with, a parcel cannot, like a letter, be posted in a box. It must be taken to the counter of a post-office, where its weight, size, and stamps can be checked. For this purpose, at the General Post-Office, a separate room with a long counter, on the ground floor of the old building, is provided. From this room the parcel is transferred by means of a shoot to the sorting and despatching room, a large airy department, which has been obtained partly by developing the basement of the building and partly by excavating under the yard. Lined with glazed white bricks and lighted by windows high up in the walls, this underground workshop has anything but a gloomy appearance; and in it is transacted the busy scene sketched on the opposite page. As soon as the parcels reach the room they are sorted into baskets, varying in depth from about a foot at one end to eighteen inches at the other, and constructed to fit into a kind of crate or framework which stands in the middle of the room and can be approached from each side. These sorting-baskets are



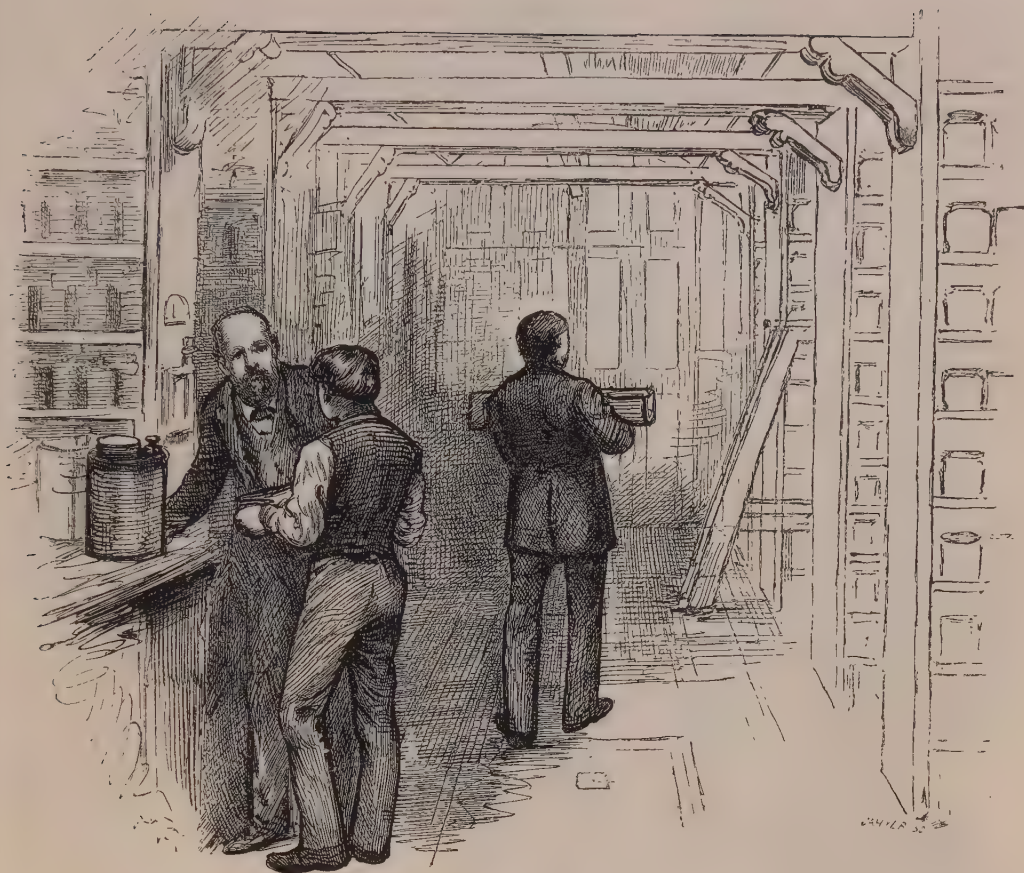
PARCEL SORTING ROOM, GENERAL POST-OFFICE.

From a Drawing by HARRY FURNISS

labelled for various districts in London and for the dépôts which have been formed in the neighbourhood of the great railway stations. When they are full, they are taken from the framework, and drawn to the great posting-baskets which are to convey the parcels on their next stage, and the outward appearance of which has become very familiar by this time to all travellers by rail. In these the parcels are packed, a second loose lid being used when the basket is not full, to keep its contents in place. When packed and secured the baskets are wheeled off to the hydraulic lift, by which they are raised to the world above, where they take their place in the proper waggon and commence their journey.

Although it is impossible to handle parcels with the same rapidity as letters, practice is enabling the sorters and packers to make quick work of the continual emptying and re-filling of baskets, and at a busy time there is plenty of activity and bustle in the parcel-rooms.

At Christmas a severe strain is put upon the force. At many offices the number of parcels is double that dealt with in an ordinary week. The increase begins about the 22nd, when well-regulated people who are always in time send off their Christmas presents, and tradesmen begin to execute their country orders. On the following day there are perhaps fifty per cent. more; and on the 24th the rush culminates, and nearly as much work is done as in the other two days together. One of the great dépôts, such as that at the London and North-Western Station, is worth a visit on such an occasion. Every kind of article from an umbrella to a bottle of whiskey is to be found, and of course there is a certain proportion of badly packed parcels. Sometimes the carelessness goes so far as to lead to the loss of the address and then some one may perhaps be disappointed of his Christmas dinner. No less than 74,000 parcels could not be delivered during the last post-office year owing to



THE BATTERY ROOM, GENERAL POST-OFFICE.

From a Drawing by HARRY FURNISS.

insecure packing and incomplete addresses. Indeed upon the very first day of the Parcel Post a notable instance of bad packing was afforded. A number of leeches escaped from the bottle in which they were travelling, and were found strolling over the floor of the General Post-Office. And last Christmas at Euston a fine hare and a goose were both stranded owing to the loss of the scrap of paper which was their only covering, and which alone afforded any clue to their destination.

The Parcel Post was unduly slow at starting. Parcels were a couple of days on a journey which occupied a letter half a day; and there can be no doubt that the Post-Office suffered severely in competition with the railway companies in consequence. But this fault has now been mended. Parcels and letters generally travel together, and the only difference in treatment which affects the public is that a parcel, like a book-

packet, may have to be posted half-an-hour sooner than a letter, or may be delivered an hour later. Mr. Shaw-Lefevre, when Postmaster-General, made the experiment of despatching a hundred pairs of parcels to places selected haphazard, one of each pair being sent by post and one by rail. In seventy-one of the hundred cases the parcel was delivered sooner by post than by rail, the advantage in time being on the average more than five hours. Moreover the Post-Office in every case delivered its parcel at the address, while in many cases the railway company only took it to the nearest station, whence it had to be fetched by the recipient. In the great majority of cases, moreover, the postage was less than the charge by rail. With these advantages the Parcel Post will probably in the long run do what was originally predicted of it, absorb the greater part of the traffic in small parcels. In many

respects, besides, I find the service has been much improved since it was first instituted. Not only has the maximum limit been raised and the scale of payment been made more favourable to the public; but the Postmaster-General has given compensation to the amount of twenty shillings for the loss of a parcel or injury to its contents; and a parcel may be insured to the value of £10 for the trifling payment of 2*d.* Moreover a Parcel Post has been established to all the principal European countries and to most of the Colonies. With the introduction of these improvements the service inaugurated by Mr. Fawcett may be considered to have passed from infancy to vigorous youth.

elementary truth that electricity is produced by means of a galvanic battery. There are in the new Post-Office building three miles of gallipots containing the chemical agents by means of which all the telegraph wires which leave London are charged with electricity. Each pot is known as a cell, and a varying number of cells, sometimes four, sometimes eight or more, form a battery. From each battery two wires are conducted to an upright board, known as a switch-board, where they are attached to a pair of brass knobs, each knob being numbered. Hence the wires are conducted to corresponding knobs on a similar board in the Instrument Room at the top of the building and

from this board they find their way to the instruments themselves and out of the building on their round of work, long or short as the case may be. The instrument galleries are not marked by the same dignified repose as the battery-room. On the contrary they produce that sense of excitement and bewilderment which is associated in most minds with the machinery annexe of an exhibition. We have all heard the click-click of a telegraph instrument in a railway station or post-office. Imagine five miles of such instruments, and fourteen hundred telegraphists at work at once, and add to the musketry rattle thus produced a heavier artillery in the constant snap of the valves of pneumatic tubes, and some idea will be gained of the effect on the hearing alone. Looking along the galleries we see rows of broad writing-tables at which men and women sit face to face separated by their instruments and generally by a glass screen, above which are shaded lamps and

trays to hold telegraph forms. The vista is endless, for the galleries run round the four sides of the building and across its centre, light being admitted on the inner sides by means of small quadrangles, and the building covers very nearly an acre of ground. Lately an additional story has been added to the building, and over this also the telegraphists and their instruments have flowed. It is calculated that even this additional accommodation will shortly be exhausted; and the Post-Office has recently pulled down the Queen's Hotel and the old Bull and Mouth Receiving House, in order to erect upon this site another huge pile of buildings.



THE SWITCH-BOARD, INSTRUMENT GALLERIES, GENERAL POST-OFFICE.
From a Drawing by HARRY FURNISS.

But we must turn to that large addition to the work of the Post-Office which was made some fifteen years ago under the auspices of Mr. Scudamore. The postal service is interesting on account of the extent of its organisation and the efficiency with which it works. The telegraph department is remarkable from the extraordinary nature of the force which it makes subservient to men's convenience. What, for instance, is more marvellous than that men living hundreds of miles apart, should be talking to each other, thanks to a certain chemical process which is taking place in absolute silence in a number of jars standing on shelves in the General Post-Office? Yet this is nothing but a statement of the very



FOUR MESSAGES OVER THE SAME WIRE.
 From a Drawing by HARRY FURNISS.

There are in all about 2100 telegraphists now employed in the General Post-Office, of whom over 700 are women. They are not allowed to leave the building during their hours of duty, and extensive cloak-rooms, kitchens, and refreshment-rooms have been provided for their use in a separate building on the other side of Bath Street, access being given by two bridges. A good telegraphist may earn as much as £190 a year, with the prospect of promotion to the post of superintendent, when he may rise to £350. When the long hours and constant attention required of a good operator are taken into account these wages certainly do not seem high. But, as Mr. Fawcett said in the House, the public cannot be generous and get a cheap article at the same time. To obtain cheap telegrams a fair market rate of

wages must be adhered to, and that the present rates are fair is shown by the competition for the appointments.

Five out of every eight messages which are sent over the post-office wires pass through the instrument-room at the General Post-Office, or in other words more than thirty millions of messages in the course of the year. At one time a larger proportion of messages were sent direct from place to place, but it was found that this system led to some wires being only half employed while others were overcrowded, and the tendency has for some years been entirely in the direction of centralisation in telegraph work. The busiest time for ordinary messages is from ten to one in the morning; for the Stock Exchange and the betting fraternity—the best patrons of the telegraphs—as well as commercial men

generally, are busiest between these hours. But after six in the evening the work takes another complexion. Press messages then begin to throng the wires. These messages are sent under Act of Parliament at a lower rate than ordinary messages. No more than one shilling for a hundred words is paid by the proprietor of a newspaper for the messages of his correspondents if sent between six in the evening and nine in the morning; during the day the charge is a shilling for seventy-five words. Moreover a duplicate message can be sent to a second newspaper for an extra payment of only 2*d.* for every hundred or seventy-five words as the case may be. Some newspapers find that even these advantages are not sufficient for their purpose, and they hire the exclusive use of a wire between certain points during the evening and night; and over this wire any quantity of matter can be sent without payment beyond a fixed rental. Independently of the matter passing over these special wires, the average number of words supplied to each newspaper has risen from 4,000 a day, when the telegraphs passed into the hands of the State, to about 20,000, while on a special occasion, such as the introduction of Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule Bill, over a million words have been sent in a few hours. It may be imagined that the Post-Office does not profit by sending this great quantity of news at so low a rate, and were it not for the despatch with which the work is done, the loss would probably be greater still. We can all judge of the rapidity with which news is transmitted from the fact that we often read in our newspapers the reports of long speeches made at distant places within a few hours of their delivery. We realise better, however, what ingenuity and labour contribute to this result when we are told that messages can be sent and received over certain instruments at the rate of 450 words per minute.

It has taken many steps in invention and adaptation to achieve this result. In the first place nearly all telegraphic signalling is conducted by means of an artificial alphabet, in which each letter is represented by a combination of two signals. In the single needle telegraphic instrument which is commonly seen in post-offices and railway stations; and of which the Post-Office has nearly 4,000 in its service, the two signals are deflections of the needle to the right and to the left respectively. One deflection to the right represents one letter, one to the left another, one right and one left a third, and so on. In constructing the alphabet the simplest sym-

bols are not adopted for the first letters, but for those which are used most. The letters *e* and *t* are found to be those most frequently used, and *e* is therefore represented by a deflection to the left and *t* by one to the right. The letters next in demand are *a*, *i*, *n*, and *m*, and these are accordingly indicated each by two deflections of the needle, *i* by two to left, *m* by two to right, *a* by one left and one right, and *n* by one right and one left. Letters less constantly in use are indicated by combinations of three and four deflections. Thus a complete alphabet is formed, no letter of which requires more than four deflections to represent it. The deflections of the needle are produced, in the usual form of the instrument, by moving a handle to left and to right, and no special skill is required to work the instrument slowly, though, as may be imagined, long practice is required to attain rapidity in sending messages. The single-needle instrument is the cheapest to make and the most economical to maintain, and it is consequently best adapted to places where there is not a great pressure of work and no great rapidity is necessary. The utmost speed that can be attained by it, however, is about thirty-five words per minute, and the average rate not more than twenty-five; it commonly sends about thirty average messages in the hour.

A much quicker instrument is that known as the *Sounder*, one of which will be recognised by its wooden hood in one of our artist's pictures. In this instrument no visible signal is made, but the message is read from a succession of sounds. Each signal consists of two taps or ticks. Two taps in quick succession take the place of a deflection to the left, and two taps with a longer duration between them a deflection to the right. We thus have a short and a long signal, and these are represented on paper as a dot or short stroke and a dash or long one. An alphabet is constructed by a combination of dots and dashes, similar to the combination of left and right deflections used with the single-needle instrument. The letter *e* is represented by a dot, *t* by a dash, *i* by two dots, *m* by two dashes, and so on. Thus with combinations of dots and dashes not exceeding four in number not only any letter of the English alphabet but other sounds such as the soft German *ü*, *ä*, and *ö* can be formed. It may be imagined that it takes long practice to read off a *Sounder* with quickness and accuracy, and some telegraphists never attain the art. A skilled operator, however, can read the instrument faster than he can write down what he hears, so that the limit of speed is

the rate at which a man can write. At the transmitting end the instrument is worked by the simple tapping of a key, care being taken to distinguish as in music between the length of the notes. A dash or long signal in acoustic telegraphy equals three dots or short signals. Between each of the signals making up a letter a stop of one dot must be counted, between each of the letters of a word a stop of three dots, and between two words a stop of five dots. The Sounder has many great advantages and does more work in the day than any other instrument which

loped. The alphabet of dots and dashes, (generally known as the Morse alphabet), can by means of another instrument be actually written in ink on a slip of paper at the end at which the message is received. At many of the desks at the General Post-Office narrow strips of pale green paper will be seen slowly unwinding from a complicated construction which by the very ignorant might be mistaken for a sewing-machine. If one of these strips is examined it will be found to contain a series of long and short strokes in black ink. These are messages written in the



LADY TELEGRAPHISTS.

From a Drawing by HARRY FURNISS.

is not self-working. Sixty messages can be sent over it in the course of an hour, or double that transmitted by the single-needle. In America the Sounder has displaced almost every other instrument, and though it is not so popular in England, many specimens will be seen in the instrument galleries at the General Post-Office, and the visitor may, if he likes, try to decipher the rapid tick-tick of the instrument, not, we fear, with much success.

It is in another direction, however, that the most rapid telegraphy, that employed in transmitting press messages, has been deve-

Morse alphabet, and the operator will be seen cutting the strip into various lengths which are distributed amongst other operators to be written out in long hand. Thus the limit of rapidity imposed by the rate at which a man can write is abolished, since half a dozen writers can be employed on the strips discharged from one instrument. But this alone would not be of great service, since there is a limit to the speed with which the instrument can be worked at the transmitting end. It is worked by a key, and, as in the case of the Sounder, certain intervals have to

be observed ; and it is found that the quickest operator cannot play off more than forty words a minute with accuracy. The invention which enables that great speed of which we spoke a short time since to be attained is one which dispenses at either end with the actual manipulation of the instrument. The ingenuity of Professor Wheatstone contrived a system by which the mere insertion of a strip of paper at one end of the line prints the Morse characters in the way already described at the other.

The strip of paper which brings about this wonderful result is punched with holes, and it is owing to the mode in which the strip thus punched affects the electric current in



AUTOMATIC TELEGRAPHY.
From a Drawing by HARRY FURNISS.

passing through the transmitting instrument that dots and dashes are printed by the receiving instrument at the other end of the line. The punching of the paper which may be seen going on at the Post-Office at any time, is done by means of an instrument with three keys called the "Perforator."

When one of these keys is struck three holes

in a vertical line thus, $\begin{smallmatrix} \circ \\ \circ \\ \circ \end{smallmatrix}$ are punched on the paper ; when the second is struck one hole in the middle of the strip only ; and when the third is struck, two holes in the middle of the strip are punched, and also one hole above and one below at an angle to each other,

thus $\begin{smallmatrix} \circ & \circ \\ \circ & \circ \end{smallmatrix}$. The holes in the middle are smaller

than the others, and are merely used to move the paper along by means of a star wheel in the perforator. The larger holes represent a dot when they are in a line and a dash when they are at an angle. Thus we have again the means of representing the Morse alphabet by means of these dots. The letter *e*, which in the single-needle instrument is represented by a deflection to the left and in the written Morse alphabet by a dot, is represented on the punched paper by two holes in a vertical line, and the figure *t* by two holes at an angle. When the strip containing two holes in a vertical line passes through the Wheatstone instrument at one end of the line, a dot or short stroke is printed on the green strip at the other end, and when two holes in an inclined line pass through, a dash or long stroke is printed at the other end. Thus by a purely mechanical process the punched strip reproduces in dots and dashes, perhaps a couple of hundred miles off, the identical message which has been put into the instrument. It is by this means that the astonishing rate of 450 words a minute can be attained and that we read a speech made at Birmingham or Edinburgh in all our London papers within a few hours. Even the punching is at the General Post-Office made easier by calling in aid mechanical power. The keys of the machine are elsewhere struck by small mallets, but at the Post-Office the air pressure employed in the building to work the pneumatic tubes is used to work the perforator, and by this means the machine may be worked by three piano keys easily depressed by the finger. Moreover the power brought to bear is sufficient to punch as many as six strips of paper at once, while the average rate attained is about forty words per minute. Thus it requires many perforators working simultaneously to keep an automatic instrument employed, while as many clerks at the other end may be kept occupied in translating the printed tape into ordinary long hand. But the perforators can supply six automatic instruments as well as one, and thus six different places may be enabled to receive the message at the same time. In practice, the simultaneous transmission of messages is carried still further. A certain circuit, containing perhaps five towns, is supplied with automatic machines. Whenever the machine in London is fed with the punched ribbon each of the other towns receives the green printed slip at the same moment. For press work this arrangement is invaluable. Messages are handed in by some news agency like the Press Association to be sent to a

long string of country papers, and to various exchanges and news-rooms besides. Many of the towns are on circuits supplied by the automatic instrument. Six of these circuits can be set in motion by the work done by one perforator, and each flashes the news to a circle of four or five towns at the same moment. At the provincial post-office the telegraphist knows from the nature of the message and the instruction sent with it where it has to be delivered, and, as quickly as men can write, the news is disseminated through the town to the various papers and institutions entitled to receive it.

One instrument which dispenses with the use of any artificial code is to be seen at the Post-Office. This is known as Wheatstone's A B C instrument. It consists in appearance of two dials like the face of a clock, round each of which the letters of the alphabet are inserted. One dial is used for sending, the other for receiving, messages. On the sending dial each letter is supplied with a key, and below it is a handle. When the handle is turned and one of the keys depressed the pointer on the dial revolves and stops opposite the corresponding letter, and at the same moment at the other end of the line the pointer on the indicating dial points to the same letter. Thus any one who can spell out a word can work the instrument, and it has consequently been found very suitable for private use,—for example, in connecting a private house and a place of business, where the telegraph is worked by ordinary clerks and servants. It is, however, very slow, the average rate of working not exceeding five words a minute, and it is also expensive, for though simple in visible working its mechanism is exceedingly delicate and complicated. It is being rapidly superseded for private use by the telephone, and will probably soon be confined to a few small village post-offices where few messages are sent and no trained labour can be employed. The instrument is interesting in one respect that it is worked entirely by electro-magnetism without the aid of any galvanic battery.

There is another direction in which telegraphy is developing. Means have been

found by which messages may be sent over the same wire in contrary directions at the same time. Thus, while London is speaking to Birmingham, Birmingham may, over the identical wire, at the same time be speaking to London. This is called duplex telegraphy, and instruments working on this principle may be seen at the General Post-Office. Even this wonderful arrangement has been improved upon, and by means of what is called quadruplex working, the same wire may be utilised for two messages in each direction; and in America a Mr. Delany has even invented a multiplex instrument by which six messages may travel simultaneously



SLEEPING TIME BY ELECTRICITY.
From a Drawing by HARRY FURNISS.

over the same wire in one direction or the other. The economy of posts and wires resulting from such inventions and from the rapidity with which messages are now transmitted is shown by the fact that an increase of more than 300 per cent. in message work has necessitated an increase of only 150 per cent. in mileage of wires. And this is no trifling consideration. For not only are posts and wires expensive things, but there are many difficulties in carrying them from point to point. A line of telegraph in England is in a somewhat similar position to a sewage farm;

every one acknowledges it to be the right thing, but every one objects to its presence in his immediate neighbourhood. The gentleman who finds it the greatest convenience to have a telegraph station in the village within half a mile of his house, yet objects to the intrusion of a single post in his drawing-room view, and will not allow his park trees to be lopped to allow a wire to be carried along the adjoining road. Every one is prone to resort to the cry that the wires should be placed underground. But not only is the expense of this process often ten times that of erecting an overhead line, but in long distances any considerable length of underground line sensibly retards the speed of working. Fortunately the feeling is not quite so strong as in the case of sewage farms, and the Post-Office is mostly able by the exercise of some ingenuity and diplomacy to meet reasonable objections and overcome unreasoning opposition. But any one who enables two messages to be sent over a wire where only one could be sent before, deserves from the telegraphists the same species of praise which has always been accorded to the man who doubles the productiveness of the earth.

Other forces besides electricity are called in aid in the conduct of practical telegraphy. The Central Telegraph Office is connected with all the district offices and some other metropolitan centres by tubes, through which small packets are blown in one direction and sucked up in the other. For transmission through these tubes half a dozen messages are taken together, rolled up, and placed in a small leathern pouch like a dice-box with an elastic band across the top. The dice-box is put in the mouth of the tube and is forthwith shot to its destination in a few seconds. So great is the saving of time and labour effected by this pneumatic despatch, that the tubes have lately been provided with a room to themselves, so that they and the telegraph instruments may each have freedom to develop without encroaching on the space required for the other. In Paris and Berlin the system is still more popular, a kind of express post being organised in each place. In London the tube plays a leading part in the transmission of foreign messages. Nearly all the offices of the foreign cable companies are connected in this manner with the General Post-Office; and some six thousand messages coming from or destined for abroad are blown along their journey to and from the Central Office in the course of a day. The longest tube, however, is that between the General Post Office and the House of Commons. It is more than

two miles long, and the journey occupies six minutes. The total length of tube in London now exceeds 32 miles.

It seems almost anomalous to speak of telegraphic work and not to mention the telephone. There are, however, no telephones to be seen in the Post Office galleries, for this instrument does not at present occupy any prominent place in the Post-Office system. We all know that it enables two persons to talk directly to each other without the aid of any signal or the manipulation of any instrument. That it must have a great future cannot be doubted, but at present its use is confined to private connections between house and house, and to the institution known as the exchange. The exchange is of the nature of a club. A certain number of persons subscribe to it, and any two of these persons can at any time be put in a position to talk to each other. The Post-Office has twenty-seven of these exchanges, that at Newcastle-on-Tyne being probably the most perfect specimen of an exchange in England; the private telephone companies, which are licensed to carry on business by the Postmaster-General, have many more. But the total number of telephone subscribers in England is only about 20,000, and there are more than half that number in New York alone. Saving of physical labour is much more important in America than at home, on account of the greater heat of the climate and the higher rate of wages for unskilled labour.

In addition to the conversion of ordinary letters into the Morse alphabet many devices are employed by the Post-Office to facilitate the sending of messages. Thus it is of course necessary to note the time of handing in a message, so that it may take its proper turn. But as figures are indicated in the Morse alphabet by combinations of five signals, while letters never require more than four, it is found economical to construct a code of letters to note the time. For this purpose the twelve hours on the clock are indicated by the first twelve letters of the alphabet, J being omitted, and the same letters are used to indicate the twelve periods of five minutes. The intervening four minutes are in each case denoted by the letters R S W X. Thus by means of three letters any time may be indicated. A, for example, sent alone means 1 o'clock, but AA means 1.5, while AB means 1.10, and ABS means twelve minutes past one. In addition to the time of handing in, many other items of information have to be telegraphed with each message besides its actual contents. Thus it is necessary in the

first place to tell the receiving office whether the message handed in is an ordinary message paid for by the public, a foreign, or press message, one on the service of the Post-Office, or one transmitted free by arrangement with a railway company or Government Department. It is also necessary to say whether the message is one for delivery from the receiving-station or for re-transmission by telegraph to another. For in all these cases

message, in order to insure accuracy, and the instructions as to the mode in which the message has to be delivered; and these several signals together with the prefix and the code-time are known together as the preamble of the message.

Before even this preamble can be sent the office for which the message is intended has to be "called up." When only two stations are in communication the



PNEUMATIC TUBES AT THE GENERAL POST-OFFICE.

From a Drawing by HARRY FURNISS.

separate forms have to be used in taking down the message. Accordingly a letter such as I, which indicates that the message is an ordinary one for immediate delivery, or a combination of letters such as SP, which indicates that it is a press message, must be sent over the wires to prepare the receiving clerk at the office of destination. This letter or combination of letters is called the prefix. Further, the name of the office of origin has to be signalled, the number of words in the

noise of the instrument is sufficient for this purpose. But when several stations are connected by the same wire, the attention of the particular station for which the message is destined must be secured. This is done by signalling, not the full name of the station, which would occupy time, but an abbreviated name, consisting of two or three letters, assigned to that particular station and known as its code name. Thus LV is Liverpool, EH Edinburgh, and so on. It will be seen

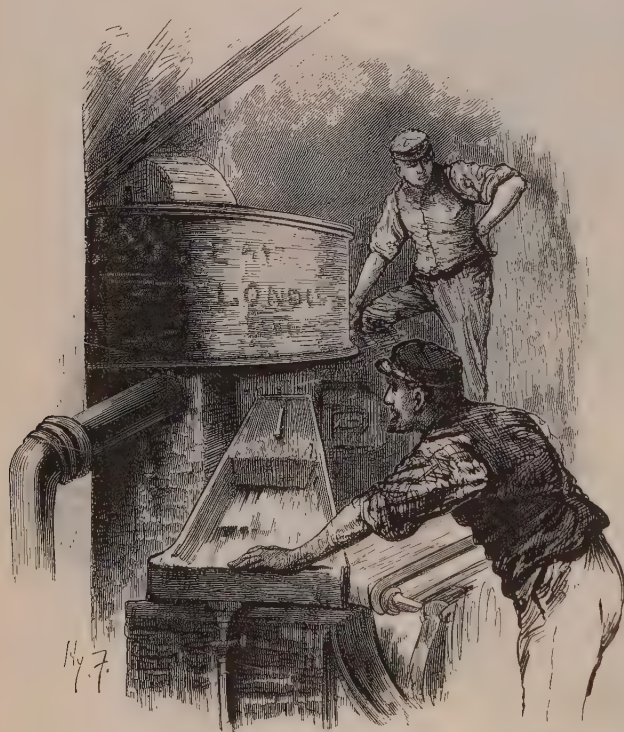
that much work has to be done before any part of the message handed in by the public is flashed over the wires. Moreover the simple transmission of a message in one direction is in many cases not deemed enough to insure accuracy. When the more common instruments, such as the single-needle, are used, and the operators are not specially expert, every word is acknowledged by a distinct signal sent back by the receiving to the transmitting office, and figures are always repeated in the reverse direction to ensure

which receives telegrams at one end and at the other gives out a thick white fluid, which again, under the pressure of heavy rollers, forms sheets of a soft dirty-grey material. Forty-one tons of telegrams can be thus pulped in a month.

It will be seen from this slight sketch of telegraph-working, that what the public have been in the habit of getting for a shilling is far more, from the point of view of the Post-Office, than the mere transmission of twenty words. In the first place, until recently, the

addresses of both sender and receiver, which, on the average, extended to eleven words, were transmitted free of charge. Beyond this must be taken into account the preamble, comprising on the average six words; the calling up of the proper office, and the acknowledgments and repetitions necessary to insure accuracy of transmission, besides all the checking and account-keeping necessary in an enormous business. Persons who talked of the possibility of sending a shilling telegram for sixpence, and spoke in that light-hearted way, with which we are all familiar, of the timidity and want of enterprise of the Post-Office, and the certainty that large profits would accrue from low prices had of course no knowledge of the amount of work which each message represents. Nevertheless the demand for a cheaper telegram was reasonable enough, and was from the first favourably viewed by Mr. Fawcett. When the telegraphs were transferred to the State in 1870 the number of ordinary messages telegraphed in the year was 9,000,000. In the year ending March 1885 it was thirty-three millions and a quarter.

This is an enormous increase, but it took place mainly in the first ten years of the Post-Office administration. During those years there was an increase of twenty millions, while during the succeeding four years the whole increase was less than four millions, and what is more ominous the rate of increase tended to diminish year by year, the increase of 1884-5 being little more than half that of the preceding year. It is true that the number of telegrams sent in England, per head of the population, has always compared favourably with other countries. But



PULPING OLD TELEGRAMS.

From a Drawing by HARRY FURNISS.

accuracy. There is also an elaborate system of accounts, the message-forms handed in by the public being carefully checked at headquarters with duplicates of the forms on which messages are delivered in order to see that all proper charges have been made and accounted for. The handed-in forms, or original telegrams, are kept for three months, during which time the Post-Office will produce them to the sender and receiver, but to no one else. They are subsequently converted into pulp by a machine such as that shown in one of our artist's sketches—an apparatus

then the number of letters sent in the United Kingdom is very much greater than in other countries, and judged by this standard, the telegraph has not been used to the extent which might have been expected. Thus in the United Kingdom each person sends forty letters in the course of the year, and in France only fifteen. But the proportion of telegrams to letters prior to the introduction of the sixpenny telegram was in England one to forty-four, while in France it was one to twenty-nine. All these facts pointed to a failure on the part of the telegraph to attain that popularity which might fairly be expected. Parliament, taking this view, in 1883 insisted, against the faint protests of the Government, upon a reduction in the minimum charge for a telegram to sixpence; and the new system with which we are now all familiar, came into force on the 1st October, 1885. There was a lively controversy over the abolition of free addresses, before Parliament, at the instance of Mr. Shaw-Lefevre, was induced to sanction the step; but it may fairly be said that the arguments for the change bore down all opposition by their superior weight. Under the old system there was no inducement to

shorten either addresses or message, and the wires were constantly burdened with the transmission of useless matter. Now nothing is sent but what is necessary, and every word pays toll.

It was in expectation of the sixpenny telegram that the additional story at St. Martin's-le-Grand was built, and a new room devoted entirely to pneumatic tubes. This additional space was not provided too soon, for the number of messages sent has increased by more than fifty per cent. since the reduction of charge. One can imagine the keen interest with which Mr. Fawcett would have watched the effect of the new mode of charge; and, mingled with regret that he cannot chronicle for us the result of the reform which he did perhaps more than any one else to bring about, must be the wish, always present to his mind, that such agencies as the Post-Office and the telegraph may, not only by their direct operation, but by their more subtle influences on the production and distribution of commodities, continually tend to make life go more smoothly with all classes of the community, and especially with the poor and struggling.



THE TELEGRAPH CLOCK.



THE MEDIATION OF RALPH HARDELLOT.

BY PROF. W. MINTO, AUTHOR OF "CRACK OF DOOM."

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

A CONFIDENTIAL EMISSARY FOR THE KING.



AS soon as the council rose the king hastened to his mother's apartments in high delight at the prospect of exercising some part of his sovereignty. No sense of the gravity of the situation damped his boyish spirits. He was

as excited as at the anticipation of a tournament or a hawking party, where the sport might be expected to be particularly good. It must be remembered that he was only in his fifteenth year.

The princess was not elaborate in her instructions to Ralph Hardelot. He was to be the bearer of a message of general sympathy and goodwill: her keen woman's judgment, sharpened by the urgent danger, taught her that the precise terms of a formal commission would be out of place. "You have seen," she said, "that my son is of a gentle disposition; that nature hath made him to be a kind and gracious lord to his people, a lover of justice, a hater of oppression; that it is not in his heart to see the poor and weak wronged and pillaged by the rich and strong, but that they may trust him to hear and redress their reasonable complaints, as God and conscience constrain him. You have seen this and I trust you to make it known."

Ralph loyally and reverently accepted the commission. He believed in his heart that the mother had rightly read her son's character.

"Tell them," added Richard by way of

supplement, his air rendered more sober and thoughtful by his mother's eulogy, "that as for these excessive wars of which they complain that the treasure of the kingdom can in no manner sustain them. I have a plan to bring our unhappy quarrel with France to an end when I come of age. The King of France is young like myself, and like myself has gallant uncles; I will challenge them to fight out our quarrel in mortal battle, royal blood against royal blood, and the issue shall decide without any further damage or hurt to our innocent subjects."

When Ralph had gone the princess embraced her son. "Courage, my fair son," she said, "your kingdom will yet be saved, in spite of treachery."

In the evening Ralph was rowed down from the Tower to Greenwich. At the suggestion of the princess he had resumed the distinctive dress of a Wycliffian priest: it might serve as a passport. The long day was closing as he climbed the hill towards Blackheath and looked back on the gleaming river and the distant towers and spires.

A few light words from his brother that afternoon had haunted him and filled his thoughts more than all the public tumult, which seemed so distant and dreamlike now in the peaceful evening light with the cool, silent river winding through the scene past the dim city.

Clara Roos was free once more. The intervention of the princess had been successful: a dispensation had come at last from the hateful union. The princess had said nothing of this; the mother's heart was full of nearer and greater anxieties, and if any thought of it crossed her mind the terrors of the situation banished her benevolent designs

in this slight affair till a more fitting occasion. There would be a time to make lovers happy when her son's kingdom was saved. And Ralph had not exchanged a word with Clara. But he had seen her; their eyes had met; and from that moment, though his sense of public duty was not abated, but on the contrary immeasurably elevated and hallowed, his whole being had been under an irresistible spell. Love which he had held at bay so long had taken him as if at unawares, had rushed in upon him sweeping away every barrier, and established itself in full mastery.

His covenant with himself to live in single-hearted service of God and man—it was not forgotten, it was simply overwhelmed, buried away, to rise to the surface only in harmonious transfusion. He had no wish to bring it back in hard antagonism. He was mastered even beyond power to think of resistance or debate. A strange restful joy as of a distracted nature reconciled with itself and restored from discord to harmony filled his whole soul, holding every faculty in willing servitude.

At peace with himself at last; and yet the peace that filled his soul was near akin to sadness. The world was fairer to him and yet he was not insensible of its miseries. Only somehow in his inner being there seemed to have been opened a deep fountain of hope that the miseries would pass, and that through them a better time would be reached. The sense of pain was not poignant enough to disturb the great calm that had descended on him like the peace of the stars after a storm.

He was not so sanguine as he had been of his own immediate aims. He had not abandoned them; he was ready to adventure his life for them calmly and without fear; but his faith in his own individual strength was sobered by what he had felt of the mighty forces against which he had measured it. Masses of men bound together by custom, unable to see above custom, to tell evil from good within the bonds of it, savagely resentful of interference, what could the weak voice of persuasion avail against this?

In his lonely days in prison he had meditated much. The weeks he had spent there had been like years in maturing his experience. Was it only by violent convulsions that evil customs could be uprooted? Could right and justice be reached only through strife and confusion? He saw the poor robbed by their natural protectors, beaten when they asked for justice; would nothing but armed resistance and retaliation open

the eyes of their lords to this iniquity? Why did righteous lords, whom conscience made just and merciful, remain blind to the brutalities of their fellows? He saw foul greed fluttering like a harpy over the fair world of England, clutching at the livelihood of poor men and devouring it, sometimes merely wasting it in ugly malevolence. Would nothing but the clamour of insurrection scare this monster from its prey?

"Who goes there?" Ralph was interrupted in his sad reflections.

He started and looked round. For a moment nobody was visible. Then from behind a clump of furze a man sprang up, and the next instant there appeared behind him half-a-dozen men in leather jackets with bows in their hands.

He had reached the outposts of the insurgents.

He advanced towards them and doffing his hat asked to be guided to the captain of the commons. "I bear a message to him," he said.

"From whom?"

"From the king."

They laughed. "The king does not send such as you on his errands."

"I am known to your captain," said Ralph.

"You are known to me also," said the man. "You are a spy. I saw you at Stourbridge Fair."

"At least take me to your captain. What I have to say to him deeply concerns the cause of the commons."

The men demurred, and talked of short shrift for suspicious prowlers.

"Bind me and blindfold me, if you please," said Ralph extending his hands.

This was agreed to after consultation, and the bandage was not removed from his eyes till he found himself in the presence of the leaders.

It was a council of four, or rather a captain with a council of three, and in one of the number Ralph recognized his friend Simon d'Ypres, *alias* John Trueman, *alias* John Kirby. Kirby held the threads of the organization: John Trueman's fellows were the men selected months before throughout the counties to rise when the word of command should come. The Captain was Wat Tyler, whom we have met before. He brought military capacity and a genius for command to the combination: one of the most singular things about the insurrection is its complete collapse after his assassination, and nothing could more clearly testify to the power that carried it so far. John Ball, the heretic priest, was also there, the orator and

chaplain of the movement. Of all the leaders he was personally the most widely known and popular: the letters summoning the peasants to rise were written in his name and in his hand. The other leader present at the Green Man, which, standing on the edge of Blackheath Hill, commanded a view of London over the flats of Bermondsey and Rotherhithe, was Jack Straw, or Rakestraw, the captain of the Essex contingent. He had led his men that day to Hampstead Heath, and had crossed the Thames to concert operations with Tyler. The watch-fire at his headquarters, the inn which still bears his name, was visible from Blackheath; no dark curtain of fog was stretched between the two points in those days. No wonder if the rich citizens of London were trembling, with the beacons of two such hosts blazing to north and south, and four-fifths of the populace eager to join hands with them.

The room in which the leaders sat was furnished with plain deal, but there was some semblance of state in their council. It was an upper room of the hostelry in which the local guilds held their assemblies; and it was provided with a raised platform or dais, on which stood the high-backed chair of the president and lower seats for other office-bearers.

When Ralph was brought in by Lawrence Kirby, who acted as usher, Tyler was seated in the central chair and the other members of the council by his side. They had just parted with Sir John Newton, having heard his message, and were deliberating what action they should take. They were not satisfied with the promised conference at Rotherhithe.

Ralph received a friendly but distant greeting from his acquaintances. From their grave looks of inquiry it was evident that the message was of more interest to them than the messenger; and the captain, speaking with the manner of a man who has no time to waste in ceremony, at once told him to declare what he was commissioned to say.

They heard him in grave silence, without comment, sitting under the rude cross candlestick hung from the ceiling, the gravity of their faces heightened by the strong light and shade. The assurance that the young king was personally favourable to them was welcome, but the absence of specific promise or proposal, coupled with the half-concession reported by Sir John Newton, was suspicious. When it was apparent that Ralph bore no definite plan of co-operation Ball became impatient and began to question him, and

to ask whether there were any others at court as favourable as the king professed himself to the emancipation of the bondmen.

Ralph could mention only the princess. "Then," cried Ball impetuously, turning to his colleagues, "we must have the charters with us! We must not leave London without them. It is necessary that we see the king alone!"

Tyler said nothing, but by a look admonished the impetuous speaker of his indiscretion in thus revealing their plans. Kirby also cast a reproving glance. The man of quiet intrigue and organization was often annoyed by the man of burning words.

Ralph did not see this byplay, but as Ball seemed to address him made answer by way of excusing the king that he could not grant charters without the assent of his council.

"We will be his council!" cried the fiery orator. "We will quicken their deliberations!"

Then Kirby had a question to ask in his ordinary smooth, quiet voice. Did the king show the same willingness to remedy abuses when Ralph first conferred with him six weeks before?

Ralph assured him that it was so, an answer at which the little man's keen eyes twinkled, while he suggested to the captain that Master Hardelot might now be dismissed with thanks to the king for his gracious message, and an answering assurance that they would ever be loyal to him and his heirs, that he need fear no hurt from them, and that in all they did they had regard to the honour of himself and the realm.

Ball would fain have questioned Ralph farther about his treatment by the chancellor, an old enemy of the priest's. The craven Newton, knowing how Sudbury was hated, had reported his opposition to the conference, and the acceptance of his resignation. Anything against Sudbury was very pleasing to John Ball, and he would fain have extracted from Ralph the particulars of his harshness to a blood relation manifesting sympathy with the commons. But Tyler checked him saying that they had weightier business in hand. It was not the captain's fault that the popular hatred of Sudbury afterwards took so terrible a form; he did his utmost to confine the insurgents to definite demands and to obtain them without bloodshed.

Ralph left the presence of the insurgent leaders with a heavy heart, which all his new-found joy and hope could hardly lift above the oppression of painful foreboding. On two points it was clear that they had

made up their minds inflexibly: they must see the king in person, and they must have charters of emancipation under his seal. Further they were not in a mood to wait; they must have satisfaction at once. How indeed could they wait with a huge unprovoked mob behind them assembled to carry their demands with a rush?

When we compare the enterprise of the insurgents with the customs of the time it looks much less revolutionary than it does in the light of modern usage, and also much less wild and unpractical. It was no uncommon thing in those days—a custom surviving from Anglo-Saxon times—for the people to break in upon and overawe the judicial and legislative deliberation. It was thus not so wild a scheme as it now looks for the peasantry of England to rise and try to coerce their rulers into the concession of freedom, by a single act of the sovereign power. The novelty and also the danger lay in the breadth of the combination, and the enormous numbers and mixed character of the assembled multitudes.

The insurgent leaders were evidently both determined and impatient; and Ralph well knew that there was no lack of obstinacy on the other side. The chances of a peaceful solution were small, and the horrors of a collision were such as imagination shrank from.

He looked round him as he walked out into the fresh summer air, and raised his eyes to heaven in vain question what the end was to be, and why men were permitted thus to strive and grope in blind and furious quarrel. No restraint was put upon his movements as he left. An escort went with him to the edge of the camp, and he was free to make what observations he pleased. It was a peaceful summer night, the north-western sky chequered with streaks of cloud that still retained the glow of the departed day; in the south-east the moon, but a little past its full splendour, shone with rays so enfeebled by the lingering light that they hardly cast a shadow from house and tree. So light was it in the upper sky that the ruddy glow of the watchfires hardly raised itself above the heath. They had been allowed to burn low, so that the smoke of the green wood should not obscure the field, and hundreds of little piles of embers glowed steadily at intervals over the wide expanse. Silence reigned through the camp, rendered all the more intense and impressive to him who knew what turbulence lay at rest there by the uneasy, fitful barking of distant dogs. When Ralph had come the camp had been

like a huge picnic of rough holiday-makers, alive with the uproarious noise of wild groups of dancers and singers. Fiddlers and clarionet-players were doing their utmost to make their instruments heard above the din. But as night fell this wild excitement had been sternly checked for fear of a surprise, and now there was dead silence, save for the moon-baying dogs. The dying fires that Ralph passed on his return were surrounded by reclining figures, many of them giving audible signs of the sleep that had overtaken them on the bare mother-earth, snoring up at the pale stars. As he looked round him in the soft moonlight at this strange bivouac, Ralph was conscious of a shapeless foreboding, a dull, vague apprehension of horrors that might happen when this vast slumbering mass should awake to a new day and a consciousness of its wrongs and its power. He had heard them with a bandage over his eyes in their boisterous, reckless excitement; the change to silent slumber under the gentle sky had something awful in it: to what terror of enraged frenzy might not the next change be? Yet he looked up at the gracious light and through it to the faint twinkling stars, and a certain calm of resignation and trust subdued his troubled imagination. Even for the morrow there was a ray of hope in the young king's desire to conciliate.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

CORPUS CHRISTI DAY, 1381.

THURSDAY the 13th of June was the festival of Corpus Christi, when the streets and churches of every town all over the Christian world were filled with that singular pageant intended to bring before the bodily eyes of the people the eternal claims of the Redeemer and His martyrs to reverent gratitude and adoration.

It was significant of the permanence of the church throughout all political commotions and changes that this solemn procession was not intermitted in London on that memorable Thursday. Some courage it needed to persist, for of all the great ceremonies of the Church there was none so likely to be subjected by an excited populace to unseemly insult or riotous interruption. Lollardy was spreading fast among the people, and in the eyes of the Lollards, who repudiated transubstantiation, the adoration of the Host was a profane rite. On ordinary occasions even there were many who kept out of the way or refused to

uncover and bow the head when the sacred pyx was carried along the street. To send the procession through the city when London was surrounded by huge mobs, as bitterly hostile to the ministers of the Church as they were to the ministers of the state, and possessing in both animosities the full sympathy of the populace, seemed like courting disorder. But no interruption occurred. The officiating priests with their sacred charge, the long train of white-robed choristers, Ursula and her maidens, Catherine and her wheel, Sebastian stuck full of arrows, St. George and the dragon, passed through Cheapside unmolested. It may have been that the personators of the martyrs trembled lest their acting should be turned into earnest, but jeers here and there from crowds buzzing with expectation of greater novelties were all the indignity they had to endure.

It was the archbishop who had insisted that the ordinance of the Church should be observed. Sudbury was not in a mood to yield to popular clamour. In retiring from his high office in the State he had wrapped himself round with all the dignity of the Church. If he was no longer Lord High Chancellor of England he was still the Legate of the Pope and Archbishop of Canterbury. So fierce and so openly proclaimed was the popular hatred, and so little did his late colleagues show any disposition to shield him, that the full extent of his danger was only too manifest. Escape was impossible if he had wished it; and reflecting on his toilsome climb out of obscurity, on the many heavy burdens he had borne, and the bitter ingratitude and calumny that was his reward, he had little desire to live, and prepared to endure the worst with dignity.

He had remained all night in the Tower, and in the chapel there on Thursday morning he celebrated early mass before the king and his court, and dismissed them with his blessing to their interview with the insurgents at Rotherhithe.

They rowed down from the Tower about ten o'clock. Ralph HardeLOT had a place in the barge near the king. With characteristic impulsiveness Richard had made a prime favourite of the young man, and feeling the need of trusting some one in such a crisis, and regarding all the statesmen round him with suspicion as being possibly secret allies of his uncle Lancaster, he trusted Ralph implicitly. His nobles did not like this childish partiality, and spoke one to another about the intruder with contemptuous anger, but it was not a time to squabble with their royal master about such an insignificant

person, and the princess seemed to approve of her son's fancy to have the young man near his person.

As they rowed down the river they found the banks by Rotherhithe crowded with a rugged and ragged mob of peasants. They also had been prepared by their chaplain for the work of the day; but in place of the solemn mass their morning service had been a rousing sermon from John Ball on the iniquity of bondage and the natural equality of man.¹

The attempt at a conference failed, as had been anticipated on both sides, except by the unreasonably sanguine. The nobles would not comply with the preliminary conditions of the insurgents, and the insurgents would do nothing till those conditions were granted.

The young king indeed was eager to land. Ralph, seeing in this the only chance of averting a collision, had warmly advised him to trust his person with the insurgents. The king had all the fearlessness of his race and the boldness of the measure captivated his chivalrous imagination. As the event proved afterwards it might have been done with safety. It often happens in exceptional emergencies, where the ordinary maxims of policy do not apply, that the rashness of generous youth is wiser than the caution of suspicious experience.

But the counsellors who accompanied the king would not hear of it. Lord Salisbury, who, backed by Arundel and Warwick, was now assuming the lead in the council, scouted the idea as madness. Rumour credited the rebel leaders with the infamous plan of getting possession of the king, massacring the nobles and the higher clergy, and ruling the country in his name. This seemed likely enough to the terrified nobles, and likely enough that the proposed conference was a trick—very transparent if a trick—for the easy accomplishment of the first step, the capture of the king.

Their honesty, as Salisbury saw the matter, admitted of a very simple test. The leaders could easily make their grievances and their demands known from the bank without the king's leaving his barge; if they refused to do so it was plain to a child's comprehension that they meant treachery.

¹ Ball's famous text on the occasion—

"Whan Adam dalf and Eve span
Wo was thanne a gentilman?—"

is sometimes referred to as if it had been his own composition. It was really a familiar country proverb. The equality of man in the primitive state was equally a commonplace, to be found in most deeds of manumission. It was in the practical application that Ball differed from his contemporaries.

Accordingly the barge was rowed close to the shore. Shouts of satisfaction had been raised when it appeared in sight. Conspicuous among the rough, grinning, and beaming rows of faces on the bank was the grave visage of Sir John Newton, who stood under guard hard by the leaders. He was there in painful jeopardy; if the promise brought by him had not been kept his life would have paid the forfeit.

The barge was slowed down and brought to a stand opposite the leaders, and at the sound of the herald's trumpet the vast and noisy throng was hushed into strained expectancy.

The young king sent his clear treble across to the insurgent leaders. "Sirs, I am your king. I am come hither at your request, and I desire to know what is your will."

There was a moment's silence, and then Tyler's powerful voice was heard distinctly in answer:—"Our most redoubted lord, your faithful commons pray you to come on land, and then we will show you what we lack."

This answer was ratified by loud shouts from the hosts behind. "Yes, yes; come on land," came from a thousand throats.

Richard turned eagerly to Salisbury, but the earl shook his head, and raising his hand made answer for the king that they must declare their will to him as they stood.

Tyler for the commons decisively declined and the barge rowed away, amidst a frightful clamour of remonstrance. Again the barge was brought near and the offer to hear them from the shore repeated. It was again declined.

Salisbury this time lost patience. To expect him to be caught by such a manifest trick was too much. Raising his voice, and looking scornfully round on the dirty, ragged, and uncouth peasants, he called out to them: "Sirs, ye are not in such dress nor are your manners such that the king should speak with you."

With that he ordered the barge to be rowed back to the Tower. Whether the insurgents heard his petulant insult or not, there was no mistaking the significance of the action, and a storm of yells and hoots burst from the disappointed assembly. It is curious how contemporary writers in speaking of this insurrection all refer to the terrific character of the noise made by the rebels. Froissart repeatedly says that they shouted as if all the devils in hell were in them; and Chaucer's only reference to the rebellion touches on the same point. The truth is that whoever has heard the howl of

an angry mob has heard the most appalling sound in nature—most appalling to man at least. The bravest man in the king's train turned pale before the tempest of hooting that pursued the barge up the river.

Though Salisbury also lost colour he was tolerably at ease as regarded the results of his policy. Spies had reported to him that morning that the insurgents were poorly provisioned, as was to be expected with so hasty a gathering, and that many of them were already fasting for want of food; it was necessary, therefore, only to keep the gates of the city shut against the rabble, and in a few days they would be forced to disperse of themselves. The rout would be dispersed by hunger, and then—vengeance!

The policy was good. But the gates could not be kept shut.

The royal party was not long returned to the Tower when the insurgents were battering at the gates of London Bridge on the south and Aldgate on the east, and threatening to pillage and burn the suburbs if they were not admitted.

They had not long to wait. The news of their arrival spread like wildfire through the city, and the excitement became uncontrollable. Thousands of sympathisers thronged to the gates. The ordinary watch and ward had been quadrupled, but what were sixteen men, however strong and well-armed as the order enjoined them to be, against such a multitude? The roaring mass outside might be held at bay by passive resistance of wall and portcullis; but if they had to guard also against treason within, the end could not long be doubtful.

The warders of the gates got no help from the panic-stricken nobles in their extremity. Of the eight thousand men-at-arms within the walls, ample if well handled for the defence of the city, not a pennon was advanced to their support. Divided counsels, mutual suspicion, consciousness of guilt, abject cowardice—we know not what combined to produce this strange paralysis of the titled classes, but it is a signal illustration of the anarchy against which the peasants rebelled, of the absence of public authority under which private selfishness had made itself intolerable. There was no lack either of men or of military leadership if a strenuous defence had been resolved upon. Two of the most famous captains of the age, Sir Robert Knolles and Sir Perducas D'Albret, were in London at the time. But Knolles was allowed to remain in his own house with six-score companions guarding his treasure—

treasure amassed out of the plunder of France; and Sir Perducas also lay quiet in his own lodging. The government in the Tower set this example of cautious isolation; they had several hundreds at least of mail-clad men ready to harness, capable of scattering thousands of the half-armed peasants, but they remained inactive within the Tower walls, leaving the wealthy citizens to defend their homes as best they might.

The city gates were opened after brief parley. What happened then? Indiscriminate pillage and massacre? No: the wealth of the capital and the lives of the citizens were at the mercy of these armies of shoeless and ragged churls—*discaligati ribaldi* as the chronicler terms them—there was nothing but moral authority to restrain them; but, strange to say, they resisted the temptation. They marched through the streets in order as peaceably as a modern "demonstration" through Pall Mall and Piccadilly to Hyde Park. Their rising was in fact a demonstration, not a bloodthirsty rebellion; they had risen not for indiscriminate revenge or for retributive pillage, but for justice, and they were controlled by definite aims and marvellously strong leadership.

Two great outrages on property were perpetrated that afternoon, but both were rough acts of exemplary punishment, and both were probably deliberately planned by the leaders as safety-valves for the excitement of their followers. Such a miscellaneous mob, full of hilarious energy, rejoicing in their unwonted holiday from dull routine, plied with food and drink by the sympathetic and the sycophantic, bubbling over with the laughter of a self-satisfaction that a touch might kindle into destructive savagery, was dangerous if left without definite occupation. It was well for the unprotected wealth of London that their energies were concentrated against the property of two of the greatest and most hated personages in the realm, John of Gaunt and Sir Robert Hales, the Lord High Treasurer. The men of Kent entering by London Bridge, and the men of Essex, entering by Aldgate, marched right through London to John of Gaunt's great palace at the Savoy, wrecked it, and set it on fire. But so sternly were the leaders bent on repressing anything that looked like private pillage that a caitiff who was found in possession of a silver cup, snatched out of the wealth of jewellery, ornaments, tapestry, and other treasures with which the palace was furnished, was summarily seized and flung with his plunder into the Thames. The Savoy Palace demolished, the wrath of the insur-

gents was turned next against the belongings of the Knights of St. John, of which powerful order Hales the Lord Treasurer was the Grand Master. The Temple was first wrecked and burnt, and next the like destruction overtook the property of the Hospitallers in Clerkenwell.

Night fell at last on this day of terror for all who had anything to lose, and the citizens were left within their bolted and barricaded doors, trembling but untouched. The mass of the insurgents bivouacked outside the walls, in the open fields at Smithfield and Mile End. But it was late before the excitement in the city, the rowdiness of which had been stirred to its lowest depths, subsided; and a disorderly mob, formed of the most eager and riotous elements in the whole huge gathering, took up their quarters in the open space on St. Catherine's Hill, and made the summer evening hideous and terrible for the beleaguered inhabitants of the Tower.

Late in the evening, within sound of the terrific bursts of discordant howling from the hill opposite, a council was held in the Tower, to which the lord mayor and other magnates of the city were invited. The young king went with a plan to propose and a royal determination to have his own way.

The easy capture of the city gates had increased his suspicions of his regular counsellors, and thrown him still more unreservedly upon the confidence of his young favourite.

With Ralph the meditative sadness of the previous evening had given place to his natural energy and eagerness, and a high-strung resolution to be of service. There was no one near the king to point out what he saw to be the clear path, and when the princess consulted him he did not hesitate to speak out with all his force and urge that the king should put trust in the loyal professions of the insurgent commons. Their conduct during the day was all in favour of the honesty of their declarations, and showed also that the leaders had sufficient control over their followers to be able to guarantee what they promised. The damage inflicted on the king's uncle and on the Order to which the treasurer belonged was quite in accordance with their good faith and their power to maintain discipline. Better, Ralph urged, grant what the leaders asked while their authority was still supreme; if the leaders made no way with their demands the control would probably soon pass out of their hands, and ungoverned and ungovernable fury take the place of docile obedience. He

volunteered to go out into the confusion, find the leaders, beg them to say through him what would give satisfaction, and arrange for a personal conference with the king if they required this for their followers as a public testimony of the king's good-will.

The argument approved itself to the king's temper. The princess also was persuaded of its reasonableness. Before the meeting of the council Ralph made his way to the leaders and brought back from them their conditions for a conference on the following day. More than once he encountered members of the council about the Tower and their haughty looks showed him that his activity was observed and not approved of.

They had heard of what he was doing and of the king's willingness to meet the commons personally and grant the desired emancipation. The princess saw them severally, and urged that it was better to yield this than to lose all, as in their desperate case they seemed only too likely to do.

Then the wise men talked together in private chambers and in corners, and gradually they arrived at an understanding that could not be openly expressed. They agreed to accede to the king's wish and allow him to grant the charters of emancipation in his own name; but as for sanctioning those charters when they should have served the purpose of sending the rabble back to their homes contented—that could be left for future consideration.

Of this private understanding however nothing was said at the meeting of the council, and the sturdy representatives of the city, Walworth, and Bramber, and Philpot, who were not in the secret, were astonished at the pusillanimity of the king's guardians. Walworth was all for vigorous action. With so many men-at-arms in the Tower and in private houses there was no cause for fear. Not one in twenty of the peasants was armed, and if a sally were made at night they might be killed by the score, he contemptuously said, "like fleas."

But the cautious Salisbury did not care to run the risks of this heroic policy; and his more excellent way, to pacify the churls with fair words in the meantime, was approved by the majority. The killing could be done more conveniently afterwards when they were separated.

Ralph waited on the finding of the council in the apartments of the princess, looking out from a high window in the White Tower on the clamorous mob in the distance. Clara Roos was there. They understood one another at last though their love was still

unspoken. The princess looked on benignantly; it was a relief from her cares and fears to witness the mute interchange of tenderness and trust.

CHAPTER XL.

THE MORROW OF CORPUS CHRISTI AT MILE END.

THE scene enacted on the morning of Friday was one of the most striking in English history, but instead of being as it purported, the happy consummation of a great social change, it proved to be only the prologue to a perplexed and bloody tragedy.

Nevertheless the act proceeded at first with marvellous smoothness.

The hill opposite the Tower was early astir. As the morning wore on the crowd became larger and more noisy, and, knowing nothing of the conclusion arrived at within, began a continuous roar, demanding that the king should come forth to speak to them. This was the burden of their cries in so far as they were articulate; but voices were also raised clamouring for the heads of traitors and threatening to break in by force.

Presently amidst the appalling din two heralds in tabards of white and red appeared on the leads of the western gate, and blowing their trumpets made proclamation that the king would go to Mile End soon after prime to speak with his faithful lieges and hear what they had to say to him. Those near enough to hear ran back with the news, and then the drawbridge was lowered and the heralds rode out accompanied by a single horseman in the garb of a Wyclifian priest. The bridge was quickly raised behind these messengers of peace, and then they rode round by Mile End and Smithfield, where the bulk of the insurgents lay in good order, and back by St. Paul's, halting now and again to repeat with blast of trumpet the welcome proclamation.

Soon after nine the drawbridge was lowered—not to be raised again this time—and the royal party issued forth. Besides the members of the council Richard had insisted on taking Ralph Hardelet with him, to ride on his left hand in his plain russet garb. It was a dangerous honour, not so much from the violence of the mob, for with them the garb was popular, but the haughty nobles did not like this irregular promotion. Such danger as there might be to the king from the

discontented peasants was shared by his mother the princess; Clara Roos accompanied her in her carriage and they rode behind the council, attended by an escort of men-at-arms.¹

Arrived at Mile End, where he was received with loud hilarious welcome from the ranks of the assembled peasants, the king repeated the formal words of the previous day. "Sirs, I am your king. I am come hither to speak with you at your request; what is your will with me?"

He listened with grave dignity while Tyler in the name of his fellows spoke briefly of the hardships suffered by serfs and villeins from false and excessive claims of base service. He touched also on the waste of the treasure wrung from poor men on wars from which the realm derived no profit. "These matters," he said in conclusion, "we humbly trust it will please your majesty to take in hand and cause to be inquired into, for we are persuaded that your taxes go to the enrichment of greedy and worthless men; but in the meantime it is our will that we be no more called bond nor reputed so."

"Our will," muttered Salisbury aside to De la Pole. "The knave has no manners."

"His tongue may learn another language before many days are over," whispered the other with a significant look.

Richard answered with gracious condescension, "Sirs, your request is reasonable, and we grant it freely."

Tyler turned to his followers and raising his sonorous voice told them the king's answer, whereupon rough shouts of joy rent the air.

Then Tyler turned again to the king, and in as courteous phrase as his untrained speech could find intimated that they must have letters executed to confirm their new privileges, and that those letters must be delivered to them to carry home and show to their fellows. He contrived to convey that they did not distrust the king, but that his ministers did not possess their confidence.

For this also the king was prepared, thanks to the previous communications through Ralph. He beckoned to a clerk to come forward, and ordered him to read a form of patent letters which had been drafted in anticipation of this demand. This draft charter released all personal bondmen from their servitude, commuted villeins' services

to a rent not to exceed fourpence an acre, and granted them liberty to buy and sell in all markets.

The council had offered no opposition to this comprehensive emancipation. There was no harm in making as thorough as possible what could be revoked as easily as it had been granted when the mutinous rascals had dispersed to their homes. The more complete the concession the more likely it was to send them home contented.

And this was indeed its effect. The simple peasants were enraptured with this formal document of freedom. The sacred parchment was carried from point to point and read aloud so that all might hear, thousands of eyes following it with devout veneration and joy. They were too absorbed in this sudden exultation to mark the sinister exchange of meaning looks among great men who knew better the value of the parchment.

While matters were in this amicable frame, the charter making its round like some adored idol, the king chatted with the counsellors near him, and the princess looked with interest at the ranks of the insurgents, and beckoning to Ralph asked him to tell her the names of any among them whom he knew.

As he ran his eyes along in compliance with this request his attention was suddenly arrested by the appearance of a knight in armour, who was coming forward from among them towards the royal train, his features composed in an expression that was meant to be deprecatory and ingratiating.

Several knights and other gentlemen had been impressed by the insurgents in the course of their gathering. Some, like the gallant Robert de la Salle of Norwich, had contemptuously refused to join, and had paid for their hardihood with their lives. But such courage and loyalty were rare. The majority, like Sir John Newton, had consented to march with the insurgents. Among them was Sir Richard Rainham, whom Ralph now recognised, taking advantage of the amicable settlement to move out of the ranks of the peasants, plead constraint as an apology for his appearance, and try to make his peace with the court.

The princess signifying a desire to speak to the Earl of Arundel, Ralph moved round to the other side of the carriage and directed Clara's attention to another figure standing next to the space that the knight had just quitted.

"That face is known to me," he whispered, "but I cannot remember where I saw it."

¹ Froissart implies that the princess remained behind in the Tower and was there insulted and frightened by the mob; but the city record distinctly states that she accompanied the king in a chariot. Riley's *Memorials*, p. 449.

"Do you not remember?" she answered.
 "I shall never forget it."

Then as he still looked puzzled, she added,
 "The dungeon at Sturmere."

The missing link was found. He remembered now. It was Jannequin Carter, the savage tatterdemalion whom he had with such difficulty prevented from taking immediate vengeance in the dungeon. Jannequin's face wore a patient half-sleepy air, as if he were waiting contentedly for something and took little interest in the great business of the hour.

But they had little time to observe him or to speculate upon his appearance in such curious proximity to the knight. The draft charter had made its round, and the toil-worn faces of the peasant ranks, turned now towards the king in expectation of

the next move, were gleaming with satisfaction.

The king held the charter gaily aloft, and intimated that the whole staff of Chancery clerks would at once be set to work to write out the desired letters patent, and that they would be sealed with the great seal and delivered to them by townships and villages as fast as they were ready.

This gracious intimation was proclaimed in louder tones and greeted with happy acclamation.

A king and his people reconciled. The galling abuses that had bred mischief between them swept away with a word; a score of industrious pens ready to make the promise of freedom good for ever. It was a happy scene, more in keeping with the bright June day than the ferocity and clamour of wrathful mobs.

(To be continued.)

THE OLD TRYST.

Like the scent of a flower in blooming

When the dew drops on blossom and tree,
 A memory comes sweetly perfuming
 The dead past to me.

And the sounds of the words that were spoken

Come floating afar to me now,
 Like the leaves that are borne from this broken
 And delicate bough,

As I walk through this forest where quivers

The silvery bloom from the stars,
 And the moon, who hangs waning o'er rivers
 Wind-rippled in bars.

For their kiss takes me back to the tender

Sweet lips that faded too soon,
 Like the gleam of the stars or the splendour
 That dies with the moon.

MORLEY ROBERTS.



MEMORIES.

I.

Do you remember how the sunset sky
Blazed red and gold
When we were parting; how, at our "good-bye,"
Black thunder-clouds, that rolled
Angrily round, were touched with purple passion—
Like that sharp pain
Which seemed to seize our hearts and in them fashion
A storm of fire and rain;
And how the thrush upon the bending twig
Was mute with fears;
And future things loomed terrible and big
Through blinding haze of tears?

II.

Do you remember, when we met again,
How all the Dawn
Was thrilled with light that flooded hill and plain,
And crept from lawn to lawn;
When the glad skylark on his buoyant wing,
Wet from the dew,
Soared up and up, and could not choose but sing
Within a sky so blue
That June herself seemed moved with our own gladness,
And everywhere
Earth's beauty mingled with the sweet half-sadness
That comes from things most fair?

III.

Do you remember? Ah! those memories
Of days long dead—
How can they die? Blent with the breath of seas,
Dawn's blue and Evening's red,
With light and music, magic scent of flowers,
And winds at play,
With fragrance of the dew and summer showers,
With moonbeam and sun-ray,
With meetings and with partings, hopes and fears,
And all that gives
Life's interchange of laughter and of tears—
How die, while Love still lives?

SIDNEY A. ALEXANDER.



ET CÆTERA.



AUSTRALIANS enjoy the inestimable blessing of a Constitution even more democratic than our own, and they ought therefore to be even more intimately convinced than ourselves of the divinity of the *vox populi*. If they are so, the eleven Australian cricketers who have been "going out and coming in" among us—at a quicker rate I am glad to say than they did at first—during the last few months, should have been greatly edified by observing the course taken by some of our most typically democratic organs of opinion. It will be remembered—indeed what patriotic Englishman can have forgotten, or will ever forget while memory remains to him?—that "our kin beyond sea" had it all their own way on their first arrival. True they were "wailing for their demon bowler"—and were served no longer by the diabolical arm of Mr. Spofforth. But Turner and Ferris proved to be very deadly, and Mr. Bonnor was still a mighty scorer; and somehow or other they swept our earlier teams before them like stubble in the blast. The Oxford University eleven was frightfully beaten; Surrey was miserably trounced—but why recall the memory of these disasters? Suffice it that they were numerous and appalling enough to "establish a funk"—to cause young cricketers to despond, and old cricketers to talk regretfully of Mr. Budd and "Lord Frederick"—until at last to hear the talk of some croakers it might have been supposed that the only matter of doubt, whenever the Australians met a new eleven, was whether they would beat it in one innings or two. It was then that the *vox populi* rang so nobly forth from some journalistic lips that we wot of: and this effete old country was invited to ponder over the demoralizing effects of an aristocracy—

the sole reason, it was more than hinted, why the British bat was defeated by the Australian ball, and the British ball unable to make its way to the Australian wicket. We were given to understand that the "weary Titan" was making a worse thing of it than ever with the too swift "orb of his fate," and that the future in cricket as in everything else was with the young democracy from the far South. And so went on the vilification of ourselves and the adulation of our kinsmen, until on a sudden an English eleven—I forget which, but it was not one of the first rank if I recollect rightly—broke the spell: when straightway the tide turned. The Australians who had hitherto got no excitement out of their matches, except on the question whether they were to win "single innings" or not, began to find them as interesting as they could possibly wish. They had to fight hard even to "draw" matches, and to draw them rather in favour of their adversaries than themselves. Mr. Grace made a tremendous innings of 165 against them for the Gentlemen, and they were only saved from a beating by the circumstance (which we recommend to the study of those who are interested in the metaphysics of causation) that the Derby was run on the 30th of May. Then they were made an awful example of by the Players; and defeats generally, or at any rate failures to achieve success, began to follow thick and fast. Thereupon the divine *vox populi*, which had indeed begun to waver in its utterances after the first reverse, underwent a total change of tone. The magnanimous spokesman of the older democracy stepped majestically on the body of our fallen foe, and proceeded to perform upon it a stately minuet. There was no kicking exactly, but the disasters of the Australian eleven were pressed firmly home upon them with the heel and toe of patronizing contempt.

In fact, in little more than a fortnight's time the Ever-Victorious Army from the Antipodes were being as good as told by their coarse flatterers of a little while back that only courtesy and cousinly feeling prevented us from describing them as impostors.

One can only hope that this striking lesson in the moral qualities of a certain modern deity will not be thrown away on our sturdy young kinsmen. They will be none the worse for learning something of the essential baseness and ignobility, the radical want of generosity which of course have characterized success-worship in all ages, but which were never displayed so unashamedly, and never by such outwardly respectable, and even "superior" people as they are to-day. As to their own estimate of themselves I do not suppose that that has been much affected by the fickle attitude of the *mobile vulgus*. Probably they are able to gauge their own powers accurately enough—for no game so encourages a healthy self-criticism as cricket—and they cannot moreover fail to know what is thought of them by those really able to judge. They have suffered from the Nemesis which follows on the footsteps of excessive praise. After having been at first regarded as invincible, they came to be looked upon, for a time at any rate, as too easy a conquest. The latter theory of them is even more absurd than that which it has displaced. They cannot beat a first-rate English eleven, but they are bad to beat themselves. The loss of Mr. Spofforth prevents them from being representative of the full strength of their continent, and in the worst of their defeats—the beating given them by the Players—they had lost their captain and one of their best, if not the very best, of their bats, in the person of Mr. McDonnell. Still, after all said and done, we can put a better team in the field than they are, and the knowledge that we can do so is very "uplifting" to the spirits in these gloomy times. For it is an adversary with no mean advantages in his favour against whom we are able to hold our own. Cricket has taken deep root and become genuinely popular in Australia. Australian grounds, Australian climate, Australian cricket facilities in general, are all ahead of ours. In many parts of the great continent the cricketer can and does pursue his pastime practically all the year round. Here in the old country, where

it is satisfactory to find that our "historic memories," as Lord Randolph Churchill has it, can be safely pitted against the superior physical advantages of Australia, from the point of view of the cricketer. Still, I do not know that I should care to rely on the memories aforesaid, as Lord Randolph once advised us, to correct such little defects in our national defence as a lack of guns, men, and ironclads.

"Better life"—sang Horace, in *Odes* III. 24—

"Better life the Scythians lead,
Trailing on waggon wheels their wandering home,
Or the hardy Getan breed,
(I think, as up the steppes the bedsteads come.)"

Such was the Horatian fragment that fell from the lips of a friend of mine as he stood (for the third time in little more than twice as many years) in the hall of a newly-taken house, amid the chaos of his furniture. I pointed out to him as gently as I could—for his situation invited the forbearance of every humane man—that Horace was applauding the vagabondage of Scythian and Getan, and comparing it favourably with the Roman's vanity of housing himself with a costly splendour only suitable to an immortal. "Oh! was he?" said my friend bitterly; "then Horace had no prophetic intuition of the British householder. The Scythian is not 'in it' with him. In the first place the Scythian, though he may be a more frequent mover than the B. H., is also a much quicker one; and then it is distinctly stated that the Scythian's waggon carried not his household effects but his house itself—in fact, that the waggon *was* the house. Do you suppose that either he or the rigid Getan would have stood having their 'things' spoilt as mine have been during the last few years? No; you may depend upon it that the British nomad at the end of a three years' agreement can give points to the drinker of the Tanais." And at this point he broke off to inspect a castor which had skilfully detached itself from one of the hind legs of his favourite easy chair, and was now rolling playfully to its owner's feet. "Three removes," said the wisdom of our ancestors, "are as bad as a fire"; and if the equation were correct how many thousands of Londoners would be at this moment in his position who has lost every stick which he ever possessed without a penny of insurance to receive on any of them! It is true that the proverb shows signs of dating from an age when the cost of furniture removing was still in its "green unknowing youth,"

"We are not sure of weather,
And grounds were never sure,"

and when chairs and tables; couches and cabinets, carpets and curtains, clocks and mirrors, were chucked as light-heartedly as so many cabbage into an open waggon. But though the improved van and the well-drilled van-man, with the strength of a Turkish *hamal* and the handiness of a British seaman, may do much for the prevention of actual breakage, they are somehow powerless to protect the modern Scythian against that multitude of inconsiderable, indefinable, deteriorations of his property which mount up at last to so well-defined and sometimes even so considerable a sum. And then of how much greater frequency are our modern changes of abode! The rapid multiplication of furniture-removing firms, the numbers of the laden vans which pass us in the streets on the eve of every quarter-day, give eloquent testimony to a fact which may be even more unmistakably perceived by any one who has taken the pains to study the evidences of constant migration which are disclosed by an inspection of the house-agents' placards in the course of a half-hour's walk through any one of the London suburbs. In any comparison of present with past times it must of course be remembered that a two-fold allowance has to be made for increase of population. In other words we ought not forget that over and above the addition which it causes to the numbers of persons who may wish to change their place of abode, it adds also to the facilities for and the temptation to change. There may have been many a householder of former generations whose natural restlessness was checked by the difficulty of gratifying it, and who would gladly have quitted one neighbourhood for another more often than it was then the custom to do if only he had had anything like our present latitude of choice. But after all such deductions there can be little doubt that the present generation of Englishmen, and especially of Londoners, take root far less readily than their forefathers, and that the love of novelty has made very noticeable inroads upon what ought to be the strongest and most stable of civilized human preferences, the love of a fixed abode. Of course where hereditary estates of any magnitude are concerned the house which belongs to them does not so often change hands; though in these days of agricultural depression the effort to retain it in the same hands is more frequently unsuccessful than it was. But among Englishmen of middle fortune the case, so common even a generation ago, in which a man who is his father's first-born lives out his whole life from his cradle

to his grave within the same four walls is, I fancy, becoming constantly rarer and more rare.

It was two hundred years ago last May since Alexander Pope was born, and though one would not undertake to say that the immortality he enjoys is exactly of the kind which the cantankerous little poet would have desired for himself, it is as real as the article ever is. Pope has not only added more familiar phrases to the treasury of English speech than any other writer save Shakespeare and the translators of the Bible, but his poetry is probably better known in bulk—if to know it in passages rather than in entire poems can be regarded as knowing him in bulk—than that of any other poet of his own or the preceding century. He is certainly better known than Dryden—probably than Cowper, though he deserves it not more than one of these poets, and, in respect of one important portion of the poetic equipment, less than the other. And the best of the joke is that even to this day it seems as difficult as ever for a just and sober criticism to make up its mind as to where exactly Pope ought to be placed among English singers. The very last word indeed suggests one of the main elements of doubt in the case, since if there is anything certain about Pope it is that he did not and could not “sing.” To some among us the want of this singing gift has appeared to be decisive against Pope's claims; but the holding of that opinion—in any confident form at least—dates back with most of us from youth, and there is probably no one who reads and cares for poetry who has not changed his mind at least once and probably more than once about Pope in the course of his passage from boyhood to middle age. Most of us pass through a hot and cold fit on the subject, only that, reversing the usual order of things, we have the cold fit when we are young and the hot one as we grow older. Youth, a great believer in Inspiration, Natural Genius, Poetic Fire, and other magnificent abstractions of that kind—which the individual youth of course believes in secret to have found their shrine within his own breast—is sure to think meanly of Pope; but that is because if Youth were straitly interrogated it would be found to think slightly also of art, and to attach as inadequate an importance to the artistic faculty in the poet as it assigns an undue value to his real or supposed affluency. Poetry-loving youth in fact is not really literary though it thinks it is: it has warm sympathies, and an active, if unschooled,

imagination, and the poet who can stir the one and supply the other with the most constant succession of images is always the favourite poet. The young, even though brought up on the poetry of the Natural School, can stand Dryden well enough, and perhaps can even admire him : but that is rather because of the torrent rush of Dryden's verse which stuns and dazes them like the roar of a cataract, bewildering and at last paralysing their judgment. Such premeditated art as Dryden had—though it is the art of a man who had pondered deeply on the principles of composition, and was by far the greatest critic that wrote in England during the one hundred and fifty years between Ben Jonson and Coleridge (not excepting "the Doctor" himself)—has probably little to say to the young man. The time comes to him however when he begins to find a good many of his own "native wood-notes wild" sounding rather raucously in his ear, and when he begins to suspect—in perhaps rather presumptuous parity of reasoning—that in much of the supposedly-inspired work of this, that, or the other of his youthful idols the bad workmanship seriously discounts the value of the inspiration. In a word his critical and literary faculty properly so called comes more or less slowly to maturity : but when it has matured and he begins to feel something more like an adequate appreciation of what art and artistic perfection really mean, his ideas on Pope will undergo a gradual but a total transformation ; and probably as time goes on he will find himself compelled to be on his guard, not against undervaluing Pope, but against over-rating him. He will even read those poems in which art counts for least and passion for most—he will read even *Eloisa to Abelard*—with new feelings ; and if now he still adheres to much of his old depreciatory judgment on Pope's "coldness," he will find himself able to detect genuine feeling in passages where Youth—always too apt to associate emotion with disorder—saw no other merit than that of a smooth and lifeless accuracy of versification. Another cause which powerfully operates to raise our estimate of Pope with advancing years is that his purely intellectual force and brilliancy are as a rule only to be fully appreciated by the mature man. It is no doubt very wrong of the young to be insensible to these qualities, since the poet's masterpiece as an effort of pure intellect was composed in his twentieth year. But in this he only happened to be a splendid exception to a general rule. For though Pope could write the *Essay on Criticism* at the age of twenty, there is not

one in a hundred youths of twenty who would be likely to see its merits or its mastery.

I have been lately reading with much interest, though perhaps not always the exact sort of interest which the author wished to inspire, a paper from an eminent mathematical hand on the theory of chances as it bears upon the expectation of the gambler. The writer's exposure of the fallacies of hope on which this unhappy race of beings feed themselves, though not each other—or at least not with the same fallacy, for no gambler ever believed in any system but his own—is most complete ; but its real attraction, for me at any rate, consisted, not in the demonstration itself but in the artless belief of the demonstrator that the embodied passions which he was addressing are amenable to mathematical or any other reasoning. The punters who daily, nightly, and weekly accept the silent challenge of the green roulette table at Monaco, as they were once wont to accept it at Homburg, Baden, and other temples of fortune, must have had the simple arithmetical conditions of the contest often pointed out to them. "A man armed with a Ball's magazine rifle, two eight-barrelled revolvers, a bowie-knife, a couple of Derringers, a sword-cane, and a howitzer would be considered slightly unreasonable," says the vivacious author of *A Wanderer's Notes*, "if he proposed single combat à outrance to another man provided only with a squirt and a pair of bellows ; bystanders would probably interfere, animated by the conviction that the chances of either adversary were not exactly balanced, at least, so far as their respective armaments were concerned. *Ceteris paribus* the position of the player against the roulette-bank is about as hopeless as that of the man with the squirt and bellows." Mr. Kingston's account of the inequality is of course a humorously-exaggerated one ; but the "pull" of the bank, if not quite so pronounced as this, is just as certain to insure the defeat of the punter in the long run. Yet he plays and he will play as long as there is a "hell upon earth" and an insinuating Beelzebub to invite him to make his game. *Rien ne va plus* will never be an announcement of general and permanent application until the day comes when there are no more roulette-tables or anything to go upon them. The fact is as certain as anything human can be ; it is ascertainable by any one who will take the trouble to satisfy himself of it by a little observation and inquiry ; and as a fact it conveys the severest possible rebuke of the

delusion that the conduct of man is governed by reason in any matter in which his passions are strongly engaged. For it is not as though the gambler—that is the habitual gambler—merely went in to try his luck. If A were to offer to toss B for a sovereign on this condition—that once in every thirty-seven, or (to meet the case of two zeros) twice in every thirty-eight times the former, whether he won or not, should receive a sovereign from the latter, it is not very likely that B would accept the challenge at all: but it is just possible that if he were of a buoyant temperament he might consent to try a limited number of tosses on those terms in the hope that he might have a sufficient run of luck in his favour to enable him to meet the periodical fines and yet rise a winner. But that B should deliberately sit down to toss against A for days and nights together, not merely in the hope that he *might* win by extreme and unvarying good luck, but in the confident expectation that he *must* win by the operation of a law which excludes luck altogether—this would assuredly be deemed incredible by any one who did not know from personal experience or by trustworthy evidence not only that it is an actual fact, but that it is *the* actual fact of human nature on which the profits of the bank depend. In other words there exists a more or less extensive body of otherwise intelligent men who have convinced themselves that by much taking thought it is possible to make eighteen greater than nineteen; or to revert to the tossing analogy, that it is possible by guessing “heads” or “tails” according to a certain system to guess right nineteen times out of thirty-seven in an infinite number of tosses. I have said that the men who have embraced this extraordinary creed are men presumably of average intelligence: they are that and something more. They are usually also men of imperturbable temper, of inflexible fortitude, of inexhaustible hope and of a patience truly pathetic. Day after day and night after night, from 11 A.M. when the bank opens till an hour before midnight when it closes, they will sit face to face with their *chimæra*, calmly pricking their cards with the records of its perverse performances, stoically paying for its perversities, sublimely confident that it will be justified of its fruits in the long, the very long, run. It is one of the strangest, one of the most melancholy sights to be seen in Europe. And when the tardily virtuous Monaco at last follows the example of the German Baths, and disestablishes its gaming tables, the world, a gainer by

the change in many things, will be the poorer by the loss of one of the most striking subjects of reflection which has ever presented itself to the psychologist.

“Give these fellows a good thing and they never know when to have done with it.” This pathetic reflection of Mr. Puff—interpolated though it may have been in the original text of the *Critic*—on hearing the second discharge of the morning gun behind the scenes in his great historic tragedy, must have suggested itself to many of us in a variety of other applications to the incidents of life. The indiscreet zeal of the stage carpenter which had thus to be reprehended by the dramatist is continually finding its counterpart among the directors or organizers of good things of every description; and attempts to repeat successes are made with as little sense of fitness as was displayed in the overlooking of the fact that morning guns are not usually fired twice over. Indeed it is getting almost impossible in these days to name any “good thing” which we have not had, or are not in a fair way to have, too much of—any happy thought which is not being worked threadbare—any pleasing novelty which is not in danger of being done to death. Assuredly this is the case with what is regarded as the especially honourable invention of the present age—the institution of the “Exhibition.” Not even the most tolerant of social critics can deny, I think, that the Exhibition hobby is being ridden with a cruelty which calls for the interference of every humane man. In the course of the present year we have witnessed no fewer than three attempts to attract the town to a class of spectacle which has long since ceased to stand in any recognizable relation to the purpose to which it owed its origin. There is at any rate only one of the three exhibitions of this year—that, I mean, of which the inaugural ceremony exhibited the rare but all the more gracious sight of the Parnellite Lord Mayor of Dublin lying down by Lord Arthur Hill—which could with any propriety be excepted from the foregoing protest. The promoters of the Irish Exhibition have at least a plausible ground for representing the object of their undertaking as one of social and even of political value. But if anybody contends that any such object was within the contemplation of the organizers of the other two exhibitions, it is in nobody’s power to deny that the attempt to achieve this object has been in both cases a signally infelicitous one. We have an Anglo-Danish Exhibition which, so far as

"Danishness" is concerned might match the sack-and-bread exhibition brought to light among the accounts of Sir John Falstaff. We have an Italian Exhibition with which those who know Italy best are the most profoundly dissatisfied. And as far as one can see there is no reason why we should not have a bogus Swiss Exhibition next year and a museum of *Cosas d'España* conducted on the same illusory principles the year after. It was inevitable from the first that the indefinite multiplication of these undertakings would lead to a progressive deterioration in the quality of the results. It is of the essence of the original idea of the international exhibition that it should repeat itself only at reasonable intervals of time. There was some sense in the idea of nations comparing the industrial and artistic progress which they are respectively making, but there is certainly no sense in their re-

peating the comparison every year. And nations in the collective and political acceptance of the word have almost given up pretending to believe that there is. These so-called exhibitions have practically declined into the hands of people who are using them in what may be called the unadulterated spirit of "Buffalo Bill." They are ceasing altogether to be great museums of art and industry, and becoming popular lounges, promenades, and pleasure-gardens. Now lounges, promenades, and pleasure-gardens are excellent things in their way, and London certainly has none too many of them. But nothing is gained by calling them Exhibitions, and they might moreover be considerably developed in their character of public entertainment if their conductors gave up pretending that they are what they are not and frankly "ran" them for what they are.

H. D. TRAILL.



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THE PATAGONIA.¹

IN TWO PARTS: PART SECOND.

BY HENRY JAMES.

III.



THE *Patagonia* was slow, but she was spacious and comfortable, and there was a kind of motherly decency in her long, nursing rock and her rustling, old-fashioned gait. It was as if she wished not to present herself in port with the splashed eagerness of a young creature. We were not numerous enough to squeeze each other and yet we were not too few to entertain—with that familiarity and relief which figures and objects acquire on the great bare field of the ocean, beneath the great bright glass of the sky. I had never liked the sea so much before, indeed I had never liked it at all; but now I had a revelation of how, in a midsummer mood, it could please. It was darkly and magnificently blue and imperturbably quiet—save for the great regular swell of its heart-beats, the pulse of its life, and there grew to be something so agreeable in the sense of floating there in infinite isolation and leisure that it was a positive satisfaction the *Patagonia* was not a racer. One had never thought of the sea as the great place of safety, but now it came over one that there is no place so safe from the land. When it does not give you trouble it takes it away—takes away letters and telegrams and newspapers and visits and duties and efforts, all the complications, all the superfluities and superstitions that we have stuffed into our terrene life. The simple absence of the post, when the particular conditions

enable you to enjoy the great fact by which it is produced, becomes in itself a kind of bliss, and the clean stage of the deck shows you a play that amuses, the personal drama of the voyage, the movement and interaction, in the strong sea-light, of figures that end by representing something—something moreover of which the interest is never, even in its keenness, too great to suffer you to go to sleep. I, at any rate, dozed a great deal, lying on my rug with a French novel, and when I opened my eyes I generally saw Jasper Nettlepoint passing with his mother's *protégée* on his arm. Somehow at these moments, between sleeping and waking, I had an inconsequent sense that they were a part of the French novel. Perhaps this was because I had fallen into the trick, at the start, of regarding Grace Mavis almost as a married woman, which, as every one knows, is the necessary status of the heroine of such a work. Every revolution of our engine at any rate would contribute to the effect of making her one.

In the saloon, at meals, my neighbour on the right was a certain little Mrs. Peck, a very short and very round person, whose head was enveloped in a "cloud" (a cloud of dirty white wool) and who promptly let me know that she was going to Europe for the education of her children. I had already perceived (an hour after we left the dock) that some energetic step was required in their interest, but as we were not in Europe yet the business could not be said to have begun. The four little Pecks, in the enjoyment of untrammelled leisure, swarmed about the ship as if they had been pirates boarding

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her, and their mother was as powerless to check their license as if she had been gagged and stowed away in the hold. They were especially to be trusted to run between the legs of the stewards when these attendants arrived with bowls of soup for the languid ladies. Their mother was too busy recounting to her fellow-passengers how many years Miss Mavis had been engaged. In the blank of a marine existence things that are nobody's business very soon become everybody's, and this was just one of those facts that are propagated with a mysterious and ridiculous rapidity. The whisper that carries them is very small, in the great scale of things, of air and space and progress, but it is also very safe, for there is no compression, no sounding-board, to make speakers responsible. And then repetition at sea is somehow not repetition; monotony is in the air, the mind is flat and everything recurs—the bells, the meals, the stewards' faces, the romp of children, the walk, the clothes, the very shoes and buttons of passengers taking their exercise. These things grow at last so insipid that, in comparison, revelations as to the personal history of one's companions have a taste, even when one cares little about the people.

Jasper Nettlepoint sat on my left hand when he was not up stairs seeing that Miss Mavis had her repeat comfortably on deck. His mother's place would have been next mine had she shown herself, and then that of the young lady under her care. The two ladies, in other words, would have been between us, Jasper marking the limit of the party on that side. Miss Mavis was present at luncheon the first day, but dinner passed without her coming in, and when it was half over Jasper remarked that he would go up and look after her.

"Isn't that young lady coming—the one who was here to lunch?" Mrs. Peck asked of me as he left the saloon.

"Apparently not. My friend tells me she doesn't like the saloon."

"You don't mean to say she's sick, do you?"

"Oh no, not in this weather. But she likes to be above."

"And is that gentleman gone up to her?"

"Yes, she's under his mother's care."

"And is his mother up there, too?" asked Mrs. Peck, whose processes were homely and direct.

"No, she remains in her cabin. People have different tastes. Perhaps that's one reason why Miss Mavis doesn't come to table," I added—"her chaperon not being able to accompany her."

"Her chaperon?"

"Mrs. Nettlepoint—the lady under whose protection she is."

"Protection?" Mrs. Peck stared at me a moment, moving some valued morsel in her mouth; then she exclaimed, familiarly, "Pshaw!" I was struck with this and I was on the point of asking her what she meant by it when she continued: "Are we not going to see Mrs. Nettlepoint?"

"I am afraid not. She vows that she won't stir from her sofa."

"Pshaw!" said Mrs. Peck again. "That's quite a disappointment."

"Do you know her then?"

"No, but I know all about her." Then my companion added—"You don't mean to say she's any relation?"

"Do you mean to me?"

"No, to Grace Mavis."

"None at all. They are very new friends, as I happen to know. Then you are acquainted with our young lady?" I had not noticed that any recognition passed between them at luncheon.

"Is she yours too?" asked Mrs. Peck, smiling at me.

"Ah, when people are in the same boat—literally—they belong a little to each other."

"That's so," said Mrs. Peck. "I don't know Miss Mavis but I know all about her—I live opposite to her on Merrimac Avenue. I don't know whether you know that part."

"Oh yes—it's very beautiful."

The consequence of this remark was another "Pshaw!" But Mrs. Peck went on—"When you've lived opposite to people like that for a long time you feel as if you were acquainted. But she didn't take it up to-day; she didn't speak to me. She knows who I am as well as she knows her own mother."

"You had better speak to her first—she's shy," I remarked.

"Shy? Why she's nearly thirty years old. I suppose you know where she's going."

"Oh yes—we all take an interest in that."

"That young man, I suppose, particularly."

"That young man?"

"The handsome one, who sits there. Didn't you tell me he is Mrs. Nettlepoint's son?"

"Oh yes; he acts as her deputy. No doubt he does all he can to carry out her function."

Mrs. Peck was silent a moment. I had spoken jocosely, but she received my pleasantry with a serious face. "Well, she might let him eat his dinner in peace!" she presently exclaimed.

"Oh, he'll come back!" I said, glancing at his place. The repast continued and when it was finished I screwed my chair round to leave the table. Mrs. Peck performed the same movement and we quitted the saloon together. Outside of it was a kind of vestibule, with several seats, from which you could descend to the lower cabins or mount to the promenade-deck. Mrs. Peck appeared to hesitate as to her course and then solved the problem by going neither way. She dropped upon one of the benches and looked up at me.

"I thought you said he would come back."

"Young Nettlepoint? I see he didn't. Miss Mavis then has given him half of her dinner."

"It's very kind of her! She has been engaged for ages."

"Yes, but that will soon be over."

"So I suppose—as quick as we land. Every one knows it on Merrimac Avenue. Every one there takes a great interest in it."

"Ah, of course, a girl like that; she has many friends."

"I mean even people who don't know her."

"I see," I went on; "she is so handsome that she attracts attention, people enter into her affairs."

"She *used* to be pretty, but I can't say I think she's anything remarkable to-day. Anyhow, if she attracts attention she ought to be all the more careful what she does. You had better tell her that."

"Oh, it's none of my business!" I replied, leaving Mrs. Peck and going above. The exclamation, I confess, was not perfectly in accordance with my feeling, or rather my feeling was not perfectly in harmony with the exclamation. The very first thing I did on reaching the deck was to notice that Miss Mavis was pacing it on Jasper Nettlepoint's arm and that whatever beauty she might have lost, according to Mrs. Peck's insinuation, she still kept enough to make one's eyes follow her. She had put on a kind of crimson hood, which was very becoming to her and which she wore for the rest of the voyage. She walked very well, with long steps, and I remember that at this moment the ocean had a gentle evening swell which made the great ship dip slowly, rhythmically, giving a movement that was graceful to graceful pedestrians and a more awkward one to the awkward. It was the loveliest hour of a fine day, the clear early evening, with the glow of the sunset in the air and a purple colour in the sea. I always thought that the waters ploughed by the Homeric heroes must have looked like that. I per-

ceived on that particular occasion moreover that Grace Mavis would for the rest of the voyage be the most *visible* thing on the ship; the figure that would count most in the composition of groups. She couldn't help it, poor girl; nature had made her conspicuous—important, as the painters say. She paid for it by the exposure it brought with it—the danger that people would, as I had said to Mrs. Peck, enter into her affairs.

Jasper Nettlepoint went down at certain times to see his mother and I watched for one of these occasions (on the third day out) and took advantage of it to go and sit by Miss Mavis. She wore a blue veil drawn tightly over her face, so that if the smile with which she greeted me was dim I could account for it partly by that.

"Well, we are getting on—we are getting on," I said, cheerfully, looking at the friendly, twinkling sea.

"Are we going very fast?"

"Not fast, but steadily. *Ohne Hast, ohne Rast*—do you know German?"

"Well, I've studied it—some."

"It will be useful to you over there when you travel."

"Well yes, if we do. But I don't suppose we shall much. Mr. Nettlepoint says we ought," my interlocutress added in a moment.

"Ah, of course *he* thinks so. He has been all over the world."

"Yes, he has described some of the places. That's what I should like. I didn't know I should like it so much."

"Like what so much?"

"Going on this way. I could go on for ever, for ever and ever."

"Ah, you know it's not always like this," I rejoined.

"Well, it's better than Boston."

"It isn't so good as Paris," I said, smiling.

"Oh, I know all about Paris. There is no freshness in that. I feel as if I had been there."

"You mean you have heard so much about it?"

"Oh yes, nothing else for ten years."

I had come to talk with Miss Mavis because she was attractive, but I had been rather conscious of the absence of a good topic, not feeling at liberty to revert to Mr. Porterfield. She had not encouraged me, when I spoke to her as we were leaving Boston, to go on with the history of my acquaintance with this gentleman; and yet now, unexpectedly, she appeared to imply (it was doubtless one of the disparities mentioned by Mrs. Nettlepoint) that he might be glanced at without indelicacy.

"I see, you mean by letters," I remarked.

"I sha'n't live in a good part. I know enough to know that," she went on.

"Dear young lady, there are no bad parts," I answered, smiling.

"Why, Mr. Nettlepoint says it's horrid."

"It's horrid?"

"Up there in the Batignolles. It's worse than Merrimac Avenue."

"Worse—in what way?"

"Why, even less where the nice people live."

"He oughtn't to say that," I returned.

"Don't you call Mr. Porterfield a nice person?" I ventured to subjoin.

"Oh, it doesn't make any difference."

She rested her eyes on me a moment through her veil, the texture of which gave them a suffused prettiness. "Do you know him very well?" she asked.

"Mr. Porterfield?"

"No, Mr. Nettlepoint."

"Ah, very little. He's a good deal younger than I."

She was silent a moment; after which she said: "He's younger than me, too." I know not what drollery there was in this but it was unexpected and it made me laugh. Neither do I know whether Miss Mavis took offence at my laughter, though I remember thinking at the moment with compunction that it had brought a certain colour to her cheek. At all events she got up, gathering her shawl and her books into her arm. "I'm going down—I'm tired."

"Tired of me, I'm afraid."

"No, not yet."

"I'm like you," I pursued. "I should like it to go on and on."

She had begun to walk along the deck to the companion-way and I went with her. "Oh, no, I shouldn't, after all!"

I had taken her shawl from her to carry it, but at the top of the steps that led down to the cabins I had to give it back. "Your mother would be glad if she could know," I observed as we parted.

"If she could know?"

"How well you are getting on. And that good Mrs. Allen."

"Oh, mother, mother! She made me come, she pushed me off." And almost as if not to say more she went quickly below.

I paid Mrs. Nettlepoint a morning visit after luncheon and another in the evening, before she "turned in." That same day, in the evening, she said to me suddenly, "Do you know what I have done? I have asked Jasper."

"Asked him what?"

"Why, if *she* asked him, you know."

"I don't understand."

"You do perfectly. If that girl really asked him—on the balcony—to sail with us."

"My dear friend, do you suppose that if she did he would tell you?"

"That's just what he says. But he says she didn't."

"And do you consider the statement valuable?" I asked, laughing out. "You had better ask Miss Gracie herself."

Mrs. Nettlepoint stared. "I couldn't do that."

"Incomparable friend, I am only joking. What does it signify now?"

"I thought you thought everything signified. You were so full of signification!"

"Yes, but we are further out now, and somehow in mid-ocean everything becomes absolute."

"What else *can* he do with decency?"

Mrs. Nettlepoint went on. "If, as my son, he were never to speak to her it would be very rude and you would think that stranger still. Then *you* would do what he does, and where would be the difference?"

"How do you know what he does? I haven't mentioned him for twenty-four hours."

"Why, she told me herself; she came in this afternoon."

"What an odd thing to tell you!" I exclaimed.

"Not as she says it. She says he's full of attention, perfectly devoted—looks after her all the while. She seems to want me to know it, so that I may commend him for it."

"That's charming; it shows her good conscience."

"Yes, or her great cleverness."

Something in the tone in which Mrs. Nettlepoint said this caused me to exclaim in real surprise, "Why, what do you suppose she has in her mind?"

"To get hold of him, to make him go so far that he can't retreat, to marry him, perhaps."

"To marry him? And what will she do with Mr. Porterfield?"

"She'll ask me just to explain to him—or perhaps you."

"Yes, as an old friend!" I replied, laughing. But I asked more seriously, "Do you see Jasper caught like that?"

"Well, he's only a boy—he's younger at least than she."

"Precisely; she regards him as a child."

"As a child?"

"She remarked to me herself to-day that he is so much younger."

Mrs. Nettlepoint stared. "Does she talk of it with you? That shows she has a plan, that she has thought it over!"

I have sufficiently betrayed that I deemed Grace Mavis a singular girl, but I was far from judging her capable of laying a trap for our young companion. Moreover my reading of Jasper was not in the least that he was catchable—could be made to do a thing if he didn't want to do it. Of course it was not impossible that he might be inclined, that he might take it (or already have taken it) into his head to marry Miss Mavis; but to believe this I should require still more proof than his always being with her. He wanted at most to marry her for the voyage. "If you have questioned him perhaps you have tried to make him feel responsible," I said to his mother.

"A little, but it's very difficult. Interference makes him perverse. One has to go gently. Besides, it's too absurd—think of her age. If she can't take care of herself!" cried Mrs. Nettlepoint.

"Yes, let us keep thinking of her age, though it's not so prodigious. And if things get very bad you have one resource left," I added.

"What is that?"

"You can go up stairs."

"Ah, never never! If it takes that to save her she must be lost. Besides, what good would it do? If I were to go up she could come down here."

"Yes, but you could keep Jasper with you."

"Could I?" Mrs. Nettlepoint demanded, in the manner of a woman who knew her son.

In the saloon the next day, after dinner, over the red cloth of the tables, beneath the swinging lamps and the racks of tumblers, decanters and wine-glasses, we sat down to whist, Mrs. Peck, among others, taking a hand in the game. She played very badly and talked too much, and when the rubber was over assuaged her discomfort (though not mine—we had been partners) with a Welsh rabbit and a tumbler of something hot. We had done with the cards, but while she waited for this refreshment she sat with her elbows on the table shuffling a pack.

"She hasn't spoken to me yet—she won't do it," she remarked in a moment.

"Is it possible there is any one on the ship who hasn't spoken to you?"

"Not that girl—she knows too well!" Mrs. Peck looked round our little circle with a smile of intelligence—she had familiar, communicative eyes. Several of our company had assembled, according to the wont, the

last thing in the evening, of those who are cheerful at sea, for the consumption of grilled sardines and devilled bones.

"What then does she know?"

"Oh, she knows that I know."

"Well, we know what Mrs. Peck knows," one of the ladies of the group observed to me, with an air of privilege.

"Well, you wouldn't know if I hadn't told you—from the way she acts," said Mrs. Peck, with a small laugh.

"She is going out to a gentleman who lives over there—he's waiting there to marry her," the other lady went on, in the tone of authentic information. I remember that her name was Mrs. Gotch and that her mouth looked always as if she were whistling.

"Oh, he knows—I've told him," said Mrs. Peck.

"Well, I presume every one knows," Mrs. Gotch reflected.

"Dear madam, is it every one's business?" I asked.

"Why, don't you think it's a peculiar way to act?" Mrs. Gotch was evidently surprised at my little protest.

"Why, it's right there—straight in front of you, like a play at the theatre—as if you had paid to see it," said Mrs. Peck. "If you don't call it public——!"

"Aren't you mixing things up? What do you call public?"

"Why, the way they go on. They are up there now."

"They cuddle up there half the night," said Mrs. Gotch. "I don't know when they come down. Any hour you like—when all the lights are out they are up there still."

"Oh, you can't tire them out. They don't want relief—like the watch!" laughed one of the gentlemen.

"Well, if they enjoy each other's society what's the harm?" another asked. "They'd do just the same on land."

"They wouldn't do it in the public streets, I suppose," said Mrs. Peck. "And they wouldn't do it if Mr. Porterfield was round!"

"Isn't that just where your confusion comes in?" I inquired. "It's public enough that Miss Mavis and Mr. Nettlepoint are always together, but it isn't in the least public that she is going to be married."

"Why, how can you say—when the very sailors know it! The captain knows it and all the officers know it; they see them there—especially at night, when they're sailing the ship."

"I thought there was some rule——" said Mrs. Gotch.

"Well, there is—that you've got to behave

yourself," Mrs. Peck rejoined. "So the captain told me—he said they have some rule. He said they have to have, when people are too demonstrative."

"Too demonstrative?"

"When they attract so much attention."

"Ah, it's we who attract the attention—by talking about what doesn't concern us and about what we really don't know," I ventured to declare.

"She said the captain said he would tell on her as soon as we arrive," Mrs. Gotch interposed.

"*She* said—?" I repeated, bewildered.

"Well, he did say so, that he would think it his duty to inform Mr. Porterfield, when he comes on to meet her—if they keep it up in the same way," said Mrs. Peck.

"Oh, they'll keep it up, don't you fear!" one of the gentlemen exclaimed.

"Dear lady, the captain is laughing at you."

"No, he ain't—he's right down scandalised. He says he regards us all as a real family and wants the family to be properly behaved." I could see Mrs. Peck was irritated by my controversial tone: she challenged me with considerable spirit. "How can you say I don't know it when all the street knows it and has known it for years—for years and years?" She spoke as if the girl had been engaged at least for twenty. "What is she going out for, if not to marry him?"

"Perhaps she is going to see how he looks," suggested one of the gentlemen.

"He'd look queer—if he knew."

"Well, I guess he'll know," said Mrs. Gotch.

"She'd tell him herself—she wouldn't be afraid," the gentleman went on.

"Well, she might as well kill him. He'll jump overboard."

"Jump overboard?" cried Mrs. Gotch, as if she hoped then that Mr. Porterfield would be told.

"He has just been waiting for this—for years," said Mrs. Peck.

"Do you happen to know him?" I inquired.

Mrs. Peck hesitated a moment. "No, but I know a lady who does. Are you going up?"

I had risen from my place—I had not ordered supper. "I'm going to take a turn before going to bed."

"Well then, you'll see!"

Outside the saloon I hesitated, for Mrs. Peck's admonition made me feel for a moment that if I ascended to the deck I should have entered in a manner into her little conspiracy. But the night was so warm and

splendid that I had been intending to smoke a cigar in the air before going below, and I did not see why I should deprive myself of this pleasure in order to seem not to mind Mrs. Peck. I went up and saw a few figures sitting or moving about in the darkness. The ocean looked black and small, as it is apt to do at night, and the long mass of the ship, with its vague dim wings, seemed to take up a great part of it. There were more stars than one saw on land and the heavens struck one more than ever as larger than the earth. Grace Mavis and her companion were not, so far as I perceived at first, among the few passengers who were lingering late, and I was glad, because I hated to hear her talked about in the manner of the gossips I had left at supper. I wished there had been some way to prevent it, but I could think of no way but to recommend her privately to change her habits. That would be a very delicate business and perhaps it would be better to begin with Jasper, though that would be delicate too. At any rate one might let him know, in a very friendly spirit, to how much remark he exposed the young lady, leaving this revelation to work its way upon him. Unfortunately I could not altogether believe that the pair were unconscious of the observation and the opinion of the passengers. They were not a boy and a girl; they had a certain social perspective in their eye. I was not very clear as to the details of that behaviour which had made them (according to the version of my good friends in the saloon) a scandal to the ship, for though I looked at them a good deal I evidently had not looked at them so continuously and so hungrily as Mrs. Peck. Nevertheless the probability was that they knew what was thought of them—what naturally would be—and simply didn't care. That made Miss Mavis out rather cynical and even a little immodest; and yet, somehow, if she had such qualities I did not dislike her for them. I don't know what strange, secret excuses I found for her. I presently indeed encountered a need for them on the spot, for just as I was on the point of going below again, after several restless turns and (within the limit where smoking was allowed) as many puffs at a cigar as I cared for, I became aware that a couple of figures were seated behind one of the lifeboats that rested on the deck. They were so placed as to be visible only to a person going close to the rail and peering a little sidewise. I don't think I peered, but as I stood a moment beside the rail my eye was attracted by a dusky object which protruded beyond the boat and which, as I saw at a second glance,

was the tail of a lady's dress. I bent forward an instant but even then I saw very little more ; that scarcely mattered however, for I took for granted on the spot that the persons concealed in so snug a corner were Jasper Nettlepoint and Mr. Porterfield's intended. Concealed was the word, and I thought it a real pity ; there was bad taste in it. I immediately turned away and the next moment I found myself face to face with the captain of the ship. I had already had some conversation with him (he had been so good as to invite me, as he had invited Mrs. Nettlepoint and her son and the young lady travelling with them, and also Mrs. Peck, to sit at his table) and had observed with pleasure that he had the art, not universal on the Atlantic liners, of mingling urbanity with seamanship.

"They don't waste much time—your friends in there," he said, nodding in the direction in which he had seen me looking.

"Ah well, they haven't much to lose."

"That's what I mean. I'm told *she* hasn't."

I wanted to say something exculpatory but I scarcely knew what note to strike. I could only look vaguely about me at the starry darkness and the sea that seemed to sleep. "Well, with these splendid nights, this perfection of weather, people are beguiled into late hours,"

"Yes. We want a nice little blow," the captain said.

"A nice little blow?"

"That would clear the decks!"

The captain was a little dry and he went about his business. He had made me uneasy and instead of going below I walked a few steps more. The other walkers dropped off pair by pair (they were all men) till at last I was alone. Then, after a little, I quitted the field. Jasper and his companion were still behind their lifeboat. Personally I greatly preferred good weather, but as I went down I found myself vaguely wishing, in the interest of I scarcely knew what, unless of decorum, that we might have half a gale.

Miss Mavis turned out, in sea-phrase, early ; for the next morning I saw her come up only a little while after I had finished my breakfast, a ceremony over which I contrived not to dawdle. She was alone and Jasper Nettlepoint, by a rare accident, was not on deck to help her. I went to meet her (she was encumbered as usual with her shawl, her sun-umbrella and a book) and laid my hands on her chair, placing it near the stern of the ship, where she liked best to be. But I proposed to her to walk a little before she sat down and she took my arm after I had put

her accessories into the chair. The deck was clear at that hour and the morning light was gay ; one got a sort of exhilarated impression of fair conditions and an absence of hindrance. I forget what we spoke of first, but it was because I felt these things pleasantly, and not to torment my companion nor to test her, that I could not help exclaiming cheerfully, after a moment as I have mentioned having done the first day, "Well, we are getting on, we are getting on!"

"Oh yes, I count every hour."

"The last days always go quicker," I said, "and the last hours —"

"Well, the last hours?" she asked ; for I had instinctively checked myself.

"Oh, one is so glad then that it is almost the same as if one had arrived. But we ought to be grateful when the elements have been so kind to us," I added. "I hope you will have enjoyed the voyage."

She hesitated a moment, then she said,

"Yes, much more than I expected."

"Did you think it would be very bad?"

"Horrible, horrible!"

The tone of these words was strange but I had not much time to reflect upon it, for turning round at that moment I saw Jasper Nettlepoint come towards us. He was separated from us by the expanse of the white deck and I could not help looking at him from head to foot as he drew nearer. I know not what rendered me on this occasion particularly sensitive to the impression, but it seemed to me that I saw him as I had never seen him before—saw him inside and out, in the intense sea-light, in his personal, his moral totality. It was a sort of little revelation ; it only lasted a moment but it had a simplifying, certifying effect. He was intrinsically a pleasing apparition, with his handsome young face and a certain absence of compromise in his personal arrangements which, more than any one I have ever seen, he managed to exhibit on shipboard. He sacrificed not at all to the laxity of the laws of the toilet which is the fashion there and was always freshly as well as suitably dressed. This gave him a kind of practical, successful air, as of a young man who would come best out of any predicament. I expected to feel my companion's hand loosen itself on my arm as a sort of sign that now she must go to him, and was almost surprised she did not drop me. We stopped as we met and Jasper bade us a friendly good-morning. Of course the remark was not slow to be made that we had another lovely day, which led him to exclaim, in the manner of one to whom criticism came easily, "Yes, but with this

sort of thing consider what one of the others would do!"

"One of the other ships?"

"We should be there now, or at any rate to-morrow."

"Well then, I'm glad it isn't one of the others," I said, smiling at the young lady on my arm. My remark offered her a chance to say something appreciative and gave him one even more; but neither Jasper nor Grace Mavis took advantage of the opportunity. What they did do, I perceived, was to look at each other for an instant; after which Miss Mavis turned her eyes silently to the sea. She made no movement and uttered no word, contriving to give me the sense that she had all at once become perfectly passive, that she somehow declined responsibility. We remained standing there with Jasper in front of us, and if the touch of her arm did not suggest that I should give her up neither did it intimate that we had better pass on. I had no idea of giving her up, albeit one of the things that I seemed to discover just then in Jasper's aspect was a kind of imperturbable implication that she was his property. His eye met mine for a moment and it was exactly as if he had said to me, "I know what you think, but I don't care a rap." What I really thought was that he was selfish beyond the limits: that was the substance of my little revelation. Youth is almost always selfish, just as it is almost always conceited, and, after all, when it is combined with health and good parts, good looks and good spirits, it has a right to be, and I easily forgive it if it be really youth. Still it is a question of degree, and what stuck out of Jasper Nettlepoint (if one felt that sort of thing) was that his egotism had a hardness, his love of his own way an avidity. These elements were jaunty and prosperous, they were accustomed to triumph. He was fond, very fond, of women; they were necessary to him and that was in his type; but he was not in the least in love with Grace Mavis. Among the reflections I quickly made this was the one that was most to the point. There was a kind of awkwardness, after a minute, in the way we were planted there, though the apprehension of it was doubtless not in the least with him.

"How is your mother this morning?" I asked.

"You had better go down and see."

"Not till Miss Mavis is tired of me."

She said nothing to this and I made her walk again. For some minutes she remained silent; then, rather unexpectedly, she began: "I've seen you talking to that lady who sits

at our table—the one who has so many children."

"Mrs. Peck? Oh yes, I have talked with her."

"Do you know her very well?"

"Only as one knows people at sea. An acquaintance makes itself. It doesn't mean very much."

"She doesn't speak to me—she might if she wanted."

"That's just what she says of you—that you might speak to her."

"Oh, if she's waiting for that——!" said my companion, with a laugh. Then she added—"She lives in our street, nearly opposite."

"Precisely. That's the reason why she thinks you might speak; she has seen you so often and seems to know so much about you."

"What does she know about me?"

"Ah, you must ask her—I can't tell you!"

"I don't care what she knows," said my young lady. After a moment she went on—"She must have seen that I'm not very sociable." And then—"What are you laughing at?"

My laughter was for an instant irrepressible—there was something so droll in the way she had said that.

"Well, you are not sociable and yet you are. Mrs. Peck is, at any rate, and thought that ought to make it easy for you to enter into conversation with her."

"Oh, I don't care for her conversation—I know what it amounts to." I made no rejoinder—I scarcely knew what rejoinder to make—and the girl went on, "I know what she thinks and I know what she says." Still I was silent but the next moment I saw that my delicacy had been wasted, for Miss Mavis asked, "Does she make out that she knows Mr. Porterfield?"

"No, she only says that she knows a lady who knows him."

"Yes, I know—Mrs. Jeremie. Mrs. Jeremie's an idiot!" I was not in a position to controvert this and presently my young lady said she would sit down. I left her in her chair—I saw that she preferred it—and wandered to a distance. A few minutes later I met Jasper again and he stopped of his own accord and said to me—

"We shall be in about six in the evening, on the eleventh day—they promise it."

"If nothing happens, of course."

"Well, what's going to happen?"

"That's just what I'm wondering!" And I turned away and went below with the foolish but innocent satisfaction of thinking that I had mystified him.

IV.

"I don't know what to do, and you must help me," Mrs. Nettlepoint said to me that evening, as soon as I went in to see her.

"I'll do what I can—but what's the matter?"

"She has been crying here and going on—she has quite upset me."

"Crying? She doesn't look like that."

"Exactly, and that's what startled me. She came in to see me this afternoon, as she has done before, and we talked about the weather and the run of the ship and the manners of the stewardess and little drearinesses like that, and then suddenly, in the midst of it, as she sat there, apropos of nothing, she burst into tears. I asked her what ailed her and tried to comfort her, but she didn't explain; she only said it was nothing, the effect of the sea, of leaving home. I asked her if it had anything to do with her prospects, with her marriage, whether she found as that drew near that her heart was not in it; I told her that she mustn't be nervous, that I could enter into that—in short I said what I could. All that she replied was that she *was* nervous, very nervous, but that it was already over; and then she jumped up and kissed me and went away. Does she look as if she had been crying?" Mrs. Nettlepoint asked.

"How can I tell, when she never quits that beastly veil? It's as if she were ashamed to show her face."

"She's keeping it for Liverpool. But I don't like such incidents," said Mrs. Nettlepoint. "I shall go up stairs."

"And is that where you want me to help you?"

"Oh, your arm and that sort of thing, yes. But something more. I feel as if something were going to happen."

"That's exactly what I said to Jasper this morning."

"And what did he say?"

"He only looked innocent, as if he thought I meant a fog or a storm."

"Heaven forbid—it isn't that! I shall never be good-natured again," Mrs. Nettlepoint went on; "never have a girl put upon me that way. You always pay for it—there are always horrid complications. What I am afraid of is after we get there. She'll throw up her engagement; there will be dreadful scenes; I shall be mixed up with them and have to look after her and keep her with me. I shall have to stay there with her till she

can be sent back or even take her up to London. *Voyez-vous ça?*"

I listened respectfully to this and then I said: "You are afraid of your son."

"Afraid of him?"

"There are things you might say to him—and with your manner; because you have one when you choose."

"Very likely, but what is my manner to his? Besides, I have said everything to him. That is I have said the great thing, that he is making her immensely talked about."

"And of course in answer to that he has asked you how you know and you have told him I have told you."

"I had to; and he says it's none of your business."

"I wish he would say that to my face."

"He'll do so perfectly, if you give him a chance. That's where you can help me. Quarrel with him—he's rather good at a quarrel, and that will divert him and draw him off."

"Then I'm ready to discuss the matter with him for the rest of the voyage."

"Very well; I count on you. But he'll ask you, as he asks me, what the deuce you want him to do."

"To go to bed," I replied, laughing.

"Oh, it isn't a joke."

"That's exactly what I told you at first."

"Yes, but don't exult; I hate people who exult. Jasper wants to know why he should mind her being talked about if she doesn't mind it herself."

"I'll tell him why," I replied; and Mrs. Nettlepoint said she should be exceedingly obliged to me and repeated that she would come up stairs.

I looked for Jasper above that same evening, but circumstances did not favour my quest. I found him—that is I discovered that he was again ensconced behind the lifeboat with Miss Mavis; but there was a needless violence in breaking into their communion and I put off our interview till the next day. Then I took the first opportunity, at breakfast, to make sure of it. He was in the saloon when I went in and was preparing to leave the table; but I stopped him and asked if he would give me a quarter of an hour on deck a little later—there was something particular I wanted to say to him. He said, "Oh yes, if you like," with just a visible surprise but no look of an uncomfortable consciousness. When I had finished my breakfast I found him smoking on the forward-deck and I immediately began: "I am going to say something that you won't

at all like ; to ask you a question that you will think impertinent."

"Impertinent? that's bad."

"I am a good deal older than you and I am a friend—of many years—of your mother. There's nothing I like less than to be meddlesome, but I think these things give me a certain right—a sort of privilege. For the rest, my inquiry will speak for itself."

"Why so many preliminaries?" the young man asked, smiling.

We looked into each other's eyes a moment. What indeed was his mother's manner—her best manner—compared with his? "Are you prepared to be responsible?"

"To you?"

"Dear no—to the young lady herself. I am speaking of course of Miss Mavis."

"Ah yes, my mother tells me you have her greatly on your mind."

"So has your mother herself—now."

"She is so good as to say so—to oblige you."

"She would oblige me a great deal more by reassuring me. I am aware that you know I have told her that Miss Mavis is greatly talked about."

"Yes, but what on earth does it matter?"

"It matters as a sign."

"A sign of what?"

"That she is in a false position."

Jasper puffed his cigar, with his eyes on the horizon. "I don't know whether it's *your* business, what you are attempting to discuss ; but it really appears to me it is none of mine. What have I to do with the tattle with which a pack of old women console themselves for not being sea-sick?"

"Do you call it tattle that Miss Mavis is in love with you?"

"Absolute."

"Then you are very ungrateful. The tattle of a pack of old women has this importance, that she suspects or knows that it exists and that nice girls are for the most part very sensitive to that sort of thing. To be prepared not to heed it in this case she must have a reason, and the reason must be the one I have taken the liberty to call your attention to."

"In love with me in six days, just like that?" said Jasper, smoking.

"There is no accounting for tastes and six days at sea are equivalent to sixty on land. I don't want to make you too proud. Of course if you recognise your responsibility it's all right and I have nothing to say."

"I don't see what you mean," Jasper went on.

"Surely you ought to have thought of that

by this time. She's engaged to be married and the gentleman she is engaged to is to meet her at Liverpool. The whole ship knows it (I didn't tell them!) and the whole ship is watching her. It's impertinent if you like, just as I am, but we make a little world here together and we can't blink its conditions. What I ask you is whether you are prepared to allow her to give up the gentleman I have just mentioned for your sake."

"For my sake?"

"To marry her if she breaks with him."

Jasper turned his eyes from the horizon to my own and I found a strange expression in them. "Has Miss Mavis commissioned you to make this inquiry?"

"Never in the world."

"Well then, I don't understand it."

"It isn't from another I make it. Let it come from yourself—to yourself."

"Lord, you must think I lead myself a life ! That's a question the young lady may put to me any moment that it pleases her."

"Let me then express the hope that she will ! But what will you answer?"

"My dear sir, it seems to me that in spite of all the titles you have enumerated you have no reason to expect I will tell you." He turned away and I exclaimed, sincerely, "Poor girl!" At this he faced me again and, looking at me from head to foot, demanded: "What is it you want me to do?"

"I told your mother that you ought to go to bed."

"You had better do that yourself!"

This time he walked off and I reflected rather dolefully that the only clear result of my experiment would probably have been to make it vivid to him that she was in love with him. Mrs. Nettlepoint came up as she had announced, but the day was half over ; it was nearly three o'clock. She was accompanied by her son, who established her on deck, arranged her chair and her shawls, saw that she was protected from sun and wind and for an hour was very properly attentive. While this went on Grace Mavis was not visible, nor did she reappear during the whole afternoon. I had not observed that she had as yet been absent from the deck for so long a period. Jasper went away, but he came back at intervals to see how his mother got on, and when she asked him where Miss Mavis was he said he had not the least idea. I sat with Mrs. Nettlepoint at her particular request ; she told me she knew that if I left her Mrs. Peck and Mrs. Gotch would come to speak to her. She was flurried and fatigued at having to make an effort, and I think that Grace Mavis's choosing this occasion for retirement

suggested to her a little that she had been made a fool of. She remarked that the girl's not being there showed her complete want of breeding and that she was really very good to have put herself out for her so; she was just simply underbred and that was the end of it. I could see that Mrs. Nettlepoint's advent quickened the speculative activity of the other ladies; they watched her from the opposite side of the deck, keeping their eyes fixed on her very much as the man at the wheel kept his on the course of the ship. Mrs. Peck plainly meditated an approach, and it was from this danger that Mrs. Nettlepoint averted her face.

"It's just as we said," she remarked to me as we sat there. "It is like the bucket in the well. When I come up that girl goes down."

"Yes, but you've succeeded, since Jasper remains here."

"Remains? I don't see him."

"He comes and goes—it's the same thing."

"He goes more than he comes. But *n'en parlons plus*, I haven't gained anything. I don't admire the sea at all—what is it but a big stupid reservoir? I sha'n't come up again."

"I have an idea she'll stay in her cabin now," I said. "She tells me she has one to herself." Mrs. Nettlepoint replied that she might do as she liked, and I repeated to her the little conversation I had had with Jasper.

She listened with interest, but "Marry her? mercy!" she exclaimed. "I like the manner you give my son away."

"You wouldn't accept that?"

"Never in the world."

"Then I don't understand your position."

"Good heavens, I have none! It isn't a position to be bored to death."

"You wouldn't accept it even in the case I put to him—that of her believing she had been encouraged to throw over poor Porterfield?"

"Not even—not even. Who knows what she believes?"

"Then you do exactly what I said you would—you show me a fine example of maternal immorality."

"Maternal fiddlesticks! It was she began it."

"Then why did you come up to-day?"

"To keep you quiet."

Mrs. Nettlepoint's dinner was served on deck but I went into the saloon. Jasper was there but not Grace Mavis, as I had half expected. I asked him what had become of her, if she were ill (he must have thought I had an ignoble pertinacity), and he replied that he knew nothing whatever about her. Mrs.

Peck talked to me about Mrs. Nettlepoint and said it had been a great interest to her to see her; only it was a pity she didn't seem more sociable. To this I replied that she had to beg to be excused—she was not well.

"You don't mean to say she's sick, on this pond?"

"No, she's unwell in another way."

"I guess I know the way!" Mrs. Peck laughed. And then she added, "I suppose she came up to look after her charge."

"Her charge?"

"Why, Miss Mavis. We've talked enough about that."

"Quite enough. I don't know what that had to do with it. Miss Mavis hasn't been there to-day."

"Oh, it goes on all the same."

"It goes on?"

"Well, it's too late."

"Too late?"

"Well, you'll see. There'll be a row."

This was not comforting but I did not repeat it above. Mrs. Nettlepoint returned early to her cabin, professing herself much tired. I know not what "went on," but Grace Mavis continued not to show. I went in late, to bid Mrs. Nettlepoint good-night, and learned from her that the girl had not been to her. She had sent the stewardess to her room for news, to see if she were ill and needed assistance, and the stewardess came back with the information that she was not there. I went above after this; the night was not quite so fair and the deck was almost empty. In a moment Jasper Nettlepoint and our young lady moved past me together. "I hope you are better!" I called after her; and she replied, over her shoulder, "Oh, yes, I had a headache; but the air now does me good!"

I went down again—I was the only person there but they, and I wished to not appear to be watching them—and returning to Mrs. Nettlepoint's room found (her door was open into the little passage) that she was still sitting up.

"She's all right!" I said. "She's on the deck with Jasper."

The old lady looked up at me from her book. "I didn't know you called that all right."

"Well, it's better than something else."

"Something else?"

"Something I was a little afraid of."

Mrs. Nettlepoint continued to look at me; she asked me what that was. "I'll tell you when we are ashore," I said.

The next day I went to see her, at the usual hour of my morning visit, and found

her in considerable agitation. "The scenes have begun," she said; "you know I told you I shouldn't get through without them! You made me nervous last night—I haven't the least idea what you meant; but you made me nervous. She came in to see me an hour ago, and I had the courage to say to her, 'I don't know why I shouldn't tell you frankly that I have been scolding my son about you.' Of course she asked me what I meant by that, and I said—'It seems to me he drags you about the ship too much, for a girl in your position. He has the air of not remembering that you belong to some one else. There is a kind of want of taste and even of want of respect in it.' That produced an explosion; she became very violent."

"Do you mean angry?"

"Not exactly angry but very excited and pained—at my presuming to think her relations with my son were not the simplest in the world. I might scold him as much as I liked—that was between ourselves; but she didn't see why I should tell her that I had done so. Did I think she allowed him to treat her with disrespect? That idea was not very complimentary to her! He had treated her better and been kinder to her than most other people—there were very few on the ship that hadn't been insulting. She should be glad enough when she got off it, to her own people, to some one whom no one would have a right to say anything about. What was there in her position that was not perfectly natural? what was the idea of making a fuss about her position? Did I mean that she took it too easily—that she didn't think as much as she ought about Mr. Porterfield? Didn't I believe she was attached to him—didn't I believe she was just counting the hours until she saw him? That would be the happiest moment of her life. It showed how little I knew her, if I thought anything else."

"All that must have been rather fine and I should have liked to hear it," I said. "And what did you reply?"

"Oh, I grovelled; I told her that I accused her (as regards my son) of nothing worse than an excess of good nature. She helped him to pass his time—he ought to be immensely obliged. Also that it would be a very happy moment for me too when I handed her over to Mr. Porterfield."

"And will you come up to-day?"

"No indeed—she'll do very well now."

I gave a sigh of relief. "All's well that ends well!"

Jasper, that day, spent a great deal of time

with his mother. She had told me that she really had had no proper opportunity to talk over their movements after disembarking with him. Everything changes a little, the last two or three days of a voyage; the spell is broken and new combinations take place. Grace Mavis was neither on deck nor at dinner and I drew Mrs. Peck's attention to the extreme propriety with which she now conducted herself. She had spent the day in meditation and she judged it best to continue to meditate.

"Ah, she's afraid," said my implacable neighbour.

"Afraid of what?"

"Well, that we'll tell tales when we get there."

"Whom do you mean by 'we'?"

"Well, there are plenty, on a ship like this."

"Well then, we won't."

"Maybe we won't have the chance," said the dreadful little woman.

"Oh, at that moment a universal geniality reigns."

"Well, she's afraid, all the same."

"So much the better."

"Yes, so much the better."

All the next day, too, the girl remained invisible and Mrs. Nettlepoint told me that she had not been in to see her. She had inquired by the stewardess if she would receive her in her own cabin and Grace Mavis had replied that it was littered up with things and unfit for visitors; she was packing a trunk over. Jasper made up for his devotion to his mother the day before by now spending a great deal of his time in the smoking-room. I wanted to say to him "This is much better," but I thought it wiser to hold my tongue. Indeed I had begun to feel the emotion of prospective arrival (I was delighted to be almost back in my dear old Europe again) and had less to spare for other matters. It will doubtless appear to the critical reader that I had already devoted far too much to the little episode of which my story gives an account, but to that I can only reply that the event justified me. We sighted land, the dim yet rich coast of Ireland, about sunset and I leaned on the edge of the ship and looked at it. "It doesn't look like much, does it?" I heard a voice say, beside me; and, turning, I found Grace Mavis was there. Almost for the first time she had her veil up and I thought her very pale.

"It will be more to-morrow," I said.

"Oh yes, a great deal more."

"The first sight of land, at sea, changes

everything," I went on. "I always think it's like waking up from a dream. It's a return to reality."

For a moment she made no response to this; then she said, "It doesn't look very real yet."

"No, and meanwhile, this lovely evening, the dream is still present."

She looked up at the sky, which had a brightness, though the light of the sun had left it and that of the stars had not come out. "It is a lovely evening."

"Oh yes, with this we shall do."

She stood there a while longer, while the growing dusk effaced the line of the land more rapidly than our progress made it distinct. She said nothing more, she only looked in front of her; but her very quietness made me want to say something suggestive of sympathy and service. I was unable to think what to say—some things seemed too wide of the mark and others too unfortunate. At last, unexpectedly, she appeared to give me my chance. Irrelevantly, abruptly she broke out:

"Didn't you tell me that you knew Mr. Porterfield?"

"Dear me, yes—I used to see him. I have often wanted to talk to you about him."

She turned her face upon me and in the deepened evening I fancied she looked paler. "What good would that do?"

"Why, it would be a pleasure," I replied, rather foolishly.

"Do you mean for you?"

"Well, yes—call it that," I said, smiling.

"Did you know him so well?"

My smile became a laugh and I said—"You are not easy to make speeches to."

"I hate speeches!" The words came from her lips with a violence that surprised me—a kind of rudeness. But before I had time to wonder at it she went on—"Shall you know him when you see him?"

"Perfectly, I think." Her manner was so strange that one had to notice it in some way and it appeared to me the best way was to notice it jocularly; so I added, "Shan't you?"

"Oh, perhaps you'll point him out!" And she walked quickly away. As I looked after her I had a singular, a perverse and rather an embarrassed sense of having, during the previous days, and especially in speaking to Jasper Nettlepoint, interfered with her situation to her loss. I had a sort of pang in seeing her move about alone; I felt somehow responsible for it and asked myself why I could not have kept my hands off. I had

seen Jasper in the smoking-room more than once that day, as I passed it, and half an hour before this I had observed, through the open door, that he was there. He had been with her so much that without him she had a bereaved, forsaken air. It was better, no doubt, but superficially it made her slightly pathetic. Mrs. Peck would have told me that their separation was gammon; they didn't show together on deck and in the saloon but they made it up elsewhere. The secret places on shipboard are not numerous; Mrs. Peck's "elsewhere" would have been vague and I know not what license her imagination took. It was distinct that Jasper had fallen off, but of course what had passed between them on this subject was not so and could never be. Later, through his mother, I had his version of that, but I may remark that I didn't believe it. Poor Mrs. Nettlepoint did, of course. I was almost capable, after the girl had left me, of going to my young man and saying, "After all, do return to her a little, just till we get in! It won't make any difference after we land." And I don't think it was the fear he would tell me I was an idiot that prevented me. At any rate the next time I passed the door of the smoking-room I saw that he had left it. I paid my usual visit to Mrs. Nettlepoint that night, but I troubled her no further about Miss Mavis. She had made up her mind that everything was smooth and settled now, and it seemed to me that I had worried her and that she had worried herself enough. I left her to enjoy the foretaste of arrival, which had taken possession of her mind. Before turning in I went above and found more passengers on deck than I had ever seen so late. Jasper was walking about among them alone but I forebore to join him. The coast of Ireland had disappeared but the night and the sea were perfect. On the way to my cabin when I came down I met the stewardess in one of the passages and the idea entered my head to say to her—"Do you happen to know where Miss Mavis is?"

"Why, she's in her room, sir, at this hour."

"Do you suppose I could speak to her?" It had come into my mind to ask her why she had inquired of me whether I should recognise Mr. Porterfield.

"No, sir," said the stewardess; "she has gone to bed."

"That's all right." And I followed the young lady's excellent example.

The next morning, while I was dressing, the steward of my side of the ship came to me as usual to see what I wanted. But the

first thing he said to me was—"Rather a bad job, sir—a passenger missing."

"A passenger—missing?"

"A lady, sir. I think you knew her. Miss Mavis, sir."

"*Missing?*" I cried—staring at him, horrified.

"She's not on the ship. They can't find her."

"Then where to God is she?"

I remember his queer face. "Well, sir, I suppose you know that as well as I."

"Do you mean she has jumped overboard?"

"Some time in the night, sir—on the quiet. But it's beyond every one, the way she escaped notice. They usually sees 'em, sir. It must have been about half-past two. Lord, but she was clever, sir. She didn't so much as make a splash. They say she 'ad come against her will, sir."

I had dropped upon my sofa—I felt faint. The man went on, liking to talk, as persons of his class do when they have something horrible to tell. She usually rang for the stewardess early, but this morning of course there had been no ring. The stewardess had gone in all the same about eight o'clock and found the cabin empty. That was about an hour ago. Her things were there in confusion—the things she usually wore when she went above. The stewardess thought she had been rather strange last night, but she waited a little and then went back. Miss Mavis hadn't turned up—and she didn't turn up. The stewardess began to look for her—she hadn't been seen on deck or in the saloon. Besides, she wasn't dressed—not to show herself; all her clothes were in her room. There was another lady, an old lady, Mrs. Nettlepoint—I would know her—that she was sometimes with, but the stewardess had been with *her* and she knew Miss Mavis had not come near her that morning. She had spoken to *him* and they had taken a quiet look—they had hunted everywhere. A ship's a big place but you do come to the end of it, and if a person ain't there why they ain't. In short an hour had passed and the young lady was not accounted for; from which I might judge if she ever would be. The watch couldn't account for her, but no doubt the fishes in the sea could—poor unfortunate lady! The stewardess and he, they had of course thought it their duty very soon to speak to the doctor, and the doctor had spoken immediately to the captain. The captain didn't like it—they never did. But he would try to keep it quiet—they always did.

By the time I succeeded in pulling myself

together and getting on after a fashion the rest of my clothes I had learned that Mrs. Nettlepoint had not yet been informed, unless the stewardess had broken it to her within the previous few minutes. Her son knew, the young gentleman on the other side of the ship (he had the other steward); my man had seen him come out of his cabin and rush above, just before he came in to me. He *had* gone above, my man was sure; he had not gone to the old lady's cabin. I remember a queer vision when the steward told me this—the wild flash of a picture of Jasper Nettlepoint leaping with a mad compunction in his young agility over the side of the ship. I hasten to add that no such incident was destined to contribute its horror to poor Grace Mavis's mysterious tragic act. What followed was miserable enough, but I can only glance at it. When I got to Mrs. Nettlepoint's door she was there in her dressing-gown; the stewardess had just told her and she was rushing out to come to me. I made her go back—I said I would go for Jasper. I went for him but I missed him, partly no doubt because it was really, at first, the captain I was after. I found this personage and found him highly scandalised, but he gave me no hope that we were in error, and his displeasure, expressed with seaman-like plainness, was a definite settlement of the question. From the deck, where I merely turned round and looked, I saw the light of another summer day, the coast of Ireland green and near and the sea a more charming colour than it had been at all. When I came below again Jasper had passed back; he had gone to his cabin and his mother had joined him there. He remained there till we reached Liverpool—I never saw him. His mother, after a little, at his request, let him alone. All the world went above to look at the land and chatter about our horror, but the poor lady spent the day, dismally enough, in her room. It seemed to me intolerably long; I was thinking so of vague Porterfield and of my prospect of having to face him on the morrow. Now of course I knew why she had asked me if I should recognise him; she had delegated to me mentally a certain pleasant office. I gave Mrs. Peck and Mrs. Gotch a wide berth—I couldn't talk to them. I could, or at least I did a little, to Mrs. Nettlepoint, but with too many reserves for comfort on either side, for I foresaw that it would not in the least do now to mention Jasper to her. I was obliged to assume by my silence that he had had nothing to do with what had happened; and of course I never really

ascertained what he *had* had to do. The secret of what passed between him and the strange girl who would have sacrificed her marriage to him on so short an acquaintance remains shut up in his breast. His mother, I know, went to his door from time to time, but he refused her admission. That evening, to be human at a venture, I requested the steward to go in and ask him if he should care to see me, and the attendant returned with an answer which he candidly transmitted. "Not in the least!" Jasper apparently was almost as scandalised as the captain.

At Liverpool, at the dock, when we had touched, twenty people came on board and I had already made out Mr. Porterfield at a distance. He was looking up at the side of the great vessel with disappointment written (to my eyes) in his face—disappointment at not seeing the woman he loved lean over it

and wave her handkerchief to him. Every one was looking at him, every one but she (his identity flew about in a moment) and I wondered if he did not observe it. He used to be lean, he had grown almost fat. The interval between us diminished—he was on the plank and then on the deck with the jostling officers of the customs—all too soon for my equanimity. I met him instantly however, laid my hand on him and drew him away, though I perceived that he had no impression of having seen me before. It was not till afterwards that I thought that a little stupid of him. I drew him far away (I was conscious of Mrs. Peck and Mrs. Gotch looking at us as we passed) into the empty, stale smoking-room; he remained speechless, and that struck me as like him. I had to speak first, he could not even relieve me by saying "Is anything the matter?" I told him first that she was ill. It was an odious moment.

HENRY JAMES.





ENTRANCE TO THE VILLAGE OF ZAKOPANE.
From a Drawing by S. WITKIEWICZ.

IN THE POLISH CARPATHIANS.

At the north-western extremity of the long Carpathian range, extending from the borders of Moravia almost to the Balkans, there is a group of mountains known locally as the Tatry, along which is drawn the boundary between Austrian Poland and Hungary. These mountains, judged by Alpine standards, are not very high, and they are all contained within a space not much greater than our Lake district; but they have a savage grandeur such as is rarely to be seen in Switzerland or the Tyrol. Huge peaks of bare granite, with forbidding precipices and gray patches of eternal snow in crevices never touched by the sun, numerous lakes and tarns, some frozen in deep rocky basins, others smiling out of an oasis of green meadows and pines; thick woods climbing up the mountain sides and lining the banks of rushing streams, present an endless succession of wild and beautiful scenes to which the charm of originality is given by the vast solitudes, the absence of hotels, the quaint architecture of the villages, and the primitive manners of the people.

In the midst of this romantic region lies Zakopane, the favourite mountain resort of the Poles from Russian, Austrian, and Prussian Poland. Like the other villages of the district, it is built entirely of wood, and the numerous visitors who come to Zakopane in the summer put up either at the Tatry club house, where there is a good restaurant, in one of the hydropathic establishments, or in a peasant's log-hut, which may be obtained at a very low rent, and where those who do not mind "roughing it" can do so without much discomfort. Zakopane is easily reached from London in four days. By the Flushing route you get in thirty-two hours, *viâ* Berlin, to Breslau, a picturesque town, where you may sleep in one of the best hotels of North Germany. From Breslau it is only eight hours by express to Cracow, "the Polish Rome," also with several excellent hotels, and abounding in objects of interest to the lover of art and archæology. Here you are within a day's journey from Zakopane by rail and waggon. Passing by the shady gardens and numberless spires of

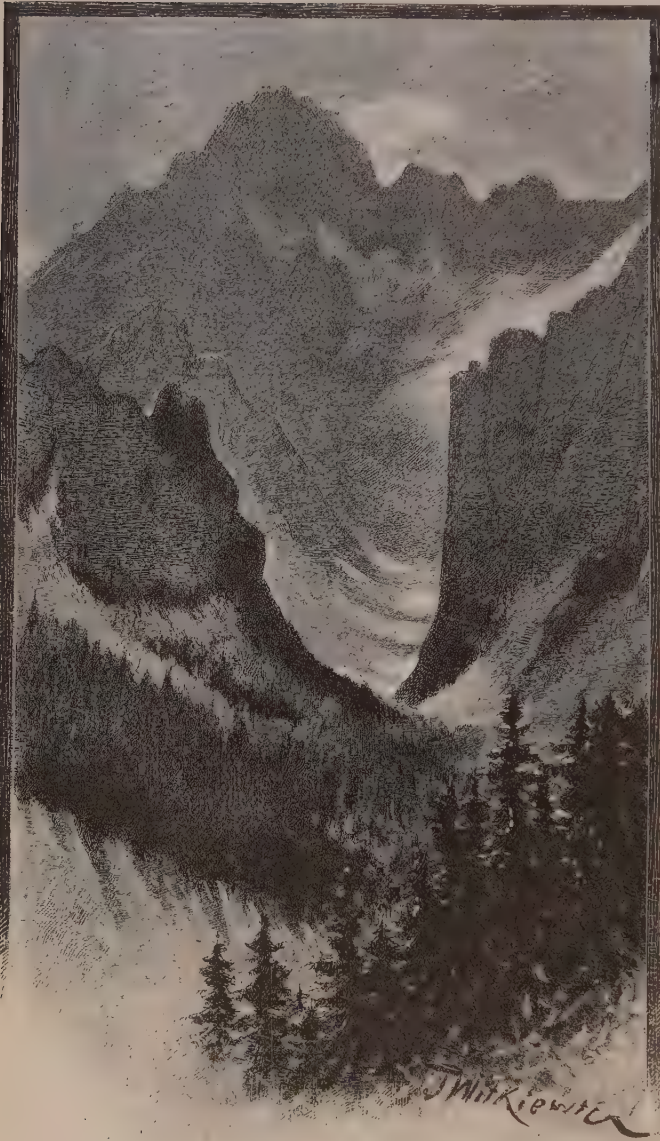
the ancient burial-place of the Polish kings, with its huge castle and cathedral towering above the city, the train arrives after a few halts at Kalvarya (Calvary), a famous pilgrimage formed in the beginning of the seventeenth century after the model of the road of the Holy Cross at Jerusalem. In the middle of August crowds of pilgrims from all parts of Poland assemble here for the festival of the Virgin, and on these occasions there are sometimes about 100,000 people, nearly all of whom have to sleep and take their meals in the open air. The line is carried by a series of zigzags over the wooded hill on which is built the principal church, and this gives the traveller an opportunity of watching at his leisure the picturesque groups of peasants, mostly clad in the national colours (red and white), as they climb the hill or stop to pray at the numerous crosses, altars, and chapels on the road. At the foot of the hill is a silvery rivulet ("the Cedron"); and the old ruined castle of Lanckorona, on an eminence on the other side of the valley, completes the mediæval effect of the scene, in which the only modern element is the railway.

At Kalvarya we leave the fertile, undulating plain in which Cracow is situated, and enter upon the outskirts of the Carpathians. The hills rise into mountains, the streams grow more numerous and more rapid, and the woods become thicker. At the little station of Chabovka the passengers bound for Zakopane leave the train and pursue the rest of their journey in a mountain-cart or waggon. This vehicle is of course without springs, but it is driven by excellent horses, and has a comfortable seat slung to the sides of the cart which somewhat reduces the jolting on the mountain roads. The scenery now becomes magnificent; the road passes over a high table land, from which the principal Carpathian peaks are seen in all their grandeur, and after an hour's halt for refreshments at Novy Targ (New Market), the principal village in the district, a drive of three or four hours on a fairly good road brings you to Zakopane. As one usually arrives here at nightfall, and the place is very full in the summer, it is desirable to telegraph or write for rooms beforehand.

Sport and out-door games are not popular among the visitors at Zakopane; there are several trout streams with abundance of trout, but no one seems to fish, and lawn-tennis has not yet penetrated to these wild regions, though some of the visitors may occasionally be seen playing at croquet. At the Tatry club-house there is a billiard-

room, and also a large room for concerts and theatrical performances, in which the principal *artistes* of Cracow and Warsaw appear. As every one speaks Polish, those who do not understand that language might sometimes be at a loss, but most of the visitors speak French, and the waiters at the restaurant and some of the guides speak German. Such little difficulties and inconveniences apart, Zakopane is a place where people who have had a surfeit of grand hotels and illuminated waterfalls, and who seek nothing but health and the quiet enjoyment of unadorned nature in some of its noblest forms, may pass a very pleasant holiday. The village, which is about 3,000 feet above the sea-level, rises from a brawling stream, the Dunayec, into some pine-woods, where the best houses are situated. Here Madame Modrzejewska, the eminent actress known in England as "Modjeska," has built her country villa on a woody hill from which there is a charming view of rugged mountains and smiling fields; and the two principal physicians of Warsaw, Drs. Chalubinski and Baranowski, live close by in pretty cottages, where they spend a few months every summer in hard-earned rest from their scientific labours. The former was the first to discover the valuable qualities of Zakopane as a health-resort, and it is entirely owing to him that the place has become so popular among the Poles. The air is of the peculiarly vivifying quality which is generally ascribed to that of the Engadine, and although Zakopane lies much farther north, it is, like St. Moritz, also used as a winter residence by persons suffering from pulmonary complaints.

A favourite afternoon walk is to the hill of Gubalovka, which rises to a height of 1,000 feet above Zakopane on the north, and is easily accessible by a well marked foot-path. The position of this hill enables one to look into the savage recesses of the Tatry on one side, and on the broad and beautiful valley of Novy Targ on the other. At sunset the patches of snow sparkle like diamonds on the ruddy mountain peaks, and if you are fortunate you may afterwards see the moon sailing majestically into the dark blue sky from behind the great cliff of Spiz. For those who like sketching or botanizing there are some exquisite little valleys, each about half an hour's walk from Zakopane, which are like wedges driven into the high mountain wall that bounds the village on the south. Here are fantastic rocks, delicate ferns and wild flowers in endless variety, musical streams with graceful trees rising from their banks,



THE GIERLACH.
From a Drawing by S. WITKIEWICZ.

and overhead the gray precipices of the Giewont, which stretches its gigantic arms over Zakopane like a tutelary genius. A more distant expedition is to the long romantic defile of Koscielisko, famous for its caverns, its abundance of edelweiss, its old lime-trees, and its wild river (the Black Dunayec) rushing madly along between craggy rocks whose sharp pinnacles seem to reach to the sky. Two inscriptions in this

beautiful valley illustrate the two strongest elements of the Polish character, patriotism and piety. One is in memory of the great national writer Kraszewski; the other, on a cross erected at the spot where a peasant was killed by a mill-wheel, is in three words: *nie nad Boga* (God above all).

The principal occupation of the visitors is mountaineering. This pastime is not, however, pursued with the laborious preparation and dogged perseverance of the Alpine clubman. The Poles do not take climbing *au sérieux*, but enjoy it as an amusement like dancing or lawn tennis. In their mountain expeditions they are often accompanied by ladies, and even by bands of music; they are ignorant of knickerbockers and nailed boots, and they tramp over the rocks and snow in costumes which would be more suitable for Eastbourne or Brighton. A not unusual sight in the Polish Carpathians is a gay procession headed by peasants playing their national airs, and composed of holiday folk of both sexes, who while they climb a steep mountain side beguile the way with music, sketching, and merry talk. Such frivolities would of course be impossible in one of those great ice expeditions in the Alps where you have to start in the middle of the night, and trudge along with the chance of at any moment either falling into a crevasse or being

nearly cut in two by the rope which holds up one of your companions. But there are no glaciers in the Polish Carpathians, and though there are plenty of break-neck expeditions for those who like such things, all the grandest scenes in the district may be visited without danger and with comparatively little labour or hardship. Such difficulties as occasionally occur are greatly diminished by the skill and attention of the

guides, who belong to a people that unites to the sturdy independence of the Northern races, a chivalrous grace and refinement which are rarely seen in peasants on this side of the Alps. They are mostly of middle size, with strongly marked features, broad shoulders, and small hands and feet. Their costume consists of a broad-brimmed hat of black felt; a *serdak* or fur jacket with the leather worn outside, dyed a deep crimson and profusely embroidered; a short cloak of white flannel; trousers of the same material; and leather sandals, which they prefer to thick boots for rock-climbing. Every peasant at Zakopane carries a long-handled hatchet—a relic of the time, some fifty years ago, when the youngest and strongest men of the village formed bands of freebooters which made raids on the neighbouring farms and stole their horses and cows. The hatchet is now used for wood-cutting and making steps on snow-slopes; but in the old wild days it was a formidable weapon, and many a farmer was struck down by it in defending his property against “the good fellows,” as the bandits of Zakopane were then called. Though brigandage is still not uncommon on the Hungarian side of the Carpathians, the Polish districts are now as safe and peaceful as the Surrey hills. Yet the Polish mountaineer has a gallant and devil-may-care air, doubtless inherited from his lawless forefathers, and a group of them on a desolate mountain side, singing their wild songs and flourishing their hatchets above their heads as they dance with martial gestures on the bare rock, is a sight which, though novel and picturesque, may sometimes scare a timid stranger. Among the rare visitors who come to Zakopane from western Europe was a French *savant*, and the Poles got up a *fête* in the mountains to do honour to their illustrious guest. A merry company of literary men and artists took him to a beautiful lake near the top of one of the highest peaks, and at a given signal a number of peasants who had been hidden in a cavern rushed out and danced round him, waving their hatchets with strange cries which sounded to him more like threats than expressions of welcome. This *surprise* was too much for the Frenchman; his imagination pictured to him a barbarian horde coming to take his scalp, and he ran down the path by which he had ascended, in spite of the protests and explanations of his Polish friends.

There are not many relics left of the freebooting times of the Polish mountaineers, as they are ashamed of their past life, and

have destroyed most of the objects that reminded them of it. They even for a while gave up wearing hatchets, but they found this so inconvenient that they soon resumed the custom, especially when they found that the visitors to Zakopane procured hatchets for themselves to assist them in their mountain expeditions. Formerly there was in almost every cottage a rude painting of oil-colour on glass representing a candidate for one of the robber bands performing the feats necessary to qualify him for admission to the confraternity, and though nearly all of these curious pictures have been destroyed, there are still a few in the



A POLISH MOUNTAINEER.

From a Drawing by S. WITKIEWICZ.

possession of amateurs of the local antiquities. The candidate is represented jumping to a great height, and at the same time cutting off one of the upper branches of a beech with a hatchet in his left hand, while he fires a pistol at the top of a pine-tree with his right. Under the pine-tree is the famous freebooter Yanosik, who with his companions is drinking the health of the future bandit. Yanosik is the legendary hero of the place, and the story of his life and death, though not more than sixty years old, is as quaint and weird as a ballad of the robber-knights of the middle ages. Yanosik was, so runs the legend, a young peasant whose father

wished him to be a priest, but who preferred to wander about in the woods and hunt chamois on the mountains. One evening, as he was walking through a great forest, it suddenly became dark. He had lost his way and looked in vain for a track. He climbed a tree, and saw a little hut. Throwing down his cap in the direction of the hut, he walked on and looked in at the window. Inside was an old woman; he saw her, as there was a light. He opened the door, and the old woman asked him :



A POLISH GUIDE.

From a Drawing by S. WITKIEWICZ.

"What have you come for?"

"Please give me shelter for the night."

"How can I? my sisters will come and kill you"—for they were witches.

But he answered :

"Let them do what they like with me ; I don't move from this spot."

Then the old woman asked him to supper. He supped with her, and afterwards she hid him behind the stove.

Then her elder sister came and said :

"Fie! what smells here? Come out, Yanosik!" and he was obliged to come out.

"Come to supper!" and he supped with her too. Then she said :

"You had better go now, for when my third sister, the eldest, comes, she will surely kill you."

And he answered "I won't go at all."

Then came the third sister, the eldest, and she said,

"Whose soul (*dusza*) do I smell here? Come out, Yanosik!" and he came out. "Now we will go to supper!" and he supped with her, lay down, and went to sleep.

Then they began to take counsel together. "What shall we do to him?" But he did not sleep, he only pretended to sleep, and heard what they were saying.

"Let us put a live coal on his stomach. If he bears the pain without waking, he must be tough."

They put a live-coal on his stomach, and he suffered and endured till the fire went out. Then they said—"He will bear anything; we must give him a uniform."

One said, "I will give him a hatchet."

The second said, "I will give him a shirt."

The third said, "I will give him a belt."

Now a man sitting astride on the hatchet could leap ten miles; and the shirt and belt gave him tremendous strength.

The one that had to make the shirt sowed the hemp that night, and the shirt was ready the next morning. When Yanosik got up they gave him his uniform and said, "You will not be a priest but a bandit. Here is your hatchet; when you sit astride on it you will leap over ten miles of ground, and it will defend you against all your enemies. And when you have this shirt and belt on you will be stronger than any man in the world. You must now begin by robbing your father, and then you will be the chief of all the bandits."

So Yanosik went home and hid his uniform. When he came home he was very sad. His father was just going to the cattle-fair with one hundred and fifty florins, and Yanosik said, "Father, don't go or you will be robbed."

His father answered: "Only a coward like you would give up his money to the bandits."

"We shall see."

And the father went on his way.

On the second day after his father's departure, Yanosik put on his uniform, sat on the hatchet, and flew after his father. He stopped him in the wood, hit the ground with his hatchet, and asked, "Where are you going?"

He answered, "To the cattle-fair," but he could hardly speak for fear.

"Give me your money!"

He took out his money and gave it him.

"Have you given all?" asked Yanosik.

His father answered that he had, and that he had nothing left for his journey.

Then Yanosik gave him a florin out of the money for his journey, and flew away into the wood on his hatchet, which brought him home in an hour, while his father did not return till next day. Yanosik hid his uniform, and no one saw it.

said, "I will not be a priest, but a bandit. Farewell." And he flew away.

Yanosik had twelve bandits under him, and every man that wanted to join his band had to do something clever. One jumped to the top of a fir-tree, cut off the top branch with a sword, and shot another top branch off with his pistol. Another broke in half the thickest trees, and a fourth crushed the hardest stone in his hand. Every one showed what he could do, and when Yanosik jumped he went higher than the tallest tree in the forest.



INTERIOR OF A POLISH MOUNTAINEER'S HUT.

From a Drawing by S. WITKIEWICZ.

His father came lamenting and said, "You told me true!"

"What has happened, father?"

"Why, a bandit stopped me on the way and I had to give him all my money; he only left me a florin for the journey."

"I told you not to go. Would you know him again?"

"Oh, yes, he had a dreadful-looking shirt, and a belt, and a big hatchet."

Yanosik went into the field and put on his uniform, and came back into the room.

"Was this he?"

"Yes! yes!"

Then he gave his father the money, and

Once a farmer was going to the cattle-fair. Yanosik asked him, "How much money have you got?"

He answered, "Thirty florins."

Yanosik gave him four hundred. "Now go and buy cattle with this money, and show them me when you have bought them."

The farmer went to the fair, but all the cattle he saw there were not worth the money he had with him. He was much troubled, but he took all he could get and paid for them. When he came to the wood Yanosik asked him, "How much did you pay?"

He answered that he had paid only a

hundred florins ; but Yanosik said nothing, and let him go home.

An old woman was going to the fair. Yanosik asked her, "Where are you going?"

"To the fair."

"What for?"

"To get some boots, but I have very little money."

"There are five florins, buy some fine boots with them."

The old woman went, but she did not like to part with the money, and she came back without boots. On the road she met Yanosik. "Have you bought the boots?"

"No."

"Why not?"



A ZAKOPANE PEASANT.

From a Drawing by S. WITKIEWICZ.

"Because I would rather keep the money."

Then he tore the skin off her legs and said, "Now you can have boots for nothing."

He robbed the rich and helped the poor. Once he sent a message to a rich landowner that he was coming to dinner with twelve servants. The gentleman promised to have dinner ready, and meanwhile assembled all the strongest men and best shots of the country round. Yanosik went, and they drove up in a carriage to meet him. He took the mare by the leg and turned the carriage over ; then he got into it, drove to the palace, and ran off with a deal of money.

The farmers of the neighbourhood complained of his depredations to the Emperor,

who sent a regiment of soldiers against him. The soldiers were armed with muskets, Yanosik only had his hatchet. As they fired he caught the bullets in his hand and threw them in the soldiers' faces (for a bullet could never hit him). Then he cried "Chop, hatchet!" Upon which his hatchet chopped down some of the soldiers and the rest ran away.

Yanosik was very pious. He once met a student and took him into his house. The student spoke to the police and promised to kill him. When he knelt down to say his prayers the student, not knowing that he was bullet-proof, fired at him with a musket, and Yanosik went on praying as if he did not hear anything. The student fired again, but Yanosik did not even look round, and prayed as before. The traitor was terrified ; he fired a third time and was running away, when Yanosik, having finished his prayers, leapt after him and killed him.

But Yanosik had a sweetheart, and his enemies offered her money to ask him where he got his terrible strength from. She took the money and asked him, and he said it was from his shirt and belt and his hatchet. Then his enemies brought some peas, and waited for him on the roof of his sweetheart's house. When he came to her she locked up his hatchet in a cellar with seven iron doors, and the men on the roof threw the peas on the ground. Yanosik slipped on the peas and fell ; then two men tore away his belt and shirt, and he grew weak. The hatchet broke through six of the doors but stopped at the seventh. Yanosik was now so weak that his assailants were able to drag him out of the hut and hang him on an iron hook. He expected a "pardon" from the Emperor, but it came too late ; yet he had time to smoke a pound of tobacco before he died. Thus did Yanosik come to an untimely end through his sweetheart.

Such is the legend of Yanosik, as taken down by a Polish professor from the narrative of a mountaineer at Rabka, and to this day there are many inhabitants of the district who believe that the men who hanged Yanosik have to pay a fine to the Emperor every year for having put to death a man who was as strong as a whole regiment. These stories, however, like everything else that relates to the old Polish freebooters, are usually kept by the mountaineers to themselves, and at Zakopane it is almost impossible to get any of them to speak about Yanosik or his fellow-bandits, though most of their achievements were performed in the immediate vicinity. Among the many curious legends of

the district are stories about hidden treasure in the mountains. The manuscripts containing these stories, and information as to marks on the rocks near the places where the treasures are concealed, are carefully preserved by the mountaineers, and handed down from father to son as precious heirlooms, but it seldom happens that any search is made for the hidden treasures, as the general belief is that they can only be obtained by invoking the aid of evil spirits.

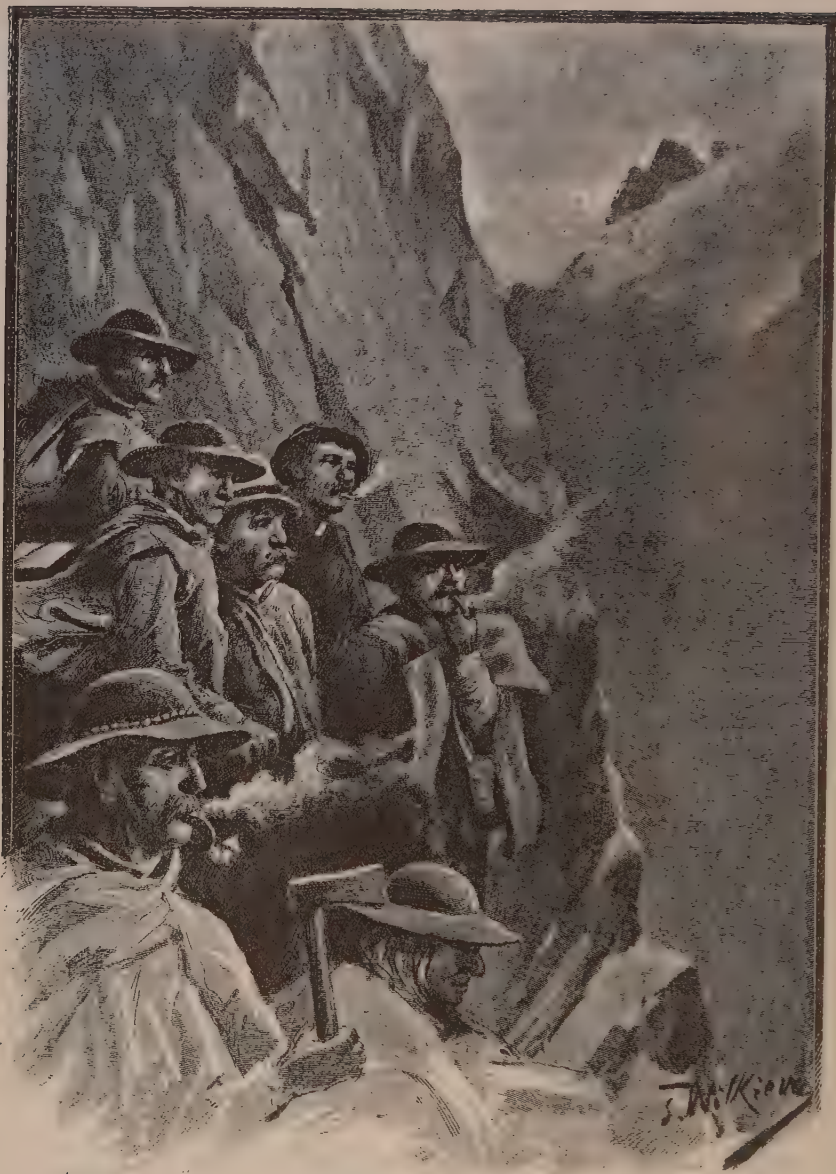
The national courage and love of freedom made brigandage very popular in the days when it flourished, and it was pursued rather as a gallant pastime than as a means of obtaining other people's property, for many of the bandits were wealthy farmers who, after plundering each other, were no richer in the end. Deserters and poachers no doubt took to brigandage to escape punishment, but the love of adventure and glory was at least as powerful an incentive, and most of the bandit chiefs were men of property. To be a bandit it was necessary to possess the qualities which are most valued by the Polish mountaineers: courage, strength, agility, and cleverness. The freebooter was also usually generous to the poor, and, after a fashion, very religious. Before going on an expedition he and his friends prayed for its success, and if his prayers were heard he devoutly thanked God for having listened to him. According to an old legend, the church of St. Anne at Novy Targ was built by the brigands, and the picture over the high altar was stolen by them from another church in Hungary. To rob a Hungarian church in order to adorn a Polish one was, with the quaint notions of morals then prevalent, regarded as a meritorious act.

An ordinary robber was an object of general aversion; a bandit was looked upon as a hero, and a model of bravery and virtue. "The good fellows," as the latter were called, used often to make their expeditions occasions of merriment, which in some degree consoled their victims. One day they got information that an innkeeper who had some fat bullocks in his stable had gone to the fair, leaving his wife in charge of the inn. They came at nightfall, but instead of seizing the cattle at once and making off with them like common thieves, they brought a band of music and invited the innkeeper's wife and her servants to a dance. As they danced the bandits sang:—

"Dance, my stout hostess, dance as long as you
are able,
To-morrow you'll cry when you see your empty
stable."

In the noise and excitement the women took no notice of this warning; the dancing went on all night, and next morning the bandits were off with their plunder.

In the old days the hardest and cleverest of the mountaineers became bandits; they now become guides, and though strictly honest, and seldom drinking anything stronger than tea, they are as fond of fun and adventure as their ancestors were. Often in the fine days of the spring or winter, when there are few visitors, they go on mountain expeditions by themselves, sleeping in caverns and enjoying their wild dances and songs in the exhilarating air of the mountain tops. Their food, of which they eat very little, consists chiefly of oatmeal and cabbage, and when times are bad they live, according to the popular saying, "on air, water, and hunger." Another of their sayings is that "only horses, not men, are fattened;" their horses are certainly better treated in this respect than they are themselves, and a man who eats more than is absolutely necessary to sustain life is despised as a glutton. Their poverty however also makes them sometimes niggardly and grasping; and they have not yet been cured of that habit of gratuitous lying which is the characteristic of primitive races. Still they make very interesting companions for a mountain ramble. Their clothes, though poor, are clean, and picturesque in form and colour; they are very talkative and intelligent, with an intense love of nature and admiration for courage, and their independent spirit does not prevent them, when properly treated, from attending to every wish of their employers and looking after their comfort, although they often refuse a lucrative offer when it is made in a humiliating way. A remarkable quality of these mountaineers is that though always ready for a joke, they never take a liberty. They have their own social conventions which they think it churlish to transgress. Thus the usual salutation of a guide to a person of superior station is to kiss his hand; this however is not done in any servile spirit, but is merely an act of courtesy, and any attempt to take advantage of the guide's apparent submissiveness is at once sharply resented. It is also the custom for a Zakopane peasant to sit down with a stranger who speaks to him however high his rank, unless he is a priest, in which case the peasant must, according to the code of Zakopane etiquette, remain standing. Once a young peasant and his betrothed came from an adjoining village to ask the priest to fix the day for their wedding. The peasant

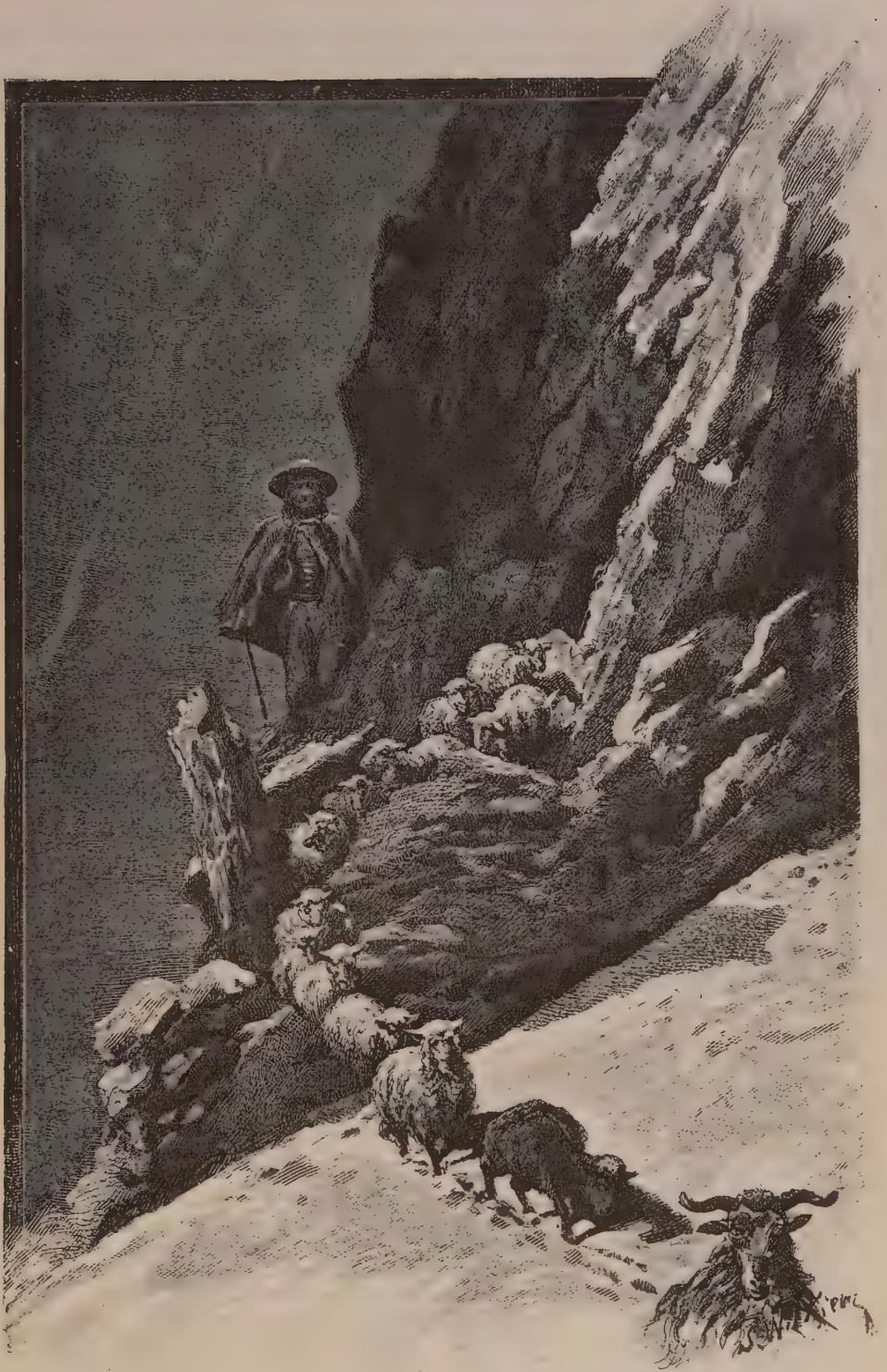


A MOUNTAIN EXPEDITION ON THE RYSY.

From a Drawing by S. WITKIEWICZ.

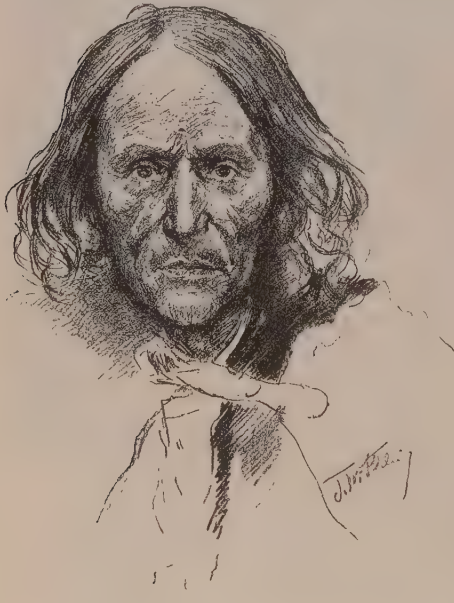
sat down and began to talk to the priest, and this so shocked a man of Zakopane who happened to be present that he said to the girl: "Don't you take him, he must have some illness as he sits down," thus indirectly reprimanding the peasant for his rudeness. The best of the guides is said to be Voyciech Roy, but there are many others who can be depended upon for their mountaineering skill and knowledge. Each peasant

usually has a patch of land, which however is not sufficient to maintain him and his family, as almost the only agricultural products of the valley are oats, cabbages, and potatoes. Those who are not guides try to get a little money by driving about the visitors in mountain carts; others get work as carpenters and shoemakers. There is an excellent school for wood-carving in the village which has turned out some very



DRIVING HOME THE SHEEP.
From a Drawing by S. WITKIEWICZ.

promising pupils; the people seem indeed to have a natural faculty for work of this sort, as may be seen by the carvings in the huts of the district, which are often highly finished and of beautiful design. Among the most characteristic of these are the *lyzniki*, or perforated wooden frames in which the peasants keep their spoons. Opposite the school for wood-carving is one for lace-making,¹ and here too the pupils, who are all peasant girls, show the national talent for artistic work. One of the arts which is most cultivated is music, but as yet it is in a very crude and undeveloped form. The instruments generally used are the *dudy* (a



SABALA.

From a Drawing by S. WITKIEWICZ.

sort of bagpipes) and the *gensliki*, a combination of a fiddle and a banjo. The most eminent of the musicians, Sabala, is also a poet, and his fiddle and his songs, which are usually improvised for the occasion, make him an ever-welcome guest not only in the peasants' cottages but in the houses of the richer visitors. His weather-beaten face, long gray locks, and tall, thin figure soon become familiar to the visitor, and although over seventy, he still climbs the highest

mountains, fiddle in hand, with the agility of a young man.

The transformation of the wild freebooter of fifty years ago into the intelligent, courteous, and temperate peasant who is now the type of the people of these regions, is mainly due to the village priest, Canon Stolarczyk. This remarkable man, when he first came to Zakopane about the year 1835, found the people in a state of barbarism. There was no church or school, and the peasants, though very superstitious, had very dim notions of religion. They looked upon him as an intruder, and even refused to sell him food, so that at first he had to depend for the necessities of existence on a poor Jewish woman, who took pity on him and admitted him into her hut. This however did not daunt the stout-hearted priest, who at once set about building a church with his own hands, with the pine-logs that he cut in the surrounding woods. His perseverance and physical strength astonished the mountaineers; after looking on in silent wonder as he worked, they offered to help him, and in a few weeks the simple wooden church, which is still the only religious building in Zakopane, raised its spire above the village. Then began a long struggle between the priest, who, himself a peasant, was taller and stronger than any of his flock, and the savage instincts of the people whom he had come to teach morality and religion. His good sense and rude eloquence, the purity of his life, and his fondness for athletic pursuits, in which he proved himself the equal, and sometimes the superior, of the most famous chamois-hunters of the district, insensibly led the mountaineers to look up to him as a superior being, not only in the qualities which they most valued, but in others which showed them that there were things higher than mere courage and physical aptitude. His charity was unbounded; though almost as poor as the people around him, he was always ready with help and good counsel for the needy and unfortunate, while he put down vice with his strong arm, or, which was often more effective, with his eloquent up-braidings. Thus by degrees brigandage came to be looked upon as disgraceful; schools were established at which the peasants, naturally intelligent and eager to acquire knowledge, attended in large numbers; and, it being no longer dangerous to travel, young men began to come from Warsaw and Cracow to explore their native mountains. Among these was Dr. Chalubinski, an eminent Warsaw physician, and an enthu-

¹ Some specimens of the lace made at this school are now at the Glasgow International Exhibition. They were shown in March last at the Westminster Town Hall, and were much admired by connoisseurs.

siastic mountaineer. He was charmed by the beauty of the country and the fresh, manly spirit of its inhabitants; he became their friend and benefactor; and his companionship completed the work which the priest had so gallantly carried out, by giving the still rough mountaineers some of the graces of civilization. As already stated, it was through him that Zakopane became the favourite mountain resort of the Poles; and although the yearly influx of a large town population has naturally had a not always salutary influence over the villagers, they still retain much of their primitive

give them another name. Attila was very fond of omelettes, and one of the members of the deputation accordingly took a large basket of eggs with him, which he was to present to the king, saying "God bless you." On arriving at Attila's palace the first delegate entered, bowed, and addressing the king as "Great King Attila," made way for the second delegate to bring in the basket of eggs, which he carried on his head. But the latter stumbled on the threshold, the eggs fell out, and, seeing them smashed on the ground, he exclaimed in a rage: "The devil take you!" Attila thinking that this exclamation



THE GIEWONT.

From a Drawing by S. WITKIEWICZ.

simplicity and sensitiveness to new impressions. It is a remarkable proof of the moral power exercised by their priest that drunkenness is almost unknown among them, and that swearing is almost equally rare. One of the stories which they relate with much glee is a legend about a village on the Hungarian side of the range, whose inhabitants were notorious for their thievish propensities and bad language. They were called "Liptaki," but the people in the neighbourhood nicknamed them "Zliptaki," (foul birds) and being annoyed at this they sent a deputation to Attila to ask him to

was intended for him, refused to listen any longer, and ordered that the villagers should always be called "foul birds" in future.

The modest little wooden church, which on week-days looks somewhat black and grim against its brilliantly-coloured background of trees, mountains, and sky, on Sundays has quite a festive air, being crowded with villagers in their holiday clothes. On one side are the men with their gay crimson *serdaks* and white cloaks; on the other the women, their heads and shoulders covered with profusely embroidered shawls, showing here and there a pretty face with sparkling

eyes and abundant brown hair. Above the pulpit rises the massive head of the venerable priest. His ringing voice passes out at the open door into the village street, where more peasants kneel in motley groups to hear the sermon, and the close attention with which they listen to his words shows how strong is his hold over their simple minds. Sunday is here really a day of devotion and rest. There are no public houses or gambling saloons, and the guides even refuse to go on mountain expeditions on a Sunday.

Immediately behind the church is a track which leads to the Gievont, of which mention has already been made as the most con-



VOYCIECH ROY.

From a Drawing by S. WITKIEWICZ.

spicuous of the mountains above Zakopane. It is 6,000 feet high, and the ascent presents no difficulty, even for ladies, up to within a hundred feet of the top, where there is some steep rock-climbing that requires a sure foot and a steady head. The track passes along a mountain stream from which there is a sharp ascent through a thick pine-wood to an Alpine meadow. It is pleasant walking on the soft grass, dotted here and there with clumps of the creeping pine (*Pinus mughus*), which the guides use as fuel for making their tea; the achievement of the gentleman from Warsaw who is said to have gone up the Gievont barefooted for a wager, would, if the whole journey had been like this, not have been very difficult. Soon the huge mass of the mountain seems to forbid all further passage, but the steep grassy

shoulder is circumvented by a series of zigzags which land you on the col between the Gievont and another mountain called the Red Tops. From here you look down on a wild agglomeration of fantastic crags, on deep mountain valleys with flowery meadows, on silver streams flowing between desolate granite cliffs topped with snow, and on faint blue hills in the far distance. After a full enjoyment of this delightful prospect, a further climb of about 200 feet brings you to the top of the Gievont, a loose heap of stones on which there is barely room for half a dozen people to sit at a time. Though more extensive, the view is not so varied or romantic as that from the col below. It spreads over the whole valley of Zakopane, the hills on the other side as far as Novy Targ, the beautiful cone of the Babia Gora (Old Woman's mountain), which is a conspicuous object in the view from the Kosciuszko mound at Cracow, and the nearer summits of the Carpathians; but as nearly all of the latter are higher than the Gievont, they conceal the wild scenery of lakes and craggy mountains which is most characteristic of the district.

Those who wish to penetrate into the heart of the Tatry should at least go as far as the Eye of the Sea (Morskie Oko), a lake lying at the foot of the highest peak. There are several tracks to this lake; the most difficult, but by far the most beautiful, is by the Zavrát Pass. After climbing a long ridge from which you get lovely views of the Zakopane valley, you cross some Alpine pastures and arrive at the Black Lake, so called from the enormous dark gray rock which casts its forbidding shadow over the water to the opposite bank. This lake may be crossed by a raft, which lands you on a steep rocky ledge, from which you climb to the Frozen Lake, an icy tarn in a dark hollow. Here begins the most difficult part of the ascent. The way is barred by huge black precipices over which the only practicable passage is by a steep slope of frozen snow and *débris*. The difficulty, however, is not so formidable as it looks. Steps are cut in the snow, and half-an-hour's hard pull brings you to the top. This is the Zavrát Pass, one of the finest and most characteristic points of view in the whole district. All round are mountains, dark and bare in the immediate vicinity, but fading away into delicate tints of blue and opal in the far distance. Below is a broad rocky basin containing five lakes, fed by innumerable streams descending from the mountains; Alpine flowers on their banks

give charm and colour to the surrounding desolation, and the creeping pine here and there clothes the bare rock. The valley has to be crossed to a ridge opposite the Zavrat, but of much less elevation. Just before recommencing the ascent you pass the Siklava waterfall, 200 feet high, the largest in the Polish Carpathians. It is a grand scene of rushing waters and picturesque rocks, but the imagination is more impressed by the magnificent precipices of the mountain of the Cross, which here show themselves on the other side of the valley. These precipices are a deep black, from a kind of lichen that grows on the rock, and their majestic buttresses, inaccessible even to the chamois, have a sombre Dantesque effect which is enhanced by the roar of the waterfall and the gloom and wildness of the surrounding scenery. After surmounting the ridge the landscape becomes less grim; you pass along grassy slopes fringed with pine-woods, and come at last before a striking scene even more beautiful than that from the Zavrat—a multitude of pale gray peaks, many of them as sharp as the Matterhorn, with silvery lines of snow on their weather-beaten sides, and holding as in a frame two round grey-green lakes—the Eyes of the Sea. It is the lower of these—the only lake in the district which contains any fish—that is the object of the expedition. A rapid descent soon brings you to the hut on the shore, a little wooden house with some forty beds, erected by the Polish Alpine Club. Here the lover of nature will find all he can desire. No grander or more romantic scenes are to be found than those round the “Morskie Oko,” and often the wanderer can roam among them with his book or his sketching-materials, undisturbed by any living being, except perhaps a chamois looking down from a projecting rock, or an eagle hovering far above his head. In the evening, after his ample supper of porridge, trout, and omelettes, he may go in a raft on the moonlit lake with the strange ghost-like mountains watching it in the still night, the silence broken only by the plashing of the oars, or sometimes by a patriotic hymn which reminds him even in these uninhabited regions that he is still on Polish soil. The description by the old chronicler of Llanthony Abbey—*locus contemplationi idoneus*—is eminently applicable to the Eye of the Sea. It is above all a place for meditation and rest.

The wildest scenery in the Polish Carpa-

thians is on the other side of the Rysy (8,000 feet), the highest point of the range, and the traveller who wishes for a fitting completion of his experiences in the district cannot do better than order his luggage to be sent from Zakopane to the nearest town on his way back, and cross the mountains with a knapsack from the Eye of the Sea into Hungary. The Rysy is ascended by a series of precipitous rocks, often covered with ice, which reach almost to the shore of the upper of the two lakes. There are patches of frozen snow, however, in which steps can be cut, and the ascent, though laborious, is not dangerous to men tolerably practised in mountaineering. On the side of the mountain is a tempting snow-slope, where a German nearly lost his life some years ago. He was coming over from the Hungarian side with a guide, whom he left at the top, thinking he could make his way down to the Eye of the Sea alone. On reaching the snow-slope he began a glissade, but stumbled over a rock half-way down, and after bumping against more rocks as he fell, was landed with a broken arm and leg on a snowy ledge, where he lay helpless for two days and nights. On the third day Voyciech Roy, the guide already mentioned, was taking a visitor up the Rysy when he noticed the man lying on the snow, half-starved, but still alive. Help was obtained from the hut below, and the German was then carried over the mountains to the Hungarian watering-place of Schmecks, where after lying for some weeks in an hotel he recovered.

The top of the Rysy is in the midst of a chaotic mass of gray boulders, each a little mountain in itself, and from it a dizzy precipice descends to a black tarn, into which miniature avalanches of snow fall from time to time with a loud boom and a splash. Close by, but on the other side of the Hungarian frontier, is a solitary peak, a little higher than the Rysy, known as “Vysoka” (the high mountain). The view is inexpressibly savage and desolate; such must be one of those lunar landscapes where there is neither vegetation nor animal life, and where the rocks are torn into mysterious and terrible shapes by volcanic action. From here it is a long descent by snow-slopes and wooded valleys to Lake Csorba in Hungary, a haven of rest with a good hotel and a railway station, where the tired wanderer may float lazily on the broad calm water and look back on the beautiful mountain land he has left behind.

ADAM GIELGUD.



A MUSICAL FAMILY.
From a Drawing by W. D. ALMOND.

LONDON STREET STUDIES.



OUTSIDE SOMERSET HOUSE.

From a Drawing by W. D. ALMOND.

"SNAZZLETOOTH"

—Yes, that was the first London character that I became acquainted with.

I have been studying London characters ever since I began to "take notice."

I remember Snazzletooth before I could walk, and his personal appearance is forcibly impressed on my mind by the following circumstance. I recollect being

shop and treated to a very large bun—it always strikes me as being the very largest bun I have ever seen either before or since the event alluded to. We proceeded to our walk, I with my head over the nurse's shoulder, browsing on the Brobdingnagian bun. I suppose my tiny muscles were scarcely equal to the task of holding securely the aforesaid light refreshment in my hands, for I dropped it on the pavement and Snazzletooth, who happened to be following, picked it up and ate it. My nurse knew nothing of this till aroused by my howls, and by that time Snazzletooth had disappeared altogether. How many years ago that occurred I do not dare to think, but at the present moment I could give you an accurate photograph of the old rascal. I have the most vivid impression of his red nose, his tearful eyes, his four days' grizzly beard, his battered hat, his shuffling gait, his split boots, his shiny black coat, white at the seams and ragged at the collar, so split all over that it looked as if it had been used by an amateur tailor for experiments in buttonholes. I could tell you how his buttons had been wrenched off; I could point out a brass button, a horn button, a half pewter button, and a bit of string that

out by my good old nurse and taken into a baker's



ON WATERLOO BRIDGE.

From a Drawing by W. D. ALMOND.

did duty as a buttonhole. I could describe to you the gnarled stick with which he supported his tottering footsteps. I could sketch the knots, and could show you how it had spread into a kind of disreputable fungus at the point on account of its ferrule having long ago disappeared; indeed had I not other things to talk about I could give you a most finished and elaborate study of that fearsome, growling, greasy, disreputable old drunkard, whose image often used to disturb the dreams of my childhood. Thus it was that my first impressions of London characters were that they were very bad.

I can also call to mind a horrible man who sold clothes horses and used to clap them together to announce his presence, that used to frighten me fearfully; there was also "Moptoos"—so he was christened by us children—who was a buyer of bottles; there was the Old Clo' Man with his black bag over his shoulder (in which all naughty children expected to be some day carried off), and his two or three hats; and there was the perambulating pot-boy who carried a row of pewter pots of beer in a wooden stand, and announced the fact that he had it for sale as

he went along. These were types and not specialties, but they seem to have completely disappeared from London life. I can also call to mind a queer old seller of matches who rode about in a Bath chair drawn by a donkey. There was a half-witted Italian with a broken-down organ from which he evoked the most hideous tones, but who, strange to say, attracted more people and received more coppers than if his instrument had been a good one. There was a poor deformed creature, who used to push himself along the pavement on rollers; there was a Welshman with a white beard who sang incomprehensible songs and accompanied them with a cracked guitar; there was a thin, gaunt, red-nosed man who used to sing "Unfortunatè Miss Bailey" in a gin-voice, and croon dismal airs on the clarionet; there was the vendor of dolls, copper coal scuttles, and dog-collars, under the shadow of Bow Church; and there was his rival at the gates of St. Mildred, Poultry. It often struck me as odd that the church should extend its



"IL TROVATORE."

From a Drawing by W. D. ALMOND

patronage to dolls, copper coal scuttles, and dog-collars, and it seemed extraordinary that there should be room for two such establishments within a stone's throw of one another.

Then there were the Italian image-men—who seemed to carry a perfect gallery of sculpture on their shoulders—and the Italian *tombola* men, who never, as far as I could ascertain, had much custom; there were also

man with a nose like a danger-signal, who used to haunt old book-stalls; he might be often seen carrying a shabby volume or two in his hand and was said to have been the original of Newman Noggs; there was the stout old fellow with a gray beard and a couple of sticks, who was at one time an artists' model; there was Holt, known as the King of the Cabmen, who wore a wonder-



BLIND CABBAGE-NET-MAKER—ST. MARTIN'S CHURCH.

From a Drawing by W. D. ALMOND.

the vendors of ballads who displayed their wares upon blank walls, or railings, and the men who exhibited prints within an inverted umbrella. There were two notable performers on the harp and cornet; there was a disreputable person, who looked like a decayed Don Quixote, who sold small drums that on being twirled violently around a stick made an ear-piercing noise, who announced the price of his wares in a guttural voice as "on'y a 'apeny!" There was a tall, gaunt

ful bell-topped, curly-brimmed hat, and was immortalized by John Leech. In addition to these I might mention the man who exhibited the "Happy Family"—this was a collection of cats, dogs, birds, rats, mice and all kinds of natural enemies, apparently living in harmony in the same cage. This always reminded me of a dinner party composed exclusively of one's relations, every one looking bland and pleasant, but every one hating each other with the bitterest hatred.

I often used to notice a snarling terrier who was the very image of my uncle Buzwig, and a vicious cat who forcibly reminded me of my aunt Foozle.

I am reminded however that my business is rather with the street characters of the present than the past. Therefore I will

I always took the greatest interest in this patient little fellow, and on several occasions I have written about him in some of the popular journals of the day. All kinds of stories were in circulation about him, and he was said to have grown rich and prosperous, that he fared sumptuously, and had a pleasant



THE FORTUNE-TELLER.

From a Drawing by W. D. ALMOND.

mention one who only died the other day, who was perhaps better known than any in London, and whom I can recollect as long as I remember anything. That is the concertina player who used to be in front of the National Gallery. He was quite a link between the characters of the past and those of the present.

dwelling-place in the suburbs. He had nothing of the kind. He lived in Bedfordbury, and was but poorly off, as the following letter that I once had from him will show, "I take the liberty of writing you these few lines to thank you most sincerely for the kind manner in which you noticed me, and I would

try and solve the problem 'who I am, &c.' My name is Jacob Oxford, living as above. You ask also have I any relatives, and I am sorry to say I have not. My father and mother having died eight years ago, and left me a poor cripple to battle through life the best way I could. With reference to my making a deal of money out of my occupation, I can assure you I cannot earn sufficient to buy the common necessities of life, and my object in writing you the particulars as above is in the hopes that you will give them publicity, and

that generosity is indicated in some subtle fashion by the tone and character of the footstep. His dog is quite as well known as his master, and people will often pitch a copper as they pass to see the skilful manner in which the dog will run after it and bring it back, and deliver it up to the head of the firm. The Italian Fortune-teller, usually to be found in Regent Street, is a somewhat picturesque object. She knows very little English, so over the cage is inserted, "Ladies and gentlemen, take advantage of the occasion, these Indian



IN PARLIAMENT STREET.

From a Drawing by W. D. ALMOND

thereby enable me to follow my proper profession, that is a music teacher."

The first of the street characters of to-day to which I will direct your attention, he was for many years a contemporary of the Concertina Player, is the Blind Cabbage-net-maker, who is to be found most days when the weather is at all decent, sitting on the pavement, hard by the Vestry Hall, opposite Saint Martin's Church. His hearing seems to be wonderfully acute. If you watch you will see him salute exactly the people who are likely to give him a copper. This is curious, to think

birds will for one penny select from the box a planet of your fortune, which will tell you the history of your past and future life." To look into the future by means of an Italian woman and Indian birds in England, seems a somewhat roundabout proceeding, but I dare say it is quite as satisfactory as any other attempt in the same direction. Most Londoners know the Old Blind Bible Reader on Waterloo Bridge. He has been there for more than thirty years. What experiences he must have had, for London has changed wondrously in the last thirty years.

An equally well-known figure is the man who has had that extraordinary stall for apparently the sale of everything in Parliament Street. He has been there since 1873. Previous to that he had been in the 60th Rifles, then he was in the navy. He seems to do all sorts of things; he beats carpets, he cleans windows, he sells roasted chestnuts, he blacks boots, and he announces he is patronized by

going to be a caricature. Every one will recognize the picturesque Italian who plays the organ and sings selections from *Il Trovatore* with wondrous force and energy. He has been about London for at least thirty years, and for a considerable time was an artist's model. A familiar figure is the amusing Capo Caffo. He has the great art of collecting a crowd, and also collecting money before the performance



A HAPPY FAMILY.

From a Drawing by W. D. ALMOND.

the Prince of Wales. His wondrous array of polished coins on his boot-box suggests that he cannot get sufficient interest for his capital. A very respectable, hard-working person is he who stands outside Somerset House, who sells boot laces, hat guards, shirt studs, and the like. He has been an old soldier and has served in India, and has some taste for drawing. He somewhat objected to our artist taking his portrait, as he fancied it was

comes off. He is a very intelligent man, his stick-throwing is marvellously clever, so is his imitation of the gorilla, his banjo playing, and his accompaniment of castanets on his teeth. The man with performing mice and birds and cats, whose portrait you see here, generally attracts a large crowd. It is a species of Happy Family, but it is neither so large nor so varied as that I remember years ago, therefore they are less likely to fall out. Possibly

the most popular of modern street musicians are the German Family. They are very clever and industrious; they support an invalid father who formerly kept a lodging-house at Manchester. These clever children are good, unique and skilful instrumentalists leave school at three and then go out and perform; they come from Hesse Darmstadt, and hope to return there and live on their land when they have made enough money.

These are just a few, a very few of the

specimens that the casual observer may find if he goes about picking up character in the London streets—a very good place to pick up character too—seeing, as Jerrold once remarked of another place, that so much has been lost there. But as London becomes bigger, as the life therein becomes busier, and as the population becomes larger, as people have less time to spare, I am quite certain that characters become fewer, less marked and varied than they were in years ago.

J. ASHBY STERRY.



THE NIGGER WHO THROWS THE WAND.
From a Drawing by W. D. ALMOND.



From a Drawing by A. D. M'CORMICK.

HAMPTON COURT.



The Kings Great Staircase
M'Cormick

From a Drawing by A. D.
M'CORMICK.

twenty miles of London where both these qualifications might be found. After a careful inspection of all eligible sites, the physicians agreed in declaring the parish of Hampton the healthiest spot, and the springs in Coombe Wood the purest water to be found in the radius given; and Cardinal Wolsey, well satisfied with their decision, bargained with the Prior of the Order of the Knights Hospitallers of S. John of Jerusalem for a lease of the manor and manor-house, and commenced building, in 1515, that stately palace which has sheltered so many of the royalty of England. Lavish and regardless of expense was the prelate in the carrying out of his magnificent hobby; so lavish, that the splendour of the newly-finished building

excited the envy of bluff King Hal, who, for all his truly British burliness, had a *suspicion* of Oriental despotism about him in dealing with his subjects, that made Wolsey answer meekly the imperious question as to his "intentions," "that he was only trying to form a residence worthy of so great a monarch"—a renunciation of his schemes that must have stung him sharply, especially as it had to be done with a good grace. To his subject's quondam dwelling-place, Henry VIII. brought Katharine of Aragon, who preferred to spell it "Anton Court," in her letters to her Spanish kindred; not quite so far from the mark in the matter of spelling as the "Vichefarfil" into which she ingeniously twisted Bishops Hatfield in after years. Indeed, in those days, people spelt as seemed good in their own eyes, and no one was surprised at an etymology which permitted the Spanish Queen to metamorphose her dwelling-places, and allowed Chapuys, the Imperialist ambassador, to transmogrify Cromwell into "Cremuel," Greenwich into "Grynnitz," and Lord Wiltshire into "Milor Vulcher." Anne Boleyn came here in the transitory glory of her queenhood; rejoicing perhaps in the thought that her enemy the Cardinal had been ousted from the magnificent pile that now sheltered her.

"Sweet is revenge—especially to women,"

says one who was no mean student of her sex. Poor soul! if Wolsey had not thwarted her dream of wedding Lord Percy, who

knows if she might not have been as docile a wife as "sweet Kate" herself, and never dreamt of such perilous matters as crown and throne? When she—first of all the queens of England—had laid down her life on the Tower Green, her successor and supplanter, Jane Seymour—"short, of no great beauty, and, as all the world says, not even tolerably pretty," writes Ambassador Chapuys—was privately brought to Hampton Court for the disgraceful espousals which, when her murdered rival was scarcely cold, gave her the dead woman's dignities. There she first assumed the splendour of her

It is curious to read of Mary Tudor, the unhappy monarch of after years, attending as chief mourner the funeral of her "most natural mother the queen." The poet laureate of the day was not happy in his lamentation for his dead royal mistress; for in a lugubrious wail over her untimely death, he solemnly informs his auditors—

"In black were her ladies, and black were their fans—"

a line unequalled in intensity of bathos. People three hundred years ago devoutly



From a Drawing by A. D. M'CORMICK.

queenly rank on Whitsunday; and there, in retribution as righteous as that which had overtaken Anne Boleyn herself, she was snatched from her dearly won honours just when her favour in her lord's eyes was at its zenith, on account of the heir she had given him—the heir which the "royal wild beast," as Dickens calls him, had longed for through twenty years. There is a story—*si non e' vero, e' ben trovato*, and very characteristic of its hero—that when Queen Jane lay in deadly peril, the doctors told the king that to save both mother and child was impossible. "Save the child," said the royal Bluebeard; "wives are plenty—but save my heir!"

believed in ghosts and revenants; and one staircase in Hampton Court was actually done away with altogether—either bricked up or pulled down, it seems uncertain which—because it was held that the dead queen's shade passed slowly to and fro, bewailing herself in the scene of her former glories. Not quite three years later, a fair young girl, a Howard, with royal blood in her veins, beautiful, graceful, and witty, was formally introduced to the wondering court as the fifth consort of Henry VIII.; and, ere she was two years older, had met her death by the same axe which had before freed her royal husband from the encumbrance of a wife;

and the Lady Latimer, a discreet dame, widowed for the second time, held court in Wolsey's creation.

Puny little Edward VI.—“the only Puritan king of England,” as Dean Stanley calls him, passed much of his time at his birthplace, and, a few months before his death, held a Chapter of the Order of the Garter. Here the boy-king's unhappy sister spent her honeymoon with her Spanish spouse in that brief dream of happiness which made the after heart-break all the bitterer. Of all sad pictures in the great picture gallery of history, surely none equals in utter mournfulness that of the hapless queen, with neither youth nor beauty, clinging so desperately to the hope that after all the woes and insults of her unloved youth, happiness had *at last* come to her; striving, in the saddest, blindest persistence to believe in the love of her unloving lord; praying passionately for the son she was never to bear; and sinking at last under the neglect of her husband, the curse of her childlessness, the hatred of her people, the disaster of her realm.

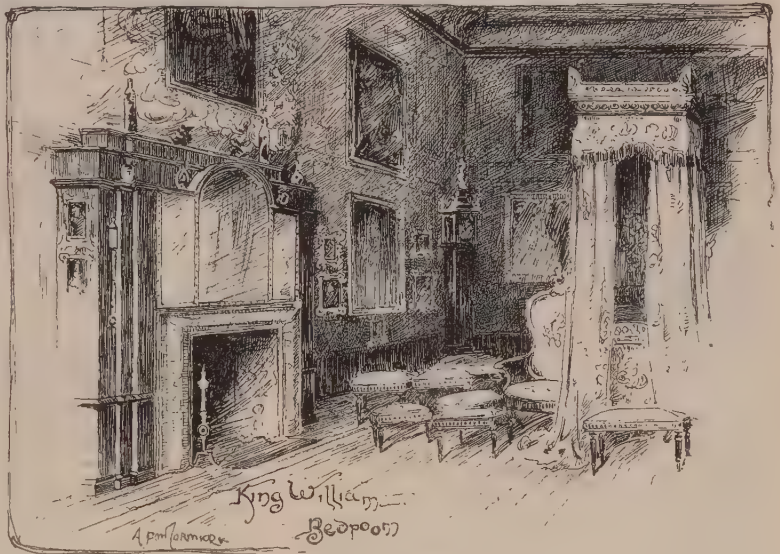
“Calais gone—Guines gone too—and Philip gone!”

The maiden queen, whose portrait, in her robe of peacock's eyes, still hangs here, held Christmas revels at Hampton, and, enthroned in state, with the mightiest of her lieges round her, beheld Shakespeare's grandest creations, and smiled on the loyal adulation of her silver-tongued courtiers. A very wonderful woman—

“Brave, wary, sane to the heart of her—a Tudor School'd by the shadow of death—a Boleyn, too, Glancing across the Tudor.”

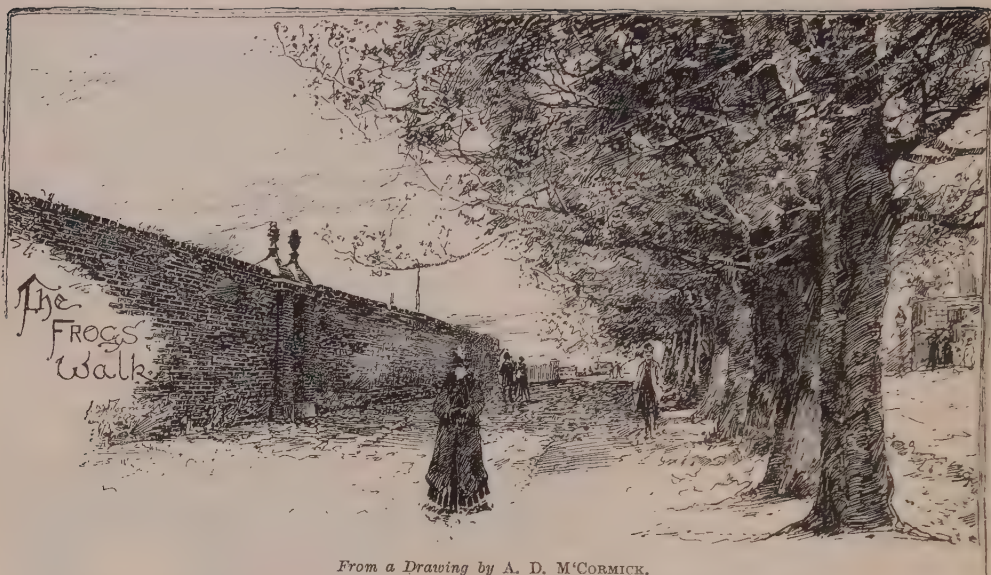
Poor Elizabeth! in spite of all her power and popularity and splendour, one can't help

feeling a little sorry for her. That altitude of greatness where friendship cannot exist, and where one sits all alone, must be very chilly. No wonder her ladies had sometimes rather a *mauvais quart d'heure* of it. Even the contemplation of the golden frogs and newts, the magnificent fans, and all the three thousand gowns and their appointments must have failed to cure the terrible sense of isolation. In the reign of her feeble successor, the “British Solomon,” the celebrated Hampton Court Conference was held, in January, 1604; the king, trembling in his inborn cowardice, presiding, Henry, the eleven years old Prince of Wales sitting on



From a Drawing by A. D. McCormick.

a stool beside his father, nineteen churchmen and four Puritan divines being present—the latter clad in “Turkey gowns.” The canny Scot took an active part in the discussion, and seems to have rather enjoyed setting down his opponents. One of the Puritan clergy objected to the churching of women, arguing that it was a Jewish form; and James answered that, as ladies were loth of themselves to come to church, he liked this or any other occasion that would bring them thither. Another divine took exception to the words in the marriage service, “With my body I thee worship.” “I was made to believe,” quoth the king, “the phrase imputed no less than divine adoration, but I find it an usual English term, as when we say, ‘a gentleman of wor-



From a Drawing by A. D. M'CORMICK.

ship,' and it agreeth with the Scriptures, 'giving honour to the wife.' As for you, Dr. Reynolds, many speak of Robin Hood who never shot in his bow. If you had a good wife yourself, you would think all worship and honour well bestowed on her." The most notable result of the Conference was that translation of the Bible which, rather curiously, is always known as the authorised version—it never, in fact, having been authorised by king or Convocation. At Hampton died, in February, 1619, James's Danish queen, Anne, famed for her great height, her lovely complexion, and her petulant temper—the first royal Dane who shared the throne of England. Strange, in spite of our great dramatist, how *much* there is in a name; and how gracious a sound "Dane" has in our ears since that day, now three and twenty years ago, when all England welcomed another "sea-king's daughter from over the sea"—that winsome lady who is, as truly as was ever her hapless ancestress of Bohemia, "queen of hearts."

Charles Stuart,

"doomed to know
All a true Stuart's heritage of woe,"

came to Hampton in 1625 with the fair French lady who, in after years, sadly bade her friends call her "*la reine malheureuse*"—Henrietta Maria of France—she whom Waller apostrophised as

"Great Gloriana! bright Gloriana!
Fair as high heaven is, and fertile as earth!"

From thence the king wrote to the Duke of Buckingham regarding the dismissal of his young wife's very numerous French suite, whom he seems to have found an intolerable nuisance:—

"STEENIE,

"I writ to you, by Ned Clarke, that I thought I should have cause enough, in a short time, to put away the monsters (*mon-sieurs*) either by (their) attempting to steal away my wife, or by making plots with my own subjects. For the first I cannot say certainly whether it was intended, but I am sure it is hindered; for the other, though I have good grounds to believe it, and am still hunting after it, yet seeing daily the maliciousness of the monsters, by making and fomenting contentments in my wife, I could tarry no longer from advertising you that I mean to seek for no other grounds to cashier my monsters. That you may (if you think good) advertise the queen-mother [*Marie de Medicis*] of my intention; for this being an action which may have a show of harshness, I thought it was fit to take this way; that she [the queen-mother], to whom I have had many obligations, may not take it unkindly; and, likewise, I think I have done you no wrong in my letter, though in some places of it I may seem to chide you. . . . So, longing to see thee, I rest,

"Your loving, faithful, constant friend,

"CHARLES R."

Sixteen years later, Henrietta came hither again, to seek refuge from the violence of those disloyal spirits who had begun to clamour for her husband's downfall. Once again, parted from the fair bride he had loved so fondly, a prisoner in the hands of the Roundheads, Charles Stuart crossed the threshold of the Tudor palace; and there had his sad interviews with his gentle daughter, the Princess Elizabeth, and her little brother Henry—the child who, in the last conversation he ever had with his father, when charged never to mount the throne while his brothers lived, answered sturdily, "I will be torn in pieces first." Oliver Crom-

designed by Raphael, very rich with gold, especially the Cæsarian triumphs of Andrea Mantegna, formerly the Duke of Mantua's. Of the tapestries, I believe the world can show nothing nobler of the kind than the stories of Abraham and Tobit. The gallery of horns is very particular for the vast beams of stags, elks, antelopes, etc. The queen's bed was an embroidery of silver on crimson velvet, and cost £8,000, being a present made by the States of Holland when his majesty returned. The great looking-glass and toilet of beaten massive gold were given by the queen-mother. The queen brought over with her from Portugal such Indian



From a Drawing by A. D. M'CORMICK.

well took a fancy to the place, and believing, as there is little doubt he did, that he was the founder of what would be a new dynasty of English royalty, chose there to celebrate the marriage of his favourite daughter Elizabeth with almost royal pomp.

After the Restoration Hampton Court again became a favourite residence of royalty. Charles II. and his poor little neglected wife, Catherine of Braganza, came there for their honeymoon; and Evelyn has left us a description of the palace as it appeared when prepared for the bride. "It is," he says, "as noble and uniform a pile as any Gothic architecture can make it. There is incomparable furniture in it, especially hangings

cabinets
as had
never before
been seen here."

The evening of
Queen Catherine's
arrival, Anne Hyde, the
buxom Duchess of York,
came by water from London to pay her respects to her royal sister-in-law, and was probably introduced by her to the new beverage, which Pepys calls "tee—a China drink," the Portuguese queen favouring it greatly, as Waller mentions in his complimentary fashion—

"The best of queens and best of herbs we owe
To that bold nation who the way did show
To the fair region where the sun doth rise."

Her majesty seemed to have made a pleasant impression on Evelyn, who, however, judging from the entry in his Diary, by no means admired her ladies.—"May 30th, The queen arrived with a train of Portuguese

ladies, in their monstrous fardingals, or guard-infantas, their complexions olivicular, and sufficiently unagreeable. Her majesty in the same habit, her foretop long, and turned aside very strangely. She was yet of the handsomest countenance of all the rest, and though low of stature, prettily

special fancies—and, as may be supposed, such a regimen did not tend to lessen her *embonpoint*, which she strove to decrease by energetic exercise in what is now known as the "Frog Walk." The ephemeral verses of the day tell us something of the daily life of the royal couple:—

"HAMPTON COURT LIFE, 1689.

"Mr. Dean says grace with a reverend face;
'Make room!' cries Sir Thomas Duppa;
Then Bentinck unlocks his King in a box,
And you see him no more until supper."



From a Drawing by A. D. M'CORMICK.

At Hampton, King William spent much of his time as a widower, superintending the cutting of the canals he designed making there; and it was in the Court gardens that he expressed to Lord Portland his conviction that he should not survive till the end of 1701, bidding him, however, "not to mention it to any one, lest the war should be prevented!" It was while superintending the excavation of a second canal that his sorrel pony put his foot on a mole-hill and threw his master, breaking his collar-bone, and ultimately causing his death. "Riding in the park at noon," the king himself explained to his physician, Dr. Bidloo, "while

shaped, languishing and excellent eyes, her teeth wronging her mouth, by sticking a little too far out; for the rest lovely enough."

William III. was so unfortunately charmed with the place that he did his utmost to ruin it altogether by the exercise of his barbarous Dutch taste. However, he really did improve the gardens, and his queen beautified the interior by her tapestry. There is still a tradition of their residence there; of the quaint appearance of the royal couple promenading about together—the king, a little, shrivelled-up looking man, taking the arm of his unusually tall and very stout consort—affording another instance of the law of nature which makes all diminutive men marry very tall women. They used to sup at half-past nine; by half-past ten all the royal household were sound asleep. Both Mary II. and her sister Anne dearly loved good cheer—indeed, a wicked Jacobite couplet thus hits off the royalties of England:—

"There's Mary the daughter, there's Willie the cheater,
There's Geordie the drinker, there's Annie the eater."

Rich chocolate was one of Queen Mary's



From a Drawing by A. D. M'CORMICK.

I was making my horse change his walk into a gallop, he fell upon his knees, upon that I meant to raise him with the bridle, but he fell forwards to one side; so I fell with my right shoulder on the ground. 'Tis a strange



From a Drawing by A. D. M'CORMICK.

thing, for
it happened
on smooth level
ground." Queen
Anne was a fre-
quent resident at the
palace. Here, when,

"Princess of Denmark," her son, the little
Duke of Gloucester, was born, and dutifully
christened William, after the king, of whom,
though she selected him as godfather to her
boy, she was not particularly fond, constantly
describing him as "Caliban," or "Dutch
monster," in her letters to her dear Mrs.
Freeman. In her queenly days she and her
apathetic spouse, *est-il possible?* often visited
Hampton:—

"And here great Anna, whom three realms obey,
Doth sometimes counsel take, and sometimes
tay,"

says Pope. George I.—"the wee German
lairdie," as the angry Jacobites called him—
saw *Henry VIII.* acted in the Great Hall—
not it would seem, a very interesting perfor-
mance to one who scarcely understood ten
consecutive words of English. He does
not seem to have cared for the place very

much; and allowed his son, the Prince of
Wales, and his beautiful, clever, and charm-
ing wife—*cette diablesse, Madame la Princesse*,
as her father-in-law politely called her
—to inhabit it at their pleasure; and here
they frequently resided, surrounded by a
not unremarkable court. There was to be
found Philip Stanhope, Lord Chesterfield,
who, had he lived a century later, would
have disputed the title of "first gentleman
of Europe" with George IV.; John, Lord
Hervey, "that mere white curd of asses'
milk;" lovely, witty Mary Lepell, in after
time Lady Hervey, of whom some enthusi-
astic admirer wrote—

"Should the Pope himself go a roaming,
He would follow dear Molly Lepell;"

beautiful, audacious Mary Bellenden, whose
face and person, says Walpole, "were
charming; lively she was almost to *étourderie*,
and so agreeable she was, that I never heard

her mentioned afterwards by one of her contemporaries who did not prefer her as the most perfect creature they ever knew;" Mrs. Selwyn, mother of the famous wit; and Mrs. Howard, afterwards Lady Suffolk, who bore a reputation sufficiently notorious. In those bad days we talk of as the good old times, it was held that a king was too exalted a personage to stoop to so *bourgeois* a virtue as conjugal faithfulness; and the bad eminence to which Mrs. Howard was raised was regarded as no hindrance to her

perhaps, but the princess herself quite knew *how* entirely she was the ruling power.

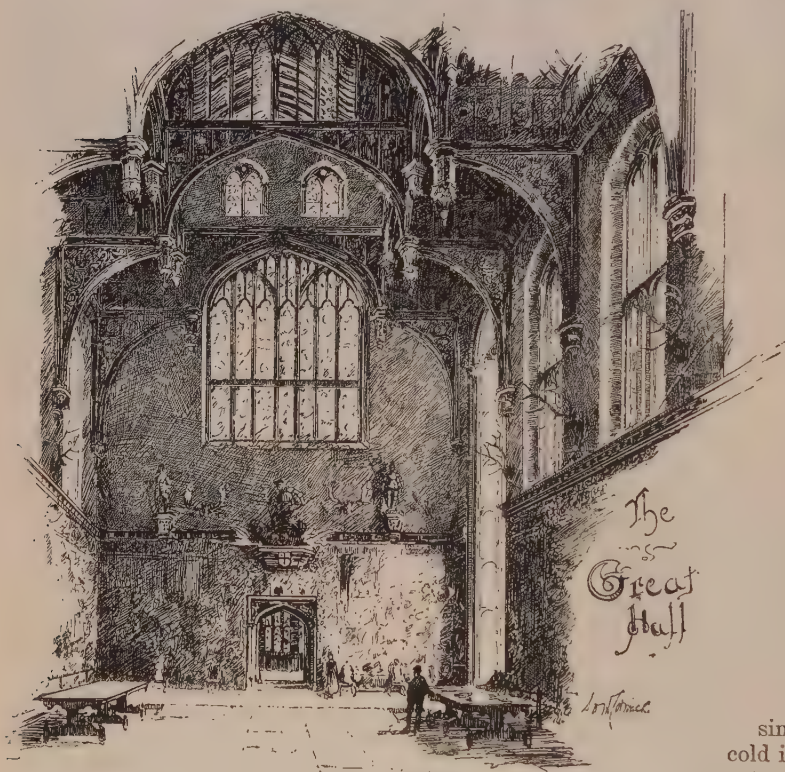
Pope gives an amusing account of an evening he spent at Hampton Court, where the lively maids of honour seem to have made quite a pet of the brilliant and rather waspish little poet. "I went by water to Hampton Court, and met the prince with all his ladies, on horseback, coming from hunting. Mrs. Bellenden and Mrs. Lepell took me into protection, contrary to the laws against harbouring Papists, and gave me a

dinner, with something I liked better, an opportunity of conversation with Mr. Howard. We all agreed that the life of a maid of honour was of all things the most miserable, and wished that all women who envied it had a specimen of it. To eat Westphalia ham of a morning, ride over hedges and ditches on borrowed hacks, come home in the heat of the day with a fever, and (what is worse a hundred times) a red mark on the forehead from an uneasy hat—all this may qualify to make them excellent wives for hunters. As soon as they wipe off the heat of the day, they must

simper an hour and catch cold in the princess's apartment; from thence to dinner with what appetite they may, and after that till midnight work, walk, or think, which way they

please. No lone house in Wales, with a mountain and rookery, is more contemplative than this Court. Miss Lepell walked with me three or four hours by moonlight, and we met no creature of any quality but the king, who gave audience to the vice-chamberlain all alone under the garden wall."

After George II. ascended the throne, he and Queen Caroline often came here; and a very dull life the court had of it, according to Lord Hervey. "I will not trouble you,"



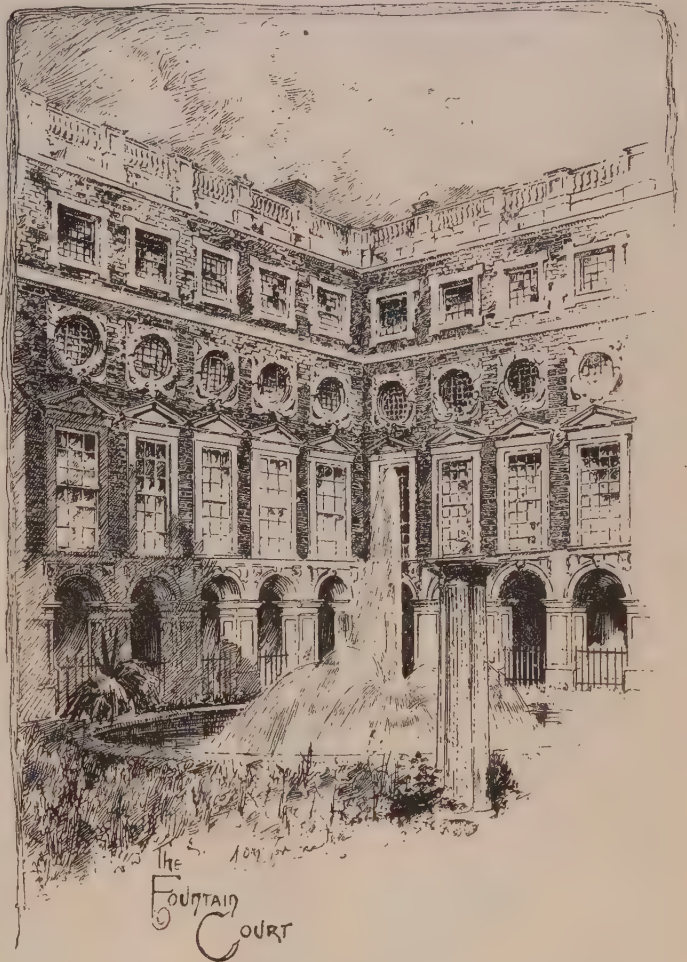
From a Drawing by A. D. M'CORMICK.

holding the appointment of Woman of the Bedchamber to the prince's wife, and the morals of the time were so easy, or rather so utterly wanting, that Caroline herself acquiesced in the arrangement, and only manifested every now and then, by some adroitly spoken stab, her knowledge that her servant was her rival. The Prince of Wales, reluctantly aware of his wife's immense mental superiority, thought he had thus satisfactorily proved that he could not be sneered at as under her dominion. No one,

he writes to Mrs. Clayton, "with any account of our occupations at Hampton Court. No mill horse ever went in a more constant track, or a more unchanging circle; so that, by the assistance of an almanack for the day of the week, and a watch for the hour of the day, you may inform yourself fully, without any other intelligence but your memory, of every transaction within the verge of the Court. Walking, chases, levees, and audiences fill the morning; at night the king plays at commerce and backgammon, and the queen at quadrille, when poor Lady Charlotte runs her usual nightly gauntlet—the queen pulling her hood, Mr. Schutz sputtering in her face, and the Princess Royal rapping her knuckles, all at a time. It was in vain she fled from persecution for her religion; she suffers for her pride what she escaped for her faith, undergoes in a charming room what she dreaded from the inquisition, and will die a martyr to a Court, though not to a Church. The Duke of Grafton takes his usual nightly opiate of lottery, and sleeps as usual between the Princesses Amelia and Caroline. Lord Grantham strolls from one room to another, (as Dryden says) 'like some discontented ghost that oft appears, and is forbid to speak,' and stirs himself about, as people stir a fire, not with any design, but in hopes to make it burn brisker, which his lordship certainly does to no purpose, and yet tries as constantly as if it had ever once succeeded. At last the king comes up, the pool finishes, and everybody has their dismissal; their majesties retire to Lady Charlotte and my Lord Lifford; the Princesses to Bilderbee and Long; my Lord Grantham to Lady Frances and Mr. Clark; some to supper, and some to bed; and thus (to speak in the Scripture phrase) the evening and the morning make the day."

Frederick, Prince of Wales, carried his faint-

ing wife, Augusta of Saxe-Gotha, away from Hampton the night before the tiny heiress of the British crown was born—the "Lady Augusta," who afterwards became the mother of the unhappy Caroline of Brunswick. This was, perhaps, not the least extraordinary occurrence the old palace had ever seen, and the whole affair reflected no little



From a Drawing by A. D. M'CORMICK.

discredit on the royal husband and father. In the summer of 1737 the Prince of Wales announced to his parents that in less than a month his wife expected to become a mother. This announcement the queen disbelieved. "The wish was father to the thought." She was anxious that the succession should fall to her favourite son, William, Duke of Cumberland, and considered Frederick quite

capable of deceiving the world with a spurious child. She declared, that if his communication were actually the fact, she would not fail to be with the Princess at her accouchement. "I will positively be present," she said, speaking in the broad fashion of the day. "It can't be got through as soon as one can blow one's nose; and I am resolved to be satisfied that the child is hers."

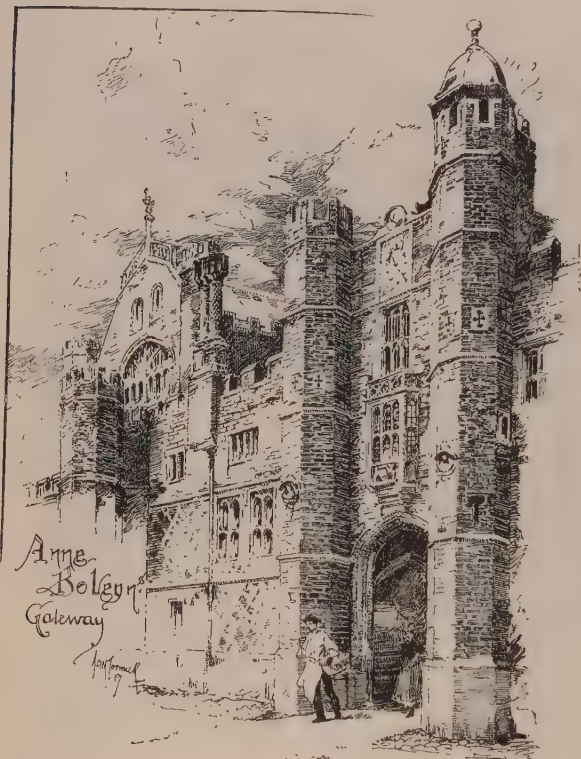
The queen had a strong will, and usually carried out her resolutions; but on this

At length, on the night of the 31st of July, the prince and princess, after dining with the royal family, retired to their own apartments. It became evident that the accouchement of the princess was imminent; and the prince insisted on at once setting out for London. Augusta, who had hitherto been eager to carry out her husband's wishes in all points, no matter how unreasonable they were, now implored to be left in peace, and entreated him to think what she must suffer should he carry out his project; but

Frederick refused to listen to such supplications. He ordered his coach to be brought to one of the side entrances of the palace; and commanded Desnoyers, a dancing-master, and Bloodworth, an attendant, to carry her downstairs. The unhappy lady, in imminent peril of her life, reiterated her prayers to be allowed to remain; and was answered by Frederick with, "Courage! courage! ah, quelle sottise!" and the assurance, uttered, says Lord Hervey, "with the encouragement of a tooth-drawer, or the consolatory tenderness of an executioner, 'that it would be over in a minute.'" She was hurried into the coach, accompanied by Lady Archibald Hamilton, and two female attendants. The prince, only pausing to impress secrecy on those of his attendants who remained at the palace, followed. Vriad, his valet, mounted the box, Bloodworth, Desnoyers, and two or three more attendants, got up behind, and the coach set off at a gallop for St. James's, which was more than twice the distance of the prince's residence at Kew.

On their arrival, they found the whole palace in confusion; no preparations had been made, and there was not even a bed for the princess. No sheets could anywhere be found, but Frederick and Lady Archibald Hamilton aired a couple of table-cloths as substitutes. A few officers of state—the Lord President, Wilmington, and the Lord Privy Seal, Godolphin—were hastily summoned; and shortly before eleven was born what Lord Hervey unflatteringly designates as "a little rat of a girl, about the bigness of a good large toothpick-case."

While all this confusion was going on, the royal family were unsuspectingly engaged



From a Drawing by A. D. M'CORMICK.

occasion she was destined to be foiled by one whom she deemed so contemptible an opponent—her own son. A peremptory order was issued that the birth of the expected infant should take place at Hampton Court, where the king and queen were then living; but Frederick, offended by the command, and only too ready to annoy his mother, inwardly resolved the mandate should be disobeyed. Twice he brought the princess to London, believing the critical moment at hand; and twice returned to Hampton Court.



in their usual evening occupations. The king and Princess Amelia were playing commerce, the queen was at quadrille, and Princess Caroline and Lord Hervey were having a game at cribbage. Soon after ten they all retired, without having an idea of what had taken place. The first intimation came at two the following morning, when Mrs. Tichborne, one of the queen's dressers, entered her majesty's room with a message from the prince, acquainting his mother with the princess's condition. Caroline prepared to hurry at once to her daughter-in-law's room; and her indignation was great when she heard of the prince's sudden flight. Perhaps

the most marvellous circumstance in the whole affair is the fact that the poor young mother survived her involuntary transit.

George III. always disliked Hampton, and never came there after his accession, owing, it is said, to his fiery little grandfather having once boxed his ears there. Since then it has never been an abode of royalty, and is now used partly as a home for recipients of royal favour, and partly as a public place of resort for the nation. A fair and stately place it is now, defaced though it be by William's bad taste; and one can hardly spend a more interesting day than in wandering through its time honoured quadrangles, with the arms of its great founder over the principal entrances, in surveying the Great Hall with its tapestries and stained glass, the king's and queen's chambers, the pictures—many of them valuable

historical mementoes—and the wonderful *beds* of various royalties; the gloomy erections owned by William and Mary, plumed like hearses; the Utrecht velvet couch of Queen Anne; and the embroidered satin one of Queen Charlotte—beds that in these degenerate days would assuredly murder sleep in any one bold enough to occupy them.

Many are the "fair women and brave men" this ancient pile has seen within its walls; many a strange tale might these same old walls unfold, could we charm them from their dumbness; and though now deserted by royalty, and

fallen from its high estate, it still looks quaint and stately in its sunlit solitude, as when Tudors and Stuarts held court and feasted, revelled, wept, wed, mourned, and died, in the time-honoured palace which owes its origin to the butcher's son of Ipswich.

BARBARA CLAY FINCH.



From a Drawing by HERBERT RAILTON.



THE MEDIATION OF RALPH HARDELLOT.

BY PROF. W. MINTO, AUTHOR OF "CRACK OF DOOM."

CHAPTER XLI.

THE MORROW OF CORPUS CHRISTI IN THE CITY.

IN the city things wore a less smiling aspect.

The great mass of the insurgents were steady, laborious men, who had risen against the law because the law made their lives a continuous misery. They had no sympathy with disorder, with wanton riot and destruction; homely, patient, long-suffering drudges, they desired relief from the pinch that had become intolerable, and were obedient and tractable in the hands of their leaders. But mixed up with these simple patient rustics were many of a more turbulent sort, born law-breakers, restive under any restraint, ready for the wildest excesses when relaxed authority gave them a free hand. And when the leaders of the insurrection, and all that was steady and law-abiding among their followers, withdrew outside the walls on the king's invitation, all control over the riotous passions of these men was removed and a reign of terror ensued.

A large mob on Tower Hill witnessed the departure of the royal party for Mile End. They were expected to follow, and some of them did, but it soon became apparent that there was more exciting work in hand.

As the men-at-arms who formed the rear of the royal procession rode out over the drawbridge, a daring spirit contrived, at the risk of being trampled under the hoofs of the horses, to slip past and gain the archway of the inner gate. Little was thought of it by the warders. It looked like a mad freak. The insurgents were to be conciliated; it seemed harsh in the hurry of the moment to thrust the madcap under the horses' feet; a little good-humoured rough remonstrance

and the hilarious ruffian was allowed to shelter himself in the porter's door within the archway. Another and another, dodging nimbly and warily past the horses, followed this daring lead, and as they pressed into the porter's door, they were allowed to pass up the stairs leading to the upper chamber from which the drawbridge was worked.

Little was thought of it in the hurry of the moment. A crowd is always ready for such freaks. But the freak assumed a more serious aspect when the last man-at-arms had passed out and the order was given to raise the drawbridge.

The drawbridge could not be raised. The rowdies had thrust the porter aside and were in possession of the machinery. The entrance to the Tower was open.

In a twinkling the situation was realised by the mob. With frantic yells only half-serious as yet they rushed at the gates and poured in.

Conspicuous in the Tower Hill crowd from early morning had been a burly ruffian in the glaring costume of the Herod of the Mystery Plays. These plays had not been intermitted on *Corpus Christi* day, any more than the solemn procession. The crowds excited as they were would have been loath to forego this most popular entertainment, and it was not every *Corpus Christi* day that the horny-handed players had the chance of such an audience. Some of the players, and notably this Herod and the Devil and his Imps—great serio-comic characters—did not lay aside their dresses when the play was over; and Herod in especial had made himself prominent in the crowd by the violence of his language and his gestures, and the amazing power of his lungs. He was a fellow of gigantic depth and breadth of chest, with a huge black curly head; and taking his stand opposite the Tower, he swaggered with his wooden sword, beat his breast like a chimpanzee, and yelled out an endless stream of menaces and imprecations.

When this noisy ribald saw the crowd

rushing through the gates he dashed forward to join the stream, doubling the ferocity of his cries. "Now for the traitors!" he yelled. "Bring them before me that I may chop off their heads and make footballs of them! Out with the traitors! Seek them out! The chancellor! The treasurer! Where are the traitors? Let them account to me! The chancellor! The treasurer! Bring them forth!"

His cries were taken up by the mob, and what was uttered at first in coarse sport was soon repeated in savage earnest. The devilish suggestion quickly matured itself in heated brains, always apter for evil than for good, and the appetite of the human tiger was roused. It passed through the crowd like some sort of contagious madness. Hundreds who had rushed for the open gates on a mad frolic impulse found themselves as they pushed and jostled along gnashing their teeth and howling for the chancellor like a pack of hungry wolves. Wolves in full cry—but there was one thing that made their united voices more horrible to the ear than any sound of infuriated beasts, the leaven of savage laughter that ran through it and filled up the lulls in the volume of their more brutish howling.

The officers of the garrison were taken by surprise. No one dared to take responsibility. The cry was raised by the rioters that they came in the king's name, that the king had given them the traitors to deal with at their pleasure. There was no time to deliberate, no time to consult superior authority. The outer gate was mastered with a rush, and the mob poured along by the south wall and round and through the entrance in the Bloody Tower while the warders of the great portcullis were still hearkening in bewildered doubt to the clamour of the sudden irruption. Their first sure knowledge that the insurgents had broken into the fortress came from agile ruffians who leapt up the stairs with the cry that they came in the king's name, and who brought with them the unquestionable mandate of overpowering numbers.

Within the square central keep—the four-turreted White Tower—quickly surrounded by the howling mob, Sudbury heard the fierce uproar, and at once divined its meaning. He was prepared and calm—calmer, he said to his terror-struck attendants, than he had ever felt in his life. Never, certainly, had he borne himself with such meek and gracious dignity.

He was celebrating mass in St. John's Chapel, in the second story of the White Tower, when the tumult arose. His attend-

ants, foremost among them our gay friend Reginald Hardelet, who showed in that trying hour that he carried the heart of a brave man behind his outward show of levity, hurried to lock the door. The archbishop called upon them to desist. "Do not endanger your lives, my children," he said, in a gentler voice than he was accustomed to use in issuing his commands. "It is my life that they seek, and I know how to die. Let the servant of God depart in peace. I am old and I have lived long enough. Do not anger them by resistance."

Nevertheless the door was locked. They were not kept long in suspense. For a minute or two, in spite of the deafening din from without, they heard footsteps and voices dispersed through the building in vain quest, but presently a thunder at the door, which sent tomb-like echoes through the vaulted chapel, announced that the bloodthirsty mob had found its victim.

Again the archbishop adjured his attendants to offer no resistance. Reginald drew his dagger and he and the boldest of his companions stood in line in front of the door resolved to sell their lives dear.

The door burst open with a clang, and the foremost of the mob tumbled headlong in. The thin line of defenders struck out wildly, but they were borne down by the weight of the mass precipitated on them. A ringleader of the mob, a furious released prisoner from one of the gaols, who was armed with his fetters and had been holding them aloft battering at the door when it suddenly gave way, was hurled upon Reginald and the fetters felled him to the floor.

A burst of yells and laughter signalled this triumph. Then there was an involuntary hush, produced by the spectacle that met their eyes at the upper end of the chapel. The archbishop stood before the altar, a cross in his left hand, his right raised in the attitude of benediction, his commanding figure at its full height. By his side stood a chaplain, who raised aloft the *corpus dominicum*.

The mob was awestruck and hushed for a moment, and the doomed man seized the opportunity to speak.

"I am he whom ye seek," he said, "your archbishop and father in God. What would ye, my children, with this unseemly brawl? Disperse in peace, lest——"

A voice interrupted him. "We seek the chancellor, not the archbishop."

Then the clamour broke out again. "Yes, the chancellor!" they cried. "The traitor to the king!" "The plunderer of the com-

mons!" "Where are your accounts?" "Where is the money of the commons?"

They yelled and spat at him.

Then two or three stole along behind the great round pillars of the aisle, and got between him and the altar, and suddenly his arms were pinioned from behind.

A cry was raised, "To the council chamber!" and thither the unfortunate man was dragged by his yelling captors.

In the council chamber a ghastly mockery of justice was enacted. The ribald clown who had played the part of Herod seated himself in the king's chair. The other buffoon in the fantastic dress of the devil kept the door as usher. Others flung themselves into the seats of the councillors, and tickled the spectators vastly with their ribald assumptions of dignity. Nothing could be imagined more hideous and appalling than this truculent mirth; it cannot unhappily be fairly called inhuman—man only is capable of such extremes of devilry.

Presently the mock president of the court spoke with horrible stares and frowns in his Herodian character:—

"Sir chancellor, you are on your trial before the commons of England, impeached of being a heinous traitor to the king and a most outrageous extortioner of the commons. Have you aught to say why you should not forthwith be adjudged to the death of such malefactors?"

The archbishop looked at him sternly. "Profane and ribald wretch," he began, "I am no traitor!" but his voice was lost in a tempest of angry sound.

Herod frowned, and commanded silence in a voice of thunder. "Dost dare," he cried, "to insult our royal majesty?"

The archbishop turned from him in contempt, and addressed the throng with unbending dignity. "Take heed," he said, "my children, what ye do this day, lest for your sins the holy father lay all the realm of England under an interdict."

The threat of papal interference crowned his offences. "Enough! enough!" came from the throng. "Away with him!" Frantic applause greeted the humour of the devil, who capered forward to claim his victim.

That nothing might be wanting to complete this travesty of judicial forms, the implements of legal punishment were now produced. In ransacking the chambers of the Tower some of the mob had lighted on the block and sword that were ordinarily used in the punishment of traitors. These were handed into the Council Chamber over the

heads of the crowd that filled the staircases, and carried by the blackened imps of the pageant to the foot of the throne, amidst loud vociferations of delight. It must be admitted that of the many who suffered death on this same block, there were several who, though they had more of the ceremonial decency of justice, had very little more of the reality.

"To the Tower Hill!" shouted the mock president. "Away with him!"

A procession was now formed. The unhappy chancellor submitted passively to his fate. His face wore the calm expression of a man for whom the bitterness of death is past. His dim eyes were turned heavenward; he seemed not to hear or see what was passing around.

Such grave dignity and unmoved courage as he showed in this supreme moment would have won him the sympathy, or at least the respect, of the populace, if they had not themselves been the executioners. But as it was they had no pity for his gray hairs, no respect for his tranquil dignity; they yelled at him, hissed at him, spat at him, pelted him with filth. And ever the devil of the pageant capered with ghastly ribaldry in front.

Arrived at the place of execution the brazen-lunged Herod proclaimed silence, the prisoner's arms were unbound, and it was signified to him that he might address the people after the manner of criminals in a last speech and dying confession. But he only looked round calmly and said that he forgave his tormentors, that they knew not what they did, then knelt for a minute in silent prayer, and laid his head on the block.

CHAPTER XLII.

PLOTS AGAINST THE REBELS.

It was an unhappy chance for the insurgent cause that left the mob gathered in the city free to work its will. It has prejudiced the leaders with posterity, and at the time it destroyed all prospect of good result from the concessions of the king.

After all, the lawless violence of the mob, delirious and ruthless as it was, restrained itself within limits that do not appear so excessive when compared with what their betters were in the habit of doing with more decorous form and ceremony of justice. Four more victims of distinction were added to

their list of executions, all typical men in the misgovernment that had become so hateful. Sir Robert Hales, the king's treasurer; Sir John Leg, the tax commissioner; Richard Lyons, a notorious monopolist and jobber of the public revenues; and Friar William Appledore, whose crime was being the confessor of John of Gaunt. This exemplary sacrifice of heads was not more intemperate than we find customary with the most highly respectable factions of nobles and prelates when they gained the upper hand, and proceeded to a change of government. Such changes seldom took place in the middle ages without some judicial slaughter of the weaker party. Seven years later one of the king's uncles was master of the situation, and several of those who advised Richard in punishing the rebel peasants were doomed to death by the axe, or the slower torture of exile. Sir Simon Burley, De la Pole, Tresilian, the king's favourite young De Vere, and the doughty alderman Sir Nicholas Bramber, were not more guilty than Sudbury or Hales when they fell before the ambition of the Duke of Gloucester as corrupt and dangerous traitors: they had a more formal impeachment, and a more protracted trial, but their judges were not less prejudiced. There was in truth more of the spirit of justice in the rough retribution of King Mob, who in all matters of procedure generally follows the fashion of his social superiors.

Even for the more irregular excesses in which the rioters indulged after parading the heads of their victims through the street and fixing them on London Bridge according to the orthodox barbarity, they could plead highly respectable precedent. The commercial Flemings and the wealthy Italian money-merchants were obnoxious to them; and all through the afternoon they amused themselves hunting out and murdering the unhappy foreigners, breaking open, pillaging, and burning their houses. But had not kings in former days handed over the Jews to the tender mercies of a vindictive populace? And they had a more recent example. Only five years before, when the pope was at war with the Florentines and put his enemies under ban, the Bishop of London had given his countenance to the pillage and massacre of the Florentine merchants in London.

But though the reign of terror was thus far not indiscriminate but regulated by precedent, it was not to be expected that the upper classes, who were furious at the idea of emancipating the serfs, and were beginning to recover from their first panic when they saw that the simple rustics were less formid-

able than had at first appeared—it was not to be expected that they would miss the advantage given them by the riots for bringing over the waverers among their own number to a firmer policy. The leaders of the insurgents were not really responsible for the excesses of the mob within the walls while they lay without; but the excesses of the mob could be made to colour the whole movement.

The reaction was headed by the mayor and the leading aldermen of the city, Walworth and Bramber and Philpot, who from the first had despised the insurgents and advocated energetic measures. They secured the co-operation of Sir Robert Knolles, whose military experience and fame made him an invaluable ally. Then they proceeded to reason over the leading members of the king's council.

But first they learnt all that they could about the actual strength and the feelings of the rebels. This was more easily done now. Among the insurgents were, as we have before said, a good many gentlemen who, like Sir John Newton, had been forced to join them. Of the alternatives, joining or fighting for their lives, they had preferred the former.

After the king had agreed to abolish bondage, and the purpose of the rising was thus gained, these unwilling coadjutors were free to return to their own class, and they sought amends for their degradation, and at the same time recovery of favour, by urging that the insurgents should now be attacked, and representing how easy it would be to put them to rout.

Sir Richard Rainham was peculiarly eager to be revenged for the indignities he had suffered, and had special reason to fear that it might be difficult to make his peace at Court. It galled him to remember that the knaves had asked him to join because by birth he was one of themselves; and the recollection that to save his life he had helped to order them on the march, awoke other feelings than wounded pride. When therefore his old captain, Sir Robert Knolles, to whom he had obsequiously attached himself, questioned him about the strength of the rebels, he spoke of their array with the utmost contempt. It was preposterous, he said, to have made any concessions to such a rabble. Their discipline would stand not the slightest strain. Their weapons were of the rudest description. Not one in twenty had any defensive armour. They had no store of victuals; the more provident of them had brought small bags of coarse meal

on their backs, from which they had to feed the less provident as well as themselves. Half of them did not know what they had risen for, and would be only too glad to be safely back in their homes again. To lie within walls for fear of such a herd as if they were a regular army was ridiculous. A handful of men-at-arms would ride through them like a flock of sheep.

Now it had been the policy of Salisbury and others about the king to give the rebels what they asked, and when the simple churls had dispersed to their homes to revoke their charters and take ample revenge for their presumption. But when these representations were pressed by Knolles and the aldermen the king's counsellors began to think that they had been too timid, and to be ashamed of and angry at their former caution.

Already on Friday afternoon the gathering that had so frightened them began to melt away. The peasants were filing away, district by district, as fast as their charters were ready. By Friday night nearly all the men of Essex were gone, marching off with their documents in peaceable triumph. There still remained bivouacked round Smithfield under Tyler's command a force computed at thirty thousand men. On this point the leaders of the commons were firm—none would go without their charters; they would stay till they saw their charters executed and had them delivered for a triumphant march back to their homes, no longer bondmen, freemen in the eye of the law.

But the industry of the clerks had greatly reduced the numbers thus in waiting. The good and true men at the disposal of the government could easily deal with all that remained. Why then delay vengeance? Why not throw off the mask at once and undeceive the presumptuous rascals while their foolish conceit was still hot within them? The leaders were there; let a signal example be made of them without delay.

This was mooted to the king. He indignantly refused his assent. The boy's unsophisticated sense of honour was outraged. He had passed his royal word. The word of a Plantagenet was sacred. In vain they argued that the promise had been extorted from him, and thus was not binding on his conscience; he would keep it nevertheless. Richard's sense of honour, unhappily, became blunter in his more mature years; how could it have remained uncorrupted in such an atmosphere? This his first great experience of affairs was a memorable lesson in treachery—afterwards, one is glad to know, put in practice to the cost of some of his tutors.

The more experienced statesmen, men of the mediæval world, chafed at the boy's scrupulosity, and tried another tack. If he would not break his word outright he must be managed into giving them an equivalent opportunity.

It was represented to him that Tyler's presence in Smithfield, with an armed and half-starved host, was a menace to the peace of the city. The excesses of the mob had shown how grave the menace was. Granting Tyler honest, could he answer for the good behaviour of his rabble?

They were staying there for their charters. Honesty on one side deserved confidence on the other. Why would they not trust the king's promise that the charters should be sent to them?

This was touching the chivalrous Richard on a tender point. He agreed to go with them next morning to Smithfield, and reason of the matter with the captain of the commons. To avoid the very appearance of provocation, they were to go unarmed.

CHAPTER XLIII.

CONCLUSION.

WHILE these intrigues were going on Ralph HardeLOT's presence near the king and his suspected share in defeating their purposes, made him increasingly obnoxious to the party of energetic action. He became a marked man with them; they began to talk one with another about him, to curse his meddlesomeness, and to ask who he was and where he came from.

All unconscious of this dangerous suspicion and irritation, Ralph had been incessantly active throughout the troubled day. He had the warmest of interests in the safety of the royal party, for with it was bound up the safety of one who was dearer to him than everything else. His passion for justice, the burning charity that had been all in all to him before, had taken on a warmer colour since this new feeling had been allowed to lodge and expand its flowers in his heart. That no harm might come near her in the tumult gave wings to his expedition as he flew hither and thither, first in fear that anarchy and red havoc had broken loose, and next when this fear was assuaged, in anxious endeavour to avert further strife.

The news of the capture of the Tower and the murder of his chancellor met the king as he re-entered the city from Mile End, riding

by the side of his mother in her *whirligote*, and exchanging congratulations on the happy issue of the conference.

For a moment there was consternation. The Tower was in the hands of the mob, the King of England no longer master of his capital, no longer master of its central stronghold; rebels without and rebels within. If the rebels had really been rebels against royal authority, if Wat Tyler and his fellows had really entertained the designs attributed to them by the craven fears of contemporaries, if their plan was to massacre the nobles, seize the king, and govern England in his name, nobles and king were now at their mercy. But that panic misjudged them is conclusively proved by the fact that for more than a day they had the power to do as they pleased, and their pleasure was to leave the king and his nobles unharmed and unthreatened.

After a brief consultation the royal party decided to trust the people. They had hardly an alternative, except to escape from London altogether; and even that was hazardous, for the whole peasant population of England was up in arms. But instead of trusting to any of the minor fortresses of London they rode along to the unfortified residence of the princess on St. Andrew's Hill, the house known as the King's Wardrobe.

Ralph accompanied them to the house, and then, seeing no sign of disturbance there, hurried off to the Tower. The princess when she heard of the archbishop's fate had offered his brother shelter in her service, but Ralph doubted if he should find him alive, and sought for him anxiously through the pillaged building. At last he found the wounded squire in the hands of a barber, who had dressed his broken head and at his own request lent him a gown to cover his livery. Thus doctored and disguised Reginald, in answer to his brother's inquiries, confessed to being a little dazed, but announced his intention of going out to see the sport.

They arranged to go different ways and meet again in an hour at the Wardrobe.

Riot ran wild in the streets. Terrified wretches were flying for their lives, shrieking for mercy, with roaring mobs at their heels, in loud enjoyment of their terror. The hunted foreigners made for the churches, but no sanctuary was respected; they were dragged out and butchered on the steps, or in the streets. Reginald counted forty headless bodies in the Vintry. There especially, before the doors of the Flemish wine-merchants, hellish confusion and savagery were rampant, and drunken rioters competed in

deeds of ghastly brutality. Casks were rolled from the cellars and broached, and ruffians maddened with drink made mock auction of the contents, with gory heads for bush and men and women screaming and scrambling round them. Here and there fugitives gained the roofs. Whenever such a desperate wretch was seen packs of fiends gave chase, threw stones, shot arrows, swarmed up on to the tiles in pursuit. One hunted fugitive was seen to spring like a wild cat on his nearest pursuer, and leap with him off the roof. Another, driven to frenzy by the noise of the infernal chase, raved and hissed and spat and hurled tiles in mad fury on the crowd below, till a merciful arrow put an end to his agony.

Through such sickening horrors, the two brothers made their several ways to the Wardrobe. Ralph hurried along with much ado to escape the prevailing madness and throw his life away in impotent interference. Once or twice he essayed to speak and pray the madmen for the love of Christ to forbear, but the authority of his religious dress, though it saved him from violent resentment of his counsel, was powerless to stay the smallest fraction of the infuriated rout. Reginald was of cooler temperament, but even he with all his cynicism found it difficult to hold his hand, and was pale and silent when they met.

The disorder was appalling enough, yet the two reconnoiters were able to reassure the princess as to its scope and limits. There was nothing as yet like a general plunder of the shops, and none of the great houses had been attacked. Further there were few smock-frocks to be seen among the rioters; the active portion of the mob was composed mainly of the lower workmen of the city.

More than once in the course of the afternoon Ralph ventured out, and each time brought back stronger assurance of the limitation of the riot.

In the evening he was employed on another mission. The princess consulted him about the meeting with Tyler that had been proposed for the following morning with a view to persuading him to withdraw at once from the neighbourhood of London. Ralph recognized at once that Tyler's presence there was a disturbing force, and eager to prevent bloodshed, he readily undertook to see the captain of the commons and urge him to trust the king's promise to send the charters.

This time Ralph was forbidden to say that he came with the king's knowledge. The princess told him that the king could not be privy to his embassy. It had been decided by the council that the king's meeting with

Tyler should take place as if by accident; that the king should ride by Smithfield and open the conference by expressing surprise at finding the commons still there.

Ralph found the insurgent leader in a very troubled mood. He was alone: Ball and Kirby were in the city, doing what they could to keep the rioting within bounds. Two things disquieted Tyler. It would be too much to say that he was horrified by the excesses of the mob; as a leader he could see them only as they affected his policy; and from that point of view they were worse than criminal—they were highly embarrassing. He was uneasy also to see the gap that had been made in his following by the departure of the Essex men. It was against his better judgment that any had left before the charters of all were delivered. Those who got their charters first had clamoured to set off at once, and he had yielded, though not without grave misgiving. A foolish spirit of satisfaction with their triumph, as if it were fixed beyond possibility of reverse, had taken possession of the simple rustics. The young king's bright face had won all their hearts. Tyler was disposed to moralise on the fickleness, ingratitude, selfishness, and foolishness of the people as bitterly as any fallen minister or prince.

Ralph found him as night began to fall riding here and there through his camp, warning group after group of the danger of a surprise.

The idea of withdrawing without the charters was not welcome to him. He listened to Ralph gravely, but his answers were short and irritable. The charters might all be ready by the following night; it was only another day to wait. If they had not attacked the city when all their strength was present, why should they be suspected now that half was gone? There would be much more serious danger if the charters were withheld; they would suspect some trick; he could not answer for their behaviour if they had not their freedom given into their hands to carry home like their brethren.

The captain of the commons would not be moved from this conclusion. Ralph saw that it was vain to urge him, and returned to the city oppressed with a vague presentiment of evil. He dared not tell the rebel leader of the pressure that was being put upon the king for leave to break all promises and fall upon him at once. If Tyler had known this he would certainly have taken measures to be beforehand. It was much to be feared

that his obstinate determination to remain till the last charter was completed would give those who wished for a collision the very opportunity they desired.

The moon was silvering the spires and housetops with its quiet light when Ralph re-entered the city, casting shadows over the lingering remnants of riot in the street as if it would fain hide them. Drunken mirth still resounded from the Vintry as he hurried past St. Paul's, and he met some stragglers from the scene reeling aimlessly about with their plunder, and stumbled against others sleeping like swine in the kennel. A group of prostrate forms lay in the shadow of the church: he passed near them and looked more closely—they were headless trunks. With an involuntary cry of horror he hastened within doors, and lay long awake till sleep came and repeated for him in fantastic combinations the terrors of the day.

They were early astir at the Wardrobe on the Saturday morning. Ralph reported to the princess the obstinate mood in which he had found the captain of the commons, and the princess warned the king to be patient.

By half-past eight the lords were assembled, and the party rode down to Westminster to hear Mass. The king again commanded Ralph to accompany him, and again there were mutterings and disgusted looks, unknown to the subject of them, at this favour shown to a meddlesome heretic priest. Ralph still wore the russet garb at the desire of the princess; she knew that it was popular, and that its presence near her son would be acceptable to the peasants as a sign of sympathy with them.

The mayor, Walworth, rode with them at the head of a party of ten or a dozen horsemen, among whom Ralph recognized his old enemy, Rainham. He saw that the horses were well armed under their housings, and his heart sank as he divined what this meant. They were prepared to encounter the weapons of the peasants. His only hope lay in the patience and pacific disposition of the king.

At the Savoy they turned off to the left and rode through the lanes towards Smithfield. Presently they arrived at the wide open market field where the insurgents lay, and after coasting along for a little as if to ride past, they suddenly halted in front of Tyler's headquarters.

Tyler, seeing the halt and recognizing the king, gave hurried orders to his marshals to put the host in array, and rode forward to learn the meaning of the visit.

The king advanced a few paces to meet

him, and, as before agreed upon, expressed surprise to see so many of his subjects still there. "What do yonder good people lack?" he asked. "Have I not promised them my letters? Why do they not proceed to their homes?"

"Sire," answered Tyler, "they await till the letters are delivered to them, as hath been done with their brethren of Essex."

"They shall have them in good time," said the king. "The letters are ordained for them, and shall be sent to them each after the other as fast as they are ready. Wherefore, good fellow, order them that they depart peaceably to their homes, for I warrant you it is my firm intent that they shall have the letters by villages and townships as I have promised. It is not meet that they remain here."

"They will not go peaceably, sire, without having the letters."

"Wherefore not?" cried the king. "Is it that they doubt my promise?"

While they talked the royal party had drawn nearer, and a few undisciplined stragglers on Tyler's side; among them the weird-looking Jannequin Carter of Sturmere, who for some reason had lingered behind the men of his township, gathered closer to hear what was said.

Before Tyler could find words to answer the king's last direct question the Earl of Salisbury struck in: "What!" he cried; "lewd fellow, hear you not what the king says to you? Will you be so bold as to say that you doubt the king's plighted faith?"

"I do not doubt the king's faith," answered Tyler stoutly; "but I grievously mistrust his counsellors, and that with reason."

It was now Walworth's time to thrust forward. "Ha, you knave!" he shouted, riding in with a threatening gesture, "are you so hardy as to speak such words in the king's presence?"

Tyler reigned his horse back a pace and laid his hand on his sword. "I' God's name, sir mayor," he cried contemptuously, "what have I said to displease you? Are you of the king's council?"

Walworth said nothing, but suddenly drawing his sword from under his cloak, spurred his horse forward and struck fiercely at the hardy rebel. The blow took effect between the neck and the shoulder. Tyler was unarmed, and the sword bit deep. Still he had strength enough to draw, and stood on the defensive.

"Hold!" cried the king angrily. "It is not well done." But his voice was lost in the cry that followed this sudden action; if

it was heard it was not heeded. Walworth's horsemen spurred in, and Tyler was borne from his horse mortally wounded.

Ralph Hardelot involuntarily echoed the king's cry of "Hold!" and motioned them back impetuously as they rushed on Tyler, shouting, "Back! Hold! Did ye not hear the king forbid it?"

"Ha, meddlesome priest!" cried one of the council, "what have you to do to speak?"

"I but repeat the king's order," replied Ralph hotly. "It is a foul deed, and a perilous. This rash man hath put the king's life in jeopardy!"

"Have a care of your own, meddler!" cried another in a menacing voice.

"Yes, truly," cried a third, "this saucy priest taketh far too much on himself."

"Look yonder," cried Ralph, "where they come! Defend the king!"

Not more than forty yards off a band of bowmen who had formed Tyler's body-guard were seen getting ready their bows.

The king meantime sat on his horse with a perplexed air, looking ruefully at Tyler and casting doubtful glances at his lords. But the boy had the happy daring of his race. His mind was quickly made up. Ralph Hardelot had convinced him of the loyalty of the commons. He was not so certain of the fidelity of his nobles. With a sudden change of look from indecision to proud command, he cried, "Lords, on your allegiance, none of you follow me! Let me alone!" and galloped forward to the insurgents alone. "I am your king," he called to them as he rode up. "Ye need no captain but me. Depart in peace to your homes and your letters shall be sent to you."

The action was so unexpected that for a moment all on the king's side stood still, looking on in wonder and admiration of the boy's courage. Then when they saw that the rebels offered him no violence they began to move nearer.

Ralph was moving with the rest when his arm was rudely grasped, and turning, he saw the angry countenance of the lord mayor Walworth, and Sir Richard Rainham behind him.

"What is this I hear, scurvy priest?" cried Walworth. "Dare you avow that the punishment of a rebel is a foul deed?"

"I dare avow," answered Ralph quietly, "that the murder of an unguarded man in friendly and peaceable conference is a foul deed in the sight of God and man."

"Ha! what say you? Have a care. I will call you to account for this." And he touched his dagger in angry menace.

The irate mayor had ridden his horse near Ralph's as he spoke. Suddenly Ralph felt another horse hustle rudely between them. Turning, he was aware of the sweep and flash of a sword, and heard the harsh voice of Rainham say, "Why waste words on such a varlet? He is one of them."

The young priest fell to the ground without a word or a cry.

His murder was not long unavenged. The horses reared and pranced, and as Rainham leant over to see the effect of his blow, a wild figure seemed to leap out of the ground at his horse's feet and a fearful blow from an axe crashed into his open helmet. It was Jannequin Carter; the tatterdemalion had found justice at last.

The insurrection was at an end. But for the king's prompt and daring action the peasants would undoubtedly have made an effort to avenge the death of their leader. But Richard's frank gallantry disposed them to trust in his promises, and while they stood irresolute, and, confused by the sudden loss of their head, debated one with another what they should do, their opportunity was gone. The royal party drew off towards the fields leaving them to deliberate on the king's offer; and meantime Walworth and his companions galloped into the city for the assistance that had been organised overnight. In half-an-hour they returned with Sir Robert Knolles and ten thousand armed men. The insurgents were still the more numerous body, but they were poorly armed and they had lost their captain. Resistance was hopeless; many of them threw down their arms at once and slunk away. A goodly number still remained in an attitude of defiance, and Knolles and Walworth were eager to fall upon them and slay, but this the king firmly forbade, and on his reiteration of his promises the whole gathering dispersed.

How the king's promises, whatever his own feelings may have been when the crisis was past, were broken by his government, how his charters of manumission were revoked within a fortnight and the revocation sanctioned by parliament, how commissions were sent into the counties to try all who had been concerned in the rebellion, in what merciless and bloody fashion these commissions were discharged, the particulars of all this we must leave the reader to gather from history.

The policy of pacifying the rebels with

fair words and thereafter taking ample vengeance was triumphant. Tyler, and Straw, and Ball, and Kirby, and the thousands of others less prominent who suffered the extreme penalty, seemed to have troubled the realm and lost their lives in vain. And yet the hope of ultimate good which sustained Ralph HardeLOT when he began to despair of any fruit from his passionate desire to reach justice through peaceful paths, was fulfilled. The charters of freedom were revoked, but the pressure of bondage was shaken loose by this convulsion, and the serfs won gradually from the indulgence of their intimidated masters the freedom which they had tried in vain to achieve by a comprehensive act.

The princess with the faithful Clara Roos was waiting anxiously for news when the young king burst into the room with flushed cheeks and sparkling eyes.

"Away with your cares, dear mother," he cried. "My heritage was well-nigh lost, but I have this day recovered it."

His mother embraced him fondly and he began to recount the incidents of the day.

Among those incidents the loss of his young favourite Ralph HardeLOT had made but a slight impression. He had missed Ralph and had asked what had become of him and learnt something of the circumstances, but the hurry and fever of the day had quickly obliterated his passing anger and regret. He had gone through the tale of his adventures and his triumphs before the sight of Clara recalled this unpleasant circumstance.

"Poor Ralph!" he cried, suddenly becoming grave. "Poor Clara! It is a most unhappy chance. I would have roused the miscreant to be drawn by wild horses if justice had not been anticipated."

Clara looked up in wonder. "What has happened, fair son," said the princess, "to disturb you so?"

He told what he knew.

Clara smiled. She was at work on a piece of embroidery and her hand never paused.

"Poor Clara," said the princess. But both she and her son were too overjoyed to have room in their hearts for the tender consideration of true pity. "I rejoice," she added, "that his brother escaped."

Clara still smiled. But suddenly her face became of a deathly pallor, and she threw up her arms with a moan and fell back—dead.

W. MINTO.

